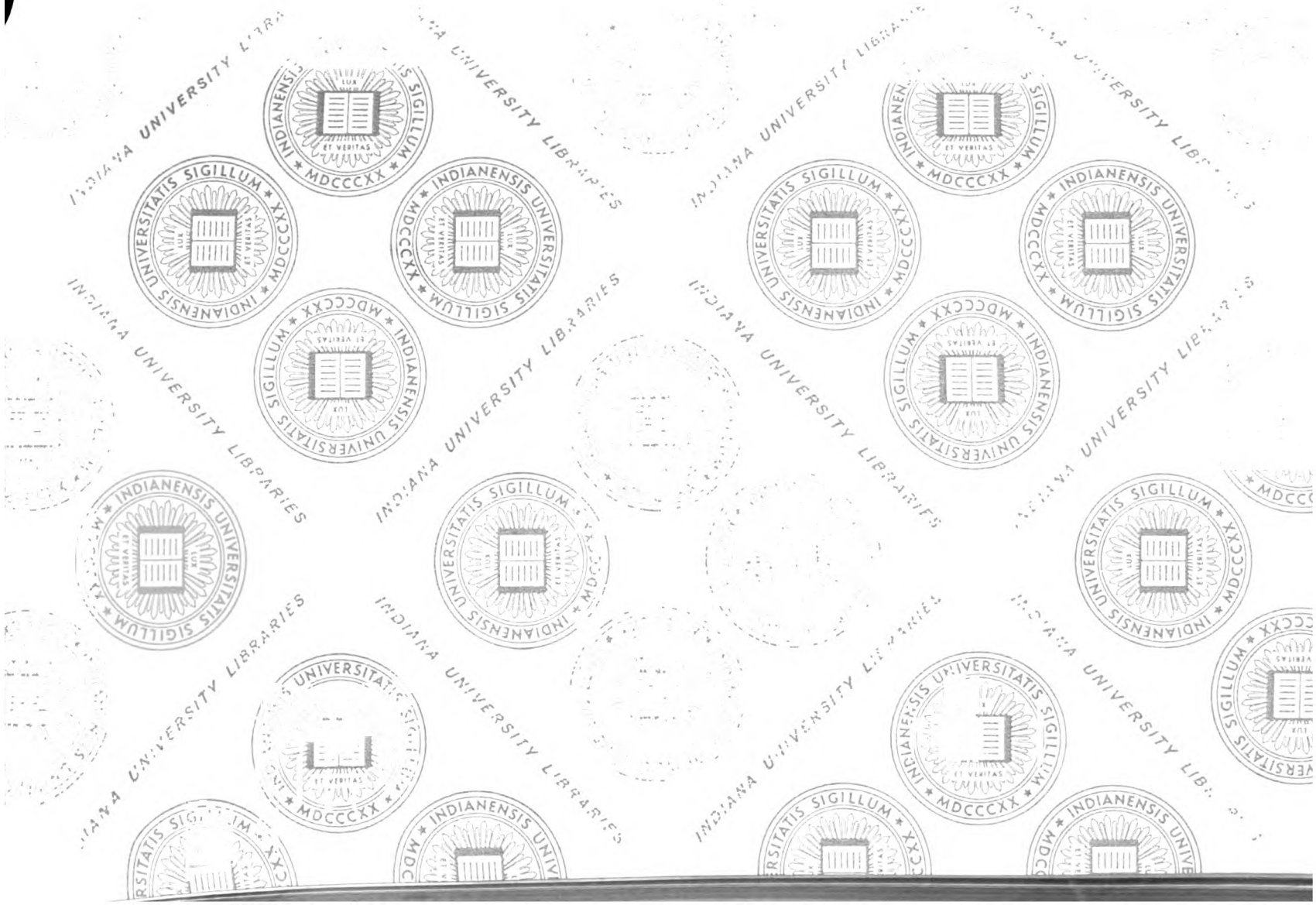
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SONG FOR ALL SOULS

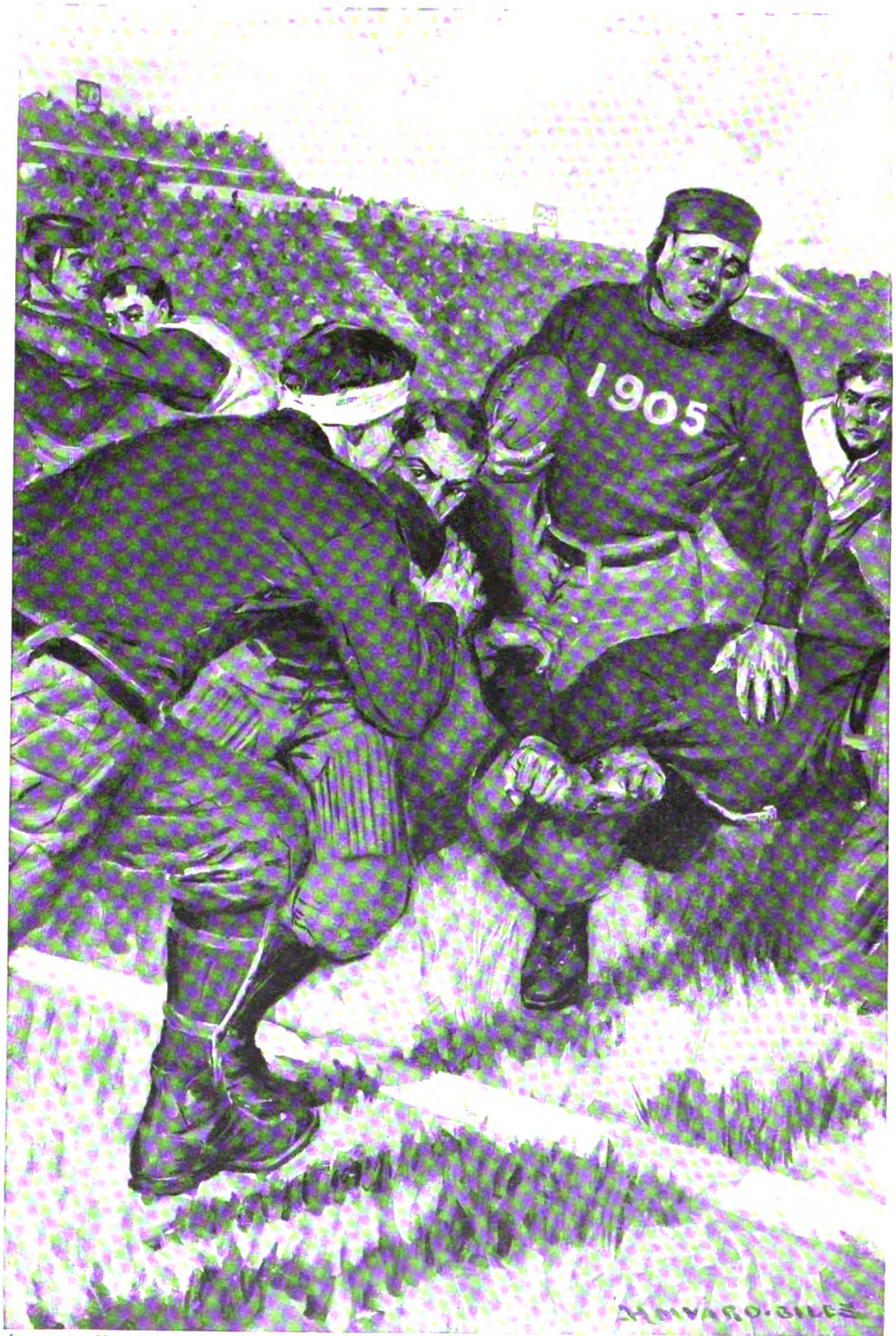
By Robert Loveman

God bless all poor souls to-day,
Those who weep or those who pray;
Those who sing or those who sigh
Underneath the roof-tree sky;
North, or east, or far, or near,
Kinsmen linkéd by a tear.

Thou, that art my brother, say
God bless all poor souls to-day.

God bless all poor souls to-day,
Love alone doth reign alway;
Bold or brave, or weak or worn,
Jewel-decked or tatter-torn;
Beggar, prince, or clown or king,
Weeping bird with bruiséd wing.

All within Love's sovran sway,—
God bless all poor souls to-day.



Drawn by Howard Giles.

See "The Lady and the Football."

With a dive Billy Parker broke through.

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LVIX. NOVEMBER, 1904 No. 1

THE BUSINESS CLERGYMAN

The Churches' Demand for Executive Men

By Arthur Goodrich
AUTHOR OF "DOES IT PAY TO BE A DOCTOR," ETC.

A YOUNG man, some years ago, paid his own way through a New England college and a divinity school, and paid his wife's way through college by selling clothing at odd times for a large Philadelphia concern. He had known nothing of tailoring previously and the agency he founded went to pieces soon after he left it. While he was still at college, alternating the tape-measure with the lexicon, a personal friend spoke to an elderly preacher concerning him.

"It's too bad," he said. "The man's spoiling a good business man to make a poor preacher."

The old minister shook his head vigorously.

"You're wrong," was his answer. "Lack of business ability is responsible for most of the potential successes and actual failures in the ministry, and there are many of them. I know," he added pathetically, "for I'm one of them myself."

Without regard to the particular church which a man serves, it will probably be admitted that sound business sense is likely to be the foundation of his practical success and that a lack of it will be a stumbling block. The kinds of church management are almost as various as the personalities of the clergy, but back of the individual organizations are the broad types created by the sects.

I was talking the other day with my friend, Father Ryan. Father Ryan is a kindly-faced, shrewd-eyed, iron-gray haired priest of a large parish. He is admirably quiet and calm, but he moves upon springs and is never tired. He has been known, often in the middle of the night, to reach the side of an injured parishioner ahead of the doctor. He is the true father of his people, "checkin' the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones, liftin' the lazy ones on wid a stick."

"It's very simple," said Father Ryan when I asked him why Catholic churches are so strong financially. "The one-man power. Take my own situation. If I don't make this church pay I'll be shifted to a smaller one, and there'll be no delay about it either. The Bishop probably has his eye on me now, just as I have mine on my people. I know what they can give and I get it. How? Well, first of all there are the usual appeals. Then perhaps we have a fair, and they have a good

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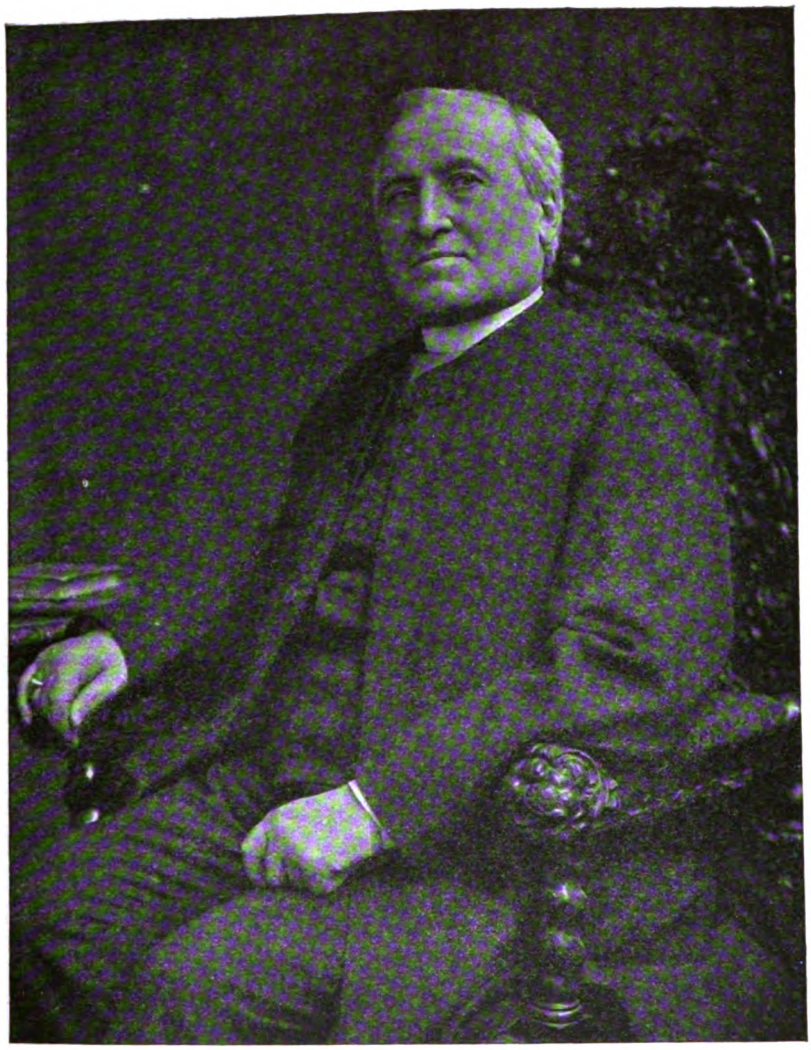
Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, the head of the largest Jewish synagogue in New York, and one of the most prominent rabbis in the United States.

time and spend more money than they mean to and the church gets it. I made seven thousand dollars from one fair last winter. I say I made the money because, of course, I had charge of the fair. Everything went smoothly because, in appointing the committees, I put personal enemies so far apart that they couldn't get at each other. That's a small example of the value of the one-man power. But, mind, there's nothing tyrannical about it, for I wouldn't have had the fair at all if the leading men of the parish hadn't approved of it."

Mention of the fair reminded me of card parties and raffles as methods of getting money. Some Catholic churches give card parties, charging a considerable entrance fee and awarding a prize to the winner, the church retaining the net proceeds. The lottery principle is often used also. One hundred tickets, for example, are sold, each costing one dollar and each giving the purchaser a chance in a drawing for an article worth perhaps ten or fifteen dollars. A number of these raffles at a fair naturally bring large profits. Father Ryan smiled when I spoke of them.

"A Congregational friend of mine," he remarked, "told me that he thought raffles were immoral. I didn't remind him that



Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, born in Ireland, a chaplain during the civil war and the great organizer of the Roman Catholic Church in the northwest.

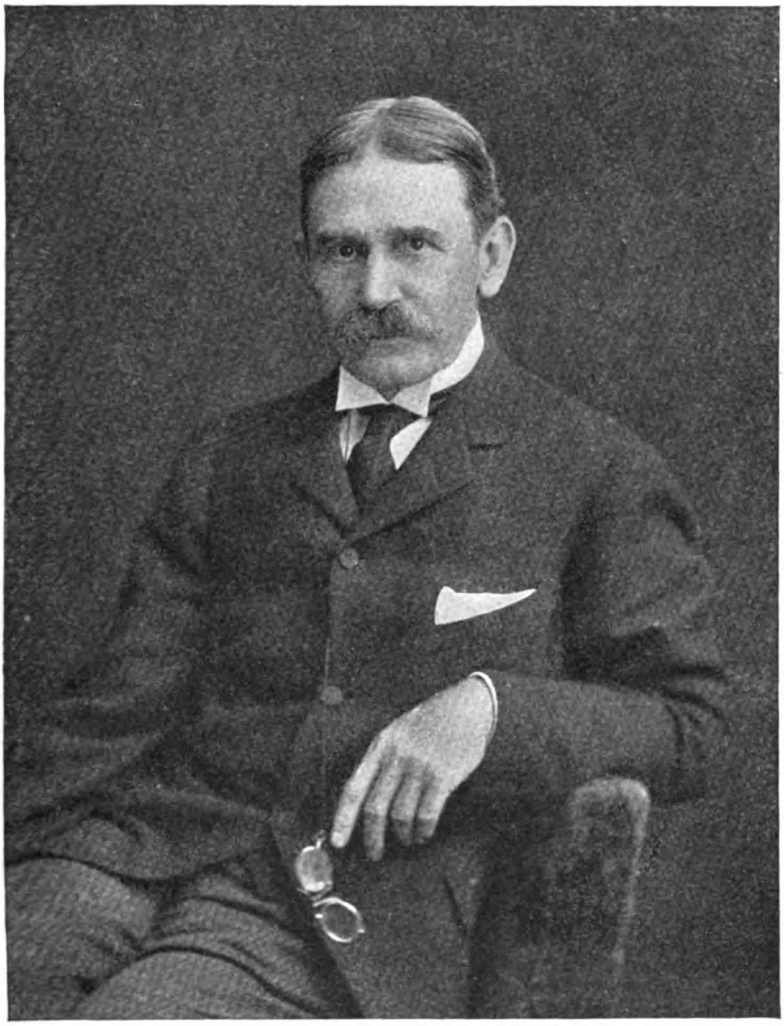
the Congregational church in New England founded its early prosperity on lotteries, but it is a fact. I can't see the immorality of a church raffle because the money which the people who lose, pay, goes to the church to be spent for their benefit. They all win, as a matter of fact, except the outsiders. Three Protestants, however, had the good luck to win at our fair, although it *is* immoral.''

Father Ryan's mouth widened in a whimsical smile over the last sentence, but when I asked him about the regular fees which the church receives for practically every service it renders, he grew grave. The Catholic financial system is an integral part of the church. The treasury is seldom low in a Catholic parish. I have heard of only one Catholic church in financial straits, and that one was rapidly paying its bills by gifts of rich outsiders, canvassed by the vigorous priest. In each parish, while there is what may be called an advisory board of directors, the priest is president and manager in control.

A new Jewish synagogue was organized recently nearby and the manner of its formation was interesting. Diametrically opposed to the Catholic system, it had no relation with any other Jewish congregation.

Rev. W. S. Rainsford, Rector of St. George's Episcopal Parish, the largest free church in New York, with a great business establishment.

It was found that there were Jews enough in the community to support a separate church. They came together, figured carefully the expense of a year's work and, dividing the amount by the number of members, set the resulting amount as the annual dues necessary to membership. No one could become a member of the synagogue without paying these dues. The services, however, were open and collections were taken at stated intervals so that rich members might add to their payments, and that non-members might contribute to the synagogue's support. The financial head of the organization was the elected president of the synagogue, a layman; and the rabbi's duties were entirely outside of the business management, although he was ready to help if he was needed. All the great Jewish charities in a city like New York are founded and conducted by secular boards, the individual synagogues as such, having no such relations with them as Christian Protestant denominations have with their hospitals and homes for the aged. In general the synagogues may be said to have a lay president and a religious superintendent, and while many of them have debts upon their buildings, their finances are usually sound and their current ex-



Right Rev. David H. Greer, Bishop Coadjutor of New York, who built up the vast charitable establishment of St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church.

penses are ordinarily met promptly.

A glimpse of the Protestant minister at work shows that he has a very different problem from that of priest or rabbi. In business parlance he is president *under* the board of directors. The only power he has is that of his own personality and the only help, that of an often differing or indifferent board of members.

To-day, perhaps, he is writing next Sunday's sermon which must be made to attract and hold every grade of intelligence, from a college professor to a dollar-a-day street laborer, but as he writes, his thoughts, in spite of him, run off in various directions. The church finances are in a bad way; the payments of current expenses are in arrears, and all the schemes that have been used have brought only small sums. The only regular income of the church is from voluntary subscriptions, or perhaps from pew rents. He has tried the threadbare plan of blackboard squares with slight success. The ladies of the church have given a fair, or a rummage sale, or a birthday party and after a week's hard work they have cleared perhaps three hundred dollars. He has tried an entertainment course, but it has barely paid expenses, because the people prefer to go to

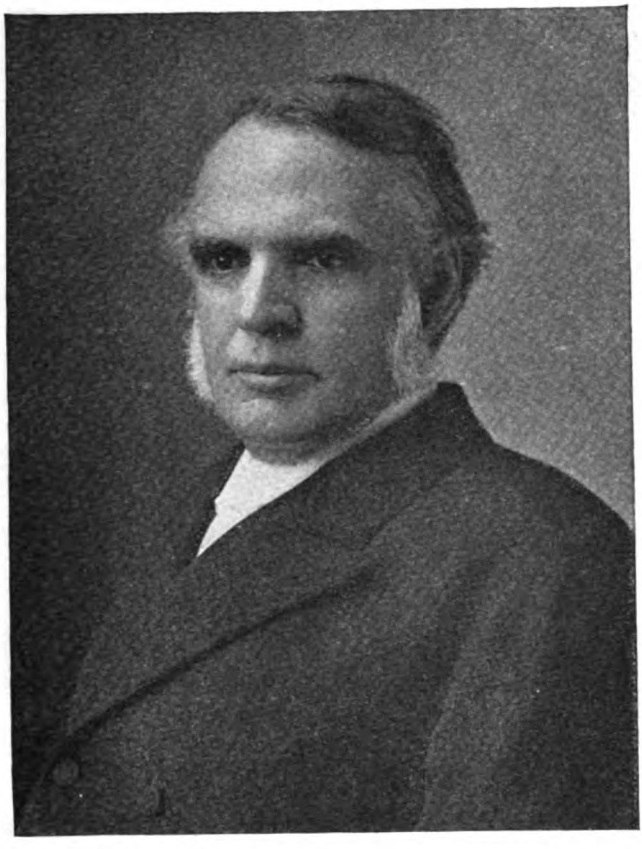
Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, formerly the successful executive head of the Armour Institute, Chicago, now pastor of the Central Congregational Church.

the theater. He has made appeal after appeal to the stolid faces and rigid bodies that always face him when he talks of money, and still a large deficit remains. His mind wearily stares at the hopeless problem.

There are dozens of people, also, whom he should see to-day, sick people, poor people, sad people, some facing grim tragedy with cheerful resignation, some waiting for him with starving brains and hearts and bodies, some drearily enduring the ceaseless ache of their pulses' beat.

He forces himself back to his text, but before he knows it, he is trying to find a way to quiet a quarrel between two of his members—a quarrel which came about because one, anxious that a certain object he achieved, did some work which was in the province of the committee of which the other was chairman. Then there is the woman who declares she will leave the church unless the janitor is discharged—the janitor having rather forcibly interfered with her boy's carving his initials on a polished oak table—and another who has resigned from the woman's meetings because, she says, a certain energetic and useful woman "bosses everything." He knows that some of his members say that he is a poor preacher, that a few have left the church because they cannot tolerate his mannerisms, that others remark upon the few calls he makes and the short time he remains when he calls upon them, that some of the men think that he is a poor executive and that some of the women say that he is useless socially.

As he sits thinking the postman comes, and in the first letter, inclosing a bill with three charges, not one of which he has ever heard of, is this remark: "I do not understand your church's method of doing business. It seems that anybody contracts a bill and nobody pays it." He lays it aside with a sigh and finds in the other



*Bishop C. C. McCabe, of the M. E. Church, famous for his success in raising money. He is now occupied with raising five million dollars for an American University at Washington.**

envelope a note from a preacher in a neighboring city telling him that a certain well-to-do member of his denomination has settled in his community, and he leaves his sermon-writing to search for the newcomer, knowing that if he delays in doing this unpleasant task some of the other churches of the city will be ahead of him and he will lose a valuable addition to his congregation.

This clergyman receives eighteen hundred dollars a year for his services, for the church is a large one situated in a growing city. Those in the smaller towns nearby have yearly salaries ranging from four hundred to twelve hundred dollars—salaries which they are not always able to collect. In a group of two hundred churches, including a fair average of city, small city and country parishes in and about New York, the average salary is seven hundred and twenty-five dollars. Such a condition is not attractive to a young, college-bred man who, though unselfishly earnest for the church, is human, with ambitions for the comfortable home that his abilities ought to earn. The result is the repeated statement that the inferior men are going into the ministry, that "if a man can't do anything else he either teaches or preaches, and that if he can't teach, he preaches." And yet it is doubtful if there is a field for practical achievement in America as large as that offered by the Protestant ministry in which is needed the tact of a statesman to bring order out of often chaotic organization, the sound sense and energy of a business man to make a church pay, which depends upon the generosity and the labor of people who have their own expenses to meet and their own work to do, the sympathy of a doctor with the sick, the mind

* The following story, characteristic of the good bishop's reputation is told of him. On hearing that a child had swallowed a half-dollar, a friend of Bishop McCabe's cried out: "Send for Bishop McCabe, he can get money out of any one."

Rev. S. P. Cadman, Congregationalist, successful organizer and minister.

Rev. Edmond M. Mills, Methodist, who has raised twenty millions for benevolence.

of a scholar, the oratory and argument of a court lawyer, aside from the earnest, unselfish purpose which is at the basis of it all.

The unlimited opportunities for this practical achievement are evident in the work of clergymen who have accepted some of them.

When Parson Hedstrom, who was attracted by the odd shape of a Methodist woman's hat to the meetings which made him an active religious worker, decided, years ago, to build a church ship to attract Swedish sailors, he went among insurance men and shipping concerns for money.

"Most Swedish sailors are drunkards," said he; "I'm going to make 'em sober. Most Swedish sailors are reckless and foolhardy; I'm going to make 'em God-fearing and steady. Most Swedish sailors' hearts are as hard as their fists; I'm going to make 'em tender. This ship will be the best business investment you ever made."

They gave him the money and he built his ship, and so entirely did he keep his word that when his first boat was worn out they gave him money to build a second, and later a third.

"A good investment," that was what Dr. Conwell, of Philadelphia, who has built up the largest church in America, says a church must be made to its members if it is to succeed. It is what Dr. Rainsford has made St. George's, in New York, and what many others are making other parishes throughout the country. St. Bartholomew's parish, in New York, is perhaps the most striking example possible.

Less than sixteen years ago a clergyman was called to two New York parishes. One was thriving, the other was standing still, the duty of existence growing heavier with each year of inactivity. He chose the latter church, because, as he said, "There was more work to do." At that time his congregation was never large and bad weather often made it very small. It had a Sunday-school of less than fifty members and the Sunday services were practically the end of the week's labor. People were moving rapidly farther uptown; the churches were going with them and St. Bartholomew's, at that time one of the smaller Episcopal parishes, while it was stubbornly holding its place, was gradually weakening. And so it was, comparatively inactive, half forsaken, when Dr. Greer

Dr. Russell Conwell, Baptist. Pastor of the largest Protestant church in the United States.

Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, Congregationalist. The eloquent pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

came to it, cheerily, quietly, determinedly.

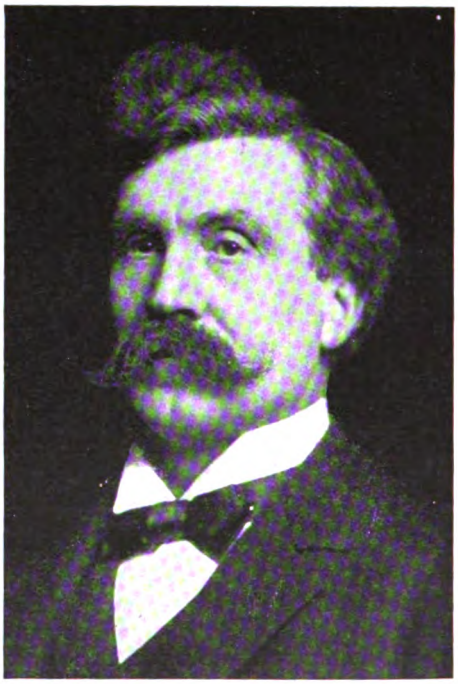
Dr. Greer left St. Bartholomew's recently, perhaps the most powerful single Protestant organization in the world, a church that spends more than two hundred thousand dollars a year, the old edifice remodeled and crowded to the doors of a Sunday morning, a parish house in the midst of the maelstrom of east side life,—which for all the varied activity within is only a center from which reach practical helping hands to needy people for miles around,—six Sunday-schools aggregating two thousand members, two in English, one is Armenian, one is Chinese, one in German, one in Swedish; industrial schools, clubs, an employment bureau that obtains positions for one hundred people a week, a clinic that cares for one hundred and fifty people a day, a boarding house for girls and many other important cogs in an immense and constantly active machine of religious and philanthropic endeavor. It was built up piece by piece, getting greater support as it proved itself, just as any factory or business grows. Men invested their money for Christian and philanthropic work at St. Bartholomew's for the same reason that they invested other money in certain railroads, because they felt that the man at the head knew how to use it, which probably also accounts for the fact that some churches are prosperous while many have large debts.

A glance at the financial statement of the church shows the solid basis on which the present achievement is built. The pew rents with the regular collections and offerings cover the current expenses, and some pews have been sold outright to families —among them the Vanderbilts—for five thousand dollars. Four special collections at the church, together with the income from two legacies, help the Parish House to a balance after spending nearly eighty-nine thousand dollars in its year's work, including an annual pay roll of employees amounting to more than twenty thousand dollars. The income of the Parish House work pays nearly one-third of its total cost,

Dr. Conwell tells how the minister of a small parish came to him for advice. "The church is in a farming community, study agriculture and preach about it," said the Doctor. The man took the advice and preached a sermon on scientific manures with scriptural allusions. His congregation numbered seventeen. Within five Sundays it crowded the church.

and with the present organization nearly every society, or bureau or club is approximately self-supporting, and the church gave last year upwards of thirty thousand dollars to outside religious work. It also had a balance at the end of the year.

There are hundreds of stories of work done by this parish every week that are vitally human and inspiring. An organization of men visiting Blackwell's Island every week; the German pastor taking a newly landed emigrant from the dock to the company to which the employment bureau has sent him, going from this duty to brighten some forlorn little German home and at night organizing native entertainments for his people to offset the attraction of the saloons; a musical director urging on the work of a number of Glee Clubs and of German and Chinese choirs; a parish visitor finding a sick woman, in one of one thousand five hundred annual calls, and hearing a pitiful wish expressed for an orange; the superintendent of the Chinese guild renting stores for his people, teaching them arithmetic and writing, and buying American clothes for them; the oriental mission preacher holding service in Turkish with a congregation of Armenians, Syrians, Turkish people, three Mohammedans from Egypt and one Coptic, or standing between the officials at Ellis Island and Persians just landed who speak the old Syriac tongue; the Girl's Friendly Society giving dances in the Roof Garden in the summer; these furnish only a suggestion of the manifold work that the parish is doing. How completely one vigorous, gentle personality has permeated the entire organization is hinted in the remark of one of the small boys at the summer home. "Won't you sing six hundred and seventy-nine to-night," he said, "that's the hymn Dr. Greer knows." And the Parish House stands as he himself said, "Not for any religion in particular but for the whole of it."



Rev. Robert Francis Coyle, famous as an executive and moderator of the last Presbyterian Assembly.

"Which does the greater good," asked a busy lawyer recently, "a certain silent or dignified church on Fifth Avenue, New York, which spends upwards of fifty thousand dollars a year to have a great preacher talk to a small congregation on Sunday, and to have a Sunday-school open to less than one hundred members, or an unreligious boys' club downtown which, with seventeen thousand dollars a year, gives some fifteen thousand gamins a place to be clean, and become strong, and learn efficiency, and gain a sense of proportion between the results of right living and wrong living, instead of leaving them to the sordid whirlpool of the streets?"

This is the widespread question which the churches are answering through such achievements as that of Dr. Greer. And they are answering it in foreign lands as well as at home.

There is a man, stationed at Madras, India, named A. W. Rudisill, and he is a Methodist preacher. When he was a boy his father printed gospel leaflets and the boy unwillingly sold them in the streets. His father was an old man when Mr. Rudisill decided to go to India as a missionary, and his son accepted his parting gift of a little printing press that would print a card four inches by six inches almost as unwillingly as he had carried his father's productions into the streets as a boy. For

some time after he reached Madras the only activity of the little machine was in printing texts from a font of Tamil type. After two years, however, the missionary bought a larger press and additional type with money which came from this country. At the end of another year he was employing twenty workmen, he was printing in five languages, and he had started a bindery. For a time he was in this country again, but the possibilities of the work he had established pointed him again toward India. He set about raising money. A manufacturer of printing machines finally not only sold Mr. Rudisill a machine, but he gave him as well fifteen hundred dollars as a contribution. He found a man who had invented certain machines which would turn out every day one hundred thousand little books of sixteen pages each, and he obtained a set of the machines. Then with his money and his new machinery the missionary started back to Madras. During his first day there he found and received the refusal of the property he needed for his buildings, and soon after he began the erection of the structures which were to hold a bindery, book and job departments, booklet machines, electrical and electrotyping plant, studios, dark room, a photo-engraving department, stockroom, salesroom and office. He soon saw that he needed more money, and started back to New York. The necessary money he obtained with comparative ease, but he had made up his mind to learn before he returned every phase of the work that was to be done.

After many weeks of vain effort to obtain practical schooling in printing offices and elsewhere, he rented some rooms, set up an electrotyping foundry, and hired a skilled workman to teach him at night. He hired an engine similar to the one at Madras, and took it apart and put it together until he learned its construction thoroughly. After working day and night for some weeks he found that he could make electros, half-tones and line cuts. Then he set up a small photo-engraving plant and hired a photo-engraver to teach him. Following this he had lessons in half-tone printing, in fitting together the parts of a dynamo, and in wiring and hanging electric lamps. Then he studied the erection of shafting and the fitting of pulleys and belts, and every other detail of the kind of work he was planning to do. Within two months of his first lesson this Methodist preacher and formerly presiding elder, his hands still smudged with the various marks of his new trades, bought a number of books on all the subjects he had studied and started once more for India.

So rapidly did the little publishing house progress that Mr. Rudisill was soon back in this country after more machines, and with the necessity of better type crowding upon him. Before he went back to India again, he sent one hundred and eighty cases of new machinery.

Mr. Rudisill's printing house to-day is an immense center of religious industry. It sends Sunday-school and Bible leaflets and literature in many languages throughout southern India. It has developed many apprentice boys into capable workmen. It controls three Sunday-schools. It has besides opened three day schools and one night school as well and the girls are taught sewing and kindergarden work. And it has recently opened a training school. It has its own church services and it is operating the stereopticon at the great feasts of India. It has a machine shop, a blacksmith's shop and a carpenter shop, but perhaps most remarkable of all are the little booklets, turned out at a rate of one hundred thousand a day and printed in ninety-eight different languages at once, sixteen page booklets, on each page of which are summarized texts from the bible to go into the towns and into the jungle.

A young minister was called a few years ago to a church in a thriving eastern city. His predecessor had been a well known preacher whose sermons had attracted large congregations, but whose expressed belief was that the clergyman's single duty was the spiritual welfare of his people. The church had failed to meet current expenses for several years, and its considerable debt was increasing with mechanical regularity. The only thing that happened in the building on Sundays or week days was talk, while the tradespeople clamored for the payment of their bills and the bank demanded its arrears of interest. The newcomer was not a wonderful orator but he had a firm mouth and jaw. Within two years he was at the head of a smoothly running business organization whose departments were handled by

men who understood their work and did it, which discounted its bills and was reducing its old indebtedness. The church had become a working church.

"The church," he said one day, "is a temporal organization doing an entirely practical work. Business integrity is as necessary to its continuance and definite achievement to its advance as in any other temporal organization."

"Your predecessor was right, however," spoke up one of his leading members with a smile, "he always said the Lord would provide; the Lord did provide you."

A man who enters the ministry has or should have certainly as great incentive to obtain results as the man who goes into business. And the minister who gives to his work the same forethought, the same dogged determination, the same self-thoughtless concentration that makes a fortune for the business man, will necessarily bring the riches of achievement to his church. He may be lost in the dust of an inland village, or he may stand out brilliantly in the lights of the city streets, but in either place he will gain his end. And he will gain another which he will not have consciously sought, for inconsistent human nature, while it will continue to criticise him will respect him more than anyone else in the world.

THE LADY AND THE FOOTBALL

By Edwin Oviatt

WITH DRAWINGS BY HOWARD GILES

BILLY PARKER, of the Senior class, stood five feet seven inches in his football shoes at 'Varsity right end, and never enjoyed himself as much as when he was getting a very large assortment of football bumps on his body and a lot of football mud on his face.

Though he had been three years in college he had just one ambition. And that was to keep on playing 'Varsity right end so well that the coaches would never think of putting anybody else in his place, and so that no opposing half-back would ever want to try more than once in one half to get around his end on a play that was supposed to be starting for the other.

"See that streak of greased lightning at right end?" fellows would ask girls in the grand stand. "That's Parker. You ought to see him play in a championship game! Why, last year—"

And then Billy Parker's shabby blue jersey would be seen skimming down the field under a practice punt, and the crowd of men on the bleachers would sing out "Yea-a-a! Parker!" when he downed his man ten yards from the scrub's goal post. There was only one thing that Billy Parker didn't care for, and that was girls. This was why fellows sitting in the grand stand had never seen Billy Parker anywhere girls could look at him except when he was following down the field under punts, and mixing in every scrimmage that wasn't any of his business, and jogging back to his place in the line, with his stubby arms doubled up, and his curly hair pushed back over his forehead, and every bone aching in his bumpy little body.

Girls had never interested Parker. He had never understood how fellows who might play football bothered themselves by coming out to the field on football game days with dozens of soft-eyed, laughing, daintily dressed young women, who didn't understand the game a little bit, and who

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She tore out the blue flag and waved it at him.

said "Oh, dear!" every time anybody had his collar bone broken. He had heard them from the field.

That was Billy Parker when his Junior year opened. One afternoon that year he wriggled out of a scrimmage where he had had his arms about the legs of a scrub tackle twice his size who had the ball, with his face all grimy, and jumped around to his end of the 'Varsity line next to Thacher at tackle. He got on his toes and swung his arms and lunged in again past three scrubs and two ends and a tackle who had been told to stop him, and started with the kick and slapped the scrub quarterback on the ground with a thud, while the fellows on the grand stand rattled their feet and jumped up with the play and yelled "Yea-a-a! long cheer for Billy Parker!" It was then that Tommy Nolan, chewing his pencil on the side lines, where he was taking notes for the *News*, heard a coach, knocking the ashes from his cigarette, say to another coach who strolled back smiling from the scrimmage:—

"That dub Parker, at 'Varsity right end, is a wonder. If nothing happens to him he will make the fastest end next year this college ever saw."

Tommy Nolan, who took life seriously only where Billy Parker and football were concerned, told this to Billy that night from where he sat on the window seat in Lawrance with Billy Parker's pipe that Billy couldn't smoke.

"There's some sense in that, for coaches," said Tommy Nolan. "Don't you go and let anything happen!"

"Shucks," said Billy Parker from the study table, where he was making marks on the edges of a Mediaeval History for later reference, "what could happen?"

"Girls," said Tommy Nolan.

"Girls?" Billy Parker snorted. He hitched around in his study chair and looked up at Tommy Nolan, smoking slowly on the window seat, and laughed. "Girls!" That struck him as particularly funny, and he laughed again.

"Yes, girls," said Tommy Nolan. "They're the deuce. For instance. I know one fellow who got engaged to a girl just before a boat race. Her name is Pipkin. Just like his, Pipkin. Funny name, eh?—well—" Tommy Nolan pulled hard on his pipe. "He was pipped all right. He rowed number four that year for Yale. He just sat in his seat and imagined all through the race that she wouldn't marry him if he didn't win. He got groggy at two miles, of course, and kept saying 'Stella' to himself every stroke. 'Stella!' How was that. Got it from the coxswain. The cox thought the captain was yelling 'starboard'—he couldn't hear in the infernal din of the presidential gunboats, and

steered into a flagpole at the finish."

Billy Parker looked up at Tommy Nolan and wrinkled his nose. "Quite so," he said musingly.

"Don't you go and let anything like that happen to you, that's all," said Tommy Nolan.

"Shucks!" said Billy Parker.

And nothing did happen.

That is; not until the next summer, which was just before his last year on the team, when something did, as follows:—

Her name was Letitia Louise Baxter, and she was brown-haired and twenty, and every evening danced in the hotel hops, or sat out two-steps on the hotel piazza, accompanied by small flickers of cigarette light in the nearest chair.

Billy Parker met her one morning on the piazza of the mountain hotel where he was staying through August, and the moment he saw her he knew that she had looked deep down into his soul and understood him. And Billy Parker, who had never known any girl in his life before, knuckled. Every day for a month Miss Baxter let Billy Parker walk beside her around the golf links behind the hotel, and carry her golf bag, and row her under the afterglow of the sunset on the dinky little hotel lake in a boat that had to have the cleats shortened, so that Billy Parker could brace against them; and tell her about Yale, and what a fine place it was, and what bully fellows went there, and how he could look down from his window seat in Lawrance and see the fellows playing nigger baby on the campus below; and especially what a great football team Yale had, and how Yale was going to leave the Harvard eleven that year in a small, round pool of perspiration on Yale Field that November, and how he was going to help do it.

Which, for thirty-one long August days, was bliss for Billy Parker. He had never met a girl like that before.

When something happened.

This was on a Saturday afternoon, and immediately after Miss Baxter had looked up very much surprised and pained across the cleats in the rowboat, and had heard some hurried things said by Billy Parker in a very hurried way. An hour later

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"What do you know about Miss Baxter?"

Billy Parker stood disconsolately on one leg on the hotel piazza. She had been very nice about it, and had said she was sorry, and that he could call on her aunt any time he was in Boston, and have tea, with a lemon in it. That would have been all right, and there would have been some hope in it, if something else had not happened, too.

But the afternoon train from Boston had set a young man, in a straw hat with a red band on it, down on the station platform in the middle of a ring of dress-suit cases, and tennis rackets, and golf sticks, and crimson sweaters, and a wiggly Boston terrier and admiring natives, whose name was Winthrop B. Dickinson, of the Harvard football team. Billy Parker saw him coming the same time that Miss Baxter did. Ten minutes later he had telegraphed to Tommy Nolan to cut out the tutoring he was making up and join him in any perilous climb he knew of up any scraggly mountain where a young man might meet a grisly death that could get into the Boston newspapers, and where there weren't any girls. Which Billy Parker did because— Because the moment Miss Baxter saw Dickinson she said "Oh!" in a very odd sort of a way and went upstairs in the hotel and put on a new dress, made of white with pink spots in it, for dinner.

This is all there is to the Miss Baxter part of the story until the very end.

II

Most fellows forget that sort of thing shortly after they think they never will forget it, or else become bold, bad misogynists and say cynical, misogynous things about life until the next time. But Billy Parker didn't do either. He told himself that he had made a fool of himself, and that he hadn't been able to draw anything better than a bob-tailed flush in the game of life, and that it was all over; and also, if she wasn't happy, that the next time he ever had a man named Dickinson in the middle of a football scrimmage where the referee couldn't see him, he would make a new start in life with one less to buck against in the census. He said this to himself when the football season began, and thought he was all over it, and then slumped all around, and sideways, and generally. You see he thought a good deal more about Miss Baxter than he thought he did, which wasn't at all conducive to flopping ambitious scrub halfs on their backs under their own goal posts, or to blocking off visiting up-country college tackles from getting around his end with the ball, or to keeping other men, like Smith, who had been Freshman end and captain, and who hadn't any such reason for a slump, from getting his position.

Which was why, when the whole college was asking Tommy Nolan what the deuce the matter with his roommate was, the inevitable came about. Of course, he braced. But the more he tried to play the worse he got. Just before the crash came he played so well one afternoon that he thought he had finally stamped her image out of his soul. But he hadn't. Not in the least. The very next play, when he was tackling Smith on a fake end play, her face came in front of him just as he was jumping forward, and Smith made a touchdown. The whole college held its breath on the grand stand, and Tommy Nolan groaned three times and cuffed his bulldog, who whined with him. And the 'Varsity captain, who had the honor of the university to think about, said something in very decided tones to six worried-looking coaches. The result of which was that the next day's college paper, just before the final game, had the name of Smith in the place that for three years had been in standing type in the *News* office: "William B. Parker, five feet seven inches, weight one hundred and sixty-five pounds, age twenty"—the Yale 'Varsity right end.

Which had a good deal to do with the reasons Tommy Nolan didn't feel called upon to give when he asked the Dean for a day's vacation. Nor did he tell the Dean where he was going, which has a good deal to do with this story, as will presently be seen.

From your seat in the grand stand at a Yale-Harvard football game you can look down on a sight that you can see but once a year. And that is a great oblong of chalk-marked grass with a white goal post at either end, far down in the middle of a high amphitheater of towering tiers of seats, packed tight with cheering, excited people —graduates and undergraduates, with red bands on their hats or blue flowers in their buttonholes, girls with crimson flags and girls with blue flags, and whole sec-

tions of excited people in winter furs and blankets. Massed sections of Yale or Harvard undergraduates are shouting, and drowning out their bands, and listening cheerfully to hardworking young men in their shirt sleeves who jump up on the low fence above the substitutes' benches in front of the grand stands and wave their arms and sing out:—

"Now—are you ready! Long cheer —everybody in it!"

An hour later, if you are a Harvard man, you are yelling and waving your hat and wondering if those "Elis" are ever going to stop pounding that Harvard line long enough to let Harvard make a touchdown. If you are a Yale man you are jumping to your feet and getting into that joyous song:—

"More work for the undertaker!"

or that rattling, long, Yale cheer with the nine long "Yales!" on the end of it, and calling out to your tattered line down there on the middle of the field to "Hold 'em! Yale! Hold 'em!"

That is, you do all that if you know what a big thing it is to win a Yale-Harvard football game, and Billy Parker did. All that first half, while the two teams had been fighting in a deafening din of cheers and songs, but with no score, Billy Parker had squirmed under his gray blanket on the sidelines, and called himself names and stared out at his eleven on the field; each man so familiar to him, the giant line bending to their knuckles till the big center snapped the ball, then heaving upwards and forwards against the crimson line, while the swift half backs shot to right or left and stopped suddenly under an avalanche of striped jerseys. If he hadn't thrown away his chance on a girl, Billy thought to himself, as the stands roared again, and the second half began, he could have gone out there and done something. Smith was getting tired. But he couldn't go out. He didn't have the sand. If things had only been different—if Dickinson—

A quick, stinging yell broke out from the Yale stands and Billy Parker jumped. It rose to a ripping cheer that was taken up all along the tiers of seats. Thousands of blue banners waved round the field. People were standing up, imploring, shouting again, as they had done to no purpose all through the game. But now Yale was playing. With twenty minutes to play the game had suddenly taken on new life. The Yale full-back had kicked a long, low, beautiful punt, and Smith, the Yale right end, had tackled the Harvard quarter-back on his own thirty yard line. Every Yale man was on his feet yelling:—

"Yale—Yale—Yale!"

The sidelines were dancing. Linesmen, dragging a string between red and blue posts, were running to take up their new positions. Up in the press stand New York editors were leaning over their telegraphers' shoulders and waving their hats. Coaches were hurrying down the field to each other, ploughing through the substitutes. Billy Parker nodded to one of them, Martin, the head coach, who had a long series of brilliant plays on that field to his credit, and who ran past him, chewing a cigarette exultantly. "We've got 'em," Martin grinned. On the other side of the field tall young men in long overcoats were crouching anxiously to watch the next play.

Billy Parker watched the sight excitedly. Even if he couldn't play, and if neither side had scored, and if there were but twenty minutes left to play in, Yale could hold them now and then make a touchdown. Lined up on their own thirty yard chalk mark the crimson eleven was crouching for a final attack down the field. Their quarter-back was slapping men on the shoulders, and giving final directions. The Harvard stands echoed with a long, imploring:—

"Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!"

There came a quick, snappy signal. Harvard gained three yards. Another and they gained two. Twice more and a crimson half-back shot round Yale's end for ten yards. Both teams were fighting every inch. At the end of every play men were lying on their backs on the hard turf, while rubbers with bottles ran out under the deafening din and sponged their heads with water.

"Harvard! Touchdown! Harvard!"

Billy Parker could see, as everybody in the grand stands could, that Harvard was making her last, desperate attack of the game. His fingers itched to be out there. One man had been brought in sobbing, staggering, struggling to go back, between two coaches who tried to tell him that he

was hurt and couldn't play any more. He was sobbing like a child. Another had fallen on his back in a scrimmage and now lay on the Harvard side lines, grimy and broken-hearted while a rubber bathed his face. In fifteen minutes the game would be over. It was already growing dark. With each play a steam of sweat rose from the two teams like an exhalation. The men, staggering back to their places, seemed hardly able to move until the next signal brought them to their feet in a play that again ended in a pile of legs and arms. A constant uproar of cheers filled the air. From all four sides of the towering black grand stands, blue and red flags waved out incessantly. No one could hear the signals of the quarter-backs in the steady cheers.

But, with ten minutes left to play, something important was going on in the Harvard line. Billy Parker, scenting the change, noticed what it was at once. Where Harvard had for ten minutes made but fifteen yards on Yale, a change had come. It seemed to Billy Parker that if the sky should fall it would not be any more of a miracle than what was happening now, right along, out there on that field in front of him. Ten minutes of the second half were still left to play, and those Harvard backs were suddenly beginning to make big holes in the Yale line. A certain easy play was going every time. Billy Parker had seen a man run out from the Harvard side lines to take somebody's place. It was this man who was making the gains. Every other minute the ball would be snapped back, this man would take it, there would be a smashing kaleidescope of plunging crimson jerseys and the new man would be around his end—Smiths' end—. Once he had made two yards. Then ten. Then fifteen. The ball had moved from Harvard's thirty yard line to Yale's thirty-five yard line. Billy, jumping from his seat, had crouched, tremblingly, to watch the play. He saw big Dale, at center, push and shove, and Thacher, at right tackle, lunge forward, and Smith, at his end, jump in each time and lose his man. The Harvard stands were on their feet, a forest of crimson banners, cheering in heavy unison, frantically. The Yale stands were silent. Billy Parker could hardly believe his eyes. Each time his 'Varsity had to back off to take up their new position. Harvard was pushing Yale straight down the field for a touch-down. As he groaned again Billy Parker could see the same crimson half-back shoot around Smith's end to be downed only after he had carried the ball to Yale's ten yard line. Harvard men were crowding down to the ropes, climbing up in their seats, cheering, dancing, hugging each other.

"Oh, stop it—please stop it!" Billy Parker yelled in a pleading voice. A coach told him to dry up.

And then something happened. Billy Parker, crouching on the side lines, caught Tommy Nolan's eye as he sat on the bench behind him. Tommy's face was white. He pointed with his pencil to the Harvard line.

"Dickinson," shouted Tommy.

Billy looked instantly, for the first time, into the face of the Harvard half-back who was making the gains through Yale's line. It was he, Dickinson, the man who had taken Miss Baxter away from him. He bristled up suddenly—Dickinson! Why, then, Miss Baxter must be there too. Hadn't she thrown him over for Dickinson. He turned sharply and stared into the grand stand. In the mass of people low down near the fence Billy Parker looked straight at a brown-haired girl, who sat between an old man who had his hat in the air, and an elderly lady who wore a red carnation. But it wasn't that fact that sent the blood from Billy Parker's face. Miss Baxter was not in red, for Dickinson. She wore a blue flag in her dress. Billy Parker stood up on the side lines, with his mouth open and stared at her. The next moment she saw him and tore out the blue flag and waved it at him. Billy gasped. In spite of the fact that a fresh Harvard yell was going up at that time, Billy Parker jumped through a crowd of groaning substitutes and dived between two coaches who said things to him, and grabbed Tommy Nolan by the shoulder.

"Here, Tommy!" he gasped, quickly. "Drop that pad. Come here." He jerked the perspiring Tommy to his feet and shook him.

"Now," he said, shortly, and his eyes blazed. "What do you know about Miss Baxter."

Tommy Nolan grinned. Billy Parker shook him again.

"Out with it," he said. He was hot all over.

"I—" said Tommy Nolan. "I knew a fellow who knew her. I went to see her—"

"The deuce you did."

"I did. Let go my collar. I found out Dickinson was a bigamist. That he had two girls engaged to him at the same time he met Miss Baxter." Billy Nolan straightened up. If Dickinson had done that he would punch his head. "I told her. Hold on a minute. I told her that if she wanted to leave the summer piazza business I'd find her a nice quiet kitchen rocking chair in your flat in Harlem. I told her you had a pair and a half of curtains, a bookcase that belonged to me, an oil stove and a high seat on a bookkeepers' chair in my father's office in prospect. I changed her mind. Then I told the coaches all about it and told them to look out for you and see when the disease broke. Now run along to Martin. There's five minutes left to play in—and win the game."

Billy Parker sat Tommy Nolan down so hard on the bench that Tommy Nolan giggled. Just one idea was in his mind. Dickinson had tricked the girl he loved. And Dickinson was out there on the Harvard team and was winning the game for Harvard. He didn't at all understand that she cared for him at all, that she had come to the game to see him, Billy Parker, play. All he wanted now was to see Dickinson. The next moment Billy Parker ran out on the side lines and nodded savagely to Martin, the head coach, who looked from him to Tommy Nolan and then grinned. Then he pushed him out on the field, in a sudden, knife like cheer:

"Yale! Yale! Yale! *Parker!*"

He only turned to glance, on the run, just once, as he put on his nose piece, over the shoulder of Smith, limping back to the bench, at a girl in a fur boa who sat between an old man with a red flag and a disapproving aunt, and who looked the other way quickly. Then he went in to meet Dickinson and play football.

The whistle blew. The Yale quarterback, running rapidly around from Billy Parker, patted each Yale man on the back. It was Harvard's ball, first down, five yards to go, on Yale's five yard line. One final rush, like those that had pushed Yale eighty yards down the field, and the game would be over. There was a moment's hush. The crimson quarter snapped the ball. Dickinson took it. There was a red rush of men in front of him and with a dive Billy Parker broke through the Harvard tackle and end opposite him and flattened out the crimson half-back with a thud two yards back of where he had started.

A terrific yell broke from the Yale stands:—

"Parker!"

Another signal, another flash of crimson at his end, and Billy lay again with his arms about Dickinson's legs, with two more yards lost for Harvard.

"Third down, nine yards to go."

The Yale stands were frantic. There was one minute left to play. Billy knew what he was going to do. The Harvard backs dropped behind for a kick for goal. Billy Parker, swinging forward loosely at his end, watched the pass narrowly. He saw what ten tired other pairs of Yale eyes did not see, and that was the stumble that Dickinson made as he reached forward to take the ball. With the pass, Billy was through the line and on him with a rush. Suddenly swerving he lunged forward and, as Dickinson kicked, blocked the ball with his hands and was after it. Before the stands could see what was happening Billy had fallen under the Harvard half-back's feet, and Thacher, who was just behind him, had picked up the ball on the run and was ten yards down the field past the Harvard quarter-back for a touch-down.

It was all done so suddenly that Billy Parker was on his feet again before the Yale stands understood what had happened. If he hadn't won Miss Baxter back, he had beaten Dickinson. Swarms of cheering, frantic Yale men jumped the fence into the gridiron and stormed the Yale team, lifting them to their shoulders.

"Yale! Yale! Yale!"

In that throaty calmness that succeeds the wresting of victory for one brief instant, the tiers of Harvard men stood uncovered in the late November afternoon, staring down at their team all alone on the field below. Then, a slow, rolling, rising, thundering cheer broke out from thousands of Harvard men.

"Harvard! Harvard! Dickinson!"

"I told you that I saw Miss Baxter,"

Tommy Nolan was explaining to Billy Parker at the Gym an hour later. "But I didn't tell you all about it. You never want to believe a girl until you get her mad. I got her mad."

"Tommy—!"

"Yes, I did. It was the only way I could persuade her. I told her you didn't like her anyway. That you thought she was somebody else when you proposed to her. That brought her around. No, that's mine. Here's your hat. You're excited. She threw down Dickinson herself. I told her to. Wait a minute. I'm going to take the uncle and aunt around in a low-necked hack to see the town. You can come around to the New Haven House any time you want to. I guess she'll be there. And, oh, by the way, Billy, I forgot to tell you that I never heard of anybody called Pipkin on a Yale crew. I've got a better one named Parker. And I propose to spread it around if you don't go and make it up with the girl this evening. Tell me what she said when you get round to Lawrance later."

"Shucks," laughed Billy Parker.

WANTED: A FARMER

A Literally True Experience

By Edward Hatch, Jr.

WE hear much these days of the "return to nature." Dozens of books issue weekly devoted to the rural life; magazines are established especially for this reading public. Any one who has diligently sought farmhands, however, as I have, is likely to be a little skeptical of it all. Evidently plenty of people like to read of farm life, or even occasionally to take a shy at it themselves; but the enthusiasm does not seem to have penetrated to the actual workers. Of all labor markets, farms are the least overstocked. Thus for years I have sought a "hired man" for my modest up-state establishment. I can get plenty of "overseers," "managers," people who will "see that things go right," but a man who will acceptably pitch hay, hoe potatoes and milk cows—that is the rarity, and I have done everything to make things pleasant, to tempt my farmhands to prolong their stay. But after abusing all my privileges, they have usually left in disdain. Finally, in a moment of desperation, I fled to that final resort of the needy—a newspaper advertisement. Surely this, I said, will bring my man; and you would think it might have:—

> WANTED, on a small farm, a man, married, between 20 and 30; hours 8 to 5 in summer, 8 to 4 in winter; employer does his own milking and takes care of horses; trolley passes door; rural delivery; telephone to village; long distance telephone to New York; excellent literary and progressive euchre facilities; hired man's club; use of tennis grounds; golf privileges; superior table; French cooking; billiard and pool table in carriage house; Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off, May 1 to October 15; checkers, dominoes; $35 a month; safe deposit box; use of automobile Sundays; no objection to children; references exchanged. Address FARMER.

The four hundred odd replies to this appeal I regard as remarkable documents. To the student of human nature, I am sure they possess great scientific value. My advertisement proved a sort of dragnet, wherewith I scooped in a most

delightful collection of human curiosities. The surprising feature about the replies was that so few came from farmers. I heard from only twenty men who had actually had experience on a farm. Few answers were illiterate; most were written in well-spelled and well-punctuated English; a great many came from highly educated men. There was a liberal sprinkling of college graduates. People of all trades and professions—except farmers—were evidently inspired, by my notice, with a great yearning for the soil. A medical student announced his willingness to drop his books for the position. Newspaper men and "magazine writers" were only too ready to accept my thirty-five-dollar a month job. Professional linguists, including a "Chinese interpreter," offered their services. A sculptor, the assistant of one of our leading artists came forward. Bookkeepers, head waiters, actors, electricians, government employees, riding masters, collectors, Baltimore fire victims, Boer war veterans, stranded foreigners—I had my pick of all professions and trades, except the one for which I had advertised.

The great majority took my advertisement seriously. They solemnly commented upon the privileges offered; and in many cases suggested others. One wanted the cooking changed from French to German; another expressed a willingness to give up the use of the automobile on Sundays if he could have it on week days. Several modestly said that they didn't need so many "extras." A man employed on a large New York newspaper, missing entirely the sarcasm in my advertisement, says:—

"You really must be something of a philanthropist, else you wouldn't be so kind to the person employed. I am fully in sympathy with people who are trying to do a little good in this world of ours. My work on newspapers and magazines does not make me any too healthy and barely yields a living. I am of a good Kentucky family, have lived and studied in Europe, was in the United States Navy during the late war, speak French, German, and am fond of the sports you mention, especially tennis. My wife is French, and of as happy a disposition as myself."

Another, though little experienced in farm work is, "somewhat literary and in the leisure hours would enjoy the privileges offered." Leisure hours on a farm! Says another: "I should consider the opportunity you kindly offer as a revelation worthy of a generous-hearted employer, at whose command I most respectfully and willingly place my humble capabilities." "Why can we not have this position?" exclaims an enthusiastic New Jerseyite. "It is just what we have been looking for! Not that we are lazy and will abuse privileges, but because we are worthy of it and feel it a pleasure to work for a man who treats his help in this way. We are well educated, quite well indeed"—though neither, of course, has the slightest knowledge of farming!

The most pathetic applications were those of incompetents—rolling stones, and men who, made desperate by lack of employment, were willing to work even on a farm. These were appallingly frank.

"I have a family of small children," writes one, "and am unable to give them a proper home. In fact I am stranded, and must find employment and a home for my family at once. Won't you consider my application?"

Another wanderer says:—

"My wife and I have a fair education, made a trip to Europe, and have traveled all over this country from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Here is a typical tale of a rolling stone:

"I am anxious to get such a position as you advertise, for I am heartily sick of trying to make a living clerking it in New York City. There is no chance for a young man. I'm married, and my wife was born and brought up on a farm, and is a good housekeeper. We are both good willing workers and need a job. At present I am trying to sell a fire extinguisher on commission basis, and though it is a good one find it up hill work."

Doesn't that man's inefficiency appear in every line? Another naïvely says that he "dislikes moving around." Still another blandly confesses that he is "living with his father-in-law!" However, he adds, my "wife is strong and healthy and not afraid of work. She says she would like to accept your proposition." This is almost as good as the writer twenty-five years of age who offers to refer me to his "*four* previous employers."

Many advance unique qualifications for the position. One is a "good conversationalist," another has a "thorough

knowledge of clerical work." A third gives this reason for believing he would make a good farmer: "I am classed as an A1 mechanic, thoroughly understand the working of all metals and woods, and all motive powers, electricity, hydraulic compressed air, steam, etc." Says another:—

"I can run an electric light dynamo and pumping plant. Am a good marksman, have much experience in music, can play the piano and organ, and understand fencing, swimming and riding. I have visited the Forest Academy, and am well educated. Am not ashamed of work. Trust and try."

Others brag of their ancestry and family connections; and appear to think that in some mysterious way that will make them more efficient in milking cows and pitching hay. A commercial traveler who confesses that he knows nothing of farming, but who would make an "excellent farm manager," providing I hired others to do the actual work, says:—

"I can furnish you the best of references. My wife's family and my own are open for visitation if you wish to confirm our good family connections."

A few bachelors replied. Several suggested that, if a married man was absolutely essential, they would look around for a mate. For example:—

"I am a young Irishman thirty-two years old. I am a strong good fellow in good health and a sober honest man of good habits. I was brought up on a farm in Ireland and know something of the work of a farm. I never did any ploughing, my uncle doing that. I worked here at office and store work. I am sorry I am unmarried. I was thinking of getting married and think I could get a young woman I know of."

Another suggests that perhaps the fact that he had no children might be an impediment. Even that, he says, might be arranged, if he were only given a little time.

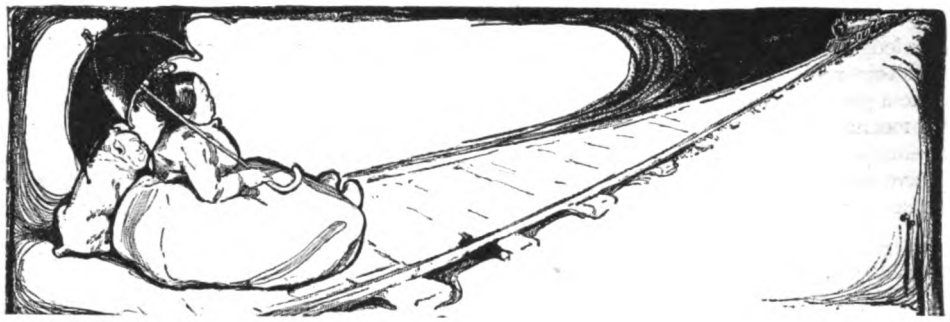
There were, of course, many attempts at humor. One asked me to make him my heir; another wished a chauffeur to run the automobile. "Do you furnish a key to the wine cellar? Can you give me a box at the opera?" are other modest requests. In case of disagreements a correspondent suggested that matters in dispute be re-referred to the Hague Tribunal. In the main these deliberate attempts at wit were not successful. I rather preferred the unconscious humor of such answers as this:—

"In looking over the wants for a place for a friend of mine (a carpenter), I come across your advertisement. I don't quite understand if you pay for the hired man's club privileges; also supply him with the superior board and French cooking, and introduce him to the local society. I would gladly sell out my business, to take such a place, but am too old (fifty), and not married; but if you are not suited and will let me know, I think I can send you the proper person. Would there be any objection to the wife having the use of the parlor and piano to entertain her friends and make herself and children at home in your mansion? Until they could get a suitable cottage, or do you provide that also."

Of the four hundred replies there were only four at all to the point. These I summoned to a personal interview. This is the letter of the man who got the job:—

"Your somewhat peculiar advertisement noted. If you are looking for a man about twenty-eight years old, married, that is capable, and will work for his employer's interest I would respectfully offer my services, but would expect a salary of more than thirty-five dollars, as one cannot keep a family on that."

I hired the author of the above for a month on trial. After the month was up I dismissed him. I believe in advertising; but this time it did not pay. I am still looking for my farmer.



MRS. FINNEGAN SCORES ONE

A Story of Rosie and the Railroad

By Frederick Arlington

WITH DRAWINGS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

WHEN all that was mortal of Lawrence Finnegan was borne to his late home, with the explanation that he had attempted to take a nap on the track of the Indian Valley Railroad, his widow bore her bereavement with the equanimity born of a conviction that whatever happens in this world is for the best. But when, a year later, Rosie, her cow, was tossed into the ditch, a shapeless mass, from the selfsame track upon which the earthly career of her former master had been cut short, Mrs. Finnegan mourned with a grief too great for solace.

By way of explaining Mrs. Finnegan's rather unconventional conduct it should be said that her late husband had been in the habit of varying the monotony of his labors as a section hand, by going on a spree of a week or ten days' duration after each monthly visit of the pay car. His boss was obliged to overlook these eccentricities because Mr. Finnegan had been promised a life job on the road for having saved, in a spectacular manner, a passenger train from plunging into a washout. During these sprees his favorite amusement was beating his wife with whatever came handy. As sprees are rather costly luxuries, Mr. Finnegan's contributions to the family support were few and meager.

Rosie, on the other hand, during her entire exemplary life, never once failed to appear at the front gate promptly after the passage of number four at six twenty-five p. m. ready to fill a large tin pail with the richest of foaming warm milk. This milk, with the products of the garden cultivated by Mrs. Finnegan, and the chickens raised by her labor, supplied the family larder and furnished such clothing as she possessed. Small wonder, then, that when Mrs. McGuigan called upon Mrs. Finnegan a week after Rosie's tragic end she found crape on the door knob and could elicit no response to her knock, though the sound of moans and ejaculations from the tiny sitting-room told that the mistress of the house was in.

"Oh-h! Ye poo-oor de-ear," exclaimed Mrs. McGuigan in her most consoling accents as she bustled into the room, "now don't take on so. I'm su-ure if there's a heaven **f'r** cows, R-rosie's there this blessed minnit, an' she wuddent have ye grieve yer hea-art out f'r her."

Mrs. Finnegan's only answer was to bury her face in her hands and rock back and forth as she burst into a tempest of sobs and moans, while her caller stood in the middle of the room with mouth agape. At last her slowly returning wits prompted her to say:—

"Ye poo-oor thing!"

The world of sympathy in the simple exclamation but served to tap afresh the fountain of sorrow in Mrs. Finnegan's breast. Controlling herself after a time she looked up at Mrs. McGuigan through tear-dimmed eyes.

"Ah, poo-oor de-ear R-rosie was such a da-arlin' crayture," continued Mrs. Finnegan, her tears starting afresh. "She'd lick me ha-and that affectionate whinivir I'd give her a bite fr'm the ga-arden, an' she'd stan' in front of the dure in the ma-arnin' an' moo so lovin' f'r me to come out an' milk her. O, Mrs. McGuigan, I can't bea-ar it; I can't bea-ar it."

Mrs. McGuigan racked her brain for some moments for words to assuage the fresh outburst of grief that followed this exclamation.

"A-ah, now! Ah, now! Mrs. Finnegan," she said at last. "Do-on't take ahn so. Ye'll fret yerself sick if ye go on that way. It wo-on't do," Seeing that this had no effect she added desperately, after a pause, "An' ye can buy another cow, Mrs. Finnegan."

"Another cow, d'ye say, Mrs. McGuigan?" snapped Mrs. Finnegan in a blaze of wrath. "Where's there another cow on ear-rth like me poo-oor de-ear R-rosie? An' if cows were thicker'n flies in August, whe-ere'd I get the money to buy wan?"

This was a poser. But inspiration came at last, and Mrs. McGuigan's face lighted up as she exclaimed:—

"Make the r-railroad buy ye wan."

"How'll I do that?"

"W'y the r-railroad kilt poo-oor R-rosie, didn't it? Thin make the r-railroad buy ye another cow."

"'Tis easier said than done."

"Oh-h, I don't know! There was me fri'nd McFatrick that had a fi-ine shoat kilt by wan o' thim rid divil wagins la-ast summer. McFatrick found out the name of the ma-an that had the divil wagin was McVandherhilp, or somethin' like that. So he tuck the train to the city an' went sthraight to McVandherhilp's office, or whativer his name was, an' he says, says he, 'Ye've kilt me pig with yer dom'd divil wagin,' says he. 'How much?' says McVandherhilp. 'Fifty dollars,' says McFatrick. 'There ye ar-re,' says McVandherhilp. 'Thank ye kindly, sir,' says McFatrick, says he. An' that was all there was to it. Now if I was you, Mrs.

"If there's a heaven f'r cows, R-rosie's ***there.***"

Finnegan, I'd go sthraight to the r-railroad an' I'd say, 'Ye've kilt me cow.' 'How much?' says they. 'Fifty dollars,' says ye. 'Here ye ar-re,' says they. An' then ye'll come ho-ome an' buy ye a fi-ine young cow an' live happy ever afther, as they do in the fairy tales."

"Well, now, p'r'aps I wud," assented Mrs. Finnegan, drying her eyes on her apron. So it was decided, after an infinite amount of discussion, that Mrs. Finnegan should leave her affairs, which meant the care of her dog Charley, an evil-looking brute part bulldog and part meanness, and the chickens in the care of Mrs. McGuigan while she went to division headquarters at Omaha to present her claim for poor Rosie's slaughter in person.

The next day but one after that of Mrs. McGuigan's inspiration, number two carried Mrs. Finnegan, arrayed in her ancient black alpaca and black-beaded bonnet, to Omaha without any more of incident than usually befalls the untraveled. Oft-repeated inquiries of all who would listen and of many who would not, supplemented at last by the kindly guidance of a newsboy, led the aggrieved widow to a door inscribed:—

"DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT"

Mrs. Finnegan found herself in a large room, at one end of which was a roll-top desk. In a swivel chair behind the desk sat a red-headed, red-bearded man with a broad expanse of white waistcoat bisected by a ponderous gold chain. His face, for the time being, was redder than his beard, for he was delivering to an audience consisting of a deferential but very nervous little man a violent oration, or declamation, or something, in which the words, "number one," and "laid out," and "Coffman Siding," and "orders," were jumbled with strange oaths. Being unable to make anything of the scene, or to attract attention, Mrs. Finnegan advanced to the center of the room and, after a preliminary "hem!" exclaimed in her most severe tones:—

"Ye've kilt me cow."

"Go to the devil!" roared the red-faced occupant of the swivel chair without looking up.

Mrs. Finnegan fled from the room, her eyes so suffused with tears that she ran into one of her countrymen, in a checked blouse, and carrying a pail of water in each hand, whom she nearly knocked down stairs.

"Dom it, why don't ye—" he yelled; then seeing the tear-blinded old woman as he turned his head, he continued in his politest accents, "I beg yer pardon, mum. The flure's so slippery I nearly lost me balance, an' if ye hadn't been in hearin' I might 'ave used sthrong language."

The response to this being a sob, he continued:—

"Cheer up, mum! Trouble loves a wet s'il, so dhry yer eyes before yer grief takes r-root."

"'Tis easy to be comfortin' when ye've not had yer sole support taken fr'm ye by a murdherin' r-railroad."

"Have they kilt yer ma-an?"

"I bear them no ill-will f'r tha-at."

"A-a-a-a-a?"

"He's plenty of company of his own kind now, an' he'll need no overcoat."

Janitor Murphy scratched his head and stared.

"But they've kilt me poo-oor, de-ear Rosie, an' now they'll give me no satisfaction, the blagga-ards."

"Yer da'ter?"

"Me cow."

"Fer the love o' God!" Janitor Murphy crossed himself devoutly as he stared for a moment in amazement. Then it occurred to him that she might be mentally unbalanced, so he again became sympathetic.

"An' where's yer home?"

"Pendher."

"O, ye were just goin' to take the train f'r Pendher when I stopped ye, weren't ye? If we hurry ye'll catch it yet."

So it came to pass that before she exactly realized what had happened Mrs. Finnegan was well on her way home. As the full import of the humiliating failure of her mission dawned upon her she wept again. Suddenly her face lighted up with the dawn of a great idea.

As number one paused for a fleeting moment at the Pender platform, Mrs. Finnegan alighted with great deliberation and many complacent nods of her head. Soon after reaching her home Mrs. McGuigan and Charley, who had been eagerly awaiting her return, came boisterously in.

"A-ah, Mrs. Finnegan! An' how did ye come out?"

"Whin I do come out I'll have satisfaction an' the price of me cow-"

"So they tr-reated ye all right, did they? I told ye so. Them r-railroaders ar-re gintlemen."

"They're divils."

"Didn't they settle wid ye?"

"They're goin' to."

"Thin why this sthrong language?"

"Language, Mrs. McGuigan? Language? What's language whin ye're so full of feelin's ye can't talk? I'll lave the language to thim blagga-ards in Omehah. They'll need it whin they've finished with Mary Ann Finnegan."

"An' ye didn't get a cint?"

Buster Jim Sampson, who happened to be pulling number two on this particular day, hooked the two hundred and thirty-two up in the first notch, and with a series of insinuating jerks coaxed the throttle clear out into the gangway as the last of the five coaches swung around the curve back of Sorghum Miller's barn just below Pender and steadied down into the seven miles of straight, level track to Lyons. He had orders to meet a special which he knew carried "The Old Man" (otherwise the president of the road) at Lyons and he was four minutes late. The two

Charley glowered evilly at the landscape.

"I've come home f'r ye to witness the payment."

"Ye talk sthrangely, Mrs. Finnegan."

"So will thim dhirty r-railroad pups."

"What d'ye mean?"

"That 'tis time to be goin'. Come, Mrs. McGuigan; let's go f'r the money. We'll take Cha-arley wid us. I hanker f'r his society to-day."

Mrs. McGuigan, much perplexed and more alarmed, followed Mrs. Finnegan out through the little garden and then across Campbell's meadow toward the railroad track. Charley followed close behind, glowering evilly at the landscape and occasionally licking his chop with sinister suggestiveness.

hundred and thirty-two responded nobly. By this time the coach wheels were only hitting the high centers, while the passengers grasped at the seats and only breathed when they happened to think of it. Buster Jim was in the very act of congratulating himself on his ability to get 'em over the road, when there loomed into his vision a queer black object between the rails not more than a thousand feet ahead. Instantly his left hand shoved the throttle home and began clawing wildly for the sand lever, while his right jerked the handle of the air brake valve clear around to emergency stop.

By the time the passengers had recovered sufficiently to begin to crawl out

from under the seats and wonder if they were the sole survivors, the two hundred and thirty-two had come to a stop with the tip of her pilot not more than twenty feet from the queer black object. Buster Jim slid open his window and looked out. Now Buster Jim was known far and wide as the most volubly profane man on the Indian Valley Railroad; but what he saw when he looked from his window that day kindled emotions that mere words were pitifully inadequate to express. He slowly turned his head until his eyes rested on Truthful Sam, his fireman, who had stepped into the gangway behind him. The two men looked at each other, then at the object on the track.

Yes, it was true. The object on the track was an elderly woman, unmistakably Irish, clad in black alpaca and holding an umbrella to ward off the rays of the too ardent sun, sitting flat on the ground squarely between the rails, the incarnation of imperturbable equanimity. It was Mrs. Finnegan. Beside her, with ears back, bristles up, muscles tense, eyes a-glitter with green fire, stood a dog—Charley. Just across the ditch, frozen stiff and speechless with terror, stood Mrs. McGuigan. For a full minute the tableau was undisturbed. Then Buster Jim yelled:

"Hey there! What in blazes you doin'? Git off the track." Seeing that this produced no effect whatever, he continued: "Say, Sam, git down and chase that old woman off."

Sam sprang down and started forward; but seeing Charley watching him out of the corners of his eyes while his upper lip fluttered in a nervous sort of way over a most magnificent set of teeth, he retreated precipitately to the shelter of the gangway.

Then Buster Jim opened the cylinder cocks, started the steam bell ringer, began a series of spasmodic toots on the whistle and, with the pop valve emitting a demoniac, sputtering roar, started the two hundred and thirty-two forward. The noise was appalling, but it never feazed Mrs. Finnegan. With Charley it was different. With a wild half bark half growl, he sprang at the advancing pilot and tore splinters from the wooden bars with his teeth until the thing came to a stop when it touched Mrs. Finnegan, who turned around and leaned comfortably back against the pilot.

Brakeman Shorty Olson came running up.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"Git that woman off the track," yelled Buster Jim.

Shorty dashed forward on his mission. Charley was so engrossed in his attack on the pilot that he did not notice Shorty until that gentleman was almost upon him. Charley promptly abandoned the pilot to charge the new foe. Shorty made record time on the return trip until he met Conductor Kingman, better known, because of his finicky tastes in matters of dress, as "Miss Georgie." Miss Georgie, who had been in time to see the charge and counter charge, called out in his sternest tones:—

"Git a coupling pin and brain that brute, and then help that woman off the track."

"Can't. I got to go back an' flag. Ye know sixteen follered us right out o' Pender."

"You're mighty busy all of a sudden," exclaimed baggageman Billy Byrnes as he sprang out of the side door of his car. "Now lemme show you how to handle a dog. All you got to do is to hold your hat out kind o' low and wave it slowly back and forth and look him straight in the eye, and no dog on earth 'll dast to touch you."

Suiting his actions to his words, Billy gallantly advanced. Charley, regarding his conduct as a particularly aggravating affront, charged with great energy. The waving hat confused him so that he failed to spring for Billy's throat, as he had intended, but dashed between his legs instead, throwing the baggageman violently to the ground to the great delight of a score of passengers who had alighted in time to see the performance. Before Charley could check himself and return to the attack, the voice of his mistress rose above the roar of the two-thirty-two's pop calling him to her side. Being well-trained, he obeyed, though reluctantly. Mrs. Finnegan put her arms around Charley, holding him firmly to her side.

"Stay by me, da-arlin'," she said soothingly. "Yer place is right here."

Seeing the dog under restraint, Miss Georgie, Shorty, the express messenger, the mail clerk and several passengers ventured nearer.

"What are you doing there?" demanded Miss Georgie.

Mrs. Finnegan leaned back comfortably against the pilot.

"Enj'yin' meself."

"Well, get out of the way, or we'll run over you."

"Ye'd betther not try it. Ye've run over me old ma-an, an' ye've r-run over me poo-oor, de-ear Rosie; but I ha-ardly think ye'll r-run over me, will he, Cha-arley?"

Charley licked his chops and glowered at Miss Georgie.

"She must be crazy," said Miss Georgie to a smooth-shaven, well-dressed, self-assertive gentleman who had come forward from the parlor car.

Now Fate has a habit of doing unexpected, illogical things, and it had pleased the eccentric goddess to decree, not only that the Old Man's special should be lying at Lyons waiting for number two, but that the general claim agent of the Indian Valley Railroad should be journeying southward on this same number two, now held up by Mrs. Finnegan and her dog. It was General Claim Agent Harrington whom Miss Georgie had addressed. Mr. Harrington now took command of the situation.

"Who is this woman?" he asked.

"Larry Finnegan's widow," answered Shorty, who knew everybody on the road.

"Why have you stopped the train, Mrs. Finnegan?" demanded Mr. Harrington.

"I want pay f'r the cow ye've kilt f'r me."

"Well, well, this is no way to get it. Send your claim to Omaha; and if it is just it will be paid in due time."

"Omehah! Omehah! Don't ye say Omehah to me. I went to Omehah an' the brick-topped blagga-ard there told me to go to a place that was invinted an' set aside 'specially f'r r-railroad men. An' now I'm goin' to have pay f'r me poo-oor murdhered R-rosie befure I l'ave this spot."

Mr. Harrington found himself losing command of the situation.

"How do I know you had a cow killed?" he demanded, betrayed by his emotions into an appearance of negotiating.

"There's her grave over there, poo-oor thing," replied Mrs. Finnegan, pointing to a fresh mound of earth near the fence.

"We killed a cow, all right, coming up the other day," interposed Shorty.

"Well, well, my good woman, tell me what she was worth, and I'll see what can be done about it when I get to Omaha."

"She was wort' fifty dollars, an' ye'il

see about it befure ye git a foot nearer Omehah than ye ar-re now, onless ye go be ha-and."

"Fifty dollars! Why, I could buy the best cow in the country for thirty-five dollars. Come, come, Mr. Kingman, remove that woman and let's get on."

Miss Georgie took a step forward. "Come on, boys," he called. His request being re-enforced by Mr. Harrington's urgings, Shorty and the express messenger supported Miss Georgie on either flank, though it must be said the advance was without enthusiasm.

"Watch 'em, Cha-arley," warned Mrs. Finnegan. Charley promptly showed a whole-hearted willingness to watch 'em by springing forward a step and emitting a series of ferocious growls and barks. The three hastily retired.

"I'd shoot the brute if I wasn't afraid of hitting the old woman," said Miss Georgie.

"Say! but you are a brave lot," sneered Mr. Harrington.

"P'raps you'd like the job yourself," retorted Shorty.

"O, confound it, I'd rather pay the fifty out of my own pocket than lay out the president's special any longer," said Mr. Harrington, ignoring Shorty's suggestion. "Here, Madame, here's your fifty dollars," he continued, peeling two twenties and a ten off a huge roll which he fished up from the depths of his trousers pocket.

"I said sixty dollars."

"Sixty dollars? Cows seem to be going up in your market, Mrs. Finnegan."

"'Tis the beef trust."

"Well, for heaven's sake come and get your money and let us go on."

"Ye'll hand it to me like a gintleman."

"I'm not coming near that dog."

"He shan't hur-rt ye if ye behave yerself," said Mrs. Finnegan, throwing her skirt over Charley's head and holding him tightly with one arm. Mr. Harrington grew purple in the face and breathed hard for a moment. Then he peeled another ten off the roll and handed it to Shorty, who cautiously advanced near enough to toss the little roll into the widow's lap. She took it, counted it twice with great deliberation, tied it in a handkerchief, deposited the handkerchief in a pocket which she found in her skirt after a long search, rose, brushed herself off with one hand and at last stepped aside.

"Now ye kin go," she said.

Not until they had reached Mrs. Finnegan's gate did Mrs. McGuigan find her tongue. Then, looking up with the adoration which humility pays to genius she exclaimed:—

"A-ah, Mrs. Finnegan! Thot wuz the time ye sco-ored wan."

THE GREAT THEATRICAL SYNDICATE*

How Six Dictators Control Our Amusements

By The Editors

II. THE SYSTEM AND ITS ANTAGONISTS

AS there are two sides to every question, it is only fair to consider the advantages of the system as claimed by the Syndicate itself. Besides placing on a "sound commercial basis"—its resounding slogan—the entire theatrical business of this country, the individual prosperity of the actor is vastly enhanced. Formerly he depended upon the often broken word of a manager who had no possessions which could render him liable to the law. All this has changed. John Drew, Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, William Gillette, all the stars in fact of the Syndicate's galaxy never bother their heads about salaries or dates or hotels or traveling arrangements. Never have actors and actresses been paid such salaries with such absolute regularity. Doubtless there are individual hardships. Men and women whose salaries are pared down to a bare living basis denounce "Charlie" or "Abe" with indifferent results. The great army at Mr. Frohman's back or within call of his telephone naturally renders him impervious to threats or abuse. Occasionally an actor or actress is disciplined. Virginia Harned, whose husband, Edward H. Sothern, is managed by Daniel Frohman, refused last spring to play at a popular priced matinee in Nixon's Theater, Pittsburg. She did more. She actually turned away a sold-out house, a thing that made the local manager and box office factotum gnash their various teeth. Wails soon reached headquarters and Mr. Hayman promptly retaliated. Miss Harned had hoped all the season to play *Camille* on Broadway. She was tired of Pinero's *Iris* and she was promised the chance. Her astonishment and indignation may be imagined when she read the announcement that Margaret Anglin, a mediocre, hard-working young woman and mature Henry Miller, who once headed Charles Frohman's stock company, were billed to appear in *Camille*. Miss Harned voiced her dissatisfaction in no uncertain manner. She produced her version of the Dumas play in Harlem and after the unqualified failure of the opposition company at the Hudson Theater, she moved down to the Garrick. The lesson was a severe and probably a salutary one. It would have cut deeper if Miss Harned had not beaten her competitors out of the field. This shows what wheels within wheels there are in the very heart of the organization.

But these are infrequent accidents in a vast camp of well-drilled actors. Ask any one of them, and his answer is generally favorable to the Syndicate. And why not? No more worry about unpaid salaries, hotel bills, railroad fares or dates! That men and women have degenerated into mere acting machines that speak and move as they are bid, does not seem to agitate the members of the Syndicate's companies. They know that their money will be forthcoming, that beds will be ready to receive them, that sleeping and day coaches will be provided—what matters their part, their play! Let art go hang—high art in particular—"their withers are unwrung!"

The playwrights, too, are better off says the Syndicate, because royalties are paid promptly and in all cases a lump sum is advanced for an option on a new play. These playwrights, be it remarked in parenthesis, are English for the most part; few native born dramatists are admitted within the

* The personnel of the syndicate was described in the October number.—THE EDITORS.

sacred precincts of the Frohman circle, as that manager prefers to import a success from London rather than risk the work of an unknown fellow countryman. Mr. Frohman's crony, Augustus Thomas, is an exception. Mr. Thomas has enjoyed half a dozen popular successes. But the speech of the box office is the eloquence especially admired by the Syndicate, and Thomas is a privileged person. Bronson Howard is out of the fight nowadays and other members of the Dramatist's Club have little to say in public, with one exception, Clyde Fitch the human comedy-machine. Submitting to pressure, Fitch has written many plays for the most part worthless, but serving their purpose as stop gaps. That there is a strong family resemblance among the members of this brood is hardly necessary to relate. Yet they had to be delivered, for with every new theater added to their circuit, every new star created from the ranks, new plays became an imperative need. Mr. Fitch almost wrote himself into bad health. The others do not count. It is the English playmakers who have cause to be grateful to Charles Frohman and the Syndicate. He buys their commonplace stuff, their tawdry adaptations from the French, their witless, soulless, snobbish, botched work, and pays a big price for it. Honorable exceptions are Pinero, Grundy, Henry Arthur Jones and a few others.

THE SYNDICATE SHOWS ITS HAND

And soon King Log became King Stork. In the days when the Syndicate burrowed in the dark, there was little outcry save from a few badly mauled victims. Times were flush, actors were earning money, the public was spending it and so the pessimists were laughed aside. The Syndicate waxed bold. From the position of middleman it assumed the reins of the theatrical coach and began to drive in its own style. But this did not suit out of town managers of the independent faction. But what were they to do? Already the powerful ones had a goodly number of theaters; already they had insisted upon their five per cent. of the receipts as a fee for booking attractions at their theaters; already the provincial manager began to see himself as the employed, not as the employer—if he dissented, paying attractions would not come his way and he would be in the cold. Then he fell into line with the rest.

The contract once signed, the manager was absolutely at the mercy of the Syndicate. Good or bad, he had to take what was offered him in the choice of plays. If he rebelled after signing, the Syndicate whipped him into submission by forcing on him willy-nilly a whole raft of "rotten shows." A manager, if he were ambitious enough to write a play for himself, had no opportunity to produce it. This actually happened, and the unhappy author-manager was not only made to give up his pet scheme, but had to take instead a costly production which was a flat failure. And no legal redress was possible—the contract had been signed. Furthermore, if the Syndicate so desired, it could grab up any theater of any booking value in the country. Why has it not done so? Because again, the legal acumen which is lodged somewhere in the organization—possibly it is a collective product—has dictated a wiser course. Just as one member of the Standard Oil trust wears rusty clothes and lives on ten cents worth of food a day, so the Theatrical Syndicate realized that there was a line across which it might not be prudent to venture. Therefore it has allowed managers throughout its circuit —that is to say the United States— to keep possession of their own theaters; besides by so doing the owner bears possible losses which otherwise would have to be borne by the Syndicate, and the percentage fee by this method of business has to flow into the coffers of the Syndicate, whether the season is a favorable one or not. It is "Heads I win, tails you lose" put into practise by men whose strain of blood has certainly counted for something in the conflict.* Remember, too, that the Syndicate always insists upon getting its profits week by week. This means that where there are no profits, the losses are never divided.

The weapons, as we have seen, in the hands of the Syndicate, for the subjuga-

* Even in the disastrous season of last year when the syndicate theaters in New York suffered the most serious losses of their existence, these losses, amounting in individual instances to $50,000, $60,000 and even $70,000 per theater, were more than offset by the simple little five per cent. exacted from the companies throughout the country which are obliged to book through the syndicate.

Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Minnie Maddern Fiske.

An independent star, who remains the most uncompromising enemy of the Trust.

tion of the fractious are the following:

The ability to book a company on an unsatisfactory route that will make railway fares more than eat up all the profits.

Duplicating or paralleling productions, as in the case of "The Japanese Nightingale" and other shows.

Directly and indirectly influencing the press.

Disciplining actors.

Is it any wonder that revolts became so frequent; that a rival organization was created to fight the Theatrical Syndicate? It fought well, it fought bravely; how well, how bravely and how far we propose to relate with frankness.

THE OPPOSITION

The row had been fermenting for several years, but did not lead to anything until the Syndicate threw aside the mock garments of the meek booking agent and middleman and began to lay down the law in the tones of the bull of Bashan. Unkind persons said that they recognized the voice of "Abe" Erlanger, though the hands were those of Hayman. Matters reached such a pitch that three or four leading actors got together and talked of rebellion.

Harrison Grey Fiske.

Publisher of the hostile "Dramatic Mirror" and manager of his wife's company.

Why not form a combination and fight the Syndicate with its own weapons? If trusts were evil, they must be combated by evil; consider the "sympathetic" striker of the labor unions! If ever a strike was "sympathetic" it was this one of the actors. Nat Goodwin, Richard Mansfield and Francis Wilson, saw in their exceedingly optimistic mind's eye a tie-up of the American theaters from Galveston to Spokane. Mr. Daly, who had suffered much from the Syndicate and who had warned the theatrical world of its danger when it was born, was, in this instance, cruel enough to refuse the presidency of the anti-trust offered him by Mr. Mansfield, because, as he cynically remarked, he knew actors and would not trust them to hold out an instant in the face of temptation. This speech was remembered later.

If a dozen actors, public favorites, could be persuaded to fight, the Syndicate would have to go under for want of fuel to run its voracious, actor-swallowing machine. Nat Goodwin was first in the field. His lawyers drew up an agreement with a five thousand dollar forfeit clause. The members of the new association were to bind themselves to book through an independent agency, which was their own, or else

Photo by Byron.

William Faversham, a syndicate star.

As Don Cæsar in "A Royal Rival," a play put forward by the syndicate to parallel the similar production of James K. Hackett, "Don Cæsar's Return."

directly. They would play in Syndicate theaters, but would not book with Klaw and Erlanger. This sounded very fierce, very war-like; but too fierce, too war-like was it for the tame histrionic rabbits of the independent hutch. Some backed away. The agreement was finally signed by Francis Wilson, James A. Herne, James O'Neill, Richard Mansfield and Mrs. Fiske, whose husband and manager, Harrison Grey

In 1898 the argument went into effect and the merry war began. Mr. Wilson declared that he would never play in a Syndicate house again. "You mean that a Syndicate house will never harbor you," replied in effect, Mr. Hayman, who canceled the dates of the little comedian in Washington. "Back to the barns!" was the cry among the malcontents; "play in any place but a Syndicate theater." The

Photo by Byron.

James K. Hackett.

In the title role of "Don Cæsar's Return," which he produced as an independent manager.

Fiske, had fought the Syndicate tooth and nail from the start. Nat Goodwin was the first seceder. He likes fat and long New York engagements, and he was given the Knickerbocker Theater to disport himself in as he wished. Exit Nat Goodwin! Joseph Jefferson would stand by, he said, but when it came to standing by the managers who had urged him to fight, they themselves had gone the way of theatrical flesh. All of this was in 1897.

newspapers took up the cause and clouds began to lower. If public sentiment could be stirred to the extent of boycotting the theaters, then the Syndicate might be forced to dissolve. But Al. Hayman, like Augustin Daly, knew the moral caliber of the men with whom he was in conflict. "Wait"—was what he said to the impetuous Erlanger who would rather fight than eat.

Distinguished men in the seats of the

literary mighty were interviewed. Literary critics of the drama it may be intercalated, have as much influence in dramatic criticism as a politician out of office. Mr. Howells regretted to see "business" hurt art; Mr. Aldrich foresaw a deterioration in the art of the theater; Mr. Daly—a practical voice at least,—was against an organization whose chief purpose was to kill healthy rivalry; Brander Matthews said possibly as a pun, that the stars in their courses would fight against any attempt at monopoly. Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, Fanny Davenport, Francis Wilson, James A. Herne, Henry Irving, voiced their dissent. Mr. Wilson, who has the true comic force, made a cartoon, and again Mr. Erlanger panted and again Mr. Hayman suavely remarked "Wait!" Speech making commenced. Mr. Wilson spoke after every performance. Mr. Mansfield spoke after every performance. Telegraph messages were exchanged. Then Fanny Davenport dropped out. And in June, 1898, Mr. Mansfield went to the wall —possibly the small dressing-rooms did not suit his artistic nerves. Mansfield, who, of all men, should have fought was true to his ancestry! James Herne was near death and he soon stopped fighting. Mrs. Fiske, who talked less than the whole crowd of men, went on with her battle, while Mr. Wilson continued to prattle. Then Nixon and Zimmermann offered him fifty thousand dollars for a half interest in his business, and he succumbed.

Against such agents it takes determination to hold out—but happily for independence they have not been uniformly successful. Mrs. Carter, for instance, makes the positive statement that she was recently offered the princely sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars as the price of surrender to the Trust—and refused it. It would be hard to find an instance in other lines of business where an independent held out against any such proportionate offer. And we must always remember that the producing of plays is a business.

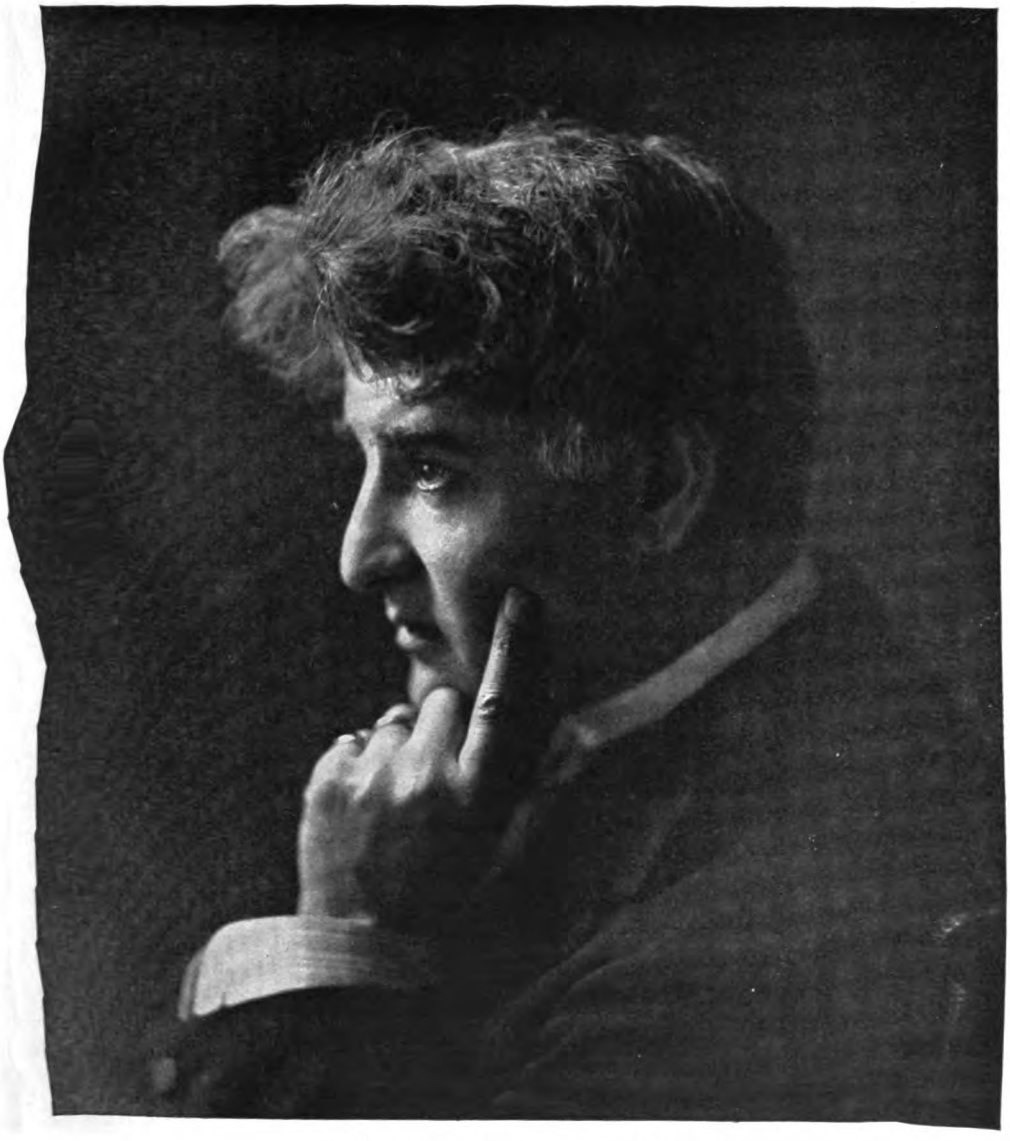
REVOLT NUMBER TWO

So much for revolt number one. Now for revolt number two. The Syndicate had won hands down, though not without a secret struggle of a magnitude it dared not confess. The second revolt was of longer duration. It lasted three years—that is, from 1901 to 1904. The Independent Booking Agency originally included Weber and Fields, Maurice Campbell, Harrison Grey Fiske and James K. Hackett. Its dissolution was primarily due to a bad season, a theatrical season felt by all managers. Mr. Hackett made the following statement to the public:—

"I have devoted over two years, and two of the best years of my life, to the Independent cause, have spent much time and much money and an enormous amount of energy. I resigned from the Syndicate ranks of my own volition, and I shall return and play in Syndicate houses next season. I do not believe any more to-day than I did a few years ago, that a Syndicate control of theatrical affairs is beneficial to the artistic growth and development of the drama in any country, but I must say that the Syndicate's attitude toward a defeated foe, in my case at least, has been very generous and fair.

"Courtesy and sympathy forbid the publication of the absolutely plain facts which would not reflect credit upon many men who have more or less intimately associated with us. We have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to regret, except the lack of co-operation and of good faith on the part of the men from whom we had not only reason but right to expect loyalty and honesty."

Others followed. Weber and Fields, after losing a large sum of money in their Harlem and Boston schemes, and in starring Willie Collier and Charles Richman, dissolved partnership, despite a successful union of many years. Not only did they knuckle down, but so completely that they played their last engagement together at the New Amsterdam, a conspicuous Syndicate theater. They did not say so, but it was generally conceded that the funeral was a highly successful one. Maurice Campbell, who is the husband and manager of Henrietta Crossman, is out of the fight personally, as Miss Crossman joined the Belasco company in September, 1903, and achieved a triumph in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which ran until the end of the season. Mr. Hackett's original grievance was because John Drew had been given the part of *Richard Carvel*. He objected, as have a few of the younger stars, to the dictatorial methods of his employers. Miss Crossman, after her victory over Ada Rehan in her version of "Nell Gwynne," became an Independent. The history of the sec-



David Belasco, arch enemy to the Trust.

one revolt is a brief one. Mrs. Fiske and her husband are now, with David Belasco, the only dissenters.

THE CASE OF DAVID BELASCO

The case of David Belasco is a peculiar one. It stands out in bold relief from the other rebellions because of certain curious malevolent persecutions. Belasco came here from San Francisco about 1886. He had managed pieces for the Frohmans, the Hayman and others, and when the Lyceum opened he became its stage manager, and in company with De Mille, since dead, wrote the "Charity Ball," "The Wife," and other successes, in which young Sothern, Helen Dauvray, Georgia Cayvan, Herbert Kelcey and other members of the old stock company participated. Daniel Frohman was the manager, and being the only one of his colleagues possessing an artistic temperament, Belasco was and still is his friend. Then Belasco took up Mrs. Leslie Carter, drilled her and had her prepared to star in "The Ugly Duckling" in 1890. All this time he was staging the produc-

Richard Mansfield.

In December, 1898, Mr. Mansfield declared: "Recent experiences have confirmed my intention to play in dance halls or dime museums in preference to houses controlled by the Trust." Mr. Mansfield is now appearing under syndicate control.

tions and rewriting plays for the Frohman-Hayman combination. He was kept well under and his name was seldom permitted to appear on the programmes. It was feared that he might become acquainted with his own worth and, being an emotional man where art is concerned, and without financial knowledge, he was cajoled into performing an immense amount of work.

Belasco has a gift for embodying scenically the salient points of a play. Nothing cut him up so much as the failure of "The Younger Son," at the Empire. It only ran a few days, but he had to pay the bills to the last farthing, as it was not considered expedient by Frohman to let him blossom into a successful playwright. Then he wrote "The Heart of Maryland" for Mrs. Carter, and it made a hit at the Herald Square Theater. This was followed by Blanche Bates in "Naughty Anthony," not a marked success; then "Zaza," with Mrs. Carter; finally "Du Barry," "Madame Butterfly," "The Darling of the Gods"—the latter with Miss Bates—and "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," were many evidences of the public interest and delight in his dramatic work. John Luther Long has collaborated with him; and in the case of "Zaza," Belasco bought the play outright from Paris, pulled it to pieces, and slowly reconstructed it. Then the Belasco Theater was built and the fat was in the fire.

Klaw and Erlanger, particularly the latter, were always opposed to Belasco, and they fought him inch by inch in his influence with the Frohmans. Both brothers, Charles and Daniel, like Belasco and they never concealed their liking. This did not suit Al Hayman or "Abe" Erlanger, who did not wish to have any one nearer the "great white throne" at the Empire Theater than themselves. The first row began over "The Auctioneer" and David Warfield. In the action against Belasco by Joseph Brooks—the Man Friday of Klaw and Erlanger—Belasco swore an affidavit that, in response to a letter from Mr. Erlanger, representing the firm of Klaw & Erlanger, he called at Erlanger's house to consider the question of a route for his new star, David Warfield. "After some discussion," to quote literally from this enlightening legal statement of the deponent, (Mr. Belasco), "Mr. Erlanger finally agreed to furnish a route, provided the firm of Klaw & Erlanger was given an interest in the enterprise. For an instant deponent felt indignant, and then realizing the utter impossibility of procuring a route for his new 'star' in any other way, finally offered Messrs. Klaw & Erlanger a twenty per cent. interest. This Mr. Erlanger declined and insisted upon no less an interest than fifty per cent. Regarding this demand in the light of an imposition, deponent informed Mr. Erlanger that he would later consider the matter.

"Subsequently deponent, accompanied by his manager, Mr. Roeder, called on Mr. Erlanger at the offices of the firm of Klaw & Erlanger and the discussion concerning the terms was renewed. The fifty per cent. proposition broached by Mr. Erlanger was discussed and finally agreed to."

Fifty per cent interest for booking a play! And these men conducted a booking agency whose business it was to book plays on a five per cent. basis.! This was followed by an offer to Belasco of half the author's royalties. No other compensation was al-

lowed him, though he demanded a sum for his stage managing. Furthermore he produced "The Auctioneer" at a personal outlay of eight thousand dollars. Klaw and Erlanger never invested a cent in the scheme, yet they demanded their fifty per cent. And they demanded it at the end of each week. Every Saturday profits were divided—never losses. Checks were made payable in their firm name, though Joseph Brooks was named in the contract, because as Mr. Erlanger pithily put it, "if the transaction became known, the people across the street would raise H—l," said "people" being the other members of the Syndicate who were not in the "deal."

This affair needs no comment, for while it was well within legal limits, it showed which way the wind blew. Belasco deserves hearty censure for weakly acquiescing; yet we must remember that while he had star and play, he had no theaters. Artist-like, he only saw his play on the boards and was willing to make any concessions for his darling project. Since this lawsuit, he has brought one against Klaw and Erlanger asking for an accounting of moneys received for booking "The Heart of Maryland." This was an offset to the suit of Joseph Brooks (behind him were Klaw and Erlanger) against Belasco.

This movement promises to disclose still other methods of Syndicate greed. Belasco claims that when he paid Klaw and Erlanger to become his agents in securing bookings for "The Heart of Maryland," they contracted to serve his interests singly in this matter. He asserts that he subsequently learned that, in addition to the sum received by Klaw and Erlanger from Belasco for booking the play, they also received from all theaters in which this piece appeared five per cent. of the total box office receipts. It is contrary to law that an agent may serve two parties to a transaction and receive pay from each; and it is on this well established principle that Belasco has based his retaliatory "Heart of Maryland" action. Should he win in this case, the result will establish a precedent entirely dangerous to Klaw and Erlanger, for they have exacted an equal tribute from every theater and for every play for which they have done the booking. It is this five per cent. "graft" that has caused their New Amsterdam Theater to be known

Kirke La Shelle.

A prominent independent manager.

as "The Monument of the Five Per Cents." Some idea of the enormous revenues derived in this way is gained from the fact that, though annually they lose many thousands of dollars through the failures of their new plays in New York, these losses are so far offset by the "five per cents." that their ledger never fails to show a net profit of some hundreds of thousands. With so many stages to be filled, they must manufacture attractions of some sort, good, bad or indifferent. So they cheerfully stand for the New York losses, knowing full well that when these failures go out for their road turns, the "five per cents." will much more than compensate.

Bad blood kept manifesting itself. When "The Darling of the Gods" was produced, Klaw and Erlanger brought out "A Japanese Nightingale" at Daly's Theater which was a crude enough affair compared to Belasco's play. Everything possible was done by the Syndicate to make "The Japanese Nightingale" a successful rival to "The Darling of the Gods." Mr. Klaw in an interview in one of the morning papers said: "We will fight fair. We won't make use of the Syndicate. It never was the purpose of this office to injure any-

body and we would not now press into service our booking system in order to oppose Belasco. But," he went on to say, "we have got him this time, and he knows we have got him. 'A Japanese Nightingale' company will be sent ahead of 'The Darling of the Gods,' precisely over the same route which Belasco has booked, and we will bend every energy to promote the success of that company." The public recognized Belasco's position in the affair. Later uglier rumors cropped up. Ropes it is claimed were cut on the stage of the Belasco Theater the first night of a certain production. Newspapers persistently misrepresented the plucky little manager, and that, too, in spite of the fact that Mr. Klaw declared that "a hot bed of degeneracy had developed in New York dramatic criticism during the last two years that is appalling. Mr. Erlanger and I do not include every dramatic critic in New York, when we say that a certain clique has been subsidized by Belasco." And finally an imposing theater was built and opened across the street from his establishment and called the New Amsterdam, known as we have said as "the monument of the five per cents." Naturally no accusations were preferred against the Syndicate for anything remotely approaching persecution; but Mr. Belasco kept his eyes wide open and as he humorously relates, he always walked in the middle of side streets after midnight. That is his dramatic way of putting things—the Syndicate is too sensible and law-abiding to resort to petty violence, though some of its members have referred to Belasco in any but complimentary terms.

At present, David Belasco is extremely pessimistic. The drama is declining. The public is forced into accepting worthless plays, vulgar, showy productions, and in consequence people are staying away from the theaters. In London, the same conditions are prevailing; Charles Wyndham is only the janitor of his theater. Henry Irving no longer has a house of his own. John Hare has drifted out of sight as an actor-manager because the Syndicate methods are on the increase in the British metropolis. Good-by to the days of fine plays, finely played. Individuality in acting is a thing of the past. The present mode is to pitchfork on the boards a medley of vulgar dancers, vaudeville comedians, limelight ballets, bad singing, worse acting and idiotic librettos. Not unnaturally, Mr. Belasco blames the Syndicate for these inartistic conditions and cites "Ben Hur" and "Mr. Blue Beard" as being the acme of horrors, and he is right.

The fight made by Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, the struggle with the dramatic critics and the general situation as it stands to-day will be taken up in the December number.

HER BONNET*

By William Page Carter

Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It flouts the world as she goes by,
It's tied down by the sweetest string,
I'd love to be that string, but my!
The bonnet might not be the thing,
So sweet if I should be the string.

Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing
It tips a bit above her eye,
The birds, the birds begin to sing,
They want to sing as she goes by,
They think it's daybreak, and, oh my!
It's just because she's passing by.

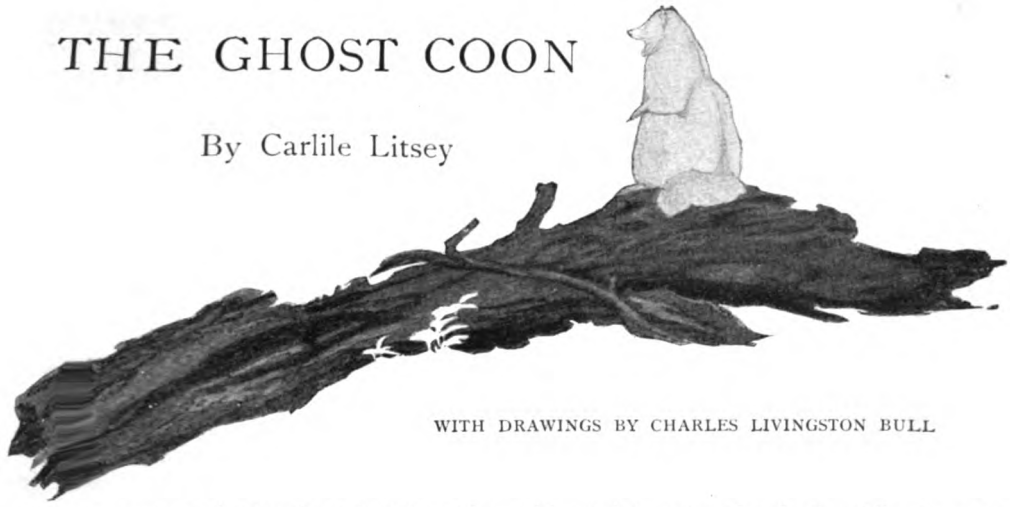
Her bonnet's just the sweetest thing,
It roofs in just the sweetest hair,
And eyes and mouth—the birds will sing,
They think it's spring when she is there,
It's just because she's passing by,
I want that bonnet, but, oh my!

White rose of roses, why be shy
About the sweetest bonnet string?
The lads, the lads will sigh and sigh,
For God's white rose that makes it spring
And daybreak for the birds, and I—
Just want that bonnet, but, oh my!

* From "Echoes from the Glen." Copyright, 1904, by William Page Carter.

THE GHOST COON

By Carlile Litsey



WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

IT was near the turning of night (of an opulent night in autumn), and the heart of the wide, uncleared knob area was quiet. Not the quiet of sleep, indeed, for the wood-folk were abroad in numbers, each bent on a separate errand, whose end and aim was death. But they moved without noise, from the largest to the smallest. Few went beyond the limits which marked Beech Hollow on every side. The lore of the wood-kind taught that this place was haunted by the ghost of a big coon, and that death awaited the invader of his precincts. By a secret telegraphic code, by purrings and by barks, there was not a denizen of the wild but knew this to be true. More than one had seen the specter. It was not the hallucination of a March-crazed cottontail. The ghost ran every night from the first cock-crow till nearly dawn, and his hunting ground was held inviolate by his four-footed flesh-and-blood kindred.

The half naked beeches which gave the hollow its name shivered in their scant covering. The hillsides were heavy with drifted leaves, russet and gold and poppy-vined. Through the hollow purled a small stream, drowsily. Along the trunk of a long, dead beech that lay, prostrate and blackened, on one side of the hollow, moved something white. A figure almost ball-shaped. Its head was held low to the surface of the log; its body rose up in a peculiarly rounded hump, and its snow-white, bushy tail trailed along behind. It was the ghost coon of Beech Hollow on his nightly quest for food. His progress was most ungainly. The fore-feet would move forward a few inches and the body would lengthen. The hind-feet would get in motion and the back would assume an arc, and all the time the busy nose would be smelling to left and right. Reaching the end of the tree at last, the coon reared upon its haunches, squirrel fashion, and gazed about him keenly. Nothing was stirring beyond a fluttering leaf; nothing was heard but the low soughing of the wind. Suddenly the triangular head went up a little higher, and the sharp nose pointed directly across the hollow. Thus it was held rigidly for several moments while the beady eyes glowed fiercely. Then a slender, red tongue curled swiftly around his upper lip; he sank to the log again and from thence to the ground, and moved down the hillside with a shambling, awkward, yet incredibly swift gait.

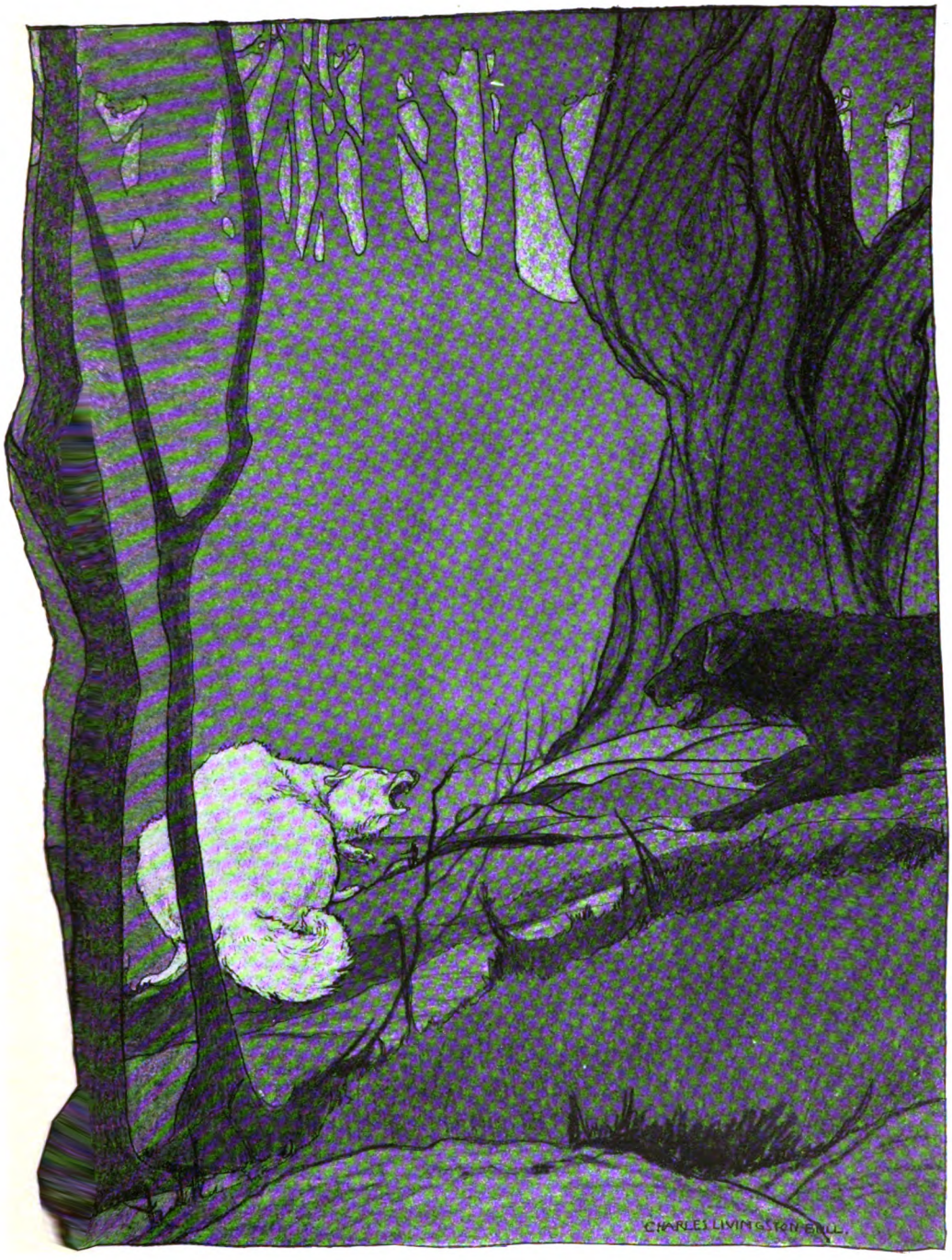
That very day, as he was sleeping in his hollow tree at the other end of the ravine, he had been awakened by the shots of some hunters in the cornfield bordering his valley of refuge. Then he had stretched himself and gone to sleep again, confident of a rich banquet in the hours of the coming night. He knew well—for he had learned the lesson when half grown—that frightened birds always take to the nearest cover when annoyed too much by men and dogs. Not long after sundown he had crawled out of his hole and crouched on the limb in front of it, and listened to the

rallying call of the quail as they gathered together to squat for the night. Then, when the night was far enough advanced, he had slid down the tree like a patch of moonlight, and gone in search of his prey.

In a direct line with the coon's progress the stream below spread into a pool of considerable breadth and some depth, and as the soft-footed prowler gained its edge he stopped, leaned over the water, and eyed the surface intently. A born fisherman, he could not let pass the opportunity to land one of the small perch which had their home in this pool. For a number of minutes he stood as still as one of the stones lining the bank. Then he burst into action with the agility of one of the cat tribe. One claw-rimmed foot shot forward and downward, then upward again all at one stroke, and the star-rays glittered on a scaly body flying through the air. The fish had scarcely touched the ground when the nimble animal was beside it. Quickly the faithful paws pounced upon the flopping object and pinioned it to the earth. Then just back of the neck the sharp fangs crunched, and the ghostly ruler of the hollow ate leisurely of the toothsome dainty which his craft and skill had provided, spitting and clawing out the bones when in his greediness they stuck on his tongue. When his supper was over, the coon, appeased in a measure, did not at once take up his air-trail, which was still wafted gently to him from the top of the other slope. He moved around and around the heap of bones and offal which marked his late repast, sniffing and nibbling by turns. Finally he veered about, and started back over the track by which he had come. Just then his nostrils were tickled by another light gust, laden with the partridge-smell. It was too much to resist. He swerved again, and began to climb the slope of his temptation.

Nestling at the base of a rugged knob not two miles distant from Beech Hollow was a log-roller's hut. Of its human inmates we have no word to say, for our story has nothing to do with them. But of a certain low, heavy-bodied, vengeful, mongrel cur dog, which harbored at this hut in the day, it becomes necessary now to speak. This dog feared nothing—absolutely nothing. He would bite at the thick sole of the shoe that kicked him; he would fight anything that walked upon two feet or four. He was totally wicked, totally merciless in his battles, and he cherished an inveterate hatred for coons. Throughout the day he would hang around the miserable shelter of the human-people—his companions, but not his masters—but when night sank down over the broad wastes of forest and hill he would go trailing through the dense passes of the wild, sharp-nosed and vigilant, his stub tail moving like the pendulum of a clock, and keeping time to his rapid footsteps. Once in his wanderings he had entered Beech Hollow, and had run upon that which the wood-folk feared. A large, white, ghostly figure coming towards him down the ravine. The cur yelped and fled. Gaining the open to the south of the hollow the moonlight gave him courage, and he warily circled the place, coming in at the other end, and running with his keen nose not an inch above the ground. He stumbled upon the scent quickly, and the chase-yelp bubbled to his throat. But he choked it back, for he was wiser than most coon dogs, who give tongue as soon as the trail is caught, and thus warn their quarry of danger. The trail that night led him to the base of a large beech tree, and there was the coon-smell on the bark as high as he could reach by standing upon his hind legs. From that night the hollow held no terror for him. A coon had but one odor, and while this one was white, whereas all from whom he had drawn blood were gray with black-ringed tails, still it was a coon, and the one idea in his head now was to harass and harry it into open fight.

So he began to stalk the lonely hollow which was shunned by the forest people, inbred guile driving him to all the cunning artifices known to the wood-dwellers. But the ghost coon was his match in subtlety. Never since that first night had the vindictive cur laid eyes upon the phantom, though two and three times a week he would come with his fangs whetted for fight. But upon that night in autumn, when the coon feasted upon the fish, and subsequently started in quest of the huddled quail, a dark, noiseless shadow entered the hollow from the north, and glided down it as a cloud shadow glides over a field. The cur struck the trail a few feet from the point where the coon had dropped from the prostrate tree, and instantly he



There was nothing to do but fight.

crouched and grew rigid. The odor was fresh, strong, hot in his nostrils, and he had waited long and traveled far for this chance. Flattening his body on the damp leaves, he looked about him with glowing eyes. Nothing was to be seen or heard. Which way was he to go? Had his prey gone up hill or down? Guided by that

unerring instinct which all animals possess, the dog arose after an instant's hesitation and moved down the hill with his black muzzle brushing the leaves.

At the top of the other slope the white marauder was slowly closing in upon his sleeping victims. Beneath a bending, berry-laden spray he stopped and gazed gloatingly for a second upon a dozen or more brown bodies crowded together with their tails touching. Then he pounced. A few sleepy chirrups, a wild scramble and the sound of whirring wings followed. The chagrined coon, cheated of his anticipated meal, shook a few downy feathers from the claws of his right fore-foot, backed out of the bushes, and took the back track for his tree of refuge. In his anger at failing in his last adventure, he neglected to scan the slope before him as he started down it. Soon he realized that a strange stump had taken root in his path since he had trodden it a few moments before. A squat, black, ugly thing which he had not previously noticed. He came on stubbornly, however, until he saw two blazing eyes looking at him with an expression of fiendish joy. There was nothing to do but fight.

For a very perceptible time the two glared at each other. The dog cruel, mean, wicked; the coon angry, furtive, sly. Then low sounds came from the throat of each. The dog gave a deep, muttering growl; the coon a succession of sharp hisses, not unlike those made by a goose, while he withdrew into himself and glanced about as if meditating flight, though no tree grew near enough for him to reach. The dog quickly assumed the offensive, for his eager hate would not countenance delay. His spring was like the rebound of a cross-bow, but his enemy knew how to fight. While the cur was yet in air the ghost of the hollow had reared and fallen prone upon his back, his hind feet drawn close down upon his belly, and his fore-feet arched and ready. At the right moment the hind feet shot up, and ripped a half dozen streaming seams in the flanks of the cur as he descended with snapping jaws. A screech, a scuffle, a howl of pain, and the dog leaped backward, drew his tongue rapidly across the stinging rents in his side, and bounded for the second time upon his foe. Aiming at the throat, his teeth found the loose skin at one side of the neck instead; the coon secured one of the stub ears of the attacker in his mouth, and thus they grappled. Strange sounds floated through the length of Beech Hollow that night, sounds which never before had disturbed its accustomed quiet.

On the leaf-strewn slope one great ball of intermingled white and black gradually drew near the bottom of the hill. Neither knew nor thought of the course the fight was taking. Their hearts were inflamed with the battle-lust, and with lightning-like movements they fought for the death hold. After a time the level was reached, and here, by mere chance, the jaws of the dog found the throat of his enemy. The coon realized his strait, and plied all four feet with such good effect that the blood ran in streams from the ragged wounds which he inflicted. But his breath was shut off, and nothing can live or fight without air. It was then he felt something cool clasp his hind leg. He threw himself backward, dragging the cur with him, and the water of the pool closed over them both.

A coon can remain under water for a marvelously long time. In the foreign element the cur, confused, strangled and frightened, loosed his hold, arose to the surface and struck out for the shore. But the tables had turned, and the valiant old boar knew it. Rising also, he received the grateful rush of air into his strained lungs, and in another moment he was on the back of his opponent and forcing him under. Fastening his teeth in the loose folds of skin at the base of the skull, he sank again, taking the cur down too. The water boiled like a caldron, and though a leg, or even a shoulder at times appeared, no head came into view. Soon the pool grew quiet. Then near the bank, a sharp muzzle came up, slowly followed by the dripping form of the victor. His den-tree stood quite near the other end of the hollow, and as he painfully began his march towards it, leaving a trail of water and blood behind him as he went, his body swayed and his steps were uncertain. At last he stood among the roots which he knew so well, and with eyes which scarcely saw looked up the bare trunk which he had been wont to climb with perfect ease. Feebly he reared, and began the ascent. Six feet from the ground he stopped, gently let his head fall forward upon the bark, quivered from end to end, and dropped to the earth, dead.

THE VALLEY BETWEEN

By Owen Oliver

WITH DRAWINGS BY WILL CRAWFORD

THE Spur Mountains belonged to the Macdonalds, and the Lonnon Mountains to the McAllisters. The valley between them was no man's land, for they were too busy fighting over it to keep out the thieves from the hills. They had fought year in and year out for longer than the memory of man, and neither boasted long of advantage, till the days when Robert McAllister, seventh of the name, grew old. Then an ill time happened to the clan. His eldest son slipped over a crag and was killed. His second and third sons were slain, away in the wars; and the youngest son died in his bed of some womanish complaint—a hard fate for a brave man. Since Robert McAllister was too old for arms the name of the clan grew small, and the more daring of the tribesmen took service abroad under the King of France; for Mary McAllister had the spirit of a man, but only the body of a maid.

Alan, the young chief of the Macdonalds, had won great renown in arms, and he had the way of leading men; and those who are born for leading never lack men to lead. He drove the McAllisters from the valley, and built little fortresses there to hold it, and when he had held it for a full year he sent a message to Robert McAllister saying that further strife was vain, and offering terms of peace if they would own that the valley was his. Thereupon the McAllisters gathered together and made a great raid, taking away cattle and sheep in hundreds that were in the valley to graze, and razing one of the little forts to the ground. The week after, Alan Macdonald fell upon them and took back fourfold. And afterward he sent a piper with a letter, which read like this:—

"From Alan Macdonald to Robert McAllister, most courteous greetings.

"The fortune of war has given us advantage which you cannot resist. When strife is useless, strife should cease. If you will own that the valley is mine I shall be honored by your using it. It is said that good foes make good friends, and I am wishful to try; for there is none who honors your name more than I."

Robert McAllister, being a wise old man, was minded to consent.

"It is a generous offer from a gallant enemy," he said.

But his daughter pleaded with him in her dead brothers' names and prevailed. So he made answer thus:—

"Robert McAllister sends all courteous greetings to Alan Macdonald. The fortune of the moment changes. For those who come after, I hold to what I have held and my forefathers before me. If our numbers are lessened our courage is not."

Then came another message from Alan Macdonald.

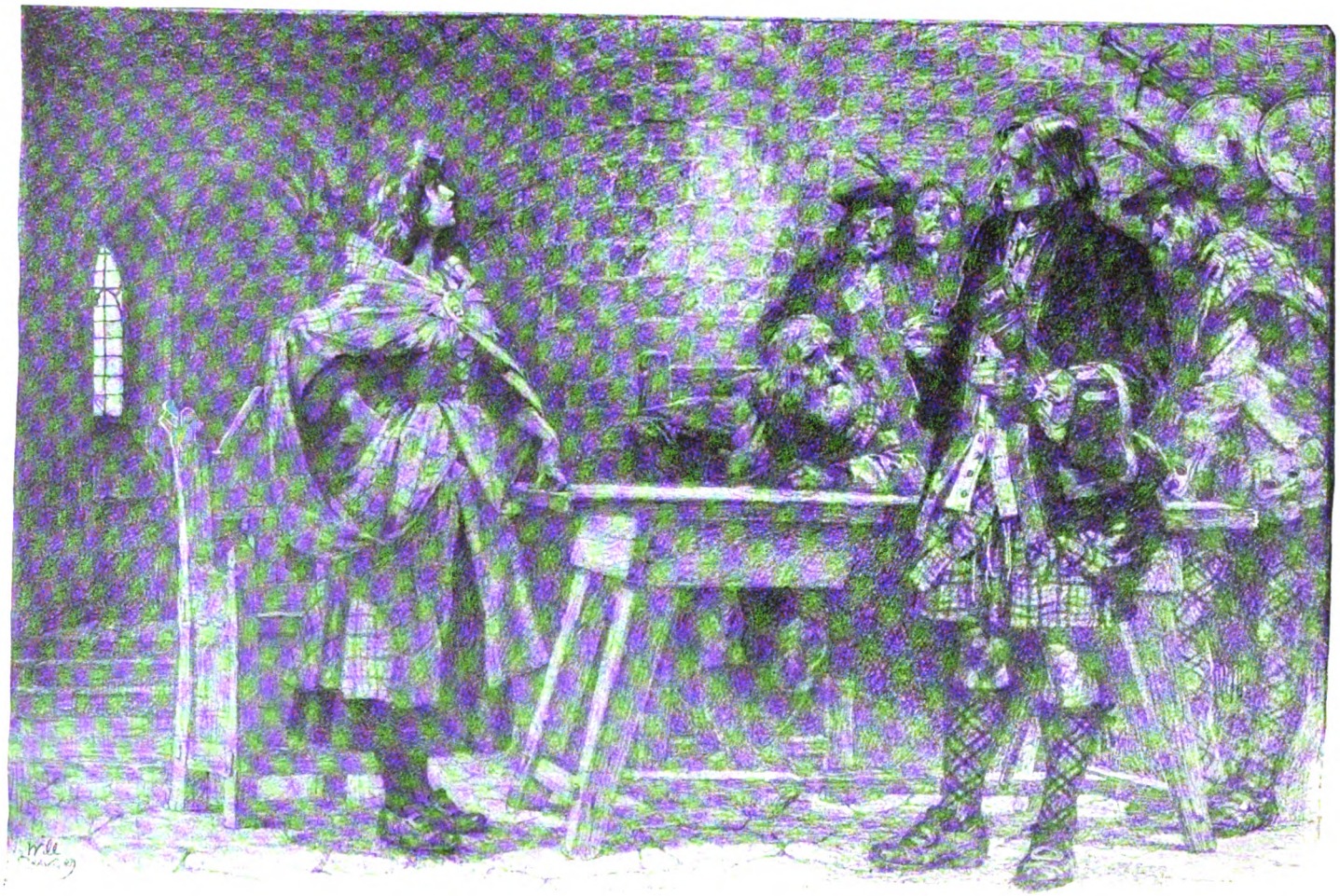
"If you rely on courage, let one of your tribe meet me in single combat, the valley to belong to the victor's clan.

"ALAN MACDONALD."

Many of the McAllisters volunteered for the fight; but there was no great man of arms among them, and the elders would not consent.

"It were giving Macdonald the land," they declared. "There is no man in Scotland who can stand before him." For he was a large, powerful man, and withal quick as smaller men are; and he had a curious cunning of fence which he had learnt in France.

So they sent no answer at all, and Mary McAllister locked herself in her room for two days, and brooded over the dishonor of her clan. Presently she made a deep



"It's an even risk. Your life against mine."

plan, as women will, and rode out in the gray dawn to the castle on the Spur Mountains; and when Macdonald's outposts challenged her in the valley, she answered:—

"I am Mary McAllister, and I have come to answer the challenge of your chief." Then they sent a guide to conduct her the easiest way to the castle, and when the chief warder came to the gate and asked her pleasure, she made him the same answer as before.

After he had stared at her once for her daring, and twice for her beauty, he conducted her to the great hall; and Alan Macdonald rose and came to meet her, and set a chair, and stood with his cap in hand marveling that any woman should be so fair; for she had pale-blue eyes and red-gold hair, and her face was like a wild spring flower.

"You honor me greatly," he told her. "Have no fear." She laughed carelessly.

"I had no fear," she said, and he bowed.

"Fair lady, you honor me more."

"It was not for your honor that I came, but for the honor of my clan, and my own." He bowed again.

"There is no dishonor in peace," he said.

"Neither have I come in peace." He caught a look in her eyes that he had seen in the face of a foe before, and he knew that she spoke no light word. Wherefore he became very grave.

"War is not for women," he told her.

"I had not come if any of my brothers had lived; but perchance"—she tossed back her hair that was like red-gold—"you had not challenged us then?"

He flushed hotly. "Think you so?" Their eyes met for a moment, and she smiled suddenly. There was a year's spring, it seemed to him, in her smile.

"Nay," she owned. "I think not so. Alan Macdonald, you fear no man." He laughed a soft laugh.

"I have feared no woman till now." She put her head back and looked up at him.

"Fear you me?"

"As a man may fear."

"Fear you my challenge?" He knitted his brows in thought before he spoke.

"Name what champion you will," he said at last. "I will meet him, if he is not your lover. Believe me"—there was a sudden depth in his voice—"I would not earn your hate." She laughed scornfully.

"Is it yet to earn?"

"His blood be upon your head," he said sternly. "I will meet him." She laughed.

"I have no lover. The challenge is my own."

There was a quick murmur of laughter among the retainers, but their chief checked it with a glance.

"I am dull-witted, lady; help my lack of brains."

She drew a deep breath.

"You sent a challenge to our clan, that one should contend with you. It was not an equal wager, yet there were those who would have died, had they not been overruled." Her eyes flashed.

"Also I took the risk," he reminded her.

"It was not an equal risk, as you knew." He frowned.

"Who shall deny his strength to the stronger man?" he asked.

"Shall he use it against a weaker?" she demanded. He frowned again.

"It is the way of these things."

"That he should take advantage against the weak? Would he then use his strength against a woman?"

"No!" said Macdonald heartily. "Surely not."

"Wherefore," said she, "I bring to you an equal challenge." She looked him straight in the eyes.

"If your challenge is such as a man may meet," he answered steadily, "I accept it unheard."

"It is an even risk," she said calmly. "Your life against mine."

"Never!" She shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not your habit to fight on equal terms?"

"It is not my habit to fight with a woman on any terms at all." She laughed scornfully.

"A woman is not so much to fear!"

The gray-bearded Hector, who was reckoned wise, rested his trembling old hands on the table and leaned forward.

"A woman of all things is most to fear," he said.

She turned haughtily to Alan.

"Before age has brought wisdom, do you fear?"

"Aye," he said, "I fear greatly."

"The risk is only equal." He shook his head.

"A woman's life is more to a man than his own."

"My life is naught to you," she told him. He looked her in the face boldly.

"Try me, lady," he said; and the thought crossed her mind that Alan Macdonald had been good to have as a friend; but she bit her lip and answered coldly.

"Such as my life is, I dare risk it."

She put her hand in her bosom and drew out two quaint phials of colored glass, with stoppers of dull wrought gold.

"Will you drink a toast with me?" she asked.

"Surely," he answered, "if it is such as a man may." But he looked at the strange vessels and liked them not.

"It is an innocent toast enough, and harmless—if you drink the one."

"And if I drink the other?"

"It is only death!"

"There are worse things," he told her. She pushed the phials smilingly towards him.

"Choose. I will drain the other."

"And then?"

"One of us will gain the valley, and the other will feel no loss."

He took up the phials and held them in the sunlight that streamed through an open casement on to the floor. Then he put them down again.

"I pray you send some other challenger," he begged.

"The challenge is mine," she insisted. "If you are no coward, choose now." He shook his head, and she rose from her chair. "I will go to my father and tell him that Alan Macdonald was afraid."

The young chief flushed rosy red as a girl blushes.

"Send a man to tell me so," he cried fiercely.

"One less strong, and less skilled in arms?" There was an angry sound among the men at the table, but he quelled it with a wave of the hand. "Come," she tempted him. "Death is not so much to dread. Give me one, and I will drink first."

He lifted the little vessels again and watched them sparkle against the sunbeams. It was awesome, he thought, that death should come in such a guise; and he was angry with himself, because he feared that he feared.

"Dare you not?" she asked tauntingly.

"Aye," he said. "I dare. Give me which you will."

The wise man moved as if he would speak, but stopped at the look in her eyes.

"I should give you death," she answered. "For I know." Alan Macdonald looked hard at her, and saw that truly she was passing fair.

"Give me death, if you will."

The wise man leaned forward again, and again he said naught.

"I take no odds," she said. "Neither would I have the death of so generous a foe on my soul. For your honor, Alan Macdonald, choose."

He bowed and looked at the phials once more. One was green and one was pink, and either flashed in the sun.

"It were better to share one," he said.

"Aye," muttered the sage, "woman and man were made to live together or die together."

"When they are foes," said Mary McAllister, "one is better dead."

Her foeman turned to Bruce Macdonald who was second in the clan.

"See that the lady is escorted home with all honor," he commanded, "if I die;" and before any could stay him he had drained the green phial. "Your health, madame!"

Mary McAllister rose steadily and put out her hand for the pink vessel.

"Your health, sir," she pledged him. "You have won."

He saw that her color faded somewhat, her hand trembled slightly and her bosom heaved as she raised death to her lips, and suddenly he dashed the vessel from her hand on to the floor, and shivered it into fragments.

"I pray you live," he begged, "and have me at your command."

Mary McAllister sank in the chair and buried her face in her hands for nearly a minute by the great clock that ticked on, as if life and death were nothing at all. When she looked up she was ashy pale, and she accepted her foeman's arm to rise.

Alan clung mechanically to something, he did not know what.

"You are a very brave man, Alan Macdonald," she told him, in a slow, hushed voice. "Suffer me now to go."

So he led her to the gateway in silence, and held her foot when she mounted.

"Friend or foe?" he asked under his breath. She looked down at him with her great blue eyes.

"Foe," she whispered hoarsely, "but—I honor you greatly."

Then she rode away into the mist that hung over the valley below, and he gazed after her till she was lost to view.

"There was never her like in all Scotland," he vowed. "She would have drunk her death."

"Aye," said the sage, who was standing near him. "She would have taken it, and—*perchance she has more of the poison at home!*"

The young chief stared at him for a moment, then gave a great shout.

"My horse! Bring my horse!"

He ran to meet them as they came, leaped on his great black charger and rode down into the mist as if his senses were not in him.

"If harm should come to her!" he muttered. "Good God, if harm should come to her!"

He stroked his horse's mane, and called it by every pet name to make it gallop faster. They rushed on, over hedges and ditches, and gray stone walls that grew suddenly out of the fog. He peered through the gloom with his eyes burning like fire, and saw nothing. He bent forward to listen for the sound of her horse's hoofs and heard nothing. Only as he rode up Mount Lonnon and the mist lifted a little, he caught a glimpse of some one riding far above and knew that he could never catch her by the way that she went. He drew a long breath and turned his horse aside from the track.

"A woman's life is more than a man's," he said, under his breath.

From the foot of the mountain to the castle high above, the bridle path runs a long way round; and between bend and bend lies a great ravine that neither man nor beast had crossed, forty feet at the narrowest from side to side. The edges overhang so that the bottom is not seen; and when a stone falls one grows tired of listening for the distant crash below. Alan Macdonald rode straight for the ravine. When he came to the edge he looked till he found a plot of level grass, and there he rested his horse for a moment, and patted his neck and whispered in his ear.

"Now, boy, now," he cried. The horse sprang forward over the even ground, gathered himself together on the edge of the abyss and flew into the air.

"Live together or die together," said Alan Macdonald under his breath.

Then he saw his horse falling short of the black rock—felt him strike against it—was hurled forward with a crash—clutched at something hanging from above and held dazedly to it—caught the sound of a woman's cry—clung mechanically to something, he did not know what—heard a dull thud. That must be his horse fallen below—he would follow in a moment—his hand seemed unclosing—he was going, going—. Then he remembered no more for a time.

When he found the world again he was lying in some long grass, he thought, and there was something yet softer under his head. He could see nothing at first but the mist and the swaying tops of the trees. He was not sure whether he was dead or alive till he tried to stir and groaned for the pain. Then a woman's face hung over him, framed in the mist—the face of Mary McAllister.

"I thought," he said, in a faint voice unlike his own, "I was dead." He lost the face again and heard no answer. "Perhaps," he muttered, "I am." He tried to raise himself, and barely stifled another groan.

"You must not move," said a very gentle voice. "You are badly hurt, very badly, I fear."

"I do not fear for myself," he answered, "only—are you Mary McAllister?"

"Yes." He tried to look round at her. "Only be still," she entreated. "I have sent for men to carry you. They will come soon."

"Soon," he murmured. Then he began to wander in his mind and clutched at the air, dreaming that he was hanging over the ravine, but he found two soft hands holding his arms.

"You are not there now," she assured him. "You are safe, quite safe." He roused again.

"How—did it—happen?"

"You were hanging by a dead branch. I—I lifted you here."

"I owe my life to you." He smiled as if the thought pleased him. "My foe!"

"I do not think," she whispered, "we are foes any more. You must not move."

"You saved my life."

"You had saved mine."

"You were not going to take the poison at home?"

She shivered, and suddenly he knew that his head was upon her lap. "Let me see your face again," he entreated, "in case I should die."

"You shall not die," she vowed pas-

sionately, and bent over and let him see her face; and the tears were running down it, and one fell on his cheek.

"The—the poison," he asked. "You would not have taken it?"

"Yes," she said, "I would."

"You will not now?—for the love of Heaven, dear lady?"

"Why did you take the leap?"

He smiled faintly. "For you."

She looked right into his eyes.

"Why do you care so much for my life?"

Because he was dazed, the fine speeches that he had tried to fashion would not shape themselves to an end. So he said simply, "I love you."

"Then," she said, "since you won my life, keep it, and do with it as you will;" and he turned to look up at her without a moan at the pain.

"If I rise a whole man," he said, "I will give you my whole heart." She looked at him with a glitter in her eyes.

"And if you do not," she said, "I will take it!"

And because he was so helpless and his eyes pleaded with her so, she bent down her head and let him kiss her red lips.

"To live together or die together," she vowed.

So when the leech came with his herbs and bandages, she whispered to him to use all his skill.

"For," she said, "you hold two lives in your hand."

Some said it was the leech's craft that saved him, and some said it was the gentle nursing of Mary McAllister, and some said it was his own great strength, and some said it was the strength of his love for her; but Hector, who was old and wise, put it all to the mercy of God. And when Alan Macdonald was recovered, the clans went down from the mountains, with white favors in their bonnets, and married them in the valley between.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel of the Northwest

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. *"Shock," a sturdy young Scotch-Canadian theologue, leaves his mother and his sweetheart, Helen Fairbanks, to take up missionary work in the great northwest. His first experience is with a liquor dealer of whom he buys a drink, and then pours it on the ground to the old man's amazement.*

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED

BILL LEE'S anger and disgust were giving place to curiosity.

"What are you anyway?" he inquired.

"Well, my boss told me to-day I was a prospector." Shock's mind reverted, as he spoke, to that last conversation with his Convenor.

"Prospector," echoed the old man. "What for, land, coal?"

"No, men."

"What?" The old man looked as if he could not have heard aright.

"Men," said Shock again simply and earnestly.

Bill was hopelessly puzzled. He tried to get at it another way.

"What's your Company?" he inquired. "I mean, who are you working for?"

Before answering, Shock paused, looking far past Bill down the trail, and then said solemnly, "God."

Bill started back from his companion with a gasp of surprise. Was the man mad? Putting the incident of the whiskey and this answer of his together, he might well be.

"Yes," said Shock, withdrawing his eyes from the trail and facing Bill squarely, "that's my business. I am after men." He drew from his pocket a small Bible and read, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

When Bill saw the Bible he looked relieved but rather disgusted.

"Oh, I git you now! You're a preacher, eh?"

"Well," said Shock in a tone almost confidential, "I'll tell you I'm not much of a preacher. I don't think I'm cut out for that somehow." Here Bill brightened slightly. "I tried last night in town," continued Shock, "and it was pretty bad. I don't know who had the worst of it, the congregation or myself. But it was bad."

"Thinkin' of quittin'?" Bill asked almost eagerly. "Because, if you are, I know a good job for a fellow of your build and make."

"No, I can't quit. I have to go on." Bill's face fell. "And perhaps I can make up in some other ways. I may be able to help some fellows a bit." The sincerity and humble earnestness of Shock's tone quite softened Bill's heart.

"We'll, there's lots of 'em need it," he said in his gruff voice. "There's the blankest lot of fools on these ranches you ever seen."

Shock became alert. He was on the track of business.

"What's wrong with them?" he inquired.

"Wrong? Why, they ain't got no sense. They stock up with cattle, horses and outfit to beat creation and then let the whole thing go to blazes."

"What's the matter with them?" persisted Shock. "Are they lazy?"

"Lazy! Not a hair. But when they get together over a barrel of beer or a keg of whiskey they are like a lot of hogs in a swill trough, and they won't quit while they kin stand. That's no way for a man to drink!" continued Bill in deep disgust.

"Why, is not this a Prohibition country?"

"Oh! Prohibition be blanked. When any man kin get a permit for all he wants to use what's the good of Prohibition, besides all that the whiskey runners bring in?"

"I see," said Shock. "Poor chaps! It must be pretty slow for them here."

"Slow!" exclaimed Bill. "That ain't no reason for a man's bein' a fool. I ain't no saint, but I know when to quit."

"Well, you're lucky," said Shock. "Because I have seen lots of men that don't, and they're the fellows that need a little help, don't you think so?"

Bill squirmed a little uneasily.

"You can't keep an eye on all the fools unless you round 'em up in a corrall," he grunted.

"No. But a man can keep from thinking more of a little tickling in his stomach than he does of the life of his fellowman."

"Well, what I say is," replied Bill, "every fellow's got to look after himself."

"Yes," agreed Shock, "and a little after the other fellows, too. If a man is sick—"

"Oh! now you're speakin'," interrupted Bill eagerly. "Why, certainly."

"Or if he is not very strong."

"Why, of course."

"Now don't you think," said Shock very earnestly, "that kicking a man along who is already sliding toward a precipice is a pretty mean business, but snatching him back and bracing him up is worth a man's while?"

"Well, I guess," said Bill quietly.

"That's the business I'm trying to do," said Shock. "I'd hate to help a man down who is already on the incline. I think I'd feel mean, and if I can help one man back to where it's safe, I think it's worth while, don't you?"

Bill appeared uncomfortable. He could not get angry, Shock's manner was so earnest, frank, respectful and sincere, and at the same time he was sharp enough to see the bearing of Shock's remarks upon what was least a part of his business in life.

"Yes," repeated Shock with enthusiasm, "that's worth while. Now look here, if you saw a man sliding down one of those rocks there," pointing to the great mountains in the distance, "to sure death, would you let him slide or would you put your hand out to help him?"

"Well, I believe I'd try," said Bill slowly.

"But if there was good money in it for you," continued Shock, "you would send him along, eh?"

"Say, stranger," cried Bill indignantly, "what do you think I am?"

"Well," said Shock, "there's a lot of men sliding down fast about here you say. What are you doing about it?" Shock's voice was quiet, solemn, almost stern.

"I say," said Bill, "you'd best put in your horse and feed. Yes, you've got to feed, both of you, and this is the best place you'll find for twenty miles round, so come right on. Your line ain't mine, but you're white. I say, though," continued Bill, unhitching the cayuse, "it's a pity you've taken up that preachin' business. I've not much use for that. Now with that there build of yours," Bill was evidently impressed with Shock's form, "you'd be fit for almost anything."

Shock smiled and then grew serious.

"No," he said, "I've got to live only once and nothing else seemed good enough for a fellow's life."

"What preachin'?"

"No. Stopping men from sliding over the precipice and helping them back. The fact is," and Shock looked over the cayuse's back into Bill's eyes, "every man should take a hand at that. There's a lot of satisfaction in it."

"Well, stranger," replied Bill, leading the way to the stable, "I guess you're pretty near right, though it's queer to hear me say it. There ain't much in anything anyway. When your horse is away at the front leadin' the bunch and everybody yellin' for you, you're happy, but when some other fellow's horse makes the runnin' and the crowd gets a-yellin' for him, then you're sick. Pretty soon you git so you don't care."

"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," quoted Shock. "Solomon says you're right."

"Solomon, eh? Well by all accounts he hit quite a gait, too. Had them all lookin' dizzy, I reckon. Come on in. I'll have dinner in a shake."

Fried pork and flapjacks done brown in the gravy with black molasses poured over all, and black tea strong enough to float a man-of-war, all this with a condiment of twenty miles of foot hill breezes makes a dinner such as no king ever enjoyed. Shock's delight in his eating was so obvious that Bill's heart warmed toward him. No finer compliment can be paid a cook than to eat freely and with relish of his cooking. Before the meal was over the men had so far broken through the barriers of reserve as to venture mutual confidences about the past. After Shock had told the uneventful story of his life in which his mother, of course, was the central figure, Bill sat a few moments in silence and then began: "Well, I never knew my mother. My father was a devil, so I guess I came naturally by all the devilment in me and that's a few. But"—and here Bill paused for some little time—"But I had a sweetheart once, over forty years ago now, down in Kansas, and she was all right you bet. Why sir, she was—Oh! well, 'taint no use talking, but I went to church for the year I knowed her more'n all the rest of my life put together, and was shapin' out for a different line of conduct until—." Shock waited in silence. "After she died I didn't seem to care. I went out to California, knocked about and then to the devil generally." Shock's eyes began to shine.

"I know," he said, "You had no one else to look after—to think of."

"None that I cared a blank for. Beg pardon. So I drifted round, dug for gold a little, ranched a little just like now, gambled a little, sold whiskey a little, nothing very much. Didn't seem to care much and don't yet."

Shock sat waiting for him to continue, but hardly knew what to say. His heart was overflowing with pity for this lonely old man, whose life lay in the past, gray and colorless, except for that single bright spot where love had made its mark. Suddenly he stretched out his hand toward the old man and said:—

"What you want is a friend, a real good friend."

The old man took his hand in a quick, fierce grip, his hard, withered face lit up with a soft, warm light.

"Stranger," he said, trying hard to keep his voice steady, "I'd give all I have for one."

"Let me tell you about mine," said Shock quickly.

Half an hour later as Bill stood looking after Shock and rubbing his fingers, he said in soliloquy, "Well I guess I'm gittin' old. What in thunder has got into

me, anyway? How'd he git me on to that line? Say! what a bunco steerer he'd make! And with that face and them eyes of his! No, taint that. It's his blank honest talk. Hang if I know what it is, but he's got it! He's white, I swear! But blank him, he makes a fellow feel like a thief."

Bill went back to his lonely ranch with his lonely, miserable life, unconsciously trying to analyze his new emotions, some of which he would be glad to escape and some he would be loath to lose. He stood at his door a moment looking in upon the cheerless jumble of boxes and furniture, and then turning he gazed across the sunny slopes to where he could see his bunch of cattle feeding, and with a sigh that came from the deepest spot in his heart, said: "Yes, I guess he's right. It's a friend I need. That's what."

CHAPTER VII

THE OUTPOST

Upon a slight swell of prairie stood the Outpost manse of Big River, the sole and only building in the country, representative of the great Church which lay behind it and which, under able statesmanship, was seeking to hold the new West for things high and good. The Big River people were proud of their manse. The minister was proud of it and with reason. It stood for courage, faith and self-denial. To the Convenor and Superintendent in their hours of discouragement this little building brought cheer and hope. For, while it stood there it kept touch between that new country and what was best and most characteristic in Canadian civilization, and it was for this that they wrought and prayed. But, though to people and minister, Convenor and Superintendent, the little manse meant so much, the bareness, the unloveliness and, more than all, the utter loneliness of it smote Shock with a sense of depression. At first he could not explain to himself this feeling. It was only after he had consciously recognized the picture which had risen in contrast before his mind as the home of the Fairbanks, that he understood.

"I could never bring her to such a house as this," was his thought. "A woman would die here."

And, indeed, there was much to depress in the first look at the little board building that made a home for the McIntyres, set down on the treeless prairie with only a little wooden paling to defend it from the waste that gaped at it from every side. The contrast between this bare speck of human habitation and the cozy homes of his native Province, set each within its sheltering nest of orchard and garden, could hardly have been more complete. But as his eyes ran down the slope of the prairie and up over the hills to the jagged line of peaks at the horizon, he was conscious of a swift change of feeling. The mighty hills spoke to his heart.

"Yes, even here one might live contented," he said aloud, and he found himself picturing how the light from those great peaks would illumine the face that had grown so dear within the last few months.

"And my mother would like it, too," he said speaking once more aloud. So with better heart he turned from the trail to the little manse door. The moment he passed within the door all sense of depression was gone. Out of their bare, little, wooden house the McIntyres had made a home, a place of comfort and of rest. True, the walls were without plaster, brown paper with factory cotton tacked over it taking its place, but they were wind-proof, and besides were most convenient for hanging things on. The furniture, though chiefly interesting as an illustration of the evolution of the packing-box, was none the less serviceable and comfortable.

It was the necessity, the difficulty and the promise of the work that summoned young McIntyre from all the openings, vacancies, positions and appointments his friends were so eagerly waving before his eyes, and set him among the foothills in the far front as the first settled minister of Big River, the pride of his Convenor's heart, the friend and shepherd of the scattered farmers and ranchers of the district. Once only did he come near to regretting his choice and then not for his own sake, but for the sake of the young girl whom he had learned to love and whose love he had gained during his student days. Would she leave home and friends and the social circle, of which she was the brightest ornament, for all that he could offer? It took him days of hard riding and harder thinking to give final form to the last paragraph of his letter:—

"I have tried faithfully to picture my life and work. Can you brave all this? Should I ask you to do it? My work, I feel, lies here, and it is worth a man's life. But whether you will share it, is for you to decide. If you feel you cannot, believe me I shall not blame you, but shall love and honor you as before. But though it break my heart I cannot go back from what I see to be my work. I belong to you, but first I belong to Him who is both your Master and mine."

In due time her answer came. He carried her letter out to a favorite haunt of his in a sunny coolie where an old creek bed was marked by straggling willows, and there, throwing himself down upon the sloping grass, he read her message:—

"I know, dear, how much that last sentence of yours cost you, and my answer is that were your duty less to you, you would be less to me. How could I honor and love a man who, for the sake of a girl or for any sake, would turn back from his work? Besides, you have taught me too well to love your glorious West, and you cannot daunt me now by any such somber picture as you drew for me in your last letter. No, sir. The West for me! And you should be ashamed—and this I shall make you properly repent—ashamed to force me to the unmaidenly course of insisting upon going out to you, 'rounding you up into a corrall'—that is the correct phrase, is it not?—and noosing, no, roping you there."

When he looked up from the letter the landscape was blurred for a time. But soon he wondered at the new splendor of the day, the sweetness of the air, the mellow music of the meadow lark. A new glory was upon sky and earth and a new rapture in his heart.

"Wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Dear little soul. She doesn't know, and yet, even if she did I believe it would make no difference."

Experience proved that he had rightly estimated her. For a year and a half she had stood by her husband's side making sunshine for him that no clouds could dim or blizzards blow out. It was this that threw the tenderness and pride into her husband's tone as he said, "My wife, Mr. Macgregor."

The interval between supper and bedtime was spent in eager talk over Shock's field. A rough map showing trails, streams, sleighs, coolies and some of the larger ranches lay before them on the table.

"This is The Fort," said McIntyre, putting his finger upon a dot on the left side of the map. "Twenty-five miles west and south is Loon Lake, the center of your field where it is best that you should live if you can, and then further away up toward the Pass they tell me there is a queer kind of ungodly settlement—ranchers, freighters, whiskey runners, cattle thieves, miners, almost anything you can name. You'll have to do some exploration work there."

"Prospecting, eh?" said Shock.

"Exactly. Prospecting is the word," said McIntyre. "The Fort end of your field won't be bad in one way. You'll find the people quite civilized. Indeed, The Fort is quite the social center for the whole district. Afternoon teas, hunts, tennis, card parties and dancing parties make life one gay whirl for them. Mind you I'm not saying a word against them. In this country anything clean in the way of sport ought to be encouraged, but unfortunately there is a broad, bad streak running through that crowd and what with poker, gambling, bad whiskey and that sort of thing, the place is at times a perfect hell."

"Whiskey? What about the police? I have heard them well spoken of," said Shock.

"And rightly so. They are a fine body of men, with exceptions. But this infernal permit system makes it almost impossible to enforce the law, and where the inspector is a soak, you can easily understand that the whole business of law enforcement is a farce. Almost all of the police, however, in this country are straight fellows. There's Sergeant Crisp now, there is not money enough in the Territories to buy him. Why, he was offered six hundred dollars not long ago to be busy at the other end of the town when the freighters came in one night. But not he. He was on duty, with the result that some half dozen kegs of whiskey failed to reach their intended destination. But there's a bad streak in the crowd and the mischief of it is that the inspector and his wife set the pace for all the young fellows of the ranches about. And when whiskey gets a-flowing there are

things done that it is a shame to speak of. But they won't bother you much. They belong mostly to Father Mike."

"Father Mike, a Roman Catholic?"

"No, Anglican. A very decent fellow. Have not seen much of him. His people doubtless regard me as a blooming dissenter, dontcherknow. But he is no such snob. He goes in for all their fun-hunts, teas, dances, card parties and all the rest."

"What, gambling?" asked Shock aghast.

'No, no. I understand he rakes them fore and aft for their gambling and that sort of thing. But they don't mind it much. They swear by him, for he is really a fine fellow. In sickness or in trouble Father Mike is on the spot. But as to influencing their lives, I fear Father Mike is no great force."

"Why do you have a mission there at all?" inquired Shock.

"Simply because the Superintendent considers The Fort a strong strategic point and there are a lot of young fellows and a few families there who are not of Father Mike's flock and who could never be persuaded to attend his Church. It doesn't take much, you know, to keep a man from going to church in this country, so the Superintendent's policy is to remove all possible excuses and barriers and to make it easy for men to give themselves a chance. Our principal man at The Fort is Macfarren, a kind of lawyer, land agent, registrar or something of that sort. Has cattle too, on a ranch. A very clever fellow, but the old story—whiskey. Too bad. He's a brother of Rev. Dr. Macfarren."

"What? Dr. Macfarren of Toronto?"

"Yes. And he might be almost anything in this country. I'll give you a letter to him. He will show you about and give you all information."

"And is he in the Church?" Shock's face was a study. McIntyre laughed long and loud.

"Why, my dear fellow, we're glad to get hold of any kind of half decent chap that is willing to help in any way. We use him as usher, manager, choirmaster, sexton. In short, we put him any place where he will stick."

Shock drew a long breath. The situation was becoming complicated to him.

"About Loon Lake," continued McIntyre, "I can't tell you much. By all odds the most interesting figure there is the old Prospector, as he is called. You have heard about him?"

Shock bowed.

"No one knows him though he has been there for many years. His daughter, I understand, has just come over from England to him. Then, there's Andy Hepburn who runs a store, a shrewd, canny little Scot. I have no doubt he will help you. But you'll know more about the place in a week than I could tell you if I talked all night, and that I must not do for you must be tired."

When he finished Shock sat silent with his eyes upon the map. He was once more conscious of a kind of terror of these unknown places and people. He was still looking at the map when Mr. McIntyre said:—

"We will take the books, as they say in my country."

"Ay, and in mine," said Shock, coming out of his dream with a start.

Mrs. McIntyre laid the Bible on the table. Her husband opened the Book and read that great Psalm of the wilderness, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place," and so on to the last cry of frail and fading humanity after the enduring and imperishable, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us: yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

"Poor chap," said McIntyre to his wife when they had retired for the night, "I'm afraid he'll find it hard work, especially at The Fort. He is rather in the rough, you know."

"He has beautiful, honest eyes," said his wife, "and I like him."

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do," she replied emphatically.

"Then," said her husband, "in spite of all appearances, he's all right."

CHAPTER VIII

THE OLD PROSPECTOR

A young girl of about sixteen years, riding a cayuse along the shore, suddenly reined in her pony and sat gazing upon the scene.

"After all," she said aloud, "it is a lovely spot, and if only father could have stayed I wouldn't mind."

Her tone was one of discontent. Her face was not beautiful, and its plainness was increased by a kind of sullen gloom that had become its habit. After gazing across the lake for some minutes she turned her horse and cantered toward a little cluster of buildings of all sizes and shapes that huddled about the end of the lake and constituted Loon Lake village. As she drew near the largest of the houses, which was dignified by the name of Loon Lake Stopping Place, she came upon a group of children gathered about a little cripple of about seven or eight years of age, but so puny and poorly developed that he appeared much younger. The little lad was sobbing bitterly, shricking oaths and striking savagely with his crutch at the children that hemmed him in. The girl sprang off her pony.

"Oh! shame on you!" she exclaimed rushing at them. "You bad children, to tease poor Patsy so. Be off with you. Come, Patsy, never mind them. I am going to tell you a story."

"He was throwin' stones at us, so he was," said his brother, a sturdy, little, red-headed lad of six, "and he hit Batcheese right on the leg, too."

"He pu—pu—pulled down my mountain right to the ground," sobbed Patsy, lifting a pale, tear-stained face distorted with passion.

"Never mind, Patsy," she said soothingly, "I'll help you to build it up again."

"And they all laughed at me," continued Patsy, still sobbing stormily. "And I'll knock their blank, blank heads off, so I will," and Patsy lifted his crutch and shook it at them in impotent wrath.

"Hush! Hush! Patsy, you must not say those awful words," said the girl laying her hand over his mouth and lifting him to her knee.

"Yes, I will. And I just wish God would send them to Hell fire!"

"Oh! Patsy, hush," said the girl. "That's awful. Never, never say such a thing again."

"I will," cried Patsy. "And I'll ask God to-night, and mother said He would if they didn't leave me alone."

"But, Patsy, you must not say or think those awful things. Come, now, and I'll tell you a story."

"I don't want a story," he sobbed. "Sing."

"Oh, I'll tell you a story, Patsy. I'll come into the house to-night and sing for you."

"No, sing," said the little lad imperiously, and so the girl began to sing the thrilling love story of "The Frog and the Mouse," till not only Patsy's pale face wreathed in smiles, but the other children were drawn in an enchanted circle about the singer. So entranced were the children and so interested the singer that they failed to notice the door of the Stopping Place open. A slovenly woman showed a hard face and disheveled hair for a moment at the door and then stole quietly away. In a few moments she returned bringing her husband, a huge man with a shaggy, black head and repulsive face.

"Jist be afther lookin' at that now, will ye, Carroll?" she said.

As the man looked his face changed as the sun breaks through a storm cloud.

"Did ye iver see the loikes av that?" she said in a low voice, "She'd draw the badgers out av their holes with thim songs av hers. And thim little divils have been all the mornin' a-fightin' and a-scrappin' loike Kilkenny cats."

"An' look at Patsy," said her husband with wonder and pity in his eyes.

"Yis, ye may say that, for it's the cantankerous little curmudgeon he is, poor little manny."

"Cantankerous!" echoed her husband, "it's that blank pain av his."

"Whisht now, Tim. There's thim that'll be hearin' ye, an' it'll be the worse f'r him an' f'r you beloike."

"Divil a fear have Oi av Thim," said her skeptical husband, scornfully.

"Aw now, do be quiet now," said his wife crossing herself, "sure, prayin' is jist as aisy as cursin' and no harrum done, at all."

She shut the door.

"Aw, it's the beautiful singer she is," as the girl struck up a new song, "listen to that now."

Full, clear, soft like the warbling of the thrush at evening, came the voice through the closed door. The man and his wife stood listening with a rapt look on their faces.

"Phat in hivin's name is she singin', at all?" said Mrs. Carroll.

"Whisht!" said her husband holding up his hand, "it's loike a wild burrd,"

he added after listening a few moments.

"The pore thing. An' it's loike a wild burrd she is," said Mrs. Carroll pityingly, "left alone so soon afther comin' to this sthrange counthry. It's a useless man altogether, is that ould Prospector."

Carroll's face darkened.

"Useless," he exclaimed wrathfully, "he's a blank ould fool, crazy as a jack rabbit. An' Oi'm another blank fool to put any money into 'im."

"Did ye put much in, Tim?" ventured Mrs. Carroll.

"Too much to be thrown away, anyhow."

"Thin, why does ye do it, Tim?"

"Blanked if Oi know. It's the smooth, slippin' tongue av 'im. He'd talk the tail aff a monkey, so he would."

At this moment a loud cry followed by a stream of oaths in a shrill, childish voice pierced through the singing.

"Phat's that in all the worrld?" exclaimed Mrs. Carroll, "Hivin preserve us, it's little Patsy. Tim, ye'll 'av to be spakin' to that child for the swearin'. Listen to the oaths av 'im. The Lord forgive 'im!"

Tim strode to the door followed by his wife.

"Phat the blank, blank is this yellin' about? Phat d'ye mane swearin' loike that, Patsy? Oi'll knock yer blank little head aff if Oi catch ye swearin' agin."

"I don't care," stormed little Patsy, quite unafraid of his father when the other children fled, "it's that blank, blank Batcheese an' Tim there. They keep teasin' me an' Mayan all the time."

"Let me catch yez, ye little divils!" shouted Carroll after the children who had got off to a safe distance, "go on, Marion, an' sing phat ye loike. It's loike a burrd ye are, an' Oi loikes t' hear ye. An' Patsy too, eh?"

He took the little cripple up in his arms very gently and held him for some minutes.

"You're a big man, dad, ain't ye?" said Patsy putting his puny arms round his father's hairy neck, "an' ye can lick the hull town, can't ye?"

"Who wuz tellin' ye that, Patsy?" asked his father with a smile.

"I heard ye meself last week when the big row was on."

"Ye did, be dad! Thin Oi'm thinkin' ye do be hearin' too much."

"But ye can, dad, can't ye?" persisted the boy.

"Well, Oi'll stick to phat Oi said annyway, Patsy boy," replied his father.

"An' I'll be a big man like you, dad, some day an' lick the hull town, won't I?" asked Patsy eagerly.

His father shuddered and held him close to his breast.

"I will, dad, won't I?" persisted the lad, the little face turned anxiously toward his father.

"Whisht now laddie. Sure an' ye'll be the cliver man some day," said the big man huskily, while his wife turned her face toward the door.

"But they said I'd niver lick anybody," persisted Patsy, "an' that's a blank lie, isn't it, dad?"

The man's face grew black with wrath. He poured out fierce oaths.

"Let me catch thim. Oi'll break their backs, the blank, blank little cowards. Niver ye heed thim. Ye'll be a betther man thin any av thim, Patsy avick, an' that ye will. An' they'll all be standin' bare-headed afore ye some day. But Patsy, darlin', Oi want ye to give up the swearin' and listen to Marion yonder who'll be afther tellin' ye good things an' cliver things."

"But dad," persisted the little boy, "won't I be—"

"Hush now, Patsy," said his father hurriedly, "don't ye want to go on the pony with Marion? Come on now an' Oi'll put ye up."

"Oh! goody, goody!" shouted little Patsy, his pale, beautiful face aglow with delight.

"Poor little manny," groaned Carroll to his wife, looking after the pair as they rode off up the trail, "it's not many ye'll be afther lickin' except with yer tongue."

"But begorra," said his wife, "that's the lickin' that hurts, afther all. An' it's harrd tellin' what'll be comin' till the lad."

Her husband turned without more words and went into the house. Meantime Marion and Patsy were enjoying their canter.

"Take me up to the Jumping Rock," said the boy, and they took the trail that wound up the west side of the lake.

"There now, Patsy," said Marion when they had arrived at a smooth shelf of rock that rose sheer out of the blue water of the

lake, "I'll put you by the big spruce there and you can see all over the lake and everywhere."

She slipped off the pony, carefully lifted the boy down and sat him leaning against a big spruce pine that grew seemingly up out of the bare rock and leaned far out over the water. This was the swimming place for the boys and men of the village, and an ideal place it was, for off the rock or out of the overhanging limbs the swimmers could dive without fear into the clear, deep water below.

"There now, Patsy," said the girl after she had picketed her pony, "shall I tell you a story?"

"No. Sing, Mayan. I like you to sing."

But just as the girl was about to begin he cried: "Who's that comin', Mayan?" pointing down the trail.

The keen eyes of the lad had descried a horseman far away where the long slope rose to the horizon.

"I don't know," answered the girl. "Who is it, Patsy? A cowboy?"

"No," said Patsy, after waiting for a few minutes. "I think it's Perault."

"No, Patsy, that can't be. You know Perault went out with father last week."

"Yes, it is," insisted Patsy. "That's father's pony. That's Rat-tail, I know."

The girl stood up and gazed anxiously at the approaching rider.

"Surely it can't be Perault," she said to herself. "What can have happened?"

She unhitched her horse, rolled up her picket rope, and stood waiting with disturbed face. As the rider drew near she called out, "Perault! Ho! Perault!"

"*Hola!*" exclaimed Perault, a wizened, tough-looking, little Frenchman, pulling up his pony with a jerk. "Bon jou, Mam'selle," he added taking off his hat.

Perault's manner was reassuring, indeed quite gay.

"What is it, Perault? Why are you come back? Where is father?" The girl's lips were white.

"Coming," said Perault nonchalantly, pointing up the trail. "We strak de bad luck, Mam'selle, so we start heem again."

"Tell me, Perault," said the girl turning her piercing black eyes on his face, "tell me truly, is father hurt?"

"Oui, for sure," said Perault with an exaggeration of carelessness which did not escape the keen eyes fastened on his face. "Dat ole boss, you know, he blam-fool. Hees 'fraid not'ing. Hees try for sweem de Black Dog on de crossing below. De Black Dog hees full over hees bank, an' boil, boil lak one kettle. De ole boss he say, 'Perault, we mak de passage, eh?' 'No,' I say, 'we try noder crossing.' 'How far?' he say. 'Two—tree mile.' 'Guess try heem here,' he say, an' no matter how I say heem be blam-fool for try, dat ole boss hees laf small, leele laf an' mak de start. Well, dat pony hees going nice an' slow troo de water over de bank, but wen he struk dat fas' water, poof! wheez! dat pony hees upset heesef, by gar. Hees trow hees feet out on de water. Bymbye hees come all right for a meenit. Den dat fool pony hees miss de crossing. Hees go dreef down de stream where de high bank hees imposseeb. Mon Dieu! Das mak me scare. I do no what I do. I stan' an' yell lak one beeg fool me. Up come beeg feller on buckboard on noder side. Beeg blam-fool jus' lak boss. Not 'fraid not'ing. Hees trow rope cross saddle. De ole boss hees win' heem roun' de horn. Poof! das upset dat pony once more. Hees trow hees feet up on water, catch ole boss on head an' arm, knock heem right off to blazes. 'Good-by,' I say. 'I not see him no more.' Beeg feller hees loose dat rope, ron down on de bank hitching rope on willow tree an' roun' hees own shoulder, an' jomp on reever way down on bend an' wait for ole boss. For me? I mak dis pony cross ver' queek. Not know how, an' pass on de noder side. I see beeg feller, hees hol' de ole boss on hees coat collar wif hees teef, by gar, an' sweem lak ottar. Sac-r-r-e! Not long before I pull on dat rope an' get bot on shore. Beeg feller hees all right. De ole boss hees lie white, white and still. I cry on my eye bad. 'Go get something for dreenk,' say beeg feller, 'queek.' Sac-r-r-e! Beeg fool messef! Bah! Good for not'ing! I fin' brandy an' leele tam, tree—four minute, de ole boss hees sit up all right. Le Bon Dieu, hees do good turn dat time for sure. Send beeg feller along all right."

The girl stood listening to Perault's dramatic tale, her face growing white.

"Is father not hurt at all then?" she asked.

"Non. Hees tough ole man, dat boss,"

said Perault. Then he added lightly, "Oh! hees broke some small bone—what you call?—on de collar, dere. Dat not'ing 'tall."

"Oh, Perault!" exclaimed the girl, "you're not telling me the truth. You're keeping back something. My father is hurt."

"Non, for sure," said Perault, putting his hand over his heart. "Hees broke dat bone on the collar. Dat not'ing 'tall. He not ride ver' well, so hees come on beeg feller's buckboard. Dat's fine beeg feller! Mon Dieu! hees not 'fraid not'ing! Beeg blam-fool, jus' lak boss." No higher commendation was possible from Perault.

"But why is father coming back then?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Mais! Oui! Bah! Dat leele fool pony got hissef dron on de Black Dog, an' all hees stuff, so de ole boss he mus' come back for more pony an' more stuff."

"When will they be here, Perault?" asked the girl quietly.

"Ver' soon. One—two hour. But," said Perault with some hesitation, "de ole boss better go on bed leele spell mebbe."

Then the girl knew that Perault had not told her the worst, and turning impatiently from him she lifted little Patsy on to the saddle and, disdaining Perault's offered help, sprang on herself and set off toward the village, about a mile away, at full gallop.

"Das mighty smart girl," said Perault, scratching his head as he set off after her as fast as his jaded pony could follow. "Can't mak fool on her."

Half way to the village stood the old Prospector's house almost hidden in a bluff of poplar and spruce. A little further on was Perault's shack. At her father's door the girl waited.

"Perault," she said quietly, "I left the key at your house. Will you get it for me, please, while I take Patsy home?"

"Bon," said Perault eagerly, "I get heem an' mak fire."

"Thank you, Perault," she replied kindly, "I'll be right back."

But it took some time to get Patsy persuaded to allow her to depart, and by the time she had returned she found Perault had the fire lit and Josie, his bright-eyed, pretty, little wife, busy airing the bed clothes and flitting about seeking opportunities to show her sympathy.

"Ma pauvre enfant!" she exclaimed, running to Marion as she entered and putting her arms about her.

"Josie," warned Perault gruffly, "shut up you. You go for mak fool of yousef."

But Josie paid no attention to her husband and continued petting the girl.

"Josie," cried Marion, fixing her eyes upon the French woman's kindly face, "tell me, is my father badly hurt? Perault would not tell me the truth."

"Non, ma petite, dat hur's not so ver' bad, but de cole water—das bad ting for fader, sure."

The cloud of gloom on the girl's face deepened. She turned away toward the door and saying, "I'll go and get some crocuses," she mounted her pony and rode off toward the Jumping Rock.

Within half an hour the girl came galloping back.

"Josie," she cried excitedly, springing off her pony, "they're coming. I saw them up the trail."

She tossed her flowers on the table and hurried to arrange them in basins, cups, old tin cans and all available vessels till the whole house seemed to be running over with those first and most exquisite prairie spring flowers. And for many following days the spring flowers filled the house with their own hope and cheer, when hope and cheer were both sorely needed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FINANCIERS OF THE CAMPAIGN

Cornelius Bliss and George Foster Peabody, the Men Who Are Collecting Millions for the Fight

By F. T. Birchall

IN a plainly furnished room at the end of a very long corridor in the Republican National Headquarters in New York is a steel safe of modest appearance and exceedingly small proportions. It seems hard to believe, looking at it, that this modest little safe is the depository (after banking hours) of the daily quota of the millions, which placated Wall Street and the Money Devil who lives there, are contributing to send Theodore Roosevelt back to the Presidency of the United States. But it must be.

For the room is the office of the Treasurer of the Republican National Committee; the safe is his safe, and in the inner sanctum, whose door opens near by, sits the Hon. Cornelius Newton Bliss himself, Republican National Treasurer since the memorable Harrison campaign of 1892.

Mr. Bliss is now seventy-one years old, and if an ideal treasurer of party funds can be conceived the ideal would resemble him so closely that if the two were transposed nobody would know the ideal from the real. From his well polished shoes to his carefully-trimmed side whiskers and immaculately smooth, gray hair, Mr. Bliss' appearance breathes that business probity and integrity which, to those who know him, are characteristic of the man. Looking upon his solid exterior and dignified countenance, one would not hesitate to entrust to him one's most cherished possessions. No business man whose patriotic sensibilities were appealed to by such a personage as Mr. Bliss could turn a deaf ear to the appeal. He might have been especially constructed, educated and trained for the National Treasurer's job.

He didn't want it at the beginning, if the political gossips are to be believed. He certainly didn't desire to keep it this year, and it is generally understood that he consented to remain treasurer only at the personal solicitation of Mr. Roosevelt himself.

It is characteristic of the man that he has never sought office. The office has always sought him. First of all he is a business man, perhaps one of the best types of the successful New York merchant. Politics have always been second with him, though in recent years what at first was a recreation and a patriotic duty has encroached upon his daily life until he is generally regarded as a political factor first and a business man afterward. Anyway, he has "made his pile," in the slang phrase of business and politics. His wealth is estimated at ten million dollars. For many years he has been head of the great woolen manufacturing firm of Bliss, Fabyan & Co., and he is one of the king pins in many banking institutions, including particularly the Fourth National Bank, in which the overflow funds from that little safe in his outer office are daily deposited.

There is, incidentally, an odd circumstance connected with the banking of those funds, which goes to show that politics and business do not always follow the same lines. Though the Republican national funds are deposited in the Fourth National Bank, the president of that bank, Mr. J. Edward Simmons, is a gold Democrat.

From the moment he took hold of the finances of his party, Mr. Bliss has been

in absolute control of them. He oversees the paying out of the money and he does most of the work of raising it. The contributions he secured personally in the two last campaigns aggregated more than those obtained by any one individual, save perhaps the late Senator Hanna. This year the work practically falls on Mr. Bliss alone.

He is not in the real sense a politician, and never was one. Offers of high place have come to him again and again only to be declined. He could have been Mayor of New York city. He could have been Governor of the State. He refused to permit his name to be used for either nomination. He was Secretary of the Interior in President McKinley's first Cabinet, but he took the post only to oblige Mr. McKinley, to bridge over a period until McKinley could get a Western man. And even then he stayed in the Cabinet longer than he desired. He did not like Washington, and wanted to get back to New York and his business life.

They say of Secretary Bliss at the Capitol that usually in his leisure moments he could be heard murmuring the old air:—

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming."

"Thee," of whom he was dreaming, was New York. Finally he went over to the White House one night and tackled Mr. McKinley.

"Mr. President," said Mr. Bliss, "I can't stand it any longer. I want to go home—back to New York."

He went. The records contain his formal resignation and President McKinley's equally formal acceptance of it. They do not show, however, the warm letter of thanks written to his Secretary of the Interior by Mr. McKinley with his own hand.

Mr. Bliss has been persuaded to keep the National Treasurership since, but to all offers of other office he has been adamant.

In Democratic National Headquarters, a bare twelve blocks away from "the other shop," there is another treasurer's office, another safe, and a National Treasurer of a slightly different type. It may be mentioned, in passing, that while the Republican National Committee is getting the most money, the Democratic National Safe is the larger. The difference between the National Treasurers is less easy to define. Both are wealthy, both are able, the wealth of both is in a large degree self-made, and both stand in the front rank in business integrity and influence with the large corporations whose money in National elections makes the mare go.

But there the resemblance ends. Cornelius N. Bliss is a seasoned political warrior and a campaigner of wide experience. George Foster Peabody is younger, has figured less, and that little less successfully, in the political arena. This is his first term as Democratic National Treasurer. It is a hard office to fill and nobody believes that Mr. Peabody, any more than Mr. Bliss, wanted the job. He accepted it as a duty to his party and he is doing the duty well. He is a banker himself, the active head of the important Spencer, Trask & Company. He has a great reputation as a philanthropist and a national educator. He has the personal confidence of all the Democratic financiers and men of wealth. And he is the close friend of Edward M. Shepard and of other highly influential Democrats. He was above all others the man for the place. He took it.

The Republican newspapers, when Mr. Peabody was elected Treasurer of the Democratic campaign, printed a list of the corporations of which he is a member. It was a long list. The object, in printing it, of course, was to bring out the supposed inconsistency of a party which rails habitually against corporate influence. But it was a welcome list to the Democratic managers, remembering keenly the lean campaigns of 1896 and 1900. Such men were needed this year and Mr. Peabody's appointment was hailed with joy.

If the dominant impression conveyed by Treasurer Bliss is stability, that conveyed by Mr. Peabody as he sits at his desk in Democratic headquarters is energy and tenacity of purpose. Mr. Peabody believes in his party, is willing to work hard for it —would prefer to work rather than loaf, in fact—and has a keen business man's ideas of how best to accomplish results. If anyone could coax contributions into the Democratic coffers surely this is the man.

But the fact remains that the money has been slow in coming in. Though the Democratic bankers believe utterly in Mr. Peabody, they have been looking squint-eyed at the platform on which his candidate, Judge Parker, stands; wherefore the

safe in Democratic National Headquarters often gives forth a hollow sound.

As a matter of record, neither of the two great parties has overflowing coffers in this campaign, although the respective totals have been more equally matched than in the last two Presidential battles. The great financial interests are not afraid of Judge Parker as they were of Mr. Bryan. For that reason some have cut down their contributions to the Republican campaign fund. For that same reason more liberal allowances have come into the Democratic war chest. But upon both parties that ancient foe of politicians, "general apathy," has lain a heavy hand.

In 1896 the Republicans were generally understood to have had a campaign fund of seven million dollars. For the battle of 1900 the sum collected was about four million dollars. No outsider knows, or probably ever will know, the amounts raised by the Democrats in those campaigns, but in each the total was lamentably slim for a great political struggle, certainly less than one third of the fund in Republican coffers. This year the rival funds are more evenly balanced. Mr. Peabody is getting a bigger share for his party, while Mr. Bliss, when he calls on the bankers and large industrial corporations for a check, is often told that it is a cinch for Roosevelt and he doesn't need any money. He often has a hard time convincing the prospective contributors what a mistaken idea this is.

The methods by which campaign funds are gathered by the National Treasurers have become well known as one struggle has succeeded another, however much of a state secret these matters were once supposed to have been. This is substantially the procedure:—

The Treasurer (let us suppose it is Mr. Bliss) sends notes to prominent bankers and manufacturers and all others interested in the Republican cause, announcing that on such and such a day he will call on them. On his visit he makes known the needs of the National Committee for printing, campaign speakers, hiring halls, railroad transportation for speakers, salary of employees at headquarters, and the rest. He does not forget, either, the legitimate expense of conducting the Congressional campaign, which is really an annex of the Presidential campaign. Many poor candidates for Congress have to be helped. These are the good speakers—the coming men of the party. Only they receive this help. No drones or wooden Indians get anything.

The merchant, the banker, or the corporation addressed is expected to respond readily and freely. If the response is not all that was looked for, it is a time for argument. Or the friendly offices of influential men in the party are called in. The result is usually satisfactory.

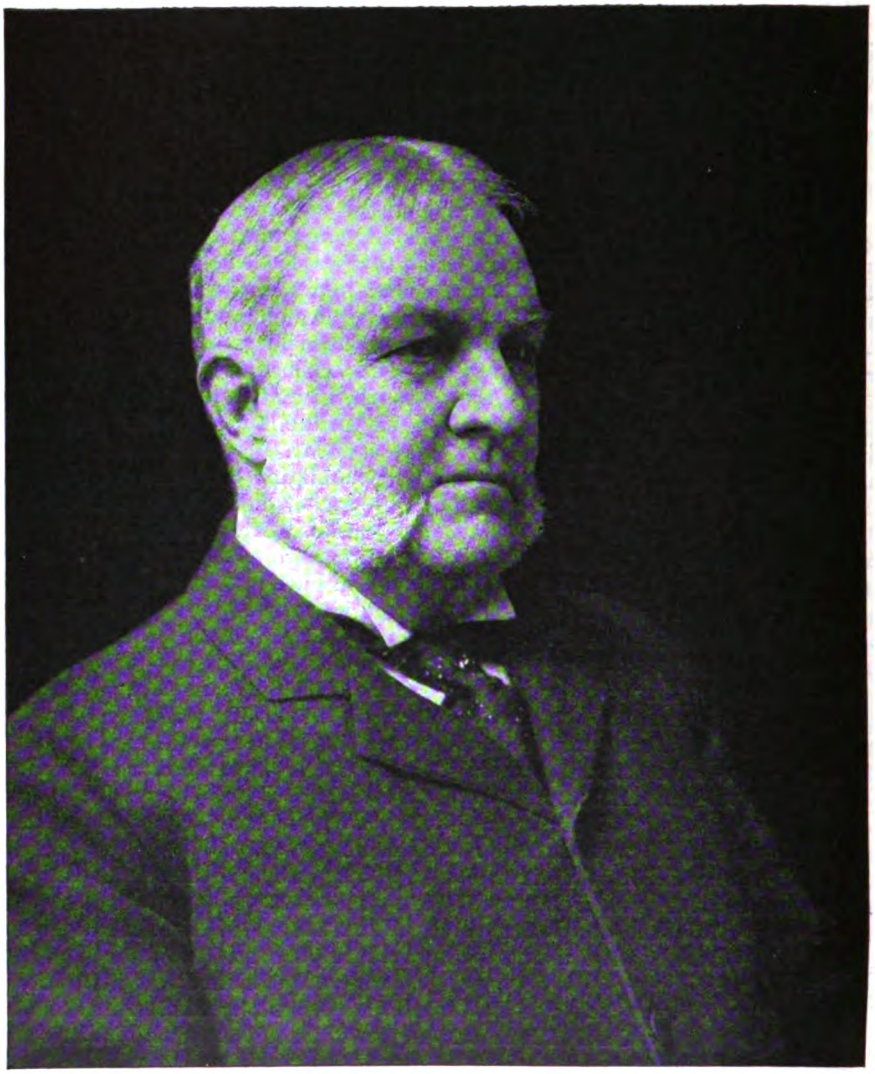
This collecting of campaign funds, though, is neither an easy nor a pleasant task. In the last two National campaigns, although Mr. Bliss was the Treasurer of the Republican Committee, Senator Hanna, as Chairman, did a great deal of collecting himself. Mr. Hanna, in private conversation with personal friends, used to complain bitterly of the treatment he received in certain quarters from men who seemed to think that he was asking for the money for himself. To one friend Mr. Hanna said he was very often humiliated by his visits to these wealthy men, who were bound up entirely in their own business and forgot that the Republican protection policy gave them the industrial prosperity of which they were reaping the benefits.

"Why, they treat me as if I got a rake-off," said he.

The strength of Mr. Bliss as Treasurer of the Republican Committee is, of course, his wide acquaintance among wealthy people and the entire confidence of the banking community that, with him holding the purse strings, the money will be used for the purposes for which it is given. They know that while Mr. Bliss is Treasurer, the funds will not be tapped by members of the National Committee in charge of the campaign. Such things have been known. Also the campaign funds have been put to other uses than those for which their donors really intended them.

For instance, the campaign fund in 1888, under Mr. Quay's management, was used mostly for betting purposes, for the purpose of influencing the shifty ones in favor of Harrison. It was the first time that this was done, and though it was very effective, there were many straight-laced contributors who didn't like it.

There have been scandals, in fact, in both the Republican and Democratic

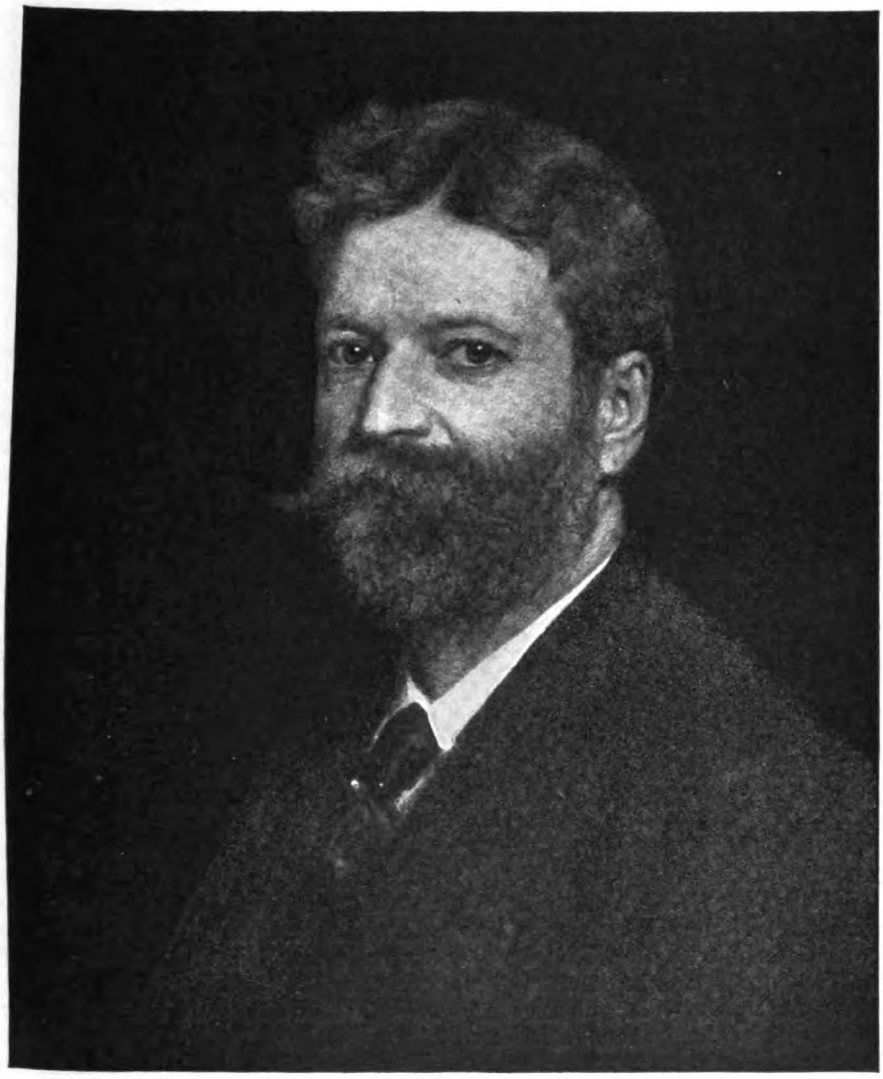


Cornelius N. Bliss, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

National Committees concerning the disappearance of funds. But there never has been any Republican scandal under Mr. Bliss, who keeps books and gives receipts and can tell at any minute the outlays of the Committee, just where they went and for what purpose. Nor will there be under Mr. Peabody. Both are business men by instinct as well as by training. Mr. Bliss runs the Treasurership of his party's National Committee just as he runs his own business. Mr. Peabody is doing likewise.

Of course, things are done in the conduct of a National campaign, both on the Republican and the Democratic sides, to which even Mr. Bliss in the one case and Mr. Peabody in the other have to shut their eyes. Nobody believes, however, that knowingly or willingly either would countenance the slightest corruption.

The method of collecting the Democratic National campaign fund is similar to that the Republicans adopt, but recently with smaller results. In 1896 and 1900 the Democrats didn't have a treasurer who was received with overmuch confidence in the financial world. That was one reason for their not getting much money, though, of course, the main reason was that the wealthy would not contribute to a candi-



George Foster Peabody, Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

date standing on a sixteen to one platform.

Contrary to the general belief, most of the great traction systems and very many other important financial interests are controlled by Democrats and not by Republicans. The Standard Oil financiers, J. Pierpont Morgan, and a majority of the important down town bankers are Republicans. But take the Morton Trust Company, of which ex-Governor Levi P. Morton is president and Elihu Root is a director, that is controlled entirely by Democratic capital represented by Thomas F. Ryan and his friends. The Metropolitan street railway system of New York is controlled by Mr. Ryan, a member of the Democratic National Executive Committee. The Manhattan elevated system of New York is controlled by August Belmont, also a member of that committee.

But confidence in the integrity of the National Treasurer and his ability to see that funds are not misapplied is, after all, the main factor in extracting contributions. The wealthy Democrats know that Mr. Peabody, like Mr. Bliss on the Republican side, will see that the money they give him is not stolen, and that the old scandals of old-time campaigns, both Republican and Democratic, will not be repeated.

THIRD CANDIDATES

The Populist, Prohibitionist and Socialist Nominees for President and Their Influence on the Election

By Walter L. Hawley

THE practical politicians of the two great political parties of this country are disposed to regard men who run for President on third, fourth and fifth tickets as cranks or dreamers who cannot in any way affect the result of election. This year, however, two of the candidates of small parties are classed as men to be reckoned with in two important States.

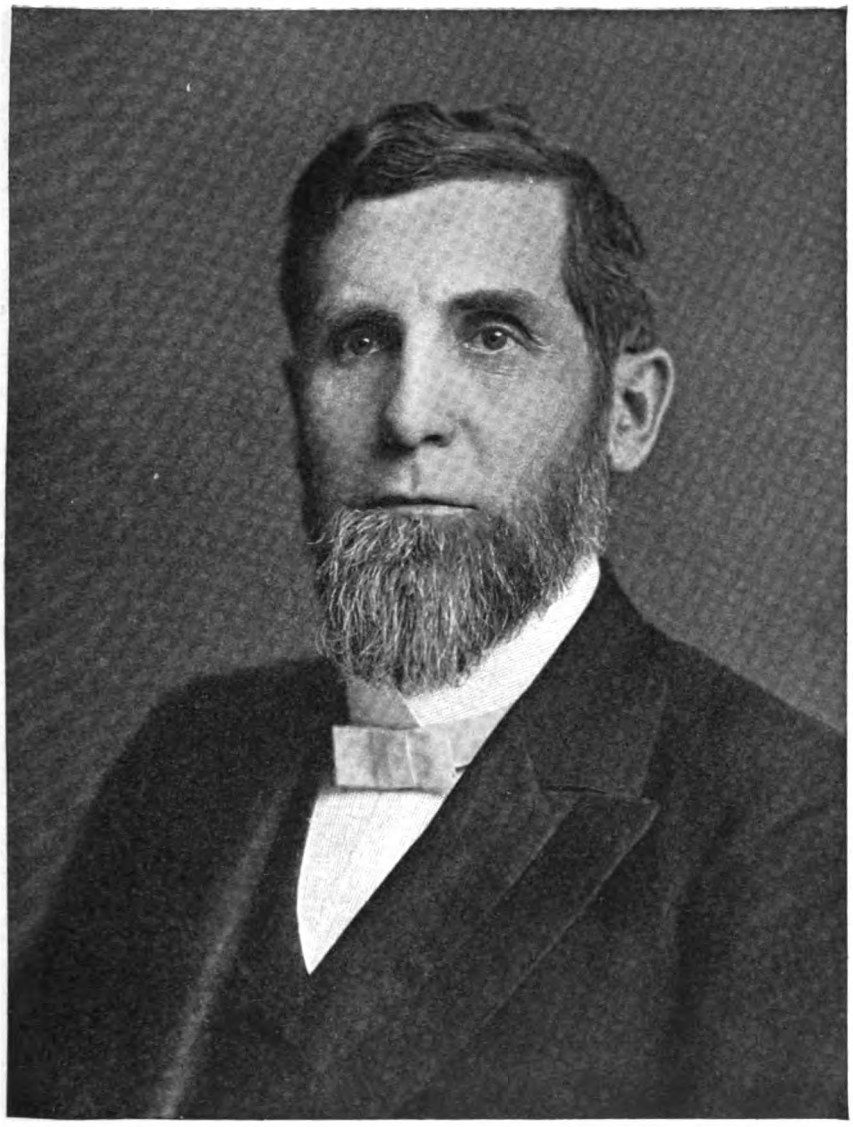
The Republican Campaign Managers regard Thomas E. Watson, the candidate of the Populists for President, as an important factor in the State of New York, where they expect him to draw twenty-five thousand to forty thousand votes from the Democratic party, enough to decide the election, should the contest be close. They also expect Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate, to poll enough votes in Indiana to be of material aid to President Roosevelt. The Democratic managers fear that the vote for Watson in Nebraska may lose them the electoral votes of that State.

Watson and Debs have no reasonable chance of carrying any State in the Union, but experienced politicians regard it as probable that the two men will turn the tide to Roosevelt or Parker in three States. The candidate of the Populist party is not a stranger to the voters of the country. He served two terms in Congress, ran for vice-President in 1896 and has written several books of a high order of merit. It is the individuality of the man rather than the principles of his party that is expected to draw votes to his ticket. The friends of Watson would say without hesitation that in mental ability he is far superior to Parker or Roosevelt.

Watson is a student and scholar rather than a politician or statesman. In literary skill he would no doubt rank above any of his opponents. He writes well and speaks well, but the effectiveness of his political speaking is due largely to his intense earnestness. He believes what he says and convinces his hearers that he believes. The personality of the man is not striking or impressive, as his figure is small and his face plain. But his eyes are keen and his glance penetrating. He possesses great nervous energy and the intense earnestness of his voice and manner when speaking carry conviction of the genuineness of his ideals. In the technical language of politics he is a "vote getter." Intelligent men who do not agree with Watson's theories always admit his sincerity after they have heard him talk.

Men who have known Watson for years and are familiar with the public speeches and lectures in which he argued in support of his ideas do not regard him as a dangerous man. Many of them say that intellectually he measures well up to the standard of the average President of the United States. The election of Watson, if it were possible, would alarm the financial and business interests of the country, but the fear would be of the political principles, or theories of his party, rather than of the man. Being an idealist he would, if President, attempt the impossible rather than accomplish anything destructive of our general system of Government.

Debs, the Socialist candidate, is the popular leader of the extreme radical element of the voting population of the country. He is not a man of striking individuality, and votes cast for him will be the protest of those dissatisfied with our system of laws and government rather than a tribute to the man. Debs, in companionship with men, is what may be termed a "good fellow." He would not rank as a born leader or commander of men, and mentally



Dr. Silas C. Swallow,

Methodist clergyman, editor and candidate of the Prohibition Party for President.

he is not of the class of which this country makes Presidents. He would not be the candidate of his party were it not for the fact that he is still regarded as a martyr to his principles because he was imprisoned as a result of the strikes and riots in Chicago in 1894.

During the campaign of 1896, Debs made a speech in St. Paul to a large audience. To that audience he was a hero and popular idol when he appeared on the platform. He opened his speech by saying: "Men and brothers, I have been in jail!"

"So have I, 'Gene!" shouted a spectator.

The audience laughed, and from that moment Debs ceased to be a hero to those who listened to his speech. The real effect of his candidacy is to hold together in one party the dangerous extremists, who would, if they could, overthrow our system of government

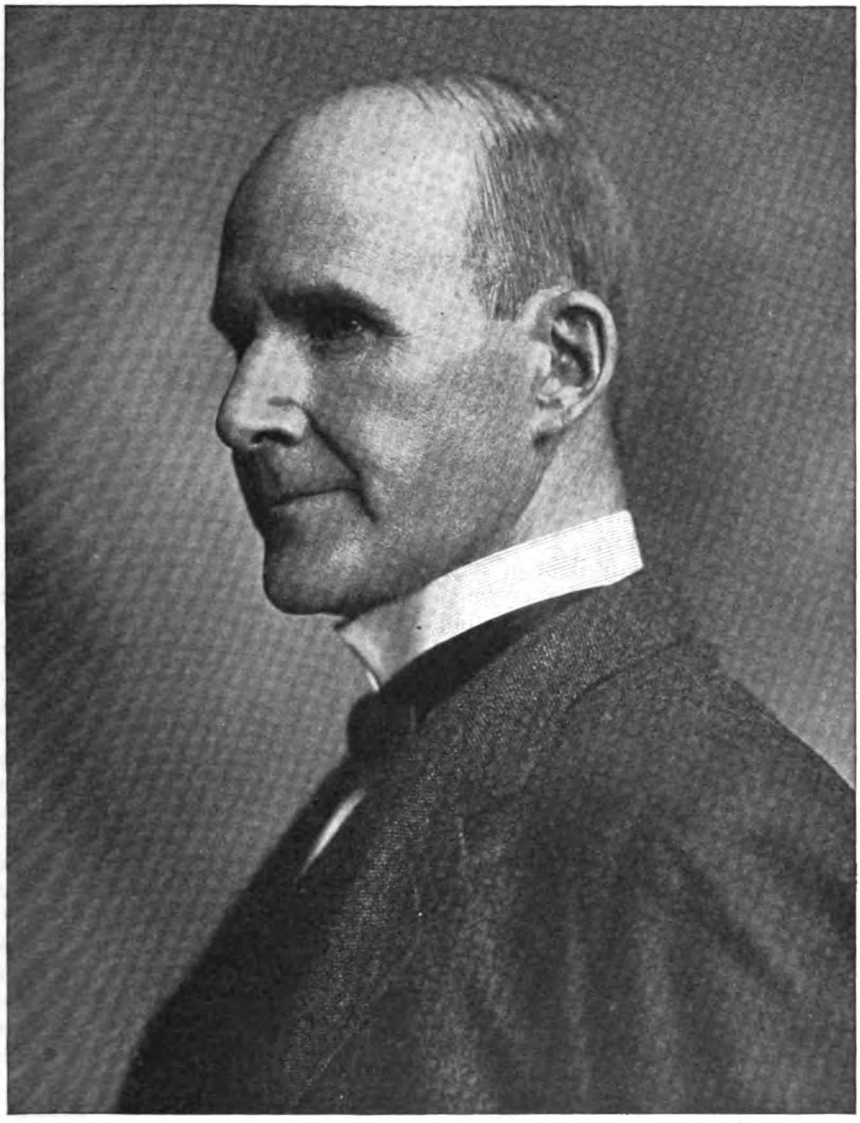
The candidate ot the Prohibitionists is a

Thomas E. Watson.

Lawyer, ex-congressman and candidate of the Populist Party for President.

country preacher of great force of character, but the individuality of the man counts for nothing, even with the members of his own party. They work and vote for a principle. They are workers in a moral cause and dreamers of results that seem at best remote if not impossible.

The campaign calculations of the Republicans that the votes for Watson in New York may determine the election in the State is not without basis. A third candidate in 1844, polling only fifteen thousand eight hundred and twelve votes in the State, gave the thirty-six electoral votes of New York to James K. Polk and defeated Henry Clay for President. The Liberty party of 1844 nominated James G. Birney, of New York, for President. The party was recruited from the Whig party. The popular vote of the State that year was: Polk, two hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred and eighty-eight; Clay,



Eugene V. Debs.

Labor leader and candidate of the Socialist Party for President.

two hundred and thirty-two thousand four hundred and eighty-two; Birney, fifteen thousand eight hundred and twelve. The votes drawn from the Whig party by Birney enabled Polk to carry the State. The vote for Birney that year had the same result in Michigan, but the electoral votes of New York would have been sufficient to elect Clay President. The vote in the Electoral College was: Polk, one hundred and seventy; Clay, one hundred and five. The thirty-six votes of New York would have made the result: Clay, one hundred and forty-one; Polk, one hundred and thirty-four. Should the Democratic and Republican vote in New York be close this year, a few thousand votes drawn from one party might again decide the election of the President. For that reason experienced politicians in times of close and doubtful political division no longer ignore or despise the obscure third candidate.

THE BATTLE OF NANSHAN

By an Officer Who Took Part in the Battle

It is against the custom of the Japanese officers to recount their own exploits or those of their armies. The editors are not allowed therefore to give the name of the author of the following narrative, they can only guarantee the genuineness of the story.

THE sun was powdering with gold-dust the profile of a hill that rose east of the town of Kinchau. I took out my watch; it was half-past four in the morning of the twenty-fifth day of May. The valleys flooded full with the early light of day, made you think of a large goblet crowned high with wine; every curve of the hill was a sonnet, and the piping peace of the land was falling upon the mirror-like faces of the Kinchau and the Talien bays. The national ensign of Nippon stood atop of a hill. It is difficult to imagine a sight more inspiring than the first waving salutation of the sun-flag to the break of day.

Suddenly, at 5.30 A. M., the enemy's cannon opened the ball. That was the first report of the Russian cannon that I ever heard in my life. We were in the midst of our breakfast. A poor, innocent, mouthful of rice that would not pass our throats somehow (perhaps the shower of shots that paid us rather persistent visits had something to do with it) afforded a text for a thousand jokes among us. Within five hundred meters of where we were I counted thirty-one shrapnel shots, but only two of us received slight wounds. This fire continued over three hours and forty minutes. Pretty soon our ears became accustomed to the hailings of cannons, and when they suddenly ceased, the silence that followed was decidedly painful to us.

We discovered a Chinese boat hugging the shore. There were two Chinese in it, and they seemed to be engaged in making signals to some one. We sent some of our men at once to capture them, and, as we had supposed, they were employed in signaling to the Russians as to the accuracy of their shots. They were at once shot as spies. These, then, were the incidents which introduced me to the Manchurian campaign.

With the fall of the twenty-fifth of May clouds rose out of the waves of the Pechili and swept over the Liaotung Peninsula like a funeral curtain. That night our regiment received an order from headquarters. We were commanded to occupy the territory stretching from Kinchau to the foot of the Nanshan, up along the highway that led from the Kinchau Castle to the south-east corner of the Nanshan. At two o'clock in the morning of the historic twenty-sixth of May we began our march. The night was black—so dense that the lightning flashes seemed to cut it in blocks. The thunder-storm which smothered everything that night was of rare ferocity. We made our way along the highway, which went straggling along the edges of deep chasms. The highway was nothing more or less than a torrent of mud.

"Do you know," said a friend of mine with whom I was straggling, "they call this the best road about this country? I wonder what would be the worst road. In China, Chinese geography is rich in imagination if it could conceive of anything worse than this." I agreed with him heartily.

We thought that our artillery had passed ahead of us; but it became evident pretty soon that a portion of the artillery was straggling at our heels. The horses were upon our men. We learned later on that some of the horses hitched to one of the guns tumbled over the edge of the road into the chasm. The men had to cut him off from the harness.

With the lifting of the fog I saw the Nanshan. The dawn of the twenty-sixth day of May was certainly tearful—mem-

ories of the furious thunder-storm of the night before were still drizzling with the fine, foglike rain. That was the reason why our artillery could not open against the hostile positions on the Nanshan at half-past four, as was planned.

Nature, who has won the undisputed reputation of being the greatest artist seems to be also the greatest of strategists. The sight of the Nanshan, towering above the neck of land like a lofty point of a necklace, was superb, both as an object of art and as a fortress. Standing there in the early light, bristling with all the ornaments in the shape of semi-permanent forts with which the Russian engineers crowned her, the very sight of it conquered your imagination; you would have said to yourself that it was impossible for mortal power to storm it. And the tactician will tell you that the best way to win a victory is to begin a battle by winning a bloodless victory over the imagination of the enemy. There was something which was infinitely more wonderful than the infantry charge up the slope on the historic twenty-sixth —it was the daring of General Oku's brain which conceived the possibility of taking this stronghold at all. The artillery duel opened the battle of the day. What was the battle like? Describe the artillery duel? It is necessary for you to be on the battlefield to get the least notion of these things; they are far beyond the cunning of human words. Some poets have described the shells and shots that searched us on that day as a shower of lead. The expression only serves to bring a smile to the men who went through it. It only serves to emphasize the limitation of the human tongue; that is all. People seem to agree that the battle of the Nanshan was rather a severe fight, and the piles of the dead over which we had to climb in order to get at the hostile trenches, and the blood-stained mud through which we had to wade to make our headway, seemed to convince us somewhat of this fact. There are many curious things in connection with the battle. When the enemy's fire was at its savage height, I found that a man not far from me had received as many as a dozen bullets, and up to that time I had not received a scratch, and this man stood within a few yards of me. Moreover, later on, I found out that the men who were far in the rear, many hundred meters from the first line of advance, suffered as severely as the men who were on the very front of the assault. It is past all understanding how it could come to pass that the men who were within two hundred meters from the enemy's trenches, whose rifle-holes were staring him in the face, should receive a less number of bullets than the men who were one thousand meters away from the enemy's guns; this is something that the gods might be able to explain.

All day the battle raged; every minute that came carried away with it the lives of many hundreds of our men. Every hour of the day saw the Nanshan more bloody than ever.

It was about five o'clock in the evening. The following order came to the reserve companies number three and four. "Dash along the highway, carry the hostile positions, destroy or capture the machine guns of the enemy who are commanding the road. At the same time, flank the enemy's right and enfilade his trenches." The companies number one and two received the command to cover this dash with as savage a fire as they could maintain. Now, those Russian machine guns discharge six hundred shots per minute. Their gun positions were well protected from shots and shells, and these guns were chiefly responsible for the enormous casualities we suffered on this attack. Most certainly our enemy could wish nothing better than to see our men crowd themselves up to the muzzles of their quick firers along this highway; all that they had to do was to discharge the charges and the rest was done. If ever man ran in the face of Providence, his course lay along the highway which led from Kinchau to the foot of the Nanshan. Nevertheless, we took that road— What would you have? There was not another ingress or another inch of ground through which we could march against the hostile position. Along the foot of the hill, up and down the slope, it was covered with mines, barbed-wire fences and obstructions of all kinds; in short you know that this highway was the point of least resistance. You can fancy at once what a formidable position the Russians held on the Nanshan. The trenches of the Russians which were shelving the hill-slope were well manned. But they were out of our view. A few steps forward that we took toward the hill called forth from

these trenches such storm of shots as would have staggered the imagination of the Olympian gods. To the men who marched along the highway the very idea of life or death became rather ridiculous to think of. Nobody, certainly with whom I marched on that historic day, thought of so trifling a matter.

All of a sudden the buglers of the third company broke the silence with the command to dash forward. It was the enemy who was surprised—surprised, doubtless, at the unheard of daring and recklessness of our men. Company number four leaped over the wounded and the dead left by company number three which led the charge. Heading the men of number four came company number two. Pretty soon the road was choked with corpses; those of us whose wounds were not serious enough to stop us had to leap or climb over the dead bodies of our comrades. I rushed by a fellow who was down; his left leg was shot away. He was bleeding copiously. Through the din of rifle fire and machine guns which gave us a mantle of smoke and dust, I shouted to him: "To the rear, to the Field Hospital, and be quick about it." The fellow looked at me, and upon his face was a marked sign of surprise. His lips quivered in a half smile. The expression of his face was at once an interrogation point and a mild rebuke. Then he began to wiggle himself forward through the bodies of his fallen comrades. I repeated my order, which, seeing that he could not walk very well with one leg was a rather foolish one—I was somewhat exasperated at the evident indifference on his part to the order of his superior officer. He raised his face in my direction with the same old half smile, and said to me: "Lieutenant, I have lost one of my legs, but don't you see I have two hands? They ought to be enough to strike at the Russian."

Through this carnage, the magnificent standard of our country waved on, always forward, and indifferent to the thousand and one shots that went through it. Pretty soon the standard bearer fell; his comrade bore it onward. Just then the regimental chief, who was on the front rank with the men, was shot down. Next in command took his place. Second Lieutenant Kishi was bearing the standard then. The Lieutenant had been wounded in the engagement at Kinchau that morning. Pretty soon I saw him fall with the standard and Second Lieutenant Ezawa took it up. Within half a minute, Lieutenant Ezawa, however, received a bullet through the cheek, and at the same time a number of shots pierced both of his arms and legs. I saw him hand over the standard to Second Lieutenant Furuda, who was rushing ahead along with him on his right hand side. Lieutenant Furuda did not hold the standard long, for in a minute I saw him hand it over to Second Lieutenant Kato. I did not understand then why it was that Lieutenant Furuda handed over to his friend the supreme honor of bearing the standard. Very soon I saw Lieutenant Furuda rise out from a shallow ditch which was giving some protection to our men; I saw him rush to the assistance of our regimental chief; I saw also the regimental chief refuse the assistance, and with his hands wave away the Second Lieutenant from him and forward, toward the enemy. A private and myself went to the assistance of Lieutenant Furuda. Between us three we managed to drag the wounded body of our regimental chief into the shelter of the ditch. This ditch must have been dug by the torrents of water following the last downpour, and perhaps by the same current which exposed the electric conductor of the Russian mines, and the discovery of which, as you know, saved many hundreds of our men from instant annihilation. However, our regimental chief was severely wounded on his brow. We took to digging a cave on the side of this ditch. Because we had nothing else to dig it with, we took out our swords and worked away until we had broken them to pieces. At last we succeeded in making a cave of about three meters in length and one meter in depth. It was large enough to shelter the wounded chief from the shells of the enemy. Meanwhile, Lieutenant Furuda tore off a piece of his garment and dressed the many wounds of his superior officer. By the time we finished the digging, there was not one man in the entire company who survived without a wound. I saw a number of wounded men who could no longer walk on their legs but still were wiggling themselves on all fours through the piles of dead bodies of their comrades, always

headed for the cannon of the Russians ahead.

The digging took nearly two hours; at the end of the time, and all of a sudden, we saw from where we were, in the fading light of the falling day on a curve of the Nanshan crest, facing the Kinchau Bay, a sight which made our blood bound in our veins—it was the battle-flag of Nippon flapping away over where the Russian trenches were. That was the signal for a general rush forward to storm the heights. There were only a few of us in our company who could answer the general order to rush forward—certainly not more than a dozen as I remember, and everyone of us was wounded somewhere. A minute ago, all about us were suppressed groans of men who were desperately wounded. These seemed to come from beneath the heaps of the dead bodies of our comrades. Instantly, as we saw our flag planted on the crest of the Nanshan, the shout of the "Banzai" rolled over the field. The wounded and the dying took up the cry. Those who were fortunate enough to enjoy the distinction of reaching the hill-top of the Nanshan on that day, rushed through a rather weird scene, for the shouts of the "Banzai" coming from the dying men over whom we had to pick our way, sounded like the voices from the world of the dead, bidding us to carry the standard of our country to victory. As I reached the crest of the hill, I came upon a fellow who was already there ahead of us, and he was waving a flag which was about two feet square. It was all bloody. He was standing over the prostrate body of a Russian who was not yet dead. "This flag, sir," he explained humbly to me, "was given me by villagers of mine. I promised them I would plant it in the enemy's trenches sometime. You see, sir, it is bloody. This Russian," pointing to the stalwart fellow at his feet, "was the last fellow who resisted me. I killed him with my sword, or, at least, I have pretty nearly finished him. I have wiped my sword on this flag. I am going to take this flag back, if I am allowed, to the men of my village, as a memento of the first fight I have been in."

When we gained the crest of the Nanshan, the enemy was in full retreat in front of us. It was nearly 7.30 p. m.

The battle was over. The night had rung down the curtain over the blood and carnage of the Nanshan. On my way to the rear I came suddenly upon a couple of soldiers with a lantern. They were about to take the body of one of our officers from the hostile trench. The uncertain light of the lantern fell upon the pallid face of the lifeless officer covered with blood. I brushed aside the soldiers and knelt down beside him; in the dead officer I recognized one of my old friends. Thrusting my arm under his head, I took him in my arms. Tied around his brow was a piece of cloth, a towel, perhaps a handkerchief. It was stained with blood from the fountain that a Russian bullet had opened at his temple. I called to him; the dead weight n my arms and the dead silence that answered my appeals, told the tale of the heroic passage of life into the realm of death and into glory. I untied the piece of cloth around his head. In the light of the lantern, which the soldier held always beside me, I saw the round sun of our Imperial standard. It was not a towel, then, not a handkerchief. Beside the sun of our national flag, in spite of blood-stains, I saw something on this flag that made me frown. I made out two lines of writing upon it, evidently a classic couplet. The rusty red of the letters told me that it was written in blood. In spite of the blood-stains, I managed to make out the following couplet:—

"Forever shall we guard the august standard
of our sovereign Prince,
Even though these, our lives of earth, should
vanish with the dews of the morrow!"

YSAYE

The Greatest Violinist of the Day

By William B. Chase

YSAYE, whom the women call "Ee-zah-ee," accent ad libitum, and the men as often "Isaiah"—Ysaye, who shares with the King of the Belgians the honor of having had a paternal Government pay his bills in the art circles of Paris—Ysaye, who last saw New York in '98, is a musical visitor to the United States this season. He returns here in mid-November for his third American tour. The penny paragraphers will have their fertile jest about his Belgian hair. The voice of the ten thousand violin students will be heard in Seventh Avenue, and there will be weeping and bursting of gloves among the emotional footlight brigade. For are not Ysaye and Paderewski as the Castor and Pollux of the musical firmament, leading the violin and the piano players in mighty host advancing for a New York concert season?

It will be ten years almost to the day, since the eminent Belgian violinist first landed in this country,—young, comparatively slim and full of enthusiasm. The big stranger was a stouter and a wiser man when he came again three seasons later. Ysaye is said to stand six feet five and a half inches in his musical stocking feet, and though he is thinner this year, he still carries two hundred and seventy good pounds. He used to be devoted to cycling as an exercise. He enjoys the two recreations of the contemplative man, a pipe and a fishing line. He enjoys living.

Eugene Ysaye's home is in Brussels,—near the frowning Palais de Justice. There he lives with his father, still an active man, and his wife, a Belgian army officer's daughter and a beautiful woman, whom he married in 1886. The little Ysayes have never been billed as accessories of publicity in America. Ysaye is decidedly a hard worker. He played in two hundred and twelve concerts in Europe last year alone. He conducted for the London Philharmonic. Earlier he played for the Berlin Philharmonic under Nikisch, a Bach concerto, and fifteen recalls told whether or not "the Belgians can play the classics" at last. He also organized, managed and conducted his own orchestra in Brussels without a guarantee, and paid all expenses the first season.

But who has told of the artist's original home-coming from the golden America? At the debut in November, 1894, appeared a mature artist and a poor man. The very singing instrument that seemed absorbed into his giant frame was a borrowed one, a Joseph Guarnerius violin that his sister-in-law had owned. But he went home the rich man of the tribe. When the magic of exchange had turned his fifty thousand dollars into a quarter of a million francs, was it any wonder that the musical Monte Cristo paid for that Cremona fiddle and played the home-loving prodigal with ten and fifteen thousand franc notes all around the family?

At Liége, six and forty years ago, Ysaye was born, of the Walloon or Gallic folk of eastern Belgium. His father, too, was a Belgian. The family name even thereabouts is unusual, however, and possibly hundreds of years ago in far eastern Europe it may have been "Isaiah," as Ysaye is once said to have remarked in his somber, joking way. In a Conservatory town and with his father's training the lad played in public at seven years old, and not again till he was fourteen.

Ysaye was ready in 1873 to make his way to Brussels, and knock at the door of Wieniawski. At fifteen years old, he played a Vieuxtemps concerto and was accepted. Three years later, Vieuxtemps himself heard the youth in Antwerp and interceded

Ysaye with his wife and his father at home in Brussels.

for the State scholarship that sent him to Massart, Wieniawski's teacher in Paris. He "finished" in 1881. Ten years of hard concert touring tested the mettle of the man. Men said in Europe that the mantle of Vieuxtemps had descended upon him.

The face of the man is impressive in spite of a double chin that will not be denied. The eyes are the key. Soft and tender as a woman's, they are thought to bespeak the poetic gift, the feeling, the temperament. The personality behind them has been likened to that of Rubinstein or Paderewski, the tenderness of its expression in music even to Sarasate's. It must not be forgotten that the manliness and sincerity of the player have caused him to be hailed as successor also to Joachim, whom he himself at Berlin the other day saluted as the "Father" among the violinists of his time. Ysaye has not to all ears the breadth of tone of Joachim in his prime, or of Wieniawski. But to undisputed virility he adds exquisite delicacy of detail and mastery of phrasing.

It is true that Ysaye was at his full power when at six-and-thirty he made his American début. He had earned many official decorations as leader of the Belgian school of violinists. He had a repertory of ninety-one pieces, among which there were fourteen concertos, seventeen sonatas, and no fewer than eleven compositions of his own.

"I have composed a great deal," he said, "but very few good ones; but I am happy to say I have not the habit of playing my own pieces."

Ysaye's greatness is his appeal, not to technicians alone, but to the heart of the plain man who hears him. Let hysterical adulation do its worst, its victim is counted the living colossus of the violin.

IF A PROHIBITIONIST WERE PRESIDENT

By Dr. Silas C. Swallow
Presidential Candidate of the Prohibition Party

This frank expression of Dr. Swallow's ideas is published as a matter of general interest and without criticism or endorsement by the Editors.

YOU have kindly asked me to make a brief statement of the practical effects to the Government of this country which would follow the success of the prohibition ticket at the polls. I herewith present some of them in the belief that there are others not so apparent at this time.

I assume that by "Government" you mean people, since in a republic "they twain are one."

Prohibition, triumphant at the polls everywhere, would insure prohibition legislation; friendly decisions by the courts; an execution of the laws by which prohibition would actually prohibit, where now old party officials, mortgaged as they are to the rum vote, wink at violations of prohibition law. They thus follow the example of the general government which overrides State prohibition laws under the Interstate Commerce Act, and allows liquors to be sold in prohibition and local option States. It also encourages lawlessness in these States by selling to any who may apply a twenty-five-dollar government license.

Prohibition would dissolve the profit sharing, disgraceful copartnership now existing between the government and a traffic that Mr. Gladstone declared "produces more human misery than war, pestilence and famine combined." It would turn to useful purposes a large proportion of fourteen hundred millions of dollars now worse than wasted, largely by our laboring classes. Wasted, because used in the purchase of a poison, which, as a beverage, never benefited permanently one individual, while it has ruined morally, intellectual'y, socially and financially millions of our people. It would prolong the lives and render more useful a large proportion of the one hundred thousand of our people now poisoned to death every year.

Prohibition would remove from the arena of political manipulation the most corrupt and corrupting influence in American politics. A corruption, let it be remembered, that is a growing menace to this theocratic democracy, founded, as Washington said, not merely on material prosperity, too often the fruitage of an unhealthy greed for gold, but on the "intellectual and moral worth of all our people."

It would go far toward eliminating the conflict between labor and capital, since the fourteen hundred millions now spent for liquid poison and an estimated equal amount spent in caring for the product of the liquor traffic, would be used to purchase the necessaries of life. This would increase largely the output of the farm and factory, and thus increase the demand for farm and factory labor. It would stimulate railroad building as a means for transporting the increased product. The increased demand for labor would bring a corresponding increase in wages that would help to render strikes and lockouts obsolete relics of a former barbarism. Over-consumption of beer and whiskey, and a corresponding under-consumption of food, raiment and building material, and of the facilities for intellectual and moral culture, now lie at the foundation of the asperities existing between capital and labor, and not "over-production of the necessaries of life," as some contend. It is the fear of many publicists that these asperities, if unallayed, will within a decade culminate in

a widespread, sanguinary conflict that will endanger the stability of our government.

Prohibition would save the people, the difference between one dollar revenue now received for the permits called license, sold to two hundred and fifty thousand liquor dealers, and the sixteen dollars which we must pay out to take care of the results of the traffic.

It is true that prohibition would temporarily throw out of employment the two hundred and fifty thousand liquor sellers, and on Election Day leave unquenched the artificial, unnatural and unnecessary thirst of two and a half millions of venal voters whose votes, it is claimed, the liquor sellers control, making an average of ten votes to each dealer. But liquor sellers would quickly find more favorable and more remunerative employment in the manufacturing and selling of commodities that help without hurting their fellow men.

Since the manufacture of some brands of the poisoned beverage requires but two dollars' worth of labor for one hundred dollars' worth of the finished product, while in the manufacture of shoes, clothes, furniture, textile goods and the like, from twelve dollars to twenty-four dollars' worth of labor is required for one hundred dollars' worth of the finished product, it follows that the manufacture of intoxicants is, for this additional reason, labor's worst enemy.

It may be asked, if prohibition fails, what will become of the vacant stills, breweries and saloons. Ask the former owners of four millions of slaves what became of their chattels held in disregard of the divine injunction, that "God has made of one blood, all nations," and in violation of the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal." In the crime of slavery, we of the North were equally guilty with our brethren of the South. We held our slaves till the holding became unprofitable, and then demanded their manumission in the South when apparently most profitable. We were unreasonably indignant at the crime of our neighbor, and are now irrationally tolerant of a greater crime of our own. It is true that in this crime they of the South have a small share, but we of the North are as much more culpable than they, as are our forty years of national control in all government departments greater than their eight years in one department. Government did not pay for the slaves. Should it now compel the South, which has more largely than the North closed out the liquor business, to help in the advance of national prohibition, to pay for idle stills and dormant breweries and dead saloons, and hence we have said, "Ask the former slave owner." But ask, too, the highway robber, and the midnight burglar caught in the very act, what became of their jimmies, pistols, bludgeons and daggers. Let the stills be still, or, if they speak, let it be in the language of God and of men, and not the dialect of demons and devils. Let the breweries meet the increased demand, sure to come, for clothes, food and furnishings, by turning themselves into factories. Let them cease to brew family discord, divorce suits, criminal court trials and plethoric jails, prisons, penitentiaries, insane hospitals and alms-houses, and make instead plans for producing locomotives to run on new railroads, prepared cereals and fruits to fill the stomachs long empty or filled largely with their liquid poison. Let them produce clothes for the naked and houses for the unsheltered but submerged tenth of our population which is increasing the product of their lawless business. We respectfully submit that saloons could be turned into Bishop Potter reading-rooms, minus the poison, but plus books, art and innocent games. Doxologies, benedictions and "Te Deum Laudamus" would then not be desecrated in using them to consecrate.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that no legislature can bargain away the public health or the public morals. The people themselves cannot do it, much less their servants. And again in substance the inherent right to sell intoxicating liquors as a beverage, does not exist. Government was instituted for the protection of the people and cannot divest itself of the power to provide for them. Hence every foot of territory under the American flag is prohibition territory. The liquor traffic is an interloper, a pirate who should be accorded no mercy because it has shown no mercy. Having taken the sworded-ballot, let it perish by the ballot.

Prohibition would aid greatly in settling the much vexed "race question." The negro as a slave was prohibited the use of liquors and with implicit confidence in his trustworthiness when sober, his

master left wife, mother and sister in his tender care while he fought the Yankee in the great contest of State rights. Freedom gave the colored man access to liquor, and straightway he becomes a demon in committing the unspeakable crime, while the white outlaws who hunt, shoot and hang or burn the dusky sons of Ham, frequently without judge or jury, are also as a rule, the victims of the government stamped alcoholic drugs. The negro crazed by government whiskey, like the white man under like influence, is an uncertain but dangerous equation in the problem of our new and yet somewhat untried American civilization. Prohibition would be in harmony with the railroad corporations that prohibit eight hundred thousand out of twelve hundred thousand of their employees from tippling. In harmony with the civic societies that exclude liquor dealers from membership, with the life insurance companies that give lower rates to abstainers than to tipplers, with the schools in every State, teaching as they do that alcohol is not food, but poison. And in harmony with the churches, too, that say: "No political party has a right to expect nor should it receive the support of Christain men so long as it fails to put itself on record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon."

Mr. Lincoln once said: "A revelation could not make it plainer to me that slavery or the government must be destroyed." Substitute "the government protected liquor traffic" for the word "slavery" and it is equally true.

Mr. Lincoln said: "The government cannot continue half slave and half free." It is equally true that it cannot attain its highest prosperity half drunk and half sober.

Mr. Lincoln said: "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." We say the same of the government protected liquor traffic. The government itself is a criminal.

Mr. Lincoln said: "Let us have faith that might makes right, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty."

We say, let us have a faith that is shown by our works and the saloon must go.

THE FAYETTE COUNTY GAS WELLS

A Story of Peter Potter, Privateer

By Henry M. Hyde

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

THE elevator shot straight upwards for two hundred feet. It stopped at the seventeenth story to let off a little fat man, with a red face. He stopped short, breathing heavily and looked about suspiciously. Before him a white marble runway stretched down one side of the building. At the far end was a door marked, in small letters, with "Peter Potter—Real Estate." The rows of doors on either side the hall were all closed. The air of the place was lonely, remote and formidable. Six thousand people spent most of their working hours in the little steel cages and coops under the roof of that sky-scraper. Yet the solitary hunter, living in a log shack thirty miles from the nearest settler might be no more cut off from commerce and sympathy with his fellow men than the occupant of one of these offices.

Alone in the big inside room on the corner, Peter Potter stood close to one of the windows with face eastward, looking out over the black chaos of roofs to the lake. He was rocking back and forth from heels to toes, his hands in his trousers'

"Mistuh Pottah'll see yuh at two o'clock tomorruh."

pockets, his head sunk between his broad shoulders.

His old colored man brought in a card from the ante-room. It was an impressive piece of pasteboard :—

"JOHN G. TOMLINSON,
President,
THE CITIZENS' GAS COMPANY,
Metropolis, Kentucky."

Peter Potter took the card with a curious straightening out of his neck and a projecting forward of his beak-like profile.

"Two o'clock to-morrow afternoon," he said shortly. Then he laid the card on his desk, thrust his hands back into his pockets, and went on rocking endlessly back and forth.

"Mistuh Pottah'll see yuh at two o'clock tomorruh aftuhnoon, suh," the negro told the little fat man who was waiting in the outer office.

That wasn't treatment Tomlinson was used to and he didn't like it. After traveling up from Metropolis to Chicago to see Peter Potter he didn't enjoy being put off in this way. Little purple blotches came against the deep red of his face. He started to growl an angry objection, then thought better of it and stopped. Since the present fight began he had run up against a good many unusual things. And he knew his present situation was desperate. If he couldn't enlist Peter Potter on his side of the battle, it was almost hopeless. The stakes were too big to allow him to give much weight to personal pique and chagrin. And Tomlinson was, first of all, a shrewd business man.

"All right," he said and went out.

The first glance at his visitor's card had given Peter Potter a fairly clear idea of what was wanted. The Chicago papers had noticed the great fight between the Citizens' Gas Company, which had for twenty years absolutely controlled the Metropolis field, and a new company, which had secured a franchise, laid mains and pipes and promised largely to cut down the price of gas to consumers. That evening the business privateer read, in one of his carefully kept scrap books, the detailed story of the struggle so far as it had been printed. As a veteran in such campaigns between big corporations it was easy for him to read between the lines and supply what was missing. It was really a very interesting and complicated fight. The Citizens' Company was capitalized for twenty million dollars and the profits it had at stake were enormous. Peter Potter felt that an independent command in such a struggle might be well worth his while.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Tomlinson came back. His first glance around the bareness of Peter Potter's big office was not convincing. It did not seem pos-

sible that a man who worked with so few tools could be so formidable. But he remembered what Hooper had told him about Potter's queer ways and tried not to look surprised.

Peter Potter was leaning forward over his desk as Tomlinson came in. His chin rested on his right hand and a long forefinger lay alongside his arching nose.

"So Hoefeld sold you out, eh?" he said.

The gas president was startled. How did this man come by that bit of underground information? It was a sore point with him. But there was no use in denying it.

"Yes, the dirty dog, that's just what he did," Tomlinson declared. And then, as he thought of the alderman's perfidy and the memory of his own wrongs and losses grew strong again, he went on hotly.

"For five years that Dutchman was on our pay rolls, drawing his thousand a month. Why, I treated him like a brother, Potter. He was chairman of the committee on franchises and it was his business to bury everything that was calculated to make us any trouble. Eighteen months ago the Public Gas Company franchise was introduced in the council. It went to Hoefeld's committee and there it slept. We thought it was out of the way for good and all. And didn't we have a right to think so? Then one day, Hoefeld—the sneak—came down to our office and held us up for an extra thousand. That same evening he called up the Public Gas ordinance for passage, suspended the rules and rushed it through, with more than two-thirds of the council voting in its favor."

"It ought to be easy."

"Where were the rest of your fellows in the council?" asked Peter Potter.

"Hoefeld had bought 'em all up—the traitors. He'd corrupted every one of 'em—men we'd been paying our good money to for months and months. I tell you, Mr. Potter, politics in this country are just absolutely rotten."

"Why didn't you fix the mayor?"

"We did. And then Hoefeld jammed the ordinance through the council over the mayor's veto."

"Who's backing the Public Gas Company?"

"Hoefeld's backing it," said the little gas president, beating the desk with his fist. "Hoefeld and his gang of crooked aldermen! They're backing it with our money, too! With the very cash we paid them out of our earnings!"

Tomlinson was almost overcome with indignation.

"Think of it, Potter," he said appealingly. "Here's a man we've paid more than fifty thousand dollars in the last five years. I always thought he was a good, straight, square, honest fellow. Even after he got his ordinance passed I offered to buy it from him at a good, stiff price. He laughed at me and insulted me; shook his fist in my face and said I was just as big a grafter as he was. Wanted to call in a lot of reporters and have me tell 'em how much we'd paid him since he entered the council. Said he'd admit it, too. Now what can a business man do with a chap of that kind? I tell you politics in this country is a d—d dirty mess!"

"It's very shocking, indeed," said Peter Potter.

"He wouldn't sell out—wouldn't listen to reason at all," went on Tomlinson.

"Went right ahead and laid mains and service pipes all over town. Laid 'em with our money, Potter! Then he fixed up a deal with the Fayette County Natural Gas Company and had an ordinance passed fixing the maximum price of fuel gas at fifty cents a thousand feet. Now what do you think of that?"

"Very sad," said Peter Potter.

"And now he announces publicly that the gas will be turned into his mains on May first. That's only two weeks off. We've tried every trick in the bag without finding anything to block them."

"If you've a mind to bring ten thousand dollars in cash over here by five o'clock this afternoon," said Peter Potter, "I'll look into the case. It interests me."

Tomlinson went back to the office of his friend Hooper on La Salle street. He was not in a good humor.

"Your man seemed to know most of the story beforehand," he said. "He pumped the rest of it out of me and then ordered me to go and get him ten thousand dollars in cash before five o'clock."

Hooper laughed. "I told you he was a very independent, young, eagle bird," he said. "The only advantage is that if Peter once starts out in a fight he'll come back to his perch sooner or later with what's left of the other fellow hanging from his talons. By the way, you've got to hurry if you're going to get that money there in time."

Tomlinson went back to Peter Potter's office with a roll of bills.

"The money loss in this fight is large enough and threatens to be larger, Mr. Potter," he said, "but there's a question of business honor involved besides."

"Yes, business honor," repeated Peter Potter. Tomlinson looked at him with a half suspicious, half perplexed look in his little, round eyes.

"I suppose, Mr. Potter," he went on, "you'll guarantee success in this thing?"

"I'll guarantee nothing," Peter answered. "Come back next Thursday at four o'clock in the afternoon and I'll give you my report. Good day, sir."

That evening, at his bachelor quarters on the North side, Peter Potter tried a series of experiments in the little laboratory back of his library. He was chiefly occupied with a long, rubber tube, attached to a gas jet, a couple of alcohol lamps and a pressure gauge. With the aid of a textbook on physics, he also made some mathematical calculations.

"So long as they're depending entirely on the supply from Fayette County, it ought to be easy," he said to himself. "The trouble will be to find the man."

The next evening Peter Potter took a train which carried him down into the natural gas country. The main gas reservoirs, where the gas was collected from all the wells and stored under pressure, before being pumped into the pipes which carried it to the city, were located at Fayette, the county seat of Fayette County. Peter Potter got off the Pullman there in the gray of the early morning and went across the street to the little hotel.

"I don't suppose there's a bit of use trying to sell you Fayette people any coal, is there?" he asked casually, stopping at the desk after breakfast to chat with the landlord.

The old man grinned. "I don't know, stranger," he said. "It don't look natural there ought to be any market for coal here. Gosh knows we ought to have gas a-plenty. But the Fayette Natural Gas Company has been buying up all the wells. No telling how high they'll boost the price."

"Got all the wells, have they?"

"Every blamed one in the belt, so far 's I know. They closed up with Henry Larsen last week. They's two big wells on his farm, and he was the last one of the boys to hold out against 'em. Now they've got 'em all gobbled."

"How far out does Larsen live?"

"Oh, he's located right here in Fayette. He's a-making shoe polish down the pipe line here half a mile."

In the lane behind the hotel and on the surface of the ground ran the huge pipe which carried the gas from the pumping station on across country to Metropolis, nearly two hundred miles away. Peter Potter went out and started to follow the pipe line. On either side a high board fence protected it from interference. Presently he came to a little frame building, built alongside the line and surrounded by a high board stockade. The pipe ran into this stockade on one side and out on the

other. In front there was a big gate, and over it a sign reading,

H. LARSEN

Sunlight Shoe and Stove Polish

Through the open door Peter saw two men at work. He stepped in.

"Is Mr. Larsen here?" he asked. One of the men stepped forward.

"What's your spot cash price on shoe and stove polish?" asked Peter Potter.

The price was named.

"You've got to stop using so much. That's all."

"I wish you'd put me up a gross each of them as a trial order," said Peter Potter laying down the money. "I see you are using natural gas for fuel. It's cheap down here, I suppose."

"Pretty cheap," said Larsen. "I'm paying ten cents a thousand feet."

"This Fayette County Company that's been buying up all the wells 'll be boosting the price on you pretty soon, won't they?" asked Peter Potter with a smile.

"Not on this boy," answered Larsen. "You see, I sold 'em their biggest wells, and I made 'em give me a contract to sell me all the gas I wanted at ten cents a thousand."

"They'll probably try to break it," said Peter Potter indifferently.

"I'd like to see them break it." Larsen answered hotly, his pride touched. "Look at it now and see how easy they'll break it."

He went to his safe and pulled out a piece of legal cap, over which Peter Potter cast a hurried but careful eye.

"The Public Gas Company, of the City of Metropolis, County of Metropolis and State of Kentucky, its heirs, assignees and successors, party of the first part, in consideration of the sale to it by Henry Larsen, party of the second part, of his farm on which are located its gas wells Nos. 20 and 25, does hereby bind itself, its successors and assignees, to furnish to said Henry Larsen, party of the second part, his heirs, assignees and successors, natural gas at the rate of ten cents per thousand feet to any amount which he may require, said gas to be burned on the premises, where is now located his shoe and stove polish factory."

The contract was signed by the president of the Public Gas Company, and by

Herman Hoefeld, its general manager.

"That reads like a good contract," said Peter Potter, "but you must remember there are a lot of tricky men in the gas business. Well, I must be going. You may send my stuff by express to Chicago. And you may hear from me later."

Three days later a young man from Chicago appeared at Fayette and purchased the shoe and stove polish factory of Henry Larsen, with all its assets, paying eight thousand dollars cash down and taking immediate possession.

On the next Thursday afternoon Tomlinson came up again from Metropolis and called at the office of Peter Potter at the appointed hour. He was extremely anxious, for the announced opening of the Public Gas Company was now only a few days off. He had neither seen anything of Peter Potter since his previous call, nor heard of his presence in Metropolis.

The privateer was standing at his office window, looking out at the distant lake and rocking away as usual, when the colored man ushered Tomlinson into the room.

"Tomlinson," said Peter abruptly, "are you prepared to spend fifty thousand dollars a month for half a year?"

"No, of course I'm not! What do you mean? Lord, Potter, that's a lot of money!" blurted the startled gas president.

"It might be for some people," said Peter Potter.

"But what are you going to do?" persisted Tomlinson.

"I'm surprised at you, Tomlinson," said the privateer. "I'm really surprised! But you don't expect me to tell you."

"But how can I be sure of anything?" pleaded the president.

"You can't, Tomlinson, you can't. That's the great trouble with these semi-speculative enterprises. But if we go ahead I don't believe the Public Gas Company will turn on its gas on the day announced."

"Well," said the despairing and mystified Tomlinson, "go ahead then. We'll try it on, anyhow."

The day before the date announced for the turning of gas into the city mains of the Public Company, Hoefeld and his associates had arranged a private test to see that everything was in order. The test was an utter failure. There was no pressure in the mains. They worked the long distance telephone and had double pressure put on the pumps at their main reservoirs. Still something was the matter. The gas didn't come. Hoefeld hurried the announcement of a postponement into the newspapers.

"The delay will be only temporary," he said.

But two weeks hard work did not locate the cause of the failure. The main pipe line was carefully inspected for every foot of its distance and no leaks were found. Hoefeld, himself, went down into Fayette county and personally directed the search. He could get no trace.

Finally, one day, three weeks after the day originally appointed for the test, an employe of the Fayette County Gas Company, in the regular course of his work, called at the Larsen Sunlight Shoe and Stove Polish factory, to read the gas meters. He discovered that during the past few weeks millions upon millions of feet of gas had been used and gasped with astonishment.

Half an hour later Hoefeld came rushing into the Larsen factory, furious with anger:—

"What's the matter here?" he demanded. "You're using enough gas to run all h—ll! You've cut down our pressure so that we can't open up in the city. Is there a leak?"

"Not at all, sir," said the calm young man from Chicago. "I've recently bought out the factory you know and we're greatly increasing our capacity. Besides we're conducting some experiments just now that take a lot of heat. We're trying to make a new radium polish that'll do great things. If you'll present your bill I'll give you a check for the amount."

"Well, you've got to stop using so much, that's all," roared Hoefeld. "I'll take you into court if you don't."

"Go ahead," said the new proprietor, boldly, but he was, as a matter of fact, badly frightened. He wired to Peter Potter for instructions.

"That's easy," came back the answer. "Take your contract into court and get an injunction against their shutting off the supply. Act first."

The injunction was issued and next

month the consumption of gas in the Larsen Sunlight Polish factory went up many more millions of feet. Tomlinson groaned as he advanced the money to Peter Potter, but the mains of the Public Gas Company were still empty and there was nothing else to be done.

About the middle of the third month Hoefeld came around to see Tomlinson with a proposition. He would sell the plant and all the gas wells of the Public Gas Company and its ally, the Fayette County Natural Gas Company for half a million dollars.

Tomlinson issued and sold to the public at par an issue of bonds to the amount of an even million dollars. That supplied the funds for the payment to Hoefeld and more than reimbursed the Citizen's Company for its expenditures on Peter Potter's account.

Peter Potter sent in by mail a personal bill for one hundred thousand dollars. It came back with a letter of remonstrance and refusal from Tomlinson. When the privateer read this letter his jaws shut together with a sound like the click of the mandibles of a bird of prey.

"John G. Tomlinson, President The Citizens' Gas Company, Metropolis, Kentucky," he wired back. "Call at my office at three o'clock to-morrow."

Tomlinson came. He came after he had been warned by Fuller and other friends who knew Peter Potter that it would not be safe to stay away.

"Mr. Tomlinson," Peter Potter said, without preliminaries, "what I did to the Public Gas Company it would be just as easy for me to do to you, now that you have bought the property."

He produced the contract with the Larsen Sunlight Shoe and Stove Polish factory and asked the astonished and indignant Tomlinson to look it over.

"The title to that contract is now in me," Potter concluded. "If you want it, my bill must be paid at once. I called you up here to Chicago to say that I had made a mistake in the size of my bill. It is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars instead of an even hundred. You see—as you said—there is a point of business honor involved. And I believe in enforcing a point of honor — even among thieves."

THE PINNACLE

By Joseph Keating

WITH A DRAWING BY W. J. AYLWARD

THE horrid thought darted upon him suddenly, shot from some unknown quarter into his consciousness; he could feel it piercing its way through into his brain.

"I want to throw myself over!"

The words came out with a gasp. A fear gripped his heart with a sudden violent pain that took away his breath.

"I want to throw myself over!"

That thought almost paralyzed him. His legs gave way; he fell upon his knees; then clutched at the bare boards that formed the staging; and he fell sprawling at full length, shivering and crying, for he had lost his nerve in a perilous place—at the top of a red brick chimney, three hundred feet high in the air.

The features of this steeplejack, besides showing the ashen hue of his fear, showed also the peculiar, puffy marks that follow a debauch. And by those marks you could read the secret of his sudden, unexpected breakdown. Never before had this unfortunate Lewis lost his nerve; never before did he repent of a spree. But now Lewis saw himself in a plight from which the only escape lay through the dark gates.

"I am going to throw myself over," he gasped again.

And his rough clothes—the ill-fitting waistcoat, the mortar-smeared trousers, fastened at the waist with a leather belt, —shook with the quivering of his paralyzed body. Behind was the mouth of the chimney, which rose in the air twice as high as the nearest church steeple. Below him the colliery works and furnaces, which needed the chimney, looked as small as toy pieces. They looked no bigger than the bricks and the little heap of mortar which, with a trowel stuck in it, handle upwards, lay beside him on the staging where he sprawled.

All the while his quivering lips repeated: "I want to throw myself over."

The instinctive action—falling flat—went in the right direction for self-preservation. A little moment's pause might easily give him back his self control. But unfortunately he had fallen too near the edge of the little scaffold; his downward turned face looked over into space, and his eyes kept the terror alive because they looked down upon the thing that had sent this great fear into his heart.

"I shall fall, and all my bones will be smashed!" he groaned.

The tall chimney swayed in the wind, and terrified him more than ever. He shrieked, and, in trying to hold himself from rolling over, tore the skin from the tops of his fingers. The swing of the chimney increased. Even in the mildest breeze it would sway gently. To-day the thing swung to and fro appallingly.

Between him and the earth there gaped always that space of three hundred feet—careful architectural measurement; and only a few boards fastened together with ropes held him up. No protecting rail ran around the little platform; the edge of the boards—it seemed cruel now—cut into space, sheer space, above and below him.

He felt and feared the white heat of the sun; he felt as if he were up against the burning disc; yet when the big clouds, gray and damp, moving slowly westward, broke over him, they left him wet and shivering.

Around and below him the scene, which formerly had no interest for him now fascinated him, while it increased his terror. He felt awed—cowed by its vastness. The mountains around him, the glistening river down at the bottom of the valley, so far, far below him that the water, merely a thin, twisting, shining mark, looked for all the world like a split between the great, green hills, so that you could get a peep through the gleaming crack into the soul of the earth, which is the Lord's. It terrified.

The fascination of the danger drew him to it. He dug his fingers into the cracks between the boards and dragged his body further over the edge of the platform.

The people below in the streets looked like crawling beetles. They knew nothing of his plight. The men went about their work at the pit head, on the railway, in the work yards, unconscious of the beginning of a tragedy above them.

"How far down, O Lord?" he moaned.

The effort to measure the space dazed him, and his brain gave way at the thought, like that of a man trying to grasp infinity.

In that moment the feeble grip he held upon himself slackened, fell from him, and he lurched outward, to take the leap that fascinated him.

His clothes, dragged over the rough boards, caught in some splinters and pieces of the garment became torn away. The breeze caught the tiny rags and blew them into the air. They fluttered slowly downwards, twisted and turning in the wind, until they reached the roof of some workshop near the pit beneath.

Lewis, unconscious of the cause of his unsuccessful action, watched the bits of cloth as they dropped from sky to earth. His arms dangled over the edge of the stage, and as this swayed to and fro with the motion of the chimney, his body rolled slightly from side to side, each movement dangerous enough to force him beyond all hope.

The strange pause gave him a moment for getting control of himself again.

"Oh, my God!" said he, whimpering, "what am I doing?"

With a grasp of terror he drew his body back from the edge of the boards. It seemed easy. Some power behind seemed to help him. Then he found that a burning sensation tortured one of his feet. And he discovered the mysterious thing that had saved him. His right foot had dropped over the mouth of the chimney and had hooked itself into the brickwork of the inside rim. This had checked him.

His whole body quivered at the thought of the past moment.

"Perhaps if I can turn my back," thought he.

He crouched upon his hands and knees, holding fearfully to the staging, and turned his face inwards to shut out the overpowering vision of space.

"But how can I do that?" he groaned.

For all around him the same desolate vision appalled his sight. He closed his eyes. They would not remain closed. They opened in spite of him, to look, fascinated at the danger which lured him on to destroy himself.

"My nerve is gone—my nerve is gone!" he moaned, crying like a child.

The wind grew colder and stronger; the swaying of the chimney and the scaffold became more violent. He swung to and fro upon the pinnacle with the feeling of a man hanging by his fingers over a precipice.

And to make his misery more unbearable, darkness began to reach him as night went gently down from heaven to earth.

"God Almighty, save me!" he moaned.

The change of position gave him back a little self-control.

"I must try to get at the ladder," thought he.

He would try to reach the ladders—the numberless little ladders, each only a few feet long, which reached from the solid earth up the side of the chimney to this perilous height.

Slowly he drew himself up on his knees. He ventured to go a little further, he tried to raise his body. But as he lifted his hands from the boards the fear of falling struck him overpoweringly. In his fright he dropped back, and clung pathetically to the boards.

"I dare not stand up—I dare not stand up!" said he.

After a pause he took courage and began to crawl around to the north side. Here the staging ended, and the topmost ladder showed its head, with two or three rungs above the top of the stack.

Lewis' eyes looked over. With the look came a violent desire to lurch forward, and all the old weakness came back again.

He saw the ladders, the end of each one lapping upon its lower mate and tied with ropes. He saw them go down, down the awful distance. He counted them, and the thought of venturing upon them had more terror for him than the horror of remaining. His morbid condition made new dangers for him. He thought of the storms of the past few days, which had kept him and his mate from their work. He knew the effect of rain upon lashings.

"Perhaps the ropes are loose—perhaps the hooks are coming out of the brickwork," he groaned.

And trembling and terrified he crouched himself up and turned his back upon the way of escape. The wind that kept the thing swaying so horribly chilled his body. Yet he felt a strange burning in his head; the cause of this he discovered when the thoughts now pressing upon him found escape. He blamed himself for coming up that day. The brickwork at the south side at the top had needed repair. The first intimation of this had come to the owners of the works through the medium of death. A brick had suddenly fallen and killed a workman whose fate had called him to execution at that moment. The south side—the sunny side—of all these erections always gives way first. The sun dries the mortar too much. Then the services of the steeplejacks came into requisition. But the storms had kept Lewis and his mate, Herbert, idle all the week.

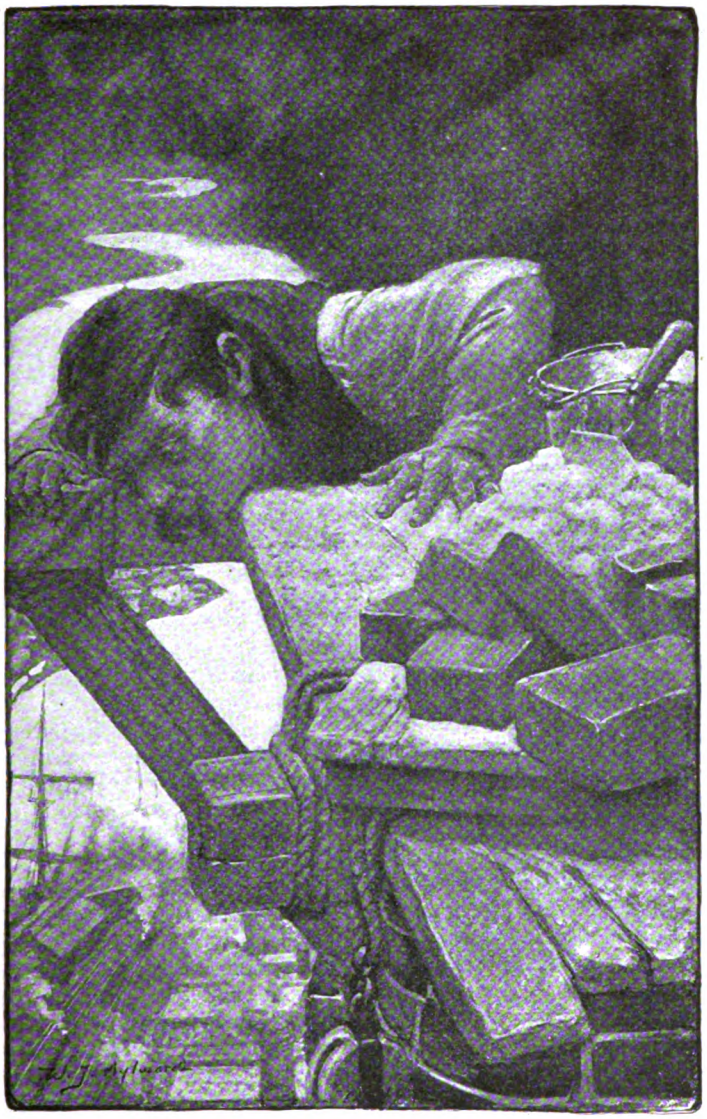
"That's the fate of a steeplejack," he thought.

He meant that the work could only proceed at certain times under favorable conditions. And the idle intervals—well, where can a man pass the time except in a saloon? His mate, Herbert, had refused to start the work that morning.

"I'm too bad after the drinks," said he, growling. But at midday, Lewis, in whom conscientiousness still existed, in spite of the undermining of alcohol, dragged Herbert to the work, under promise that after sending up the bricks and mortar by pulley, Lewis would let him go back to the cheerful bar of the saloon just outside the work-yard gates, where they sold good beer, with a body in it, and often gave, not merely half a pint of froth, but over-measure to regular customers.

Lewis thought of his mate standing at the bar with the beer swilling around him. and the thought filled him now with a disgust—a sudden, violent hatred.

Then with the passing of this thought back came the horrible consciousness of his plight. His eyes reached over the circular mouth of the great chimney and he looked down into its abyss. Far down in



The fascination of the danger drew him to it.

the interior of the dark, narrow column he caught the faint glow of fire upon its sides. But the effect upon Lewis took a material form. He saw smoke coming up out of the chimney, knew that the colliery people had reopened and put the furnaces in full work below. He felt the heat scorching the skin on his face and hands and felt the very hair of his head singeing. Only too well he knew that sometimes the heat of those chimneys at the top actually set fire to the wood of the ladders and staging.

"It will burn the ropes that hold the boards together," he thought with horror.

It forced him to turn away; it forced him to turn his face to the great void which had struck the first terror into his heart. The smoke rolled upwards out of the mouth of the chimney, and the red flames that mingled with the black clouds enclosed him in a lurid circle. It showed him the edge of the platform and—the beyond. He could not endure it. The impulse to go forward came back with its overmastering force. In an agony his eyes rolled around him, looking for a saving thing.

He saw the lightning conductor at the other side of the chimney. A delirious cry of joy came from him. But he could not reach it from where he lay. The staging did not go completely round the chimney. The ladders came up the opening, and the lightning conductor came up the other side of the ladders. To reach it he must go back, around to the opposite side.

He crawled backwards successfully. Then he turned towards the place, crouching till his right hand came within reach of the rod; he clutched at the wire like a damned soul clutching at a bar of Heaven's gates. So fiercely he clung to it that he misused the intention. The wire bent towards him. Still he pulled at it to save himself. Until, suddenly, he found he was *pulling himself over*. Already his head and shoulders hung over the edge of the platform. Still he pulled, utterly unable to resist the demoniac impulse within him. A few inches more would decide the balance, and over into the dark void he must go. He felt like a victim of inhuman pirates walking the plank. Surely the balance went out to the side where death stood calmly waiting—death waiting with its eternal calm—and he found himsef over-toppling into its skeleton arms. Then a violent blow struck him back. He became conscious of a form upon the ladder—a human form, but which, to him, in his present condition, seemed supernatural. Following this, he became aware of a hoarse, drunken voice, using the most astounding language he had ever heard. This went on until at last he recognized a familiar element, and found that the supernatural, blasphemous being who had so suddenly appeared on the ladder in the capacity of saviour represented his mate, Herbert, more than usually intemperate, both in language and person. The drunken man with a final, good-humored, picturesque volley, stepped from the ladder to the staging and stood beside Lewis. The red flames coming out of the chimney mouth gave his person a satanic coloring.

"What the devil are you up to?" he demanded, swaying professionally in harmony with the swaying of the chimney. His inebriate condition rather improved than interfered with his performance.

Lewis lay on the boards, at his feet, too terrified to speak.

"I've been waitin' for you at the 'O'Hara's,'" went on Herbert, reproachfully, "an' you never came. I went down to the lodge" (their hotel, by the way), "to see if you was there. An' I couldn't find you. So I came up here—an' here y'are," he concluded, with triumph in his foghorn voice.

Still Lewis failed to respond.

"What's the matter with you, eh?"

He turned back to the ladder, and began to descend. Then as Lewis saw him begin to disappear, his whole heart and soul burst out in the cry:—

"Take me down—for God's sake take me down!"

The drunken man laughed uproariously, and the ladder on which he stood creaked with the strain he put upon the ropes that bound it to the chimney.

"Feeling sick, my chicken?" he asked. "Come, then, to his mother's arms."

His recklessness frightened Lewis. But the drunken man seemed as much at home and as safe from accident as if a guardian angel watched and guided every lurch of his unsteady body.

"Come on, Lewis," said he.

And Lewis clung to him utterly helpless—utterly incapable of self-control. But in a second he found himself stronger. The mere touch of this poor human being put a new life into him. Indeed, the touch of a human body meant everything to him. It enabled him to reach the ladder; it brushed aside his fears that the ladders might not hold; it gave him strength to go down slowly, his foot coming down upon each rung as the hand of his mate left it.

In five minutes they reached the *last* rung of the last ladder.

"Now," said Herbert, linking arms with his mate, "now let's go down to the corner and have one with me."

But Lewis had already formed definite ideas on the subject.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "I'll never look at a drink again."

Hakoiwa. *Uchimura.*

First movement of a throw by Uchimura, Hakoiwa attacking. By a simple twist Uchimura can break his opponent's arm.

JIU-JITSU, THE ART OF SELF DEFENSE

By Teiichi Yamagata

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS SPECIALLY POSED BY PROF. UCHIMURA AND HIS ASSISTANT, HAKOIWA

TAKE, as your model, a muscular, athletic type of Anglo-Saxon, weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and introduce him to his opponent, a Japanese of the same age, perhaps two inches more than five feet in height, and weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

At first sight of this giant and this pigmy, perhaps a derisive shout goes up from your Anglo-Saxon audience. The signal is given. The combat begins. Each is at liberty to choose his own style of attack or

Second movement. Uchimura easily holds his antagonist helpless while getting into position for the final throw.

defense. Immediately an astounding thing happens. The two gladiators have clinched. The Japanese has fallen backward, and the Anglo-Saxon has followed him. There is a start, a gasp, an incredible shout from the audience. The Saxon hero is already vanquished and helpless.

Both combatants are on their feet again. The Japanese is not even flushed. The Anglo-Saxon's face is a study.

Once more the signal. This time, the larger man grabs at his light opponent, apparently with the idea of throwing him across the arena, in much the same fashion that he is accustomed to "put the shot."

Alas for human calculations! The Saxon's extended right hand has been grasped by the little Asiatic, and by a series of moves too rapid to be followed, the big fellow has made an involuntary dive over the little fellow's left shoulder, and is lying prostrate and half dazed.

The scenes above sketched are not mere *braggadocio*, nor am I jesting. Such an encounter can be brought about at any time, whenever the Saxon champion is ready. But it must be remembered that no regard is to be paid to the rules, which, in western countries, generally govern bouts of boxing and wrestling.

Each contestant must be allowed to use the weapons and powers which nature has given him in any way that he chooses.

But how does the Japanese accomplish these wonderful results? We call his secret art *jiu-jitsu*. This is the vulgar name by which it is known to-day. Translated into English, the term means "the excellent

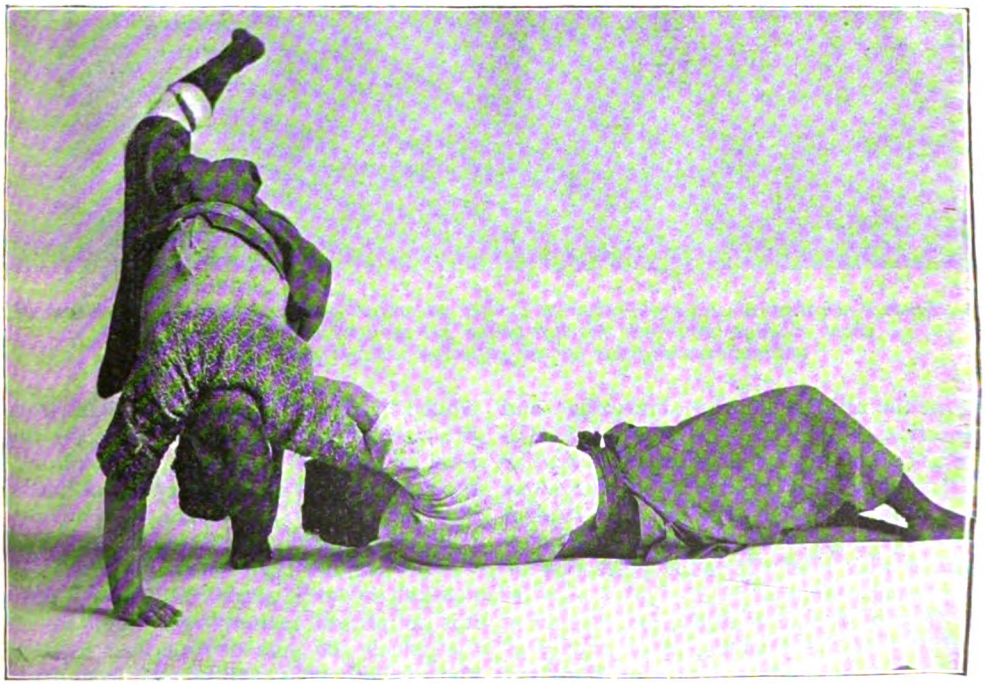
secret of art." The classic name is *tai-jitsu*, which means "the secret of the body." One of your American writers has epigrammatically described it as "the gentle art of conquering by yielding."

It is not only a simple athletic training—it is a science in itself. The student must be thoroughly versed in human anatomy. Osteology, arthrology and myology are subjects that must have no secrets from him. The *jiujitsu-shi* can fight offensively or defensively, without weapons, and with the absolute certainty of victory, provided his opponent is not proficient in the art. Also the *jiujitsu-shi* can restore to consciousness, without the aid of medicines or appliances, one who is unconscious, or all-but-drowned.

Of purely Japanese origin is the *jiu-jitsu*. It was maintained, studied, taught and improved for many centuries under the old feudal system of the Empire. It was confined to the *samurai*, or hereditary military class, and proficiency in the art was their greatest pride. Even the women of the aristocratic classes were students of *jiu-jitsu*, and this made the women of the *samurai* as redoubtable as the men. But when, in the sixties, we did away with the old order of things Japanese, and invited and absorbed "Western civilization," the *samurai* ceased to exist, officially, and *jiu-jitsu*, too, disappeared.

Knowledge of the secret art became rare. The wonder is that it did not altogether vanish. But some ten years ago the Japanese government decided to have its policemen trained in the old-time and well-nigh forgotten art.

The science, or art—whichever you prefer to call it—consists of forty-two "tricks." They are not grouped in any regular order, and no one trick is necessarily followed by another. The *jiujitsu-shi* employs whichever trick is best calculated to offset the move or style of attack of his opponent. The tricks are simple in their application; a few minutes' time will suffice for the explanation and comprehension of any one of the forty-two. As for the rest—it is all practise. Agility—both of the mind and muscles—is the one goal in view. In three hours a professor of the art can explain all of the forty-two secrets of the system, yet the course of instruction and training lasts three years! It will thus be seen at once



Third movement. The throw. Uchimura gripping Hakoiwa's left wrist, drops to the floor and throws him gracefully over his head.

A throw. Uchimura seizing Hakoiwa by the shoulder and pressing his hand on his cheek, swings him over his hip to the ground. Hakoiwa cannot resist without breaking his leg or suffering an injury to his spine.

what the ratio is between knowledge and practise. Agility! AGILITY! AGILITY! The pupil must think and act like lightning. This agility is so completely acquired in time by the *jiu-jitsu* student that quickness becomes habitual and involuntary with him. It is the perfection of "presence of mind."

One of the first drills for acquiring agility that the Japanese student of *jiu-jitsu* has to undergo is this: Two tall poles—at first of bamboo—are stood upright. These poles are fastened and controlled by ropes, so that, at a signal from the master, the polls fall crosswise, in the form of an "X." When the poles fall, the student jumps either forward or backward, to avoid being crushed. These poles are gradually increased in size and weight until they equal telegraph poles. At this stage of the training, it is no mirthful matter to get caught under the poles! To give an American application of the benefit of this drill, the student, by the time he is able to dodge successfully the falling telegraph poles, would be

A grip. With simultaneous pressure on every sensitive part of his opponent's hand, a sudden twist with the arm and a light kick backward against his opponent's knee, Uchimura has Hakoiwa at his mercy.

quite equal, on even the briefest instant's warning, to dodge the deadly "sandbag."

But before entering any one of the numerous *jiu-jitsu* schools of Japan, the novice is obliged to take an oath that he will never employ *jiu-jitsu* in earnest, save for the purpose of self-defense. If this pledge were not strictly and invariably required, it is easy to comprehend what a dangerous thing the secret art would become in the possession of unreliable, bad-tempered people. And, while the course is in progress, the master closely watches and studies the pupil, and if not satisfied as to the coolness, prudence and honesty of his pupil, the more important secrets are not imparted. If the pupil is reliable and faithful to his oath, the course is completed at the end of the third year. Whoever completes the course receives, as did the writer, a diploma stating that he is a master of *jiu-jitsu*. Once he receives the diploma, the newly-fledged master is permitted to teach his art.

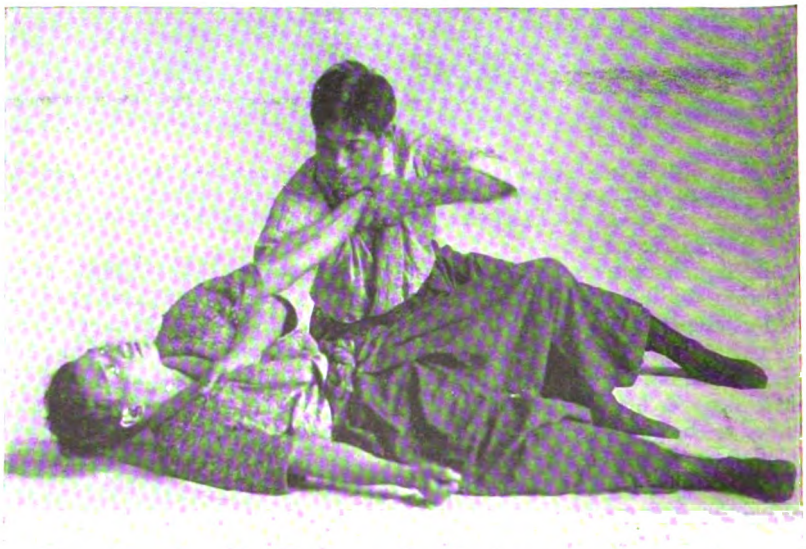
In this country and in England, boxing is generally considered to rank high as an

A jiu-jitsu "counter." Uchimura parries what might be a fatal blow in the stomach by breaking his opponent's neck and wrist.

athletic accomplishment, but boxing has no real value when opposed to *jiu-jitsu*.

To illustrate: no matter how swiftly and hard the boxer hits out, his wrist can be readily dislocated or broken by a blow delivered with the open hand of the *jiujitsu-shi*. This blow, as delivered with the edge of the open hand, is marvelously efficacious, when properly given. One teacher of *jiu-jitsu*, whom I knew at home, had his hand so well trained that with this blow he was able to break a marble table an inch and a quarter in thickness. I have seen him do it.

When I speak of "constant training," I do not wish to be understood as calling for the very laborious work that athletics demand in this part of the world. Fifteen minutes of faithful practise every day will be sufficient to develop and harden the muscles and to keep the joints supple and limber.

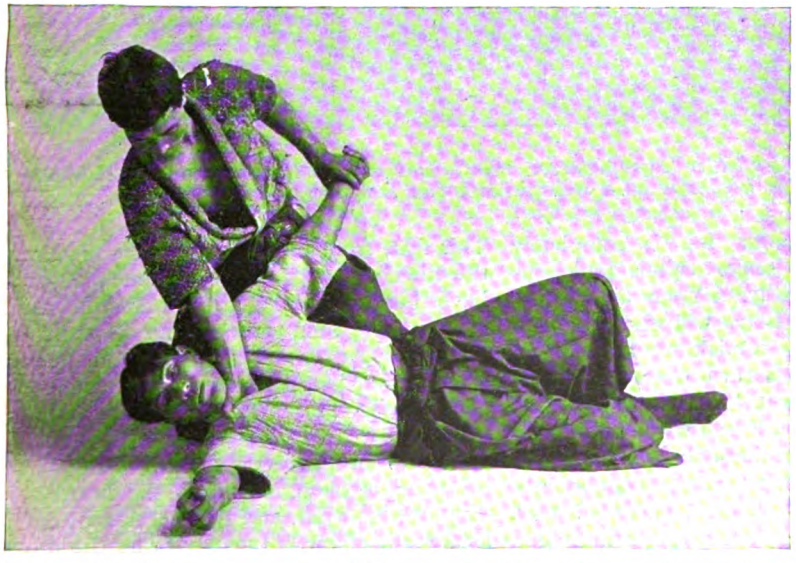


The victor can strangle, or break the arm, or with his right knee injure his opponent's back at will. The victim "knocks" for mercy.

A master of the *jiu-jitsu* will lie at full length upon his back, and put a long pole three inches in diameter across his throat—the "Adam's apple"—and on each end of the pole two men will stand. Yet the master, by the use of the trained and developed muscles of his neck, will dislodge the four men without suffering any discomfort himself.

An attack from behind. Gripping wrist and neck, the assailant breaks the victim's back with his knee.

Whether for offensive or defensive work, throwing is one of the most important features of *jiu-jitsu.* There are two methods of doing this—above the head, and over the shoulder. The former method is generally used, but the latter is preferable when the aggressor is tall and heavy. To throw your assailant over your head seize both lapels of his coat with your right hand—which is, of course, *well trained*—and at the same time place the sole of your extended right foot against his abdomen. Fall



An alternative to the movement on opposite page. The victor can choose between dislocating the hip, breaking the arm, strangling, or injuring the back.

A hip throw illustrated in two pictures. First movement. Hakoiwa seizes Uchimura round the neck and by a swift jerk throws him over his hip helpless.

backward, and your foe is completely balanced, like a scale. Now, pull your right hand forcibly. Your foe, losing his center of gravity, will fly over you to the ground. Quick as a flash of lightning, you must turn over, still holding with your right hand to the other's coat lapels. Give a little twist, at the same time planting the middle knuckle of your fore-finger against your opponent's "Adam's apple." This is all, except that you keep twisting until you bring your victim to the point of strangulation unless sooner satisfied that he is vanquished. This feat, from the instant that you seize the other's coat lapels, to the time that you have him upon the ground should not occupy more than three or four seconds.

Throwing over the shoulder is a much simpler feat, yet it requires greater agility, and is far more disastrous to "the other fellow." It is accomplished thus:—

Seize your aggressor's right hand—if his hand is open, so much the better—dislocate his wrist, and this necessarily dislocates the elbow. Quickly bring the disabled arm over your left shoulder, following this up by pulling the aggressor's

Second movement. Continuing the throw with his left hand, Hakoiwa grips Uchimura's leg in a sensitive place, preventing him from kicking. By completing the throw he would break his opponent's neck.

disabled arm downward. The aggressor will come over your shoulder, and strike head first.

But should the aggressor's hand be tightly closed when the struggle begins, then give him the edge-of-the-hand blow I have already described across his wrist. You will thus break his wrist, as easily as though it were a tallow candle. Then use the method I have just explained.

But throwing the opponent over the shoulder is never resorted to, except in the most desperate cases, as this feat is almost certain to result in instant death.

From these seemingly savage details, I gladly turn to a more humane phase of the art—that of restoring to his senses an unconscious person, as this noble method is understood and properly practised would save hundreds of lives every year. First of all, undress the upper half of the unconscious one's person, and examine hastily in order to ascertain the nature of the injury.

If it is a case of fractured skull, then there is no hope of being able to save

the unfortunate one; professional medical skill, too, will fail.

In case of other injuries, or if it is a mere fainting fit, then ninety-nine times out of a hundred the *jiujitsu-shi* will prove a veritable Good Samaritan.

Place the unconscious person in a sitting position, with the legs straight out in front, and both hands hanging straight down. Then press your thumb hard into the hollow on either side of the collar-bone, and with your right knee give a hard knock on the third rib and the bones of the back. Almost invariably this will bring the man to his senses.

Sometimes your patient will spit a little blood or froth, but it is merely a proof that your treatment is working well. Yet always bear in mind that the patient thus restored must not, for at least two days, be allowed to drink any liquids—not even water, though solid foods do no harm. If water be given inside of forty-eight hours, it may kill the patient. It is always well, of course, to call in a physician as early as possible.

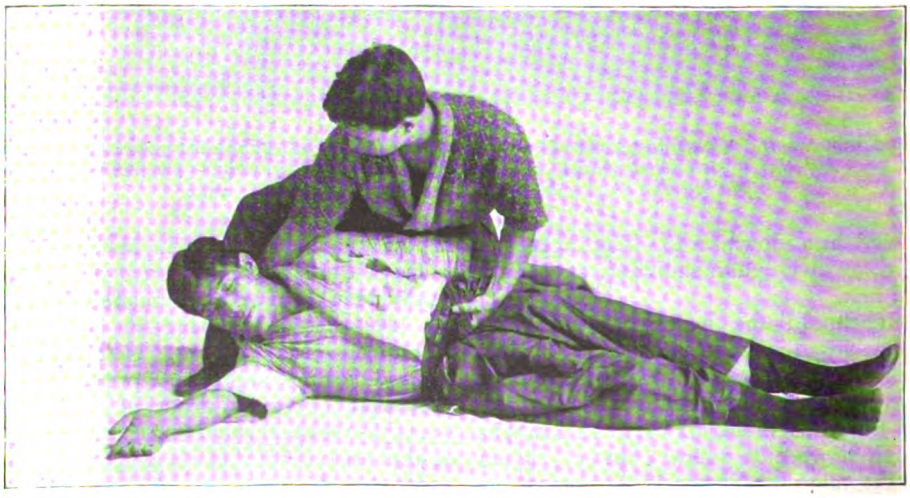
The secret art of *jiu-jitsu* furnishes still another way to restore an unconscious person, and the method that I will now describe is generally applied to the resuscitation of people who have been all but drowned. This second method is to be used in case the first should fail.

Remove *all* of your clothing from the waist up, and do the same for the unconscious person. Next sit upon the ground, with your legs extended straight out in front of you. Now, hold the unconscious person over you, in the same position that you yourself are sitting—his back to your breast, his legs upon your legs. Place your hands upon the unconscious person's abdomen, and gently, yet firmly, press toward yourself. This method is very simple, and if intelligently done it will restore consciousness. In case the patient has been all but drowned, the pressure will result in expelling through the mouth the water that has been swallowed.

It will be readily understood how valuable these two methods would be for "first aid to the injured," especially in small communities where ambulances and surgeons cannot be summoned.

In conclusion, I would point out the importance to American women of acquiring at least a partial knowledge of *jiu-jitsu*. This secret art is one that it is quite feasible for women to learn. Many of the higher class women in Japan are well-trained *jiujitsu-shi*, able to cope with any man who has only brute strength.

For it must be borne in mind that great strength is not required in the possessor of the art, while both the bulk and untrained strength of the brute combine for his defeat in an encounter with the *jiu-jitsu-shi*.



The jiu-jitsu method of resuscitation requires expert knowledge of anatomy and respiration It is only taught to adepts in the art, for clumsiness in this delicate operation would insure death instead of avoiding it.

JUSTICE

A Story of Fifty Years Ago

By Margaret Grace Gallaher

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM

THE spell o' weather was over. From wet, ploughed fields and budding leaves breathed out the touching sweetness of early spring.

Damoras, on the wandering path over Stumpit, stopped to gaze across the river away off to Lyme Hills and the Sound.

"Seems ef the river don't never have the same look two hours a-runnin'," she murmured, her eyes beginning to dream.

A sudden start set her climbing the hill again. Nick Willis and the loose-boned old stage from the junction had rattled into the road below. Nick was a great gossip, and if he told he saw her standin' on Stumpit folks might say she waited 'round —. Blushing at the mere thought, she hurried up Cap'n Ambrose Pint, and the sunset behind her began to go down into the darkening valley.

Meader Woods Bridge sounded under a strong tread. The sun was against the man coming up the path; Damoras could take one quick, intent look before sending her eyes to mind her carefully stepping feet. He was a big, young fellow, with a good-tempered face, exalted above the commonplace by beautiful, dark eyes. He swung up hill in great strides and, in spite of his clothes stained with the work of the farm, had something about him that smacked of the sea and of adventure rather than of dull days afield. He seemed to know Damoras' nearness before he saw her, for his face changed into a joyful smile.

"Good evenin', Damoras. Ain't it come off inter a pretty day?" His accent was of New England, but his voice had the liquid sound of another land.

Damoras answered sweetly and primly:—

"Good evenin', Justice. I guess there ain't none thet don't feel real pleased to see the sun. It's consid'ble gloomy settin' under a cloud so long."

"Well, now, I hev ez many ups and downs ez the road ter Pratt's Mill, but I 'lowed ye wuz one o' them pleasant-goin' folks, come what weather there might." He drew close to her.

"I guess most folks has some poor days," stepping back gently, her eyes exploring the margin of the path.

A constrained silence fell on both.

"Why, I'm a-furgittin'. That basket o' yourn's the very thing ter hold these 'ere blows." Justice's hand, tanned and earthy, was holding out a bunch of arbutus.

"Oh, Justice!" a cry of pleasure. "I 'lowed May blooms wuz gone a for'-night ago, an' me without hevin' none."

"So they be, most places. I wuz over ter Moodus ter-day tradin' cattle. 'Long noonin' I called ter mind a spot in the Holler where I knowed May blooms stayed longer 'n any place else, kinder sheltered an' dark. So I cut over there."

"Thank ye, Justice, 'twas real thoughtful in ye. Did ye make a good trade?"

"Yes, sir, I vow I did this time. The farm's a-comin' on, tew. Cuss thet ol' stunny land! I'll make a decent livin' outer et yit!"

"Oh!"

"I don't often splurge out like this, Damoras, ye know I don't. But I vow et's like death diggin' a livin' out between them stuns with a knittin'-needle. I want some ready money dreatful bad, tew; ef I could only git hold o' some start I'd make the ol' farm hum. I'll git it too!"

Damoras touched the flowers with little tender motions, straightening a crumpled

leaf, rescuing a crushed blossom. She ached with love and pity for Justice, whose "parcel o' ground" was "dreatful cont'ry," even for rock-bound Connecticut. She felt as if she were stroking the hand that gathered them. Justice, watching her, forgot his anger against Fate. She was such a pretty creature, with her soft eyes, fair hair, and color like the Mayflowers themselves.

"Damoras, air ye countin' on goin' ter meetin' ter-night?"

"I dunno ez I am prepared ter say, Justice. Brother Ezry's got one o' his poor turns an' Sister Susan's over ter Miss Webber's a paperin', an' I ain't—I don't" —she could not say she feared to travel the dark road alone, yet her candid spirit found no excuse ready.

Justice was so close now his sleeve brushed her hair, his voice was low in her ear, "Will ye go ter meetin' with me, Damoras?"

What for months she had dreaded with a child's fear of the unknown and yearned for with a woman's heart! In that long ago Pettipaug, Justice's invitation was equivalent to a solemn offer of marriage. Many men never made a more definite one. A man might "beau a girl home from meetin'" without entangling himself too deeply for future extrication, but to ask deliberately beforehand that she go with him—ah, that was to burn all his bridges.

"One, two, three, four," counted Damoras, as her mother had taught her when a little girl that she might be kept from hasty, imprudent speech. "Fifty," she finished. Then aloud, sedately, in the formula proper to Pettipaug:—

"Thank ye, Justice, I shall be pleased ter go with ye."

The Bridge creaked. Justice caught her hand in one strong grasp, then sprang up the path with something about "Git my chores done up en no time."

Alone in Meader Woods Holler, Damoras neither skipped nor sang. Such "shaller actions" would have been unworthy of her happiness, and if seen from any of the farm windows would have "got her name up." But as the road jerked itself suddenly to one side to avoid running into a crooked little house with a sagging roof, she said to herself: "I guess I ain't tew tired after all ter make Brother Ezry a tin o' riz biscuits for his tea, he does set by 'em so, an' I'll open one o' my new tumblers o' peach jell."

"Ezry," she said softly, pushing open the kitchen door, "how air ye feelin'?"

"'Man thet is born o' woman is of few days an' full o' trouble.' I don't look fur no happiness here, so I ain't disappointed when I don't git none," was the cheery answer from a drooping little man lying on the lounge by the stove. He was the eldest and Damoras the youngest of a large family. "Ezry Dunn 's ez spleeny ez an' ol' woman, he 's killed off all his family 'cept Susan an' Damoras," said the neighbors.

"Air ye goin' ter meetin' ter-night?" So much hung on the answer.

Ezra was justly affronted. "I declare fur et, ye must be teched en the upper story ter ask sech a question o' a man en my condition right en these spring fogs! But ye needn't stay home 'long o' me, I ain't one thet claims 'tention from my family, even though some would think they owed et ter themselves ter."

After supper Damoras sat by the window to wait. She had opened the door to cool off the kitchen and all the spring night sounds came stealing in, the voice of frogs —that oldest sound—the cry of a whip-poor-will, the tolling of the church bells, faint and sad. She thought of the long, dark walk home, when, her tell-tale face hidden in the shadows, she could let Justice know how she respected him for the courage and patience of his struggles—and liked him—and, and—thought him—. Happy blushes colored her face, her heart went quick in little jumps.

"Ef ye cal'late ter go ter meetin', Damoras, ye better step 'long, Hiram's a tollin' now."

"I thought I'd wait fur comp'ny," in a low voice.

"Hey? What say? I dunno ez Scripter, when et says 'furgit not th' assemblyn' o' yerselves togither,' puts en enythin' 'bout comp'ny 'long th' road." "Ezry's turrible pious fur other folks," was another neighborly comment. "An' who th' massy be ye awaitin' fur? Aunt Elviry Tucker ain't agoin' out no sech green night o' spring, the Billses is over ter her folks ter Harnburg an' I guess ye'll wait one while afore them blackslidin' Watermans seek the Lord in meetin'."

"I 'low I'll wait. Air ye anyways more

comfortable in yer head, do ye think?''

Thus tactfully steered to the real issue of life, Ezra forgot curiosity in the difficulties of adequately describing ''an awful strange, het up feelin' at the base o' the brain.''

Damoras helped Ezra to bed, locked the house, and stole upstairs to her little room under the eaves. Justice had not come. Tears of disappointment blurred the candle's light, but no doubt of Justice embittered her. His mother had taken ''a poor turn,'' or ''a critter'' was sick. He would explain to-morrow night. She dropped to sleep, her thoughts on the happy future and the perfume of the arbutus filling the room.

The next morning Damoras was off by sunrise. She sewed every day with the village dressmaker, and the road to her work led her over Stumpit Hill. Sometimes if she was spry with her work home so she got started good an early she met him crossin' th' Hill to his ten acre lot by Hayden's Cove. But there was no Justice this morning. With a sigh, followed by a brave little smile, Damoras steadied herself for the day, knowing evening would bring her reward.

''My landy-laws! I dunno ez I kin do a stroke o' work ter-day fur all Marthy Pond's got ter hev her weddin' set out come a week ter-day. I've heard a piece o' news 'll make ye believe Elder Watrous was in the right o' et last Sabbath when he said the devil wuz unchained.''

Damoras hung her hat on a peg in Miss Ann Jeannette Dicky's little shop and seated herself calmly to sew. Miss Ann Jeannette was a dramatic soul whose news glittered before one's eyes only to fade out in the telling.

''I allus respected him. But I see what I see.''

''Squire Andrews has been robbed o' six hundred dollars!''

''I never!'' Here was news.

''Yes, an' the thief caught an' the money got back tew. Ye'll never guess who 'twas neither. I declare human natur is proner ter sin than I gin et credit fur!

'Twas mor'n a week ago Squire missed his wallet with interest money on mortgages, an' rents, an' like thet en et. He didn't say nothin' ter nobody, but he laid his plans cute ez a fox an' who'll ye believe me he caught?"

Damoras shook her head pitifully. Robbery was unknown in good little Pettipaug fifty years ago; she shrank from hearing which of her townsfolk had sunk to such a crime.

"Justice Ross!"

"No!"

"So I'd say myself ef et war'nt thet I'd been en the hull occurrence, ye might say. Justice ez a real worthy, hard-workin' young man, I allus respected him. But I see what I see."

"Last evenin' ye hadn't but jest gone outer thet door when Brother Horace he come en ter know ef I'd like ter drive up on the River Road with him after a yearlin' calf thet wuz up ter Jabez Bushnell's. I sez, 'I don't want ter set en no wagon while ye an' Jabe's a-swoppin' politics an' gossip, so ye leave me ter Mary Ross' till ye come back.' Her an' me used ter be mates, but we don't see each other en a dog's age now. Well, I ain't more'n untied my bunnit strings en Mary's fore room when who should come a-stompin' en but Squire Andrews and Const'ble Bill. I'd heard Horace say Mart wuz behind en his taxes, but lor' sakes, 'twan't no 'casion tew bring Squire an' Const'ble fur nothin' but Mart's shiftless, let-things-go kind o' ways. I reckon Mary 'd got holt o' th' story, tew, fur she rares right up an' she says ter Squire, 'Good evenin'. Ef ye've come 'bout them taxes, Squire, my husband made a mistake en th' day, but he's all ready ter make et right.'

"Squire give her an awful mean look.

"'Tain't nothin' consarnin' taxes, Mis' Ross. I've been robbed o' six hundred dollars.'

"I vow Mary wuz handsome ez any pictur fur all she's th' other side o' fifty. Her face wuz all a blaze o' color, an' her eyes like two lamps. She spoke right out like she wuz some kind o' queen an' Squire a dreatful poor kind o' servant.

"'Do you 'cuse my husband o' bein' a thief?'

"'No, ma'm, but I do 'cuse your son, Justice.'

"Well, now, I can't tell th' rest on et anyways clear, et come all in a heap so. Mart he give an awful cry an' covers his face with his hands. Mary she run right over an' got her arms 'round him. 'Pears like she felt worse to hev him take on so than ter hev Jut charged with crimes. Jut wuz madder 'n any man I ever see; he hollers at Squire:—

"'Ye lie!'

"But 'twant no sort o' use to braze things out. Seems Jut an' Mart come en ter Squire's office ter pay enterest on a note he held. Him an' Jut hed words, fur Jut felt th' enterest wuz tew big, an' Squire wouldn't see et. He takes out his wallet, all stoged out with money an' puts Mart's money en with th' rest. Jut spoke up pretty plain thet some o' thet wuz his'n, cause Squire's helt th' note years, an' he allays charged a master rate. 'I need thet money now,' says Jut, 'an' I ought tew hev it.' Well, right then Mis' Andrews, she thet wuz Marilly Leete, hollers ter Squire ter come over th' house quick, her father, ol' Doctor Leete over ter Moodus, hed hed a stroke. Squire put th' wallet en his desk an' runs out th' door. He never come near th' office till th' next evenin'. Squire knew nobody hed seen him put th' wallet en th' drawer 'ceptin' only Jut an' Mart. Th' only person Squire took enter his confidence was Jake Wolfe—he makes a sight o' him ef he is his hired man—an' he an' Jake snooped 'round ter see who'd got extry money or wuz goin' outer town er anythin' unusual. My lands, makes me creep ter think o' feelin' thet way 'bout yer fellow creeturs. Afternoon before last Jake wuz a-comin' from Austin Lay's farm by th' short cut, ye know et runs through th' end o' Mart's farm down by his ol' spring-house. He see Jut en th' distance a-whippin' en ter th' spring-house. He crep' up awful sly an' peeked en through a crack. 'Twas dark ez Tophet enside, but he could make out Jut all en a heap fumblin' 'mong some ol' boards an' stuff. He couldn't see nothin' what he hed, couldn't see his face even, but by an' by Jut goes out an' he hears him leggin' et off ter the house pretty lively. Ez soon ez he darst, Jake creeps en an' fumbles 'round, tew. Took him time enough 'twas so black inside, but jest ez his patience wuz 'bout wore through he pulls out 'xactly what he looked for —Squire's wallet, full o' money an' papers. He put et right back when he

"Ye're an honest man thet's got an awful weakness."

found et fur evidence, an' then he takes his turn leggin' et off ter Squire en the opposite direction. I didn't hear no more'n thet, fur when I see Mary an' Mart all broke down an' clingin' ter each other an' Justice a-standin' there like some dumb creetur thet's got a hurt, I felt so ugly fur 'em all, fur Justice, tew, though he is a thief, I run right outer th' house an' wuz half way down ter th' village 'fore I knew what I wuz doin'."

Miss Ann Jeannette wiped the tears from her glasses and, with sympathy still dimming her eyes, looked toward Damoras.

All life within the girl had died, leaving her only a wooden figure, yet some mechanical part spoke with calmness, "Et's a very great affliction ter th' fam'ly an' th' town. Don't ye think we'd better be a-gettin' enter Marthy Pond's black silk?"

By noon Pettipaug was on fire with the story of Justice Ross' arrest. Justice had always been a marked figure in the village, because of the interest felt in the family. Years before Damoras was born Pettipaug had joked and gossiped over Mary Hayden —"Mary Justice," to distinguish her from her cousin, Dan'ell Hayden's Mary—and her lovers. She was "the handsomest, likeliest girl en Saybrook district, but dreatful kinder cold-natered, an' toppin'," Pettipaug said. Yet, somehow, pretty nearly every man in the village fell in love with her. But time wasted and Mary stayed single. Pettipaug quoted concerning a crooked stick, then gasped to see its own prophecy fulfilled. Mary married "the fureigner."

"The fureigner" was a handsome young Irishman, who showed no more alarming vices than a love of hunting and playing the fiddle rather than of farming and going to church. But he was "a fureigner." His ancestors had not marched across the country from Salem with Thomas Hooker, and lived within six miles of Pettipaug ever since. He was the first of an alien race ever entered into the village and Mary's future was brooded over darkly.

Justice, their only child, inherited his father's charm and his mother's steady character. Pettipaug had always been divided in its mind concerning him, sometimes maintaining "his good ol' Connecticut stock'll see him through all right en th' end"; then again in a rush of old prejudices, "Jut's got fureign blood into him, et's got ter out somehow." Now the village cleft into hostile camps, one swearing to Justice's entire innocence, no matter how dark appearances were, the other sure of his guilt and avid for punishment.

Damoras sewed away in the little shop the whole day of the trial, though all Saybrook township was packed into the court house. The room was shadowy with coming night when Miss Ann returned.

"Be ye there, Damoras?"

The girl stood up with the composure of the soldier about to be shot.

"Poor Justice! He didn't make no kind of a defense, 'twarn't nothin' he could say, et's likely. He's got six years in State's prison."

"Et's a-gettin' so late now," answered the girl, still a soldier before the guns, "I ain't goin' ter wait fur no partic'lars. Good night, Miss Ann Jeannette."

In the first months that followed Justice's trial, Damoras' whole strength had been concentrated in keeping the secret of her love from the world. No one must imagine that she cared for Justice Ross, who had never really made any bond with her—who was a thief. If that should be suspected she felt she would die with shame.

The wind and the rain quarreled for Stumpit that April day, six years later, when Damoras climbed the hill waiting for Justice. He had been released three days before, but no one had seen him. Her own feeling told her that it was here, in the spot, filled with old laughter and lost joy that he would choose to meet her. She must make the first step, difficult as that would be, the shame and the sadness of it all begged that. She learned her little kind, sweet speech as she had learned a piece at school, and with fear and happiness beating a strange measure within her, trod the old path.

Was this stoop-shouldered, white-faced man who was listlessly climbing the hill the Justice, who, ruddy with life, used to leap up beside her? Her voice faltered, the hand she held out shook, all of her carefully learned speech was forgotten.

"Oh, Justice—oh! how do ye do?" she murmured.

He held her hand limply an instant without looking at her, and answered, "Pretty well, I thank ye," in a toneless voice, and went on.

Then indeed "the pangs of hell got hold" of her. He had never loved her really or, if he once had, the misery of the prison years had seared her from his memory. Composed, peaceful little Damoras ground her hands against the rails of Meader Woods Bridge till the splinters tore the flesh and thought with wild envy of Rachel Mann who half a century before had dared to end a hopeless life among the reeds in the black pool under the bridge. In this "place of exceeding great darkness," gleamed a faint ray, to grow and grow after long days into "light supernal." Justice himself was as dead to her as if he lay by his mother in the graveyard on windswept Zion's Hill, but the love she bore him drew immortal breath.

She rarely saw Justice and never talked with him, but she heard of him often in the gossip of the village. In her heart she followed him through every day.

When he was released, branded deep to Pettipaug with the two scars, crime and prison life, he found his mother dead and his father sunk in debt. He dismissed his father's housekeeper and took upon himself the tasks of housework and of farming. He toiled without rest. Slowly the farm thrived, the debt lightened. His years were spent in work and loneliness, for all his former friends forsook him. The old men and women spoke a stern "how-do-ye-do?" when they passed him; the young ones turned away their heads in silence. No one came to see him and he went nowhere. Sundays he crept into the back of the church after everyone else was in, and out again before service ended.

Then came the *annus mirabilis* of Saybrook District, the dreadful winter when the unregenerated Watermans had the smallpox, John Streeter's horse and sleigh broke through the ice on North Cove, and Aunt Elviry Tucker's house burned down while the bedridden old woman was all alone. To the abandoned, wretched Watermans, Justice came as an angel of deliverance to feed and nurse them. 'Twas Justice who dragged half frozen little Sammy Streeter out from under the sleigh. After the other men had given up in despair of reaching Aunt Elviry in her bedroom up the crooked stairs, Justice beat a way through the fiery furnace and carried her safely down. Pettipaug forgot some of its righteous horror of the thief in its admiration for the hero. Justice could never again be a friend to it, but he could be a neighbor.

So twenty years passed. Justice's life was written plain in the furrows of his face. Damoras' face wore the pathetic peace of a nun's, the peace of a gentle, unembittered nature that has ceased to hope.

Then another great shock set the village quivering. One gay Monday in early fall the Dunn household was all out o' doors under the apple trees, Ezry mending a yoke, Susan sorting apples, and Damoras, given a holiday, churning at a bench.

"Quite a rural picture," called a cracked voice from the road.

"My laws, ef et ain't Uncle Bealy Post. I'd ez lief see th' Old Boy any day," snapped Susan, who according to Pettipaug, "hed all her own vim an' Damoras' tew."

Uncle Bealy, a yellow-faced old man with a leering smile, spread out his news.

"Heard 'bout th' slump one o' our fust citizens hez took? Backslid, so ter speak, enter his ol' habits."

"Who'd ye mean?" snapped Susan.

"Jut Ross's up ter his ol' tricks."

"My country!" gasped Susan, "I never! 'ye kin bray a fool en a mortar, yit will his folly not depart from him.'"

"Seems his cousin Hepsy Todd thet's been a livin' en half his house since her man come tew work en Si Chapell's shop, hed a purse containin' fifty dollars she saved up which she left 'round kinder kerless—women don't know the vally o' money anyhow, like men who work fur it. Day before yisterday 'twas gone. Hepsy ain't a suspicious woman, but livin' 'long o' Jut o' course she couldn't help heven' her thoughts. When she went en ter do th' bakin' fur him an' his father ez she does twice a week, she kinder thought she'd hev a look 'round th' place while they wuz both out. Well, sirs, I dunno th' exact spot found et, but he hed th' purse, stolen all straight 'nough."

"Is Justice took?" enquired Ezry.

"No, an' ain't goin' ter be. Hepsy can't be made ter enter no complaint 'cause she says Martin's so ol' an' feeble 'twould kill him ter hev Jut en prison and, moreover, she says Jut wuz so good ter 'Lias last winter when he hed lumbago, heftin' him 'round an' settin' up nights. But Jut ain't goin' ter git off without his come-

upens, ye needn't worry. Hepsy give him a slice o' her mind, though I never thought she hed none ter spare, an' ye know her tongue ain't filed none tew smooth. An' the folks en th' village is all down on him; he's played one too many sich capers. Gid Parkins went up there last night tew tell him he warn't goin' ter hev no thief a-tradin' at his store. Jut's got ter go up ter Deep River fur his fixins now, an' Deacon Weaver 's been ter Parson Watrous ter ask him ef he thinks he ought ter hev meetin' privileges 'long o' respectable folks." Uncle Bealy chuckled gleefully, "Oh, Justice's brought pretty low, pretty low, he ain't got a friend in the world."

"This ain't paperin' Miss Watrous' fore room," remarked Susan. "Well, Uncle Bealy, I feel ter praise an' thank 'em, his mother wuz took when she wuz. Martin Ross's a poor tool, but he's got my sympathy," and Susan stalked away.

"Come ter th' barn 'long o' me, Uncle Bealy," said Ezra.

Damoras wiped her hands on her apron, walked into the house and up to her room. There she dressed herself carefully but swiftly and started down the road, deep with summer dust. One sentence rang in her ears to the exclusion of all thought—"Justice's brought pretty low, he ain't got a friend in the world."

It was a long walk from Meader Woods to the River Road, where Justice lived, yet Damoras seemed to herself but an instant in going.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Todd. Do ye know where Justice is?"

The woman peeling potatoes under the arbor by the side of the Ross house stared stupidly. "No, I don't. Why, land sake, I'm actin' cracked! He's over ter the Great Meaders gittin' in his hay."

Damoras walked on steadily up the River Road, fern-bordered and cool under its thick trees, till she came to Mrs. "Butter" Post's red-roofed farm-house, then she turned down the lane to the river. The Great Meadows stretched away north for miles, their stubble shining gloriously,

She halted at the very edge of the lane, thinking, as it seemed, all the thoughts of a life time.

"What am I a-goin' ter do? Am I a-goin' ter go ter Justice Ross, who don't care no more 'bout me than he does 'bout Aunt Zetty Post, who maybe ain't thought o' me one single time these twenty year 'cept when he hez ter see me top o' Stumpit, an' tell him thet et don't make no difference ter me what other folks is a-thinkin' and a-doin', I'll stand by him? I guess I ain't lived forty years a sober, self-respectin' life ter forgit all conduct now. I guess there's some kinds o' acts there ain't no excuse fur, even when ye've loved a man with all yer heart fur all yer life an' this come pretty near bein' one o' 'em."

She parted the trees. Justice stood close to her, not raking, but leaning on his rake, his shoulders drooping wearily, his body sagging down on its support.

Damoras looked at him a long time. And as she looked her world with its little creeds and narrow rules swung far behind her and the great universe with its despotic impulses beyond all laws became her country.

"Justice!" she called softly.

The man started. Then he turned, not to the road, but to the sky, as if he thought the voice one in a dream.

"Justice!" she called again.

He looked at her but said nothing.

"I heard 'bout ye this mornin' Justice." Damoras' voice sounded as it did when she was a little girl at school and played tag, swift and panting, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shone. "I heard what you done an' how folks wuz agin' ye fur et an' ye felt ye hedn't a friend anywhere left, so I come up ter tell ye I'm yer friend an' I will be always."

Still he did not speak.

"I pity ye with all my heart, Justice, fur I know ye've hed a hard, lonely life an' ye've been sore tempted."

"I'm a thief!" sullenly.

"I know ye stole an' I ain't defendin' ye, 'twas a sin against the law o' the Lord an' the rights o' man, but ye hev been punished an' repented an' been forgiven."

"I'm a thief!" again. But now Damoras recognized in that dull sentence a shamed despair. A pity like an agony seized her, she drew close to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Yes, ye air, but thet ain't all there is ter ye. Look at all these years ye've been drudgin' an' workin' fur an honest livin' an' helpin' your neighbors en mercy an' kindness. Don't thet count et all? 'Tain't everythin' ter be honest. There's folks thet never teched a pin warn't thers thet's

mean an' spiteful an' selfish. An' ye ain't truly a thief, ye're an honest man thet's got an awful weakness an' sometimes it conquers ye. Oh, Justice, what does the Bible say? Ye know et—'What is required o' thee, oh, man, but ter deal justly, ter love mercy an' ter walk humbly with thy God.' Ye ain't dealt justly, but ye hev loved mercy an' ye are humble before God."

A gasping sob broke from him, he covered his face with his hands. At the sound Damoras caught his hands from his face. "Look at me, Justice, ye air a good man, et ain't the two sins thet count the most, et's the years of fightin' temptation an' o' bein' faithful. Ye air a good man."

Then he looked straight at her, and "the soul of the man stood up in his eyes." Damoras saw the years of loneliness and suffering, the shame and the repentance, but deeper than that she saw a love as great and faithful as her own; a love that could not, that would not, speak out.

Now, indeed, not the world without, but the very nature in which her soul had dwelt these forty years, dropped from her and only mighty love was left to her. She flung her arms around him, she drew his face down against hers, she cried in a sobbing whisper: "Dear Justice, et ain't pity I feel, et's love. I loved ye when I wuz a little girl, I loved ye when—ye went away, an' I'll love ye always, no matter what ye do."

Elder Watrous had pronounced "amen" in his thin, old voice; the congregation relaxed with a rustle. The church was full, old people who hadn't enjoyed meetin' privileges in a year had crept painfully up the hill, notorious sinners who scorned such privileges had put away their scorn temporarily, for the day before Damoras Dunn had married Justice Ross, and report said that she was to "walk bride" that morning in church.

Ezra and Susan, shocked beyond all reproach, had refused to countenance the wedding, so they had been married at the Elder's. Damoras had indeed come to church and had led the way to Martin Ross' pew, for Martin had grown a churchgoer in his old age. She sat serene and calm, though the eyes of every man, woman and child were fastened upon her. She moved now in a land far off from Pettipaug and the voices of her neighbors reached her as faint, dim echoes. His happiness had brought no change, outwardly, to Justice, he looked old and sad, but on Damoras' face sat immortal youth.

Elder Watrous rose to give out the hymn. Some one stepped into the aisle and began to speak. The startled congregation saw Martin Ross standing before them. His tall figure was bent with age.

"Neighbors, brethren of the church," he began with his "fureign" voice, "I have a confession to make. I do it with remorse and shame. These many years I've let an innocent man suffer for me sin, me own son. I stole Squire Andrews' money. I was tired o' being so poor. It was me the Squire's man saw in the spring-house, and in the darkness mistook for me son. I dared not confess for love o' Mary, me wife, 'twould have killed her. I've been tempted often since, but I've kept meself from it till—till—ye know, last week. I wanted a bit o' money an' me son couldn't spare me none. I tried to confess, but me son prevented me. He carried me sin once for his mother's sake, an' now again for me own. But when I see that swate girl marrying him in spite o' his disgrace, an' he niver tellin', though it took the heart clane out o' him, I determined naught should prevent me. Now me confession is before you."

He had spoken quietly, almost as if he were doing it for another, his eyes on the floor. Now he raised them. They rested on the shocked faces of his neighbors, on the sad, aged figure of his son, and on the woman beside him whose love had been wrung through such suffering. Shame rushed into his face, his frail, old hands clenched themselvss by his side. "Brethren, I am the chief of sinners," he cried passionately. Then his face grew quiet. "But for such Christ died," he whispered softly to himself and sank into a chair by the Communion Table.

The congregation sat perfectly quiet, too awed for motion. Then, as Justice and Damoras rose and hurried forward, every one surged towards the pulpit. Dr. Ely took the thin hand hanging over the arm of the chair in his, he gazed at the face over which was creeping that look impossible to feign. "He is dying," he said. Damoras, kneeling beside the father, looked up at the son; her eyes spoke eloquently, but all she said was his name—"Justice!"

THE LAND OF DISASTERS

By Way of Comment and Suggestion

WE are good-natured people, we Americans. Sometimes we had rather die than make a fuss. At least foreigners think so as they watch us bury our dead and wait for the next accident.

But the question of accidents on American railroads and on American steamships is a matter for the people, not for coroners' juries. This magazine has had a good deal to say about them, but it does not talk to make a fuss; it talks because it wants to see something done.

And something can be done. Take the railroads. The first step to be made—the step that will be made after arms and legs and lives enough have been lost to stir the public to action—is the compulsory adoption of the block system. In principle, as everybody knows, the block system means simply the maintenance of a definite interval between trains on a single track, enforced by telegraphic orders which forbid one train to enter the "block" until the preceding train has left it. This system is universal in England, where it is supported by compulsory technical precautions in the way of fixed signals, levers, etc., and the results in the saving of life show as plainly as figures can make them. On American railways to-day one-seventh of the total mileage is protected by the block system. Our progressive roads have adopted it voluntarily because it pays. Year by year they perfect it because it pays. Backward roads must be made to see that lives cost money.

Railway managers everywhere deplore the loss of life on the railroads. Everywhere they deplore quite as sincerely the financial reparation to the families of the dead which follows catastrophes. Everywhere they admit the desirability of the block system. The sole argument urged against it is expense.

And even in matters of life and death expense has sometime to be considered. It is, with every disposition to be reasonable, that the Interstate Commerce Commission has drawn a bill which demands the support of good citizens everywhere. This bill, which will shortly be introduced into Congress, prescribes that the increased expense necessary for the construction of signals, electrical wires and other apparatus necessitated by the block system, shall be distributed over a term of years, each railroad completing one-fourth of its equipment annually, until on January 1, 1909, this basic principle of safe management applies to every foot of railroad track in the United States.

Nothing human means perfection. Engineers who pass the test for color blindness will still grow confused over signals; switchmen with the best certificates of character will sometimes forsake their duty; when the block system is complete there will still be rear-end collisions, as there are in England to-day. Only last year, in spite of the use of the block system, in spite of the straight track, in spite of red lights of warning, with automatic signals and every modern device in perfect working order, an engineer crashed his engine into the passenger train ahead and, when he was dragged out dying from the wreck, explained that he had not noticed the signals, as he was having some trouble with the indicator in his cab. Yet such isolated instances in an admirable system serve only to remind us that under the stars nothing is complete. The system must remain imperfect, but the advance will be immense. Taking the ten worst collisions reported last year, in each of which seven or more persons were killed outright, not a single case occurred on lines using the block system.

Now watch that bill when it comes up in Congress. Watch how quietly it is referred to a committee and keep tab upon just how long it stays there. Remember, the Interstate Commerce Commission is fighting the people's battle and the people must support their firing line. Besides the fight is worth watching because it ex-

plains things. It is the natural, indeed the inevitable successor of other fights long since won as this will be won—the fight for safety breaks, the fight for automatic couplers, the fight for every improvement which does not mean a calculable increase in earning power more than proportioned to the outlay involved. The history of each reform is the same. There is shuffling and dallying until the people get behind the bill. Then it begins to move.

Remember that when it comes to a vote the day is won. When the railroads line up their constituents against the constituents of the people it is a bold railroad congressman who will not run for cover.

Bring it to a vote. That can be done too. Talk about the bill. Write to your newspaper, or if you take a live magazine, write to your magazine about it. Prod your congressman. Pester your senator. Tell them that this is the job you have hired them for and they will do it.

Shall this bill become law this year? Shall death and worse than death be spared to hundreds? It is for you to say.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call

Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

X. HUMAN SYMPATHY

A NURSE who had only been a few weeks in the hospital training school, once saw —from her seat at the dinner table—a man brought into the house who was suffering intensely from a very severe accident. The young woman started up to be of what service she could, and, when she returned to the table, had lost her appetite entirely, because of her sympathy for the suffering man. She had hardly begun her dinner, and would have gone without it if it had not been for a sharp reprimand from the superintendent.

"If you really sympathize with that man," she said, "you will eat your dinner to get strength to take care of him. Here is a man who will need constant, steady, *healthy* attention for some days to come,—and special care all this afternoon and night, and it will be your duty to look out for him. Your 'sympathy' is already pulling you down and taking away your strength, and you are doing what you can to lose more strength by refusing to eat your dinner. Such sympathy as that is poor stuff—I call it weak sentimentality."

The reprimand was purposely sharp, and, by arousing the anger and indignation of the nurse, it served as a counter-irritant which restored her appetite. After her anger had subsided, she thanked the superintendent with all her heart, and, from that day, she began to learn the difference between true and false sympathy. It took her some time, however, to get thoroughly established in the habit of healthy sympathy. The tendency to unwholesome sympathy was part of her natural inheritance, along with many other evil tendencies which frequently have to be overcome before a person with a very sensitive nervous system can find his own true strength. But as she watched the useless suffering which resulted in all cases in which people allowed themselves to be weakened by the pain of others, she learned to understand more and more intelligently the practise of wholesome sympathy, and worked until it had become her second nature. Especially did she do this after having proved many times, by practical experience, the strength which comes through the power of wholesome sympathy to those in pain.

Unwholesome sympathy incapacitates one for serving others, whether the need be physical, mental, or moral. Wholesome

sympathy not only gives us power to serve, but clears our understanding; and, because of our growing ability to appreciate rightly the point of view of other people, our service can be more and more intelligent.

In contrast to this unwholesome sympathy, which is the cause of more trouble in the world than people generally suppose, is the unwholesome lack of sympathy, or hardening process, which is deliberately cultivated by many people, and which another story will serve to illustrate.

A poor negro was once brought to the hospital very ill; he had suffered so keenly in the process of getting there that the resulting weakness, together with the intense fright at the idea of being in a hospital, which is so common to many of his class, added to the effects of his disease itself, were too much for him, and he died before he had been in bed fifteen minutes. The nurse in charge looked at him and said, in a cold, steady tone:—

"It was hardly worth while to make up the bed."

She had hardened herself because she could not endure the suffering of unwholesome sympathy, and yet "must do her work." No one had taught her the freedom and power of true sympathy. Her finer senses were dulled and atrophied,—she did not know the difference between one human soul and another. She only knew that this was a case of typhoid fever, that a case of pneumonia, and another a case of delirium tremens. They were all one to her, so far as the human beings went. She knew the diagnosis and the care of the physical disease,—and that was all. She did the material work very well, but she must have brought torture to the sensitive mind in many a poor, sick body.

Another form of false sympathy is what may be called professional sympathy. Some people never find that out, but admire and get comfort from the professional sympathy of a doctor or a nurse, or any other person whose profession it is to care for those who are suffering. It takes a keen perception or a quick emergency to bring out the false ring of professional sympathy. But the hardening process that goes on in the professional sympathizer is even greater than in the case of those who do not put on a sympathetic veneer. It seems as if there must be great tension in the more delicate parts of the nervous system in people who have hardened themselves, with or without the veneer,—akin to what there would be in the muscles, if a man went about his work with both fists tightly clenched all day, and slept with them clenched all night. If that tension of hard indifference could be reached and relaxed, the result would probably be a nervous collapse, before true wholesome habits could be established; but, unfortunately, it often becomes so rigid that a healthy relaxation is out of the question. Professional sympathy is of the same quality as the selfish sympathy which we see constantly about us in men or women who sympathize because the emotion attracts admiration, and wins the favor of others.

When people sympathize in their selfishness instead of sympathizing in their efforts to get free, the force of selfishness is increased, and the world is kept down to a lower standard by just so much.

A thief, for instance, fails in a well-planned attempt to get a large sum of money, and confides his attempt and failure to a brother thief, who expresses admiration for the sneaking keenness of the plan, and hearty sympathy in the regret for his failure. The first thief immediately pronounces the second thief "a good fellow." But, at the same time, if either of these apparently friendly thieves could get more money by cheating the other the next day he would not hesitate to do so.

To be truly sympathetic, we should be able so to identify ourselves with the interests of others that we can have a thorough appreciation of their point of view, and can understand their lives clearly, as they appear to themselves; but this we can never do if we are immersed in the fog,—either of their personal selfishness or our own. By understanding others clearly we can talk in ways that are, and seem to them, rational, and gradually lead them to a higher standard.

If a woman is in the depths of despair because a dress does not fit, I should not help her by telling her the truth about her character, and lecturing her upon her folly in wasting grief upon trifles, when there are so many serious troubles in the world. From her point of view, the fact that her dress does not fit *is* a grief. But if I keep quiet and let her see that I understand her disappointment, and, at the same time, hold my own standard, she will be led

much more easily and more truly to see for herself the smallness of her attitude. First, perhaps, she will be proud that she has learned not to worry about such a little thing as a new dress; and, if so, I must remember her point of view, and be willing that she should be proud. Then, perhaps, she will come to wonder how she ever could have wasted anxiety on a dress or a hat; and later she may perhaps forget that she ever did.

It is like leading a child. We give loving sympathy to a child when it breaks its doll, although we know there is nothing real to grieve about. There is something for the child to grieve about, something very real *to her*, but we can only sympathize helpfully with her point of view by keeping ourselves clearly in the light of our own more mature point of view.

From the top of a mountain you can see into the valley round about,—your horizon is very broad, and you can distinguish the details that it encompasses; but, from the valley, you cannot see the top of the mountain, and your horizon is limited.

This illustrates truly the breadth and power of wholesome human sympathy. With a real love for human nature,—if a man has a clear, high standard of his own,—a standard which he does not attribute to his own intelligence—his understanding of the lower standards of other men will also be very clear, and he will take all sorts and conditions of men into the region within the horizon of his mind. Not only that, but he will recognize the fact when the standard of another man is higher than his own, and will be ready to ascend at once when he becomes aware of a higher point of view. On the other hand; when selfishness is sympathizing with selfishness, there is no ascent possible, but only the one little low place limited by the personal, selfish interests of those concerned.

Nobody else's trouble seems worth considering to those who are immersed in their own, or in their selfish sympathy with a friend whom they have chosen to champion. This is especially felt among conventional people, when something happens which disturbs their external habits and standards of life. Sympathy is at once thrown out on the side of conventionality, without any rational inquiry as to the real rights of the case. Selfish respectability is most unwholesome in its unhealthy sympathy with selfish respectability.

The wholesome sympathy of living human hearts sympathizes first with what is wholesome,—especially in those who suffer,—whether it be wholesomeness of soul or body; and true sympathy often knows and recognizes that wholesomeness better than the sufferer himself. Only in a secondary way and as a means to a higher end, does it sympathize with the painful circumstances or conditions. By keeping our sympathies steadily fixed on the health of a brother or friend, when he is immersed in, and overcome by his own pain, we may show him the way out of his pain more truly and more quickly. By keeping our sympathies fixed on the health of a friend's soul, we may lead him out of selfishness which otherwise might gradually destroy him. In both cases our loving care should be truly felt,—and felt as real understanding of the pain or grief suffered in the steps by the way, with an intelligent sense of their true relation to the best interests of the sufferer himself. Such wholesome sympathy is alert in all its perceptions to appreciate different points of view, and takes care to speak only in language which will be intelligible, and therefore useful. It is full of loving patience, and never forces or persuades, but waits and watches to give help at the right time and in the right place. It is more often helpful with silence than with words. It stimulates one to imagine what a friendship might be if it were alive and wholesome to the very core. For a true friend to one man must be a true friend to all men; and one who has a wholesome sympathy for one human being must have it for all. His general attitude must always be the same—modified only by the relative nearness which comes from variety in temperaments.

In order to sympathize with the best possibilities in others, our own standards must be high and clear, and we must be steadily true to them. Such sympathy is freedom itself,—it is warm and glowing,—while the sympathy which adds its weight to the pain or selfishness of others can really be only bondage, however good it may appear.

The next article will be on "How not to spoil Christmas."

MARGINALIA

THE RATE WAR AND ROMANCE

YON YONSON and Eric, his younger brother, waved their hands.

"Good-by, Selma," cried Yon.

"Olga, my little one, farewell," said Eric.

"Good-by," wailed the two maidens. They watched until the youths had turned the corner of the road and then threw themselves into each other's arms and wept.

"Shall we, then, never see our loves again?" cried Olga. But Selma dried her tears. "When we see them," she answered, "it will be good times. They should then be rich, and we should eat blood pudding, and all those things, for every day. Dry your tears, my sister, it will not be long."

Yon Yonson and Eric, brothers as they were, had fallen heels over head in love with sisters—flaxen-haired girls they were, with rosy faces. The brothers, their fancy caught with tales of America, had felt within their bones the fever of unrest.

"We should go," they had told the girls, "to that there place where money is picked up in the gutters and grows on trees, and every man, they say, is a great king. We should go there and get rich, and then the time comes when we send for you, our little sweethearts, to come to us and wed us."

"Shall we never see our loves again?"

"You—you will forget us," the maids had sobbed.

"Never," said Yon.

"Not never," repeated Eric. "And you will not forget us?"

"How could we then forget you, our lovers," answered Selma. "Such nonsense. We could not forget."

The brothers landed in the western country and started out to carve their fortunes, each carrying in his mind the image of a girl.

When they landed Yon put his hand upon his brother's shoulder.

"Eric," he said, "we shall work hard that the little ones should come over. Should we not now seek the steamship peoples and find out just how much it is—how much it will be? Then we shall know, and then we can save, and save, knowing how much the cost will be."

"It is good," answered Eric. So they inquired. "Thirty dollars—steerage," that was what the steamship people told them. And they could buy tickets in America at any time and send them over.

"Now," said Eric, "we shall go and get some jobs." They got their jobs, but they were greenhorns, and big, raw-boned chaps at that, and though they could lift and tug and push and pull, they lacked the skill which is the feature of the American workman. They started on one dollar and a quarter a day.

"Soon," said Yon, "shall we have the money for the little ones. For it should cost us, oh, not three cents a day to live. Everything should be cheap."

But they found that they were mistaken. They had to live in rooms, and rooms cost money; they had to eat at restaurants, and restaurants cost money; they had to wear clothes, and clothes cost money.

"If," wailed Eric, "those little ones were only here they could, maybe, make us clothes. Olga could. She's right smart."

"I bet you, Eric," said Yon, "that Selma could make me more clothes and better than Olga could make you. I bet you. Come. Everybody bets here. You bet me."

But Eric shook his head. "If I lost," he said, "it would be one day more for my little one to wait. Good night. I dream of Olga."

Time passed, the weeks and months went by. Little by little, little by little the savings

of Yon and Eric were increasing. One day they embraced each other.

"Good luck," they said, "we each now have fifteen dollars. We have the little ones half over."

But then Yon shook his head. "Half over is not much good," he said, "what good now is a half of a little one? But wait," he continued, brightening up, for he had imbibed the usages of America. "Wait, my brother. Behold, we have each fifteen dollars. What then, together we have the whole of thirty dollars. Thirty dollars! What does it mean? It means that a whole little one can come over then. It means that Selma could come over. How is that?"

Eric's face flushed with joy. "Or Olga," he replied. But Yon shook his head. "Selma," he answered gravely, "could make us more clothes quickly, and save us so much money, and then Olga would come all the more quickly. Let it be Selma."

Eric thought for an instant. He, too, had learnt a trick or two. "What do you say, Yon," he eagerly exclaimed, "what do you say that we draw lots, or tail-head with the penny-cent? What do you say to that, my brother?"

Yon fell on his brother's neck and blessed him, for he had been taught how to control the coin that's flipped. "I shall throw," he said, "and you will say just what."

At the last moment his cunning failed him. An instant later Eric was cavorting abou. the room. "Olga, Olga," he sang, "it is Olga who shall come the first."

Yon drew a deep sigh. "Be it so," he answered. "Let us then go quickly and buy us the ticket."

They found the ticket office, and in their eagerness they told the whole story to the ticket seller. The ticket man had a sweetheart of his own in the old country, and he was just a little touched. "See here," he said, drawing them aside and whispering to them, "let me give you a little tip. The rate, if you buy your ticket here is thirty dollars; that's all right. But if you'll send it over—that is, the money, a money order, don't you know; if you'll send that over, you'll do better. There's a rate war on just now, understand, between these lines, and if you'll just send the money back and let the girls buy tickets they can get tickets over there for just fifteen dollars—and both can come. See?"

Yon and Eric fell into each other's arms. "Both," they gasped. "It is wonderful indeed. And in a month behold, here will they be making for us many clothes."

Forthwith they went, and sent a money order—one for thirty dollars. "Good-by" said they, kissing it, "and bring our sweethearts back." The money order, however, refused to commit itself—it held its peace.

"Shall we tail-head with the penny-cent?"

About a month later, Yon and Eric, having obtained a day off, made their way, after much circumlocution, to the immigration island. Their boat came in, and for three hours they wandered up and down, scanning the crowds of men and women. There was no sign of their loved ones. Agitated, they sought an officer. This officer finally advised them that no such young ladies had disembarked, and that none such had been aboard the ship. Then, when night had fallen they returned mournfully to their abode.

"Well, well," remarked they, "on the next ship they will come, perhaps."

A belated postman hailed them in front of their door. "Is your name Yonson?" he inquired.

"Yah," they answered eagerly.

A minute later they were eagerly devouring an epistle which read like this:—

"Friends Yon and Eric: We should come over if our husbands let us. But they say not. I have married the storekeeper and post-office man, and Olga, she is wedded to the dairy owner. We are happy. How would be your wives; they should be happy, so we say. We got the money, and we send our thanks. I have used my money just to build a little bit more store, my husband thought it good. Olga, she bought two good milch cows, as her husband told her to. So we are happy, and our husbands, they are glad. Farewell. Your friend, Selma."

Yon and Eric took a deep, deep breath. "It is a comfort, Yon," said Eric, "that those tickets was only fifteen apiece and that that rate war was on."

WILLIAM H. OSBORNE.

LESLIE'S MENU

The most luscious melon that ever ripened.

THE Duke of Somethingor-other was mad clear through—not insane, understand, but "mad," in the common, American, latter-day sense. He was at dinner — it was about A. D. 1303—and he had eaten so heartily of an admirable dish of limpets *a la* Newburg, or whatever was *a la Newburg* in those ducal days, that he was utterly unprepared to do justice to a dish of larks' tongues *a la poulette*, which came later in the feast, and of which he was very fond.

In a great rage he called his chef before him and ordered that hereafter the chef should write out a program of the feast, so that he, the Duke, would not make the mistake of eating too much of the wrong dish because he did not know what was coming. On that day the menu card was born.

we know in advance some things, and these things are good; this we are sure (otherwise we never would have arranged for them), but looking back on every year we find that many of the best things are those which were not anticipated, which were born of circumstances or of a "lucky" chance.

It is as if our duke had seated himself at his table with a carefully-written-out menu before him, and right in the midst of his dinner there arrived at his gates the most luscious melon that ever ripened on the vine-clad hills of the Arno. You had better believe our duke would insist on cutting the melon at once and adding it to his feast, menu or no menu. And in the same way the forecast of some of the things which LESLIE'S MAGAZINE will do next year must be taken as but a very ragged presentation of what it will really do.

Pinkerton methods.

Ever since it has been the custom of editors and publishers, for fear their subscribers would be so negligent as to forget to renew their subscriptions for another year, to print a foretaste, as it were, of the pleasures to come, mentioning the dainty morsels which would tickle the mental palate in the months to come.

As a matter of fact; this is a very unjust thing to do—unjust to LESLIE'S and unjust to our readers, to attempt to tell now just what will appear in the next twelve numbers of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

"Menu or no menu."

Of course, all the world loves a lover, but all the world secretly suspects itself of being a detective. Even in after-life one does not lose that boyish thrill of reading a real detective story.

We will have two features which will appeal to this interest, and which will give to every reader of LESLIE'S a chance to prove his or her own detective ability.

In the first place, a man intimately in the councils of Robert Pinkerton, the man who made the organization which had the "eye that never slept," will give the inside history of the Pinkerton methods, and the story of some of the most remarkable cases, many of which out-Sherlock Holmes.

At the same time, Anna Katherine Green, whose detective stories are the text-books of aspiring sleuths, will lay out one of her most elusive mysteries, and LESLIE'S MAGAZINE will pay a handsome award to the reader who solves the plot before the author does.

LESLIE'S MENU

That is one thing, and it's a good one.

Then, by a peculiarly fortuitous circumstance, we have made an arrangement with a Japanese newspaper whereby the personal stories of the Japanese generals on the firing line of the war in which they took part, will appear in this country in LESLIE'S only.

Every one knows that the American correspondents did not get near enough to the firing line to write anything but vivid, long-distance pen-pictures, so this will be the first real account of the Russo-Japanese War to appear in American print.

Something he wants.

Add to this our comprehensive series, which was never meant to be a series, except as circumstances demanded it, of the *personalities* behind the movements that are making history to-day, and you have enough promised for the next twelve months to make you put up a dollar to see what the rest of it will be. And all this is saying nothing of fiction, when, to tell the truth, our fiction is one of the things in which we have most pride.

Ralph Connor's manly story, "The Prospector," will blaze a path along which will travel some of the best known and unknown writers of short stories.

This is not the place nor the time to write a prospectus of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE for 1905, but it is the place and the time to point out that LESLIE'S stands for something, and that something is being realized from month to month.

There is no better test of a magazine's real growth than the subscription list, any more than the fact that there is no better test of a play's actual hold on the public than the box-office receipts.

Long distance pen-pictures.

That thing for which a man or woman gives up money to possess is something he wants, whether it be a play, a magazine or an automobile. Concrete figures are better than abstract facts. An edition of two hundred and fifty thousand for September; two hundred and sixty-five thousand for last month, and an edition of three hundred thousand and more this month, are stronger statements than the most glowing apotheosis of LESLIE'S as an ideal magazine.

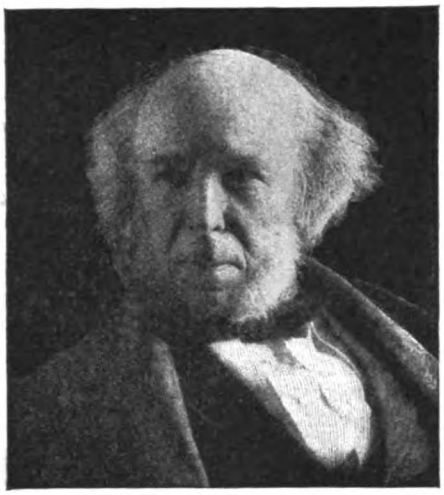
There is not a single, frantic, sensational feature booked for this fall. Without any such forced stimulus, the circulation is striding from thousand to thousand, with every indication known to the magazine publisher of having a record-breaking winter. We are thus encouraged in holding fast to the true *magazine* ideal, and in avoiding the methods of the partisan or pamphleteer. To be the best magazine for *all* the family is our constant purpose.

As the magazine gets better, the circulation gets bigger, and as the circulation gets bigger, we are enabled to make it still better, and so publisher, reader and advertiser work side by side, and grow better and better satisfied. Thus it is that one hand washes the other to the benefit of LESLIE'S readers.

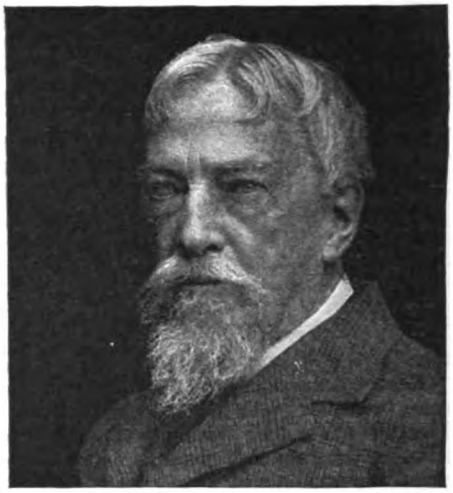
You have enough promised.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

The late Herbert Spencer.



Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.



MEN, WOMEN AND BOOKS

WE have brought together in these pages the portraits of eight writers whose works are just at present the most profitable publications on the American market. Their faces are worth looking at.

THE BEST SELLING AUTHORS OF THE YEAR

To be one of the best selling authors of the year means of itself a certain amount of distinction, or if not of distinction at least of notoriety, for an author whose books are read by two or three hundred thousand people is a person of importance. In these days of large sales and wide advertising, there is more than one writer whose successive books swell year after year in numbers which far surpass the fifty thousand mark. The group of authors whose faces appear on these pages is interesting not only because the physiognomy of success is eternally interesting to the American public, but because any category which properly includes types so varying as Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mrs. Wiggin is interesting from that very fact. It is a wholesome condition and one which would not readily be guessed, that all the most profitable books of the day are not novels. Besides historical novelists, like Winston Churchill, with "The Crossing," and John Fox, Jr., with "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and Dr. Mitchell, with his ambitious "Youth of Washington," a romancer like George Barr McCutcheon, with "Beverley of Graustark,"

George Horace Lorimer.

George Barr McCutcheon.

John Fox, Jr.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

a pleasant passer of the time like Kate Douglas Wiggin, with her "Penenopes" and their successor, we might have numbered among these pictures a poet, William Henry Drummond, just as we have the late Herbert Spencer, "the complete philosopher," as he wished to be called, and one man whose books on "The Out-of-Doors" lie somewhere between truth and fiction, Stewart Edward White. One of the most successful books of the year was George H. Lorimer's "Old Gorgon Graham," a concoction of philosophy thinly disguised as fiction in the form of letters. Old Graham is really a kind of Ben Franklin strictly up to date, with the "get-on-my-boy-honesty-if-you-can" idea brought out, with the accent on the "honesty."

Of course, permanence among all these reputations is only assured to Herbert Spencer, whose autobiography will be read by generations taught to look upon his famous "First Principles" as the very apex of ingenious fallacy. But should we hazard a guess, we should say that Dr. Drummond, too, will survive the dust of the next hundred years, for there is something about his *habitant* ballads which lays the foundation of his reputation deep down in human nature below the mere excellencies of description which have made the French Canadians fit subjects for ballad heroes.

THE HOLIDAY BOOKS

The old-fashioned custom among publishers of producing every year at the Christmas season a number of distinctively holiday books, gift books, concocted more with the idea of making them attractive outwardly rather than inwardly, has almost disappeared. Still more of the most expensive books on a publisher's list are sold before holidays than at any other season, and this year there are a

Winston Churchill.

Stewart Edward White.

number of attractive books coming out about Christmas time, which if they are not exactly "gift books," are at least their modern substitute.

Many of these books are illustrated with extremely successful reproductions in color, a kind of illustration that is improving materially every year. These colored pictures are not merely the ordinary wash drawing frontispiece, with a patch of faded pink or yellow daubed across the face of the heroine or spotting the waistcoat of the hero, but color plates which really give the effect of a painting. Eugene Field's poems of childhood have been illustrated in this way by Maxfield Parrish, with some particularly attractive drawings in color in his characteristically delightful style, and Mary Mapes Dodge's "Rhymes and Jingles" have been decorated and illustrated in color, almost as well, by Sarah Stillwell. Miss Stillwell, too, has illustrated Mr. E. S. Martin's "The Luxury of Children," with more moderate success. There is a new edition of Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart's "Sonny," with elaborate drawings by Fanny Y. Cory and another large book of sketches called "Everyday People," from the exhaustless studio of Charles Dana Gibson. Elizabeth Shippen Green has decorated and illustrated in color a novel called "The Castle Comedy," which is distinctively a gift book. Palmer Cox has been busy also taking his "Brownies" to romp in the Philippines, while Oliver Herford has done the best work to his credit in a long time by his drawings of "The Rubaiyat of a Persian Kitten."

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"THE DEFENDANT." Gilbert K. Chesterton.

If a defense of "baby worship," of "china shepherdesses," or of "useful information" was needed, Mr. Chesterton has certainly supplied it in a most delightful and entertaining way. There has rarely been a collection of more stimulating or amusing little essays than these which he has gathered together in "The Defendant." They are just serious enough and just light enough to make us think while we laugh and laugh while we think. (Dodd, Mead.)

"THE DIARY OF A MUSICIAN." Dolores Marburg Bacon.

The autobiography of a violinist who reveals his character and genius unscreened by any artifice of the author. In spite of his rather amusing observations and comments, we cannot but rejoice in the rarity of genius —at least in novels. (Henry Holt.)

"VERGILIUS." Irving Bacheller.

The creator of the genial "Eben Holden" has written a tale of decadent Rome and even more decadent Jerusalem. The period is that of Augustus Cæsar, who is represented as an earlier Eben. The book holds much homely philosophy, a good deal of conservative voluptuousness and an interesting story. Old Rome is nearer New England than we realized. (Harper & Bros.)

"THE LAST HOPE." Henry Seton Merriman.

A novel with all Mr. Merriman's characteristic virtues and faults of style and plot. An heir to the throne of France, who has been brought up in England, is the hero of an abortive royalist plot against the government of Napoleon III. A dramatic story remarkably well written. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"OLIVE LATHAM." E. L. Voynich.

The tragedy of the worst side of Russian rule in Poland. A story told with remarkable power and great literary skill of the terrible suffering through which a woman finds herself. A book as painful as it is striking. (Lippincott Company.)

"NANCY STAIR." Elinor Macartney Lane.

A pretty story of the time and country of Robbie Burns, with little of the balderdash of historical novels and a deal of sprightliness and charm. (Appleton's.)

"MAN AND SUPERMAN." George Bernard Shaw.

A succession of paradoxes obviously designed to vex the good and to stir the wicked to laughter. As a socialist, Mr. Shaw is a jest; but as a humorist, a delight. (Brentanos'.)

THE STAR IN THE EAST

By Virginia Bioren Harrison

O, a new star, a new star
Blazed like a lamp of gold.
For closely pressed to Mary's breast
The Savior Jesus lay at rest,
As prophets had foretold.

(But little Judas, as he slept,
Stirred in his mother's arms and wept.)

O, the night wind, the night wind
A new song found to sing,
Caught from the gleaming angel choir,
With harps of light and tongues of fire,
To praise the new-born King.

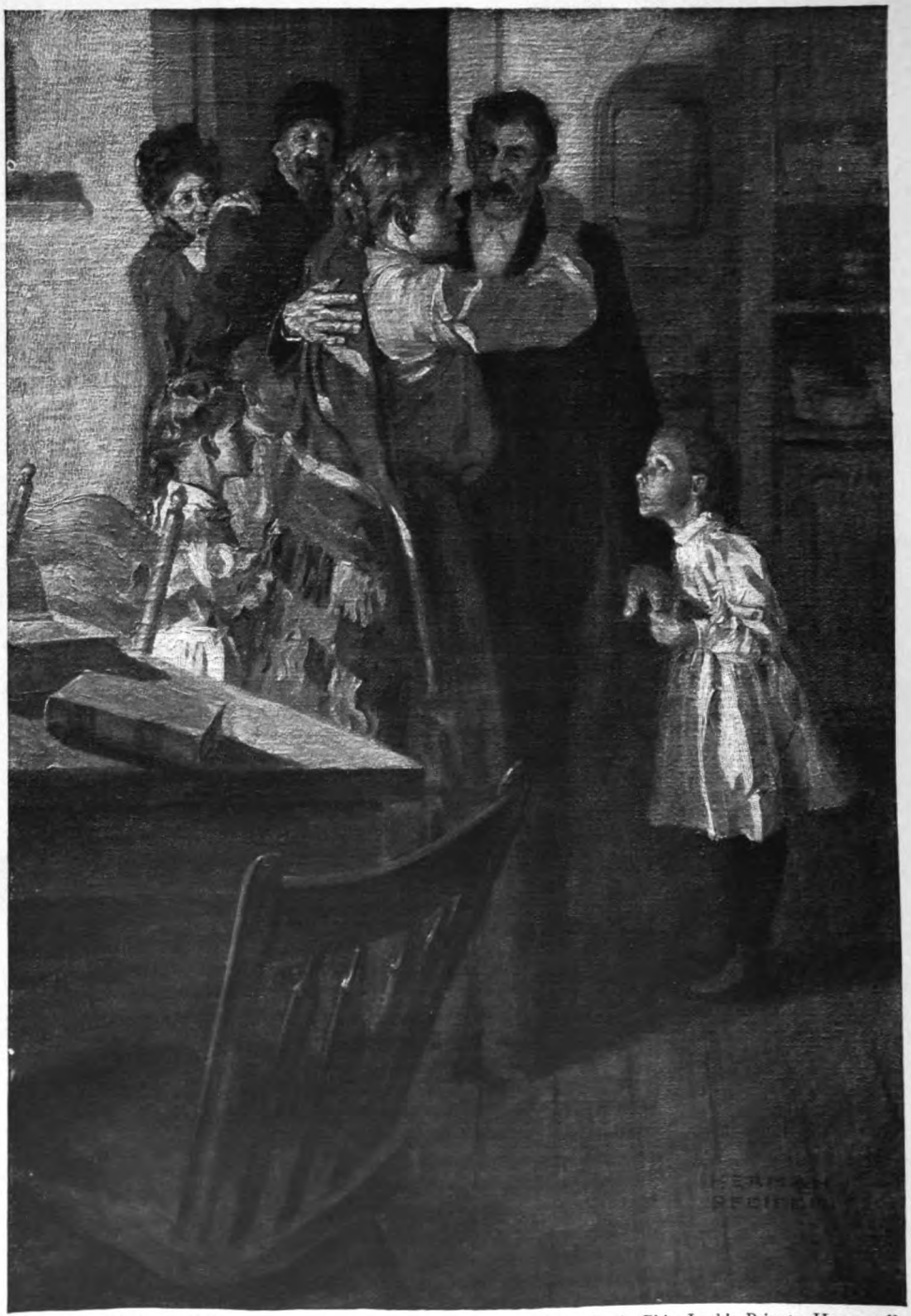
(But little Judas, as he slept,
Stirred in his mother's arms and wept.)

O, the worship, the worship
And myrrh and incense sweet,
Which shepherd kings from far away
Had brought with golden gifts to lay
At the Savior Jesus' feet.

(But little Judas, as he slept,
Stirred in his mother's arms and wept.)

O, the shadow, the shadow
Of the cross upon the hill.
But yet the babe, who was to bear
The whole world's weight of sin and care,
On Mary's heart lay still.

(But Judas' mother, with a cry,
Kissed him and wept, she knew not why.)



Drawn by Herman Pfeifer. See "Cap'n Phin Look's Private Heaven."

"Such things sort o' softens up the feelings."

LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LIX. DECEMBER, 1904 No. 2

WITH THE BLESSING OF BOBBY

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC CLARKE

THE quaint, box-bordered flower garden, the beds blue with violets, the driveway through rows of blossoming japonicas, made a charming picture to eyes accustomed to Minnesota snows. Whitehead Kirkland's pulses quickened at the stirring of tender, boyhood memories, and he felt a sudden anger towards himself for allowing the thought of any woman to banish him from that familiar scene for eight long years. His twin sisters were exclaiming, questioning without waiting for answers, bubbling over with eagerness of welcoming him.

"You've hardly changed at all, you old dear! To think that you had never seen the children before!"

"You've been awfully good about photographs," the apologetic note might have suggested to the suspicious that the photographs were in a drawer and not hanging upon his walls, as his sisters fondly imagined. "But there's a certain similarity in pictures. Perhaps you had better recapitulate, so I won't mix them up."

"You goose, as if you could mistake Betty's girls for my Jack and Dabney! There's Betty's little Bobby waiting for us on the porch. Don't spoil the children to death. Their father's brothers pet them until they believe an uncle is a combination of an Arabian Nights' Entertainment, an acrobat, a playfellow, and a comic supplement."

Kirkland groaned inwardly. The secret dread he cherished towards his unknown nieces and nephews assumed more definite shape.

The older four were scampering up the driveway, racing to see who could reach their uncle first. When Whitehead escaped to his room that night, he had confused sensations of children's arms strangling him, or holding to his knees and impeding his usual swinging stride; of a menagerie of guinea-pigs, bantams, puppies, kittens, squirrels, and even a mud-turtle, to whom he had been introduced individually; of good night kisses that deposited blackberry jam. In the chamber he had occupied the greater part of his life, he felt homesick—for his quiet offices in the West.

Said Madge casually, at breakfast:—

"White, will you look after the children while we drive to the station for Alice Gray?"

"Certainly. You had not told me she was coming."

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His unknown niece and nephew.

His sister's clear gaze disarmed his suspicions.

"Why, I thought you knew she always spent Christmas with us! The children adore her, and John and Albert demand her as much as Betty and I do. Alice actually had the impertinence to decline to come this year, for the first time in our lives. Said she thought family reunions were nicer without an outsider and nonsense of that sort! We promptly wrote her that if your visit interfered with hers, we should express you back to Minnesota. Madge, we'll be obliged to make an early start, as we have to drive by Mrs. Weston's before train time. We shall be home by noon, White."

Kirkland broke an egg deliberately. What a *rara avis* was the woman who could continue a lifelong intimacy with two sisters, and never by look or hint betray that she had refused to marry their brother!

Perhaps it was the excitement of the Christmas season, but Whitehead was disturbed in his post-prandial cigar by unmistakable sounds of quarreling from the play room.

"What's up?" he asked.

Nancy's angry little voice answered:—

"Jack wants to play such horrid paper doll games! He's got burglars and train robbers, till I'm scared for mine to go out of the house!"

"Girls' paper dolls are so silly," Jack retaliated. "They don't do a thing but change their dresses and go visitin' !"

"And a burglar cut off Mrs. Curtis' head, and while I was havin' her fun'ral, Dabs married Mr. Curtis to his Injun squaw," sobbed Polly.

"Mr. Curtis said he jes' couldn't bear to be a bach'lor," explained Dabs.

Kirkland realized the difficulties of arbitration when one can cite no precedent. Nancy came to his rescue with the entreaty:—

"Tell us a story, Uncle White."

He hopelessly fumbled through dusty memories. "Have you heard of Cinderella and her wonderful lamp,—hang it, glass slipper, wasn't it?"

"Oh, we don't mean those ole things. Tell us 'bout you and papa when you were little. Papa tells us lots of those. You were a bad little boy like Jack and Dabs,

and papa was such a good little boy, like books."

"Oh, he was, was he?" asked Kirkland, grimly recalling long-forgotten yarns. "Did he ever tell you about the jujubes? Well, once upon a time I went to visit my grandmother. A cousin named Peter was there, and your father lived next door. He was two years older than Peter or myself, and we thought him the wisest person in the world. In Grandma's yard was a jujube tree, that bore a little, brown fruit less than an inch long. Every now and then we would find a jujube as big as one's thumb, and these John called 'king jujubes.' In the garden was a summer-house, covered with vines, and John would sit there with a crown on his head, while Pete and I hunted for jujubes in the hot sun. Whenever we found a big one we had to run, kneel down, and offer it to the king. Sometimes Pete and I would tell John how much we should like to sit in the shade and be king. But King John would wave his scepter and say kindly, 'I can't help what you *want* to be, you *are* the jujube pickers!'

"One day John told us we were made of gutta-percha inside, and looked like the hollow inside of a drainage pipe. Right in the middle, a gizzard, shaped like a chicken's but twenty times as large, was turning around. When one was eight years old, as old as John, one's gizzard would grind without any trouble, but when one was only six, like Pete and me, if one wasn't very careful the gizzard would stop grinding, and then, bump! one would die! We listened to each other's, and sure enough we thought we could hear something thumping around.

"'It's movin' mighty slow,' said John. 'You need some brickdust. That's good for gizzards, just like you see chickens eat teenyweeny bits of gravel. He pounded a broken brickbat into fine dust, while we

The hour for the children's story.

rinsed out an old tomato can. We put in the brickdust and plenty of water, and Pete and I gulped it down. Then John listened to see if our gizzards were grinding all right again, and he nodded and said they were 'just zippin' along!' We were so grateful to John for saving our lives that—"

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice!"

Polly had caught sight of her in the hall, and in another moment she was the center of energetic "bear hugs" that left no doubt as to the warmth of her reception.

"Come on," they cried, tugging at her skirts. "Uncle White, tell Miss Alice that story."

"I've heard it," she confessed as she put out her hand. "I've been eavesdropping actually!"

Kirkland was vaguely conscious that he was saved from embarrassment by the fact that Alice was embarrassed. Instead of the cool, detached glance he recalled so well, a sudden, sweet warmth had illumined her eyes that half-instant they met his.

"Didn't Betty get my telegram? I wired that I should come on the early train, and as nobody was there, I walked over. Just as I reached the door the children were discussing their difficulties about the paper dolls. You began the story so quickly,—I couldn't have the rudeness to interrupt! I shall tell John how you slander him."

"And I shall certainly tell Betty what an example you set the youngsters,—listening behind doors!"

In their hearts both felt grateful to the children who had rendered their first meeting less difficult; both recalled vividly their last interview, which had decided Kirkland to accept an opening in the West. That they still felt uncertain about a *tête-à-tête* was proved because Betty and Madge found them still in the playroom. Miss Gray was evolving tissue paper "creations" for paper ladies, while Kirkland whittled cigar boxes into such fascinating cages that, when the bantam laid an egg, Dabs was sorely perplexed. He looked uncertainly from Miss Alice to his uncle, his allegiance divided between the old love and the new.

"I'll give it to you bofe, and you can have it scwambled," he cut the Gordian knot.

His own gift suggested the happy thought:—

"What did you bring us, Uncle White?"

Never had Kirkland felt more inadequate than under the trustful gaze of Dabs' big, brown eyes.

"The store," came a quick answer.

"We'll go to the store and buy your things," announced Kirkland, greatly relieved.

Half a mile through the woods that bright December day was a pleasure in itself, but Kirkland felt dismayed when he stood again in the building that did duty as post office and emporium. The choice seemed to lay between a country-cured ham and a bolt of homespun.

"You haven't any toys? Children, do you see anything you will have?"

But they knew the resources of that little store. Lead pencils, peppermint drops, pink and blue cambric for doll clothes, rusty trowels and hatchets, and four-gallon size tin buckets were eagerly selected.

"What are you going to do with the bottle of Lazoo's Lightning Liniment?" inquired Kirkland, as that was added to the collection.

"They give 'way six pictures of horses with it, and if we ever get a pony we can rub him with it."

An uncle is a combination of an acrobat, a play-fellow and a comic supplement.

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice!"

"And the buckets?"

"We had some last summer, we carried oozy mud for our tadpoles in 'em, and picked blackberries, and washed Gyp and Micky in 'em, and took the guinea pigs out for rides in 'em, and turned 'em upside down for stools."

That exposition of their uses made Kirkland feel as if large tin buckets were a reasonable and usual gift, and he was further reassured when Madge said, upon their return:—

"You couldn't have pleased the children more. It was so tactful in you to let them choose things for themselves."

"Thank you, I'm indebted beyond

words," replied White laughing, and it never occurred to Madge that his gratitude was meant for the girl beside her.

"Your suggestion saved me," he said, when they chanced to be alone that afternoon. "It's wonderful how children receive one on trust, isn't it? My good qualities are taken for granted, my bad ones remain to be proved. Where are you going? I never have a moment's talk with you."

"Don't you hear the little girls calling me? I promised to look at the guinea-pigs."

"How in the world do you remember them?" he wondered, as Alice greeted each pet by name.

"Polly, how pretty Ice-cream is! Young-man-afraid-of-his-horse is growing fat, Dabs. What is the name of the new baby?"

"We're goin' to name her for that young lady Uncle White talks so much about. Papa said she was a clincher."

"Oh!" The monosyllable was significant, and Alice's smile lacked the spontaneity that usually gave it charm.

"We heard Uncle White telling papa a lot 'bout Affie Davit, and it's such a pretty name we're goin' to name our piggie for her."

There was absolutely no doubt now as to the spontaneity and charm of her smile!

Just after breakfast was the hour for the children's story, and Kirkland, as he watched their eager listening, wondered if they took it in through their little, wide-open mouths. After they had gone outdoors Alice said:—

"I cannot forgive Kipling for not being born in time to give the Jungle Book to my childhood. We read one of his stories to the children, and then they play it. You would be astonished to learn how much information they have gained about the habits of animals, and what a beautiful spirit of fellowship it has developed in them."

When the little folks tramped in, an hour later, Nancy began eagerly:—

"We've been playin' Redruff, it was lots of fun!" Alice darted a triumphant glance at Kirkland. "I was her, and the others were my children, and Bobby was all the little partridges that died, and ev'ry time he died, he cried! And I found an ant-hill, just like mother partridges do, and scratched it up, and it was full of white baby ants, and I ate 'em, just like Redruff,—'bout a handful of 'em."

Betty ran for mustard and hot water, while Kirkland laughed until he could hardly ask:—

"How did they taste, Nancy?"

"They tasted good, because I was a partridge," she explained, "if I'd been a little girl, they'd have tasted *orful!*"

Kirkland's nieces and nephews had been given so much affection that they considered a new uncle an acquisition indeed. They felt assured of his interest in all that concerned them, and one morning Kirkland was awakened by Dabs, who flung himself upon the bed, sobbing as if his heart would break. After the first relief of finding that it was Young-man-afraid-of-his-horse, and not Madge, who was dead, his uncle felt irritated at having been unnecessarily alarmed.

"Why on earth did you wake me up to tell me that pig was dead?"

"I had to tell somebody," sobbed Dabs. "He uster cuddle so sweet! I thought it wouldn't make you as sorry as Mother, 'cause you ain't known him so long, and you can't love him so good."

"Well, be a brave fellow and stop crying, and I'll buy you children the ducks you wanted."

So Kirkland found himself in the anomalous position of adding five white Pekin ducks to the very menagerie he had scorned!

Early the next morning the household was aroused by a deafening noise. All ducks are unnecessarily loud, but Pekins are insolently so. Everybody was wide awake before the hall was cleared of the procession of duck-bearers. When the parents expostulated later, Polly's under lip quivered:—

"I think Calla Lily quacks real sweet."

"It's up to Kirkland to adjust this matter," declared John.

The bantering challenge aroused that spirit in Kirkland which had made itself felt at the bar. Calling the children, he told them the old story of Manlius and the geese that saved the day for Rome. He ended earnestly:—

"Now the very first time that we are fast asleep, and you see a great throng of hairy savages, fierce as wolves, climbing up to our windows, bring in those ducks and let their quacking wake us. But not

until then! Remember the ducks are not to come into the house until the Gauls are at the windows."

The four solemnly promised. And Alice Gray assented warmly as Betty said:—

"Hasn't White a wonderful knack with them? He understands children."

In all the world there is no compliment as exquisite, as delicate, as subtle!

On Christmas Eve the quartette were invited to a party, and with the coast clear at last, their elders proceeded to deck the tree, which had been placed in a big, spare room. It felt a little chilly, but when Mose kindled a fire, the smoke puffed out into the room. Thrusting his arm up the chimney to see what was choking it, he drew out a wad of wrapping paper. Queer hieroglyphics were sprawled upon it.

"It's the children's writing! Oh, Madge, their letters to Santa!"

"We've hunted everywhere for them, the children were so mysterious about it, we decided they hadn't written any this year. Hurry, Betty, maybe there's something they want that we've overlooked."

"I think we have everything," said Betty opening a sooty sheet and reading, in a tone that quickly verged into the tragic:—

"All me and Polly want is the poney."

"DEARIS SANTY:

"All me and Polly want is the poney.

"Your littel friend,

"NANCY."

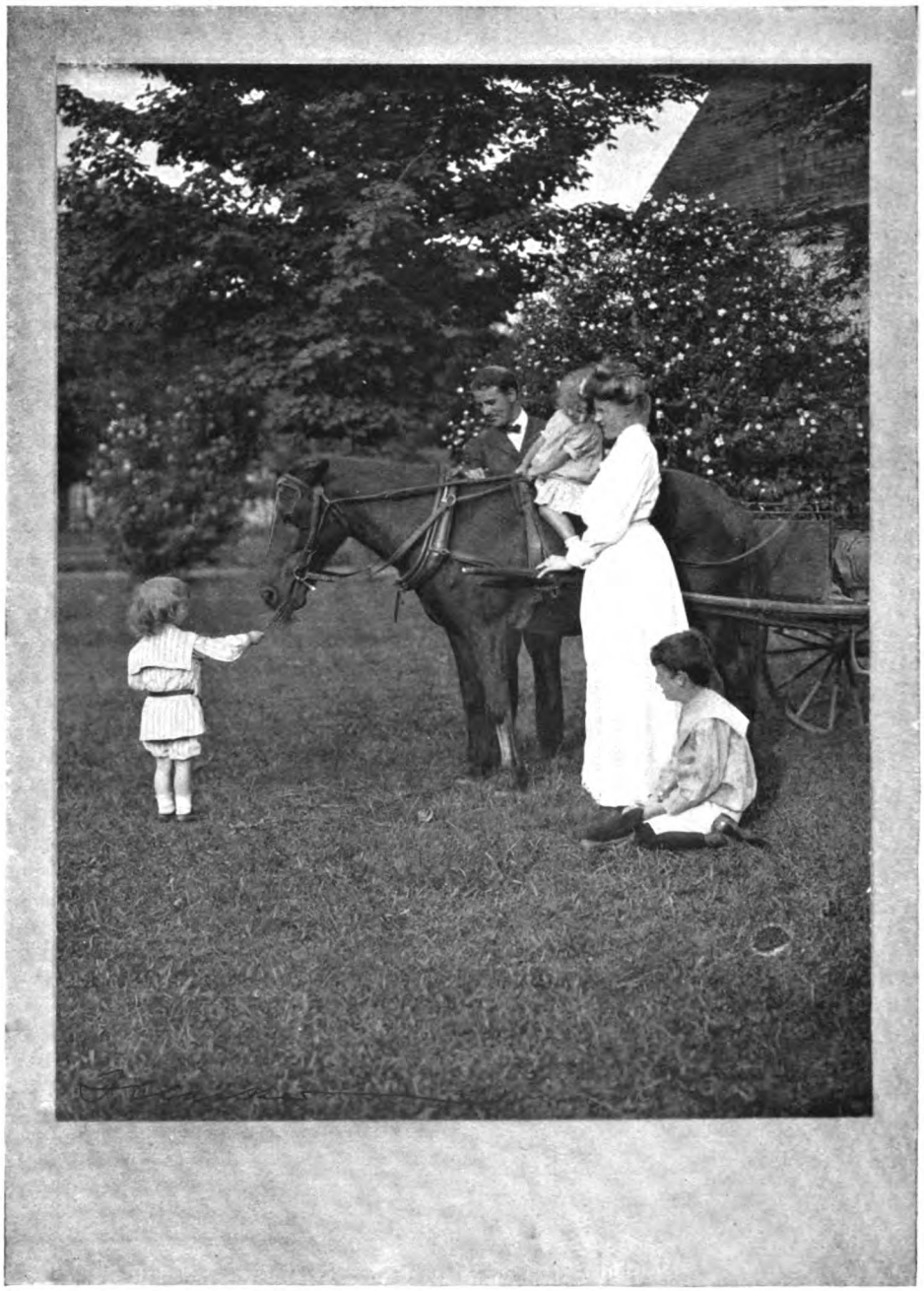
"P. S. and the cart and harnes."

Dabney's epistle was brief and to the point:—

"Ponney,

"DABS."

Jack had evidently been selected as



That Christmas out of doors.

the chief promoter of the transaction:—

"DERE SIRE:

"mr. grere wants to sell his shetlun poney whitch you brought tommy because they are goin away to live he is gentel and you nedent feel scairt he will throw us you can buy it back chepe I reckon and we want it mitey bad plese sire put the poney in the stabel whitch will sirprise the groan peple also cart and harnes and sadel

"Yours truely JACK."

"Groan" people they were! Despair was in the mothers' faces.

"The hours I've spent on those doll

clothes! If we had guessed in time to make them understand they couldn't have the pony, but now they will be so disappointed!"

Kirkland had already gone out and slipped on his overcoat.

"I'm going over to Greer's and arrange with him to send it over by seven. Hush, Madge. I'm tired of letting you and Betty select my presents for the kids. I'm going to do it myself."

He put his hands to his ears to escape the chorus of protest and relief, and turned to Alice.

"Is it too late for you to drive over to Greer's with me? Mose has gone for the buggy, as the children have the carriage."

"Miss Betty, Bobby's pow'ful sleepy." The old "black Mammy" who had nursed all the Kirklands, from "Marse White" to Bobby, appeared at the door.

"Oh, Aunt Mahaly, I forgot him! Do any of you want to come with me?"

Madge was too busy with the tree, but Alice and Kirkland followed her and stood just outside the nursery door. Bobby's prayers were never stereotyped.

He had refused to petition Santa. "Me'll ask God," he declared positively.

Kneeling by his little trundle-bed, he prayed:—

"Please, God, gimme a goat-scwaper, so we can swcape the pony. And give Unc' Wastus a lot of 'bacca, cause he say he wants it." He halted, puzzled. There was a spry Uncle Rastus who worked around the depot. Suppose he should receive the old blacksmith's tobacco?

"Me mean ole, ole Unc' Wastus, who's the hoses' shoemaker,—the one who walks jes' *so*—"

Solemnly shuffling around the room, his little body bent almost double, he made his meaning clear to his Father.

Kneeling again, he continued:—

"Give ev'ybody sumfin. Bless Mamma and Papa and Unc' W'iteheaded, and give hi n a nice wife, 'cause Mammy says he orter have one, and she says she weckons Miss Alice 'll do, for Zesus' sake, Amen."

They fled laughing, breathless, avoiding each other's eyes.

"A goat-scraper? What on earth is that?" he asked, as he tucked the lap-robe around her. "It was the only thing that blessed infant wished for himself."

Alice pondered. "He must have meant a currycomb! He saw a boy currying his goat the other day."

After the negotiations with Mr. Greer were satisfactorily concluded, they drove to the little store and secured the currycomb, as well as enough tobacco to last the blacksmith for many a month. Then Kirkland turned into the road through the woods.

"Can you grant the rest of Bobby's prayer, Alice? After so many years, may I have my wife at last?"

She lifted her eyes to his,—the aloofness, the imperiousness, had given place to a great and beautiful tenderness.

"Oh, White, I didn't know anything about you!" she cried with a half sob. "Do you remember, just before you asked me that question long ago, I had been telling you of the little mission children? My whole heart was in the work, and when you said that you detested children, and that if I became your wife I should not waste my strength on 'dirty little vandals,' I felt so chilled, so repelled! I thought the inner core of your nature must be hard and cold. I sent you away, though I cared,—I have always cared. You didn't know your own self, and I didn't know you."

"You were exactly right in your diagnosis, dear. Seeing myself through these children's eyes has made me realize my own selfishness. They have helped me, God bless them,—especially Bobby! But you haven't answered me?"

"Oh, especially Bobby!" leapt impetuously from Alice's heart. "For, White, Aunt Mahaly says that he is the very image of you at his age!"

Surely no man could wish a further answer.

Four confident children, hardly waiting to disgorge their Christmas stockings, raced for the stable, while Bobby trudged behind them, happy in the possession of his "goatscraper."

Five rosy-cheeked, happy children spent that Christmas out of doors.

In the morning they drove, by turns enthroned in the red cart. In the afternoon, the pony must needs be saddled for a time. The rest of the day was devoted to "givin' the darlin' a lovely time." Jack and Dabs picked bunches of succulent clover; with faces that reflected Bobby's radiance, Unc' W'iteheaded and Miss Alice watched him softly curving the pony's tail; while upon the beloved hoofs, Polly and Nancy poured a libation of Lazoo's Liniment!

IN ELIZABETH'S REIGN

By Sara Lindsay Coleman

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALICE BEACH WINTER

IT seemed that June had slipped over the Big Bald and down the ridges into Carolina just that its sunshine might fall on Melindy's cabin.

Melindy's cabin was two log houses joined together and chinked with mud. It sat at the foot of the mountain village of Marsville. There were other cabins of the same simple architecture scattered over the hills and nestled in the valleys, but white curtains hung at Melindy's windows, a white counterpane was on her bed, a tangle of vines climbed about her door which swung open invitingly, a bed of geraniums glowed beyond, and a cherry tree with its burden of luscious blackhearts leaned invitingly low over the fence.

Melindy was not in.

A rosy-cheeked lass saw the sun bonneted woman leading her cow over the clover field, but turned a determined little face from the sight of Melindy's possessions and went by with a hurried, sidling movement; a sturdy lad stopped for a breathless, irresolute minute under the cherry tree, he, too, had seen Melindy and the cow in the far field, and his mouth was puckering for blackhearts. But suddenly he set his lips in a resolute whistle, thrust the fingers he could not control deep into his trousers, and hustled past temptation.

The little children of Marsville, the stray dogs, the unclaimed cats knew Melindy, Elizabeth did not. Wavering, balancing, swaying, she came down the hill as fast as her fat legs would bring her. From time to time she glanced back, but no aproned and capped figure was in pursuit.

It was her first real taste of freedom, and her glinting curls bobbed estatically as she followed a golden butterfly that lured her straight into the scarlet heart of Melindy's geranium bed.

"Pitty, pitty sings," she cried to the butterfly joyously. In a flashing moment her baby hands undid Melindy's work of patient months. She filled her arms high with the flowers that were the one passion of the mountain woman's barren life, cried "Don't tiss me," to the butterfly that tilted on her cheek, and loved the whole sun flooded world.

Melindy recrossed the field without the cow. Tall and gaunt and terrible with the muscles standing out painfully on her neck, knitting her brow, she towered over the white, dimpled, star-eyed thing that laughed up into her face.

Elizabeth didn't know she had offended—she never dreamed that she could offend.

The mountaineer's hard hand descended on the satin cheek that had known only rapturous kisses. A look of fright crept into the star-eyes, and suddenly she flung herself down with her golden curls in the dust and shrieked, the gamut of her feelings scaling from the indignity received to other terrors that were unknown and vague.

Melindy left her there and went to her little back porch. She sat down and fell to peeling potatoes. She heard the baby toil up the steps; she saw the little shadow as it moved slowly forward, elongated in the sunshine—the little shadow that held dusty, wilting geraniums in its repentant arms.

As Elizabeth's perfumed burden dropped at Melindy's feet, Melindy sent savage stabs into the potatoes. The baby came nearer, lifted a smart little brown shoe that was very dusty, and said ingratiatingly: "The baby's got noo sho—oos."

Melindy said nothing.

She waited an anxious moment, wriggled her foot out of its untied shoe, held up the little brown clad toes and said softly: "Want er bite the piddies?"

Melindy did not lift her eyes.

The baby looked at her in a wondering silence. The people of her little world when she said those soft words caught the pretty foot and nibbled the toes in a transport of delight.

"A piddy," she explained to the grim, silent old mountaineer, "went er market; stayed home." Suddenly she leaned the warmth of her small body heavily on Melindy's calico-covered knee. Her ten little, pink fingers dovetailed themselves as she began solemnly: "He-are church, he-are teeple, he-are," with a dextrous twist of her wrists that turned the little hands back and brought the pink, satiny, crumpled palms up, "all people done gone way."

As she looked at the unappreciative Melindy, the sting of a happier memory quivered the little lips. "Muv?" she whimpered, "Daddy?" Always when she yielded to their chorus of, "Here's the church—do it—you know you can," and did it prettily, her daddy snatched her to his shoulder crying, "She's a winner!" and her muv's soft arms reached up, and her muv's soft lips said, "She's my beautifulest babykins!"

The toes in the small, brown sock squirmed distressedly; her lips quivered ominously now, but, looking down, she saw the bright flowers and slipped to the floor to gather them to her, sway back and forth and sing, "Wock-by-baby on tee top—win' blow—cwadle wock."

Melindy dropped her knife and bent forward, shaken by a gush of tenderness that startled her. The little voice was tugging at her heartstrings. She wanted to crush the rosebud lips with kisses. But the crimson warmth of the flowers that were the children of her nun life flashed out at her from their cradle in Elizabeth's arms, and her face hardened. Her hand fell heavily on the soft shoulder. "Get out," she said harshly. "Ye're a bad lettle gal."

With a sob in her grieved little throat, and never a backward glance, the baby got out. She stumbled up the hill blindly, and into the heaven of the black arms that

Melindy sent savage stabs into the potatoes.

As Melindy started over the field Polly Jump called to her:

opened wide to take her in. Her arms closed in a strangling embrace about a stringy, old, black throat, and she wept, heart-broken.

It was perhaps a week later that a neighbor dropped into the cabin above Melindy's, and said to the woman she found there, "What ye reckin ails her, Polly Jump?"

Melindy's gaunt figure filled up her little doorway. With one long, lean, veinous hand shading her eyes, she stood motionless in the sunlight that flashed its last warm message over the valleys and hills.

"Fer a week she's ben a-lookin' up thet hill morn, noon an' night," said the neighbor, and the joy of the news-carrier thrilled in her voice. "She's allus ben quare; she's plumb crazy now. I bolted in on her yistiddy to fin' her settin' in the midst o' a lot o' leetle horses made out of cornstalks." Her voice dropped mysteriously. "They war standin' up on their wabbly leetle legs at leetle troughs she'd made. Leetle troughs with corn in 'em, Polly Jump!" the neighbor shrieked. "She turned on me so fierce like, I jes bolted out agin."

"The Lord have mercy," said Polly Jump.

"An' she's ben makin' sweet cakes an' cuttin' 'em out in the shape o' leetle pigs. Leetle pigs! Polly Jump. An' all her pritty blossoms air lyin' on her porch stone dead, with a baby's shoe on top o' 'em."

"Pore thing," said Polly Jump. "Ef ye remember, they war a right smart lump o' them, boys and gals. She got harder an' harder ez they died off. Tain't good fer nobody ter live by their self. Now she's a rock thet needs the Goodman's grace. I don't 'low nothin'll ever sof'en her."

The next morning as Melindy started over the field in the bright morning sunshine, leading a cow, Polly Jump called to her and said: "The leetle baby with eyes jes like stars thet belongs ter the lady from Kaintuck's powerful bad off with the pneumone fever. They don't 'low hit'll live. Hit's mar 'lows hit's ben skeered, jedgin' from the way hit acts. But law! a butterfly'd sort o' apologize fer lightin' on thet leetle gal. I never seed nothin' prittier, an' I don't 'low I will this side o' heaven."

Under Melindy's big bonnet her face took a grayish pallor. She tried to speak as Polly Jump moved away, but there seemed to be some actual lock upon her lips.

She tottered into her cabin and sat down among the little cornstalk horses. "I 'lowed hit 'ud come back," she said. "But hit won't now. I'll never git hit's fergiveness."

When the mountaineer presented herself before Elizabeth's mother and asked that she might help nurse the child, the young mother looked at her without surprise.

"The leetle baby s powerful bad off with the pneumone fever."

"You want to help nurse my baby?" she asked gently. "It's very good of you," looking at the hard, old face uncertainly. "But I have the old mammy, and the baby's father is with me. I think we can do everything."

"Enybody 'll tell ye I kin nurse," said Melindy humbly. "An' they'll not credit much ter me."

"But," hesitated the lady.

"Fer God's sake," Melindy implored. "Fer God's sake!"

Melindy stayed.

For a week the little head had tossed in a vain search for rest it could not find; for a week the little chest had labored grievously; the baby's lips uttered wild cries. On the night of the eighth day the crisis of the pneumonia had come, and the little life wavered in a balance that was just a mote in sunshine dancing between life and death.

The doctor sent them all away; all, that is, but Melindy. Melindy he couldn't have sent away. She knew the crisis was at hand.

For an hour her eyes had been fastened on the doctor's fingers holding the little wrist. For an hour she had not moved. When the doctor's hypodermic stung the satin arm, she whispered with stiff lips:—

"Hit peers like he air skulkin' back thar in the shadders jes a-waitin' fer the leetle 'un. Can't ye rout him, doctor? Can't ye?" tremblingly.

The doctor looked up at Melindy.

"How'd you come to care, Melindy?" he asked.

"Thet's a leetle matter," Melindy began, "thet don't consarn ye."

"Wock by baby on tee top," clanged the hoarse little voice into the stillness.

Melindy dropped to her knees. "Lord," she said, "Lord, I ain't spoke ter ye in many a year, but I'm speakin' now. I'm axin' ye ter hear a pore ole mountain body the's got a hundred pound's o' lonesome crushin' her. I'm axin' yer ter let up on thet pantin' leetle chist. Hit's mighty nigh tuckered out, Lord. An' ef the Reaper's got orders ter come here ternight, I'm axin' ye ter change 'em. I ain't tryin' ter make no bargin with ye, Lord, but I'm meanin' ter sarve ye ez I ain't seen ye sarved in these parts. Amen."

The muscles of the doctor's young face hardened as Melindy prayed. His face wore the look of battle, grim, indomitable.

Inch by inch the mighty enemy Melindy had seen skulking in the shadows fell back as the night wore on; inch by inch, Melindy standing at the doctor's elbow.

The house's disaster lifted and drifted away with the mists that the morning dispelled. In a broadening band of light the mountains stood out against the sky, and the morning star glowed.

Melindy's old lips moved at the sight. "Lord," they whispered, "the mornin'

stars air singin' together, an' the music's mighty pritty—mighty pritty."

The young mother led Melindy out into the morning air, golden with sunshine and sweet with the jargoning of birds. "You're worn out," she said. "And you have been so faithful. Won't you go home for a little rest? Do! Go take a look at your cow, and see about saving your cherries."

Melindy's tired eyes brightened. "I'd fergot about them cherries," she said. She hailed a barefooted boy, who eyed her doubtfully.

"Take all the boys an' leetle gals in town," she commanded, "an' go down ter my tree an' eat all the cherries yer leetle hides 'll hold." But the boy was gone, whooping wildly.

Melindy went in doors and sat down with her eyes on the curves of a little white body asleep under a white sheet.

"Melindy," asked the young mother, who bent over her little one sleeping the sleep that saves, "how'd it all come about? What brought you here? Why do you love my baby?"

"Ef ye won't think hard o' me," said Melindy, "hit's jes a leetle matter thet rests amongst us—the leetle 'un, the Goodman, an' me."

It was late afternoon when the star eyes opened with full recognition in their glance.

"I'll creep out," said Melindy. "Hit'll not be awantin' ter see me." But she did not go. Instead she knelt beside the bed, her eyes, the penitent eyes a sinner lifts to heaven, on the baby's face.

Elizabeth looked at the faces that

Her tired little voice trailed off into silence.

adored her, and at Melindy starved of all that life should have given her. Again and again her glance traveled from one worshipper to another to come back to Melindy.

Under the cover a languid foot stirred toward the mountaineer. "Want er bite a piddy?" the weak little voice asked with a sharp note of anxiety in it.

Melindy's trembling fingers caught the little foot. She swayed slightly as she clasped it to her, moved by something strange and tender and sweet—something her dumb lips could not have voiced.

At the suggestive swaying the baby sang "Wock by baby," but her tired little voice trailed off into silence.

"She wants you to sing it," said the divining mother to Melindy. "I would, but she wants you. I'll whisper the words to you."

Something pretty close to a smile gathered about Melindy's mouth. "I air well acquainted with them words," she said. "But I ain't no hand at singin'; I'm hopin' the leetle 'un 'll let me off."

"Thing!" said the baby.

"Honey," pleaded Melindy, "I can't sing. Ole Melindy hev not sung sence she war young. My heart's a-singin', honey." And it was. For it rioted the words, "Hit fergives me, hit fergives me," until in its rapture it outrivaled the thrush in the nearby wood.

"Thing, thing," fretted the child voice.

Melindy sang.

One by one the baby's worshipers slipped away until only Melindy was left on her knees, the wan, precious foot nestled to her withered cheek.

The wonderful light that comes to the hills at evening swept them from base to summit until all was fire and glow and glory; its tide of color ebbed, and darkness gathered in the room where Melindy sang on and on and on—the lullaby forgotten. All was well with the child; all well with Melindy, for the shepherd had gone out into the hills where she wandered and brought back his own.

A PHYSICIAN IN THE ARCTIC

By Dr. Wilfred Grenfell

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, surgeon, master mariner, author and athlete, graduated from Oxford, and then studied surgery under Sir Frederick Treves. He first took up missionary work among the North Sea fishermen, and so successfully that he was able to extend his labors to Labrador. At present, superintendent of the Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, he spends his summers cruising among fishing fleets and along the coast of Labrador in a well-equipped schooner, acting as doctor, missionary, insurance agent, dispenser of supplies, and friend to all fishermen and 'longshore people, doing a work sorely needed and above all praise. In winter he travels from place to place, visiting the hospitals he has established along the coast.

SINCE 1889 it has been my fortune to live among deep sea fishermen, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic. Splendid material they are, none better. Their simple, hard lives and their constant business on great waters develops all that is good and virile in them, and indeed, who ever knew a mean deep sea man? Their self-reliance and simple courage are sermons needing no words. Their many deeds of self-sacrificing bravery are still done where there can be no doubt about the motive, for they neither expect nor receive reward in gold and silver, or in the praise of men.

The constant perils and great hardships of their lives and the lives of the fisher folk along the coast are brought home to us every year by new tales of suffering and bravery. The experience of one fisherman we knew is typical of what happens only too frequently in that country. This man, wishing to go South for the winter, started in his small fishing boat, with his wife, four children, a servant girl and his fishing partner. Scarcely had they left when a furious gale of wind sprang up. The mainsail and jib, with the mast, were all blown over the side, and the boat was driven before the wind. Three days and three nights they drove off into the Atlantic. On the third day the wind veered, and they were able to put up a small foresail they had saved and drag in the direction of the land. Two more

The only means of reaching the needy is by dog team, and the picture shows Dr. Grenfell starting out on a visit to a sick man in the interior.

terrible days, and at last, when the boat was quite unmanageable, they found the land close under their lee. Their condition was seen just before they drove ashore and a rescue attempted, but too late to save their boat. All their lives, however, were saved by the indomitable perseverance of the half dozen settlers. Instead of being south of where they left, they were a hundred and fifty miles north, and indeed were in Labrador. There was no chance to leave so late in the season, and there they had to stay till the following summer, fed by the kindness of their poor neighbors and dead to all their friends for at least six months. A similar accident to one of our English fishing vessels left the crew of ten men on the south coast of Iceland all one winter. When they came back in the following spring by the first possible boat, not only had the insurance on all their lives been paid and mostly spent, but one man's wife had married again.

Gales in these regions in winter are often terribly severe. The little new church built here where I am wintering now, was a few years ago blown clean away. Even the pews, the pulpit and the communion table were all blown into the sea.

Few fishermen can swim. "You see we has enough o' the water without goin' to bother wi' it when we *are* ashore," a man said to me only the other day. Yet this very man had fallen overboard in the open sea no less than four times, and had only been saved on one occasion by catching the line thrown him in his teeth and holding on till he was hauled aboard. His hands were too numbed to be of any use. Still this fact does not deter them from facing the water. In an open bay in Labrador lives one solitary settler. In the spring of the year, when the ice was just breaking up, the man's two lads were out on the bay ice after seals, when all of a sudden it gave way and the lads fell through. The father, seeing it from the shore, did not hesitate, but seizing a fishing line hastily fastened one end round his body, and giving the other end to his daughter to hold, he ran out to the hole through which they had fallen. He jumped into the water, actually went down and fetched up the bodies, too late, alas, however, to restore life to them after that cold water. These tales could be multiplied indefinitely. And there are many heroic tales of women. Early in the fall the arm of the sea just north of our little hospital was frozen over enough to allow dog trains to travel over it. In the early morning two men started off to cross it on a komatik, to cut firewood on the far side. As they rounded a headland the whole of the team fell in through the ice, where an eddying tide had kept it open. The komatik followed into the water, carrying the men with it. One disappeared under the ice

and was drowned. The other got free and held on to the ice edge, though he was unable to crawl out on top of it. From the shore his sister saw the accident and at once started to run over the ice to his aid. As she drew near she heard men shouting, and saw they were pulling a boat down to the ice some distance away. They shouted to her, "For God's sake, don't go near the hole." Instead of stopping she had the presence of mind to throw herself full length on the ice and glide along till she got near enough with outstretched arms to reach her brother's hand. Already he was half frozen to death. But she managed to get him up enough to rest on the ice near her, and then to lie perfectly still till the boat came, when she was at length taken off. One of her own legs was through the ice. The tough, salt water ice fortunately does not split as the brittle, fresh water ice does. Her brother's life was saved, and there the incident ended.

"What made you go on?" I asked her.

"I couldn't see him drown, could I?" was her simple reply.

Besides sailors and the Eskimos, my clientele includes some four to five thousand white settlers, scattered all along the coast of Labrador from Cape Chidley to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and along the north shores of Newfoundland. They are a most heterogeneous class, drafted from almost everywhere and descended from Scotch, south of England, and French parentage. They have become fishermen and trappers and live under circumstances as adverse as it is possible to conceive of, quite cut off from civilization. In many respects they may be said to bear the flavor of prehistoric times and this often affects my practice in curious ways. They have a firm belief in the healing power of charms, the efficacy of which of course lies in faith. A stalwart fisherman came aboard my little vessel one day holding his jaw, and stating that he was "well nigh crazy with pain." I turned to the long row of forceps that hang in the chart room, for we do our dentistry on deck.

"No, no, doctor, I only want it charmed," he said.

"My good man, I don't charm people."

The crack dog team of the coast, taken from the driver's seat.

"You can charm it of course if you like," he replied.

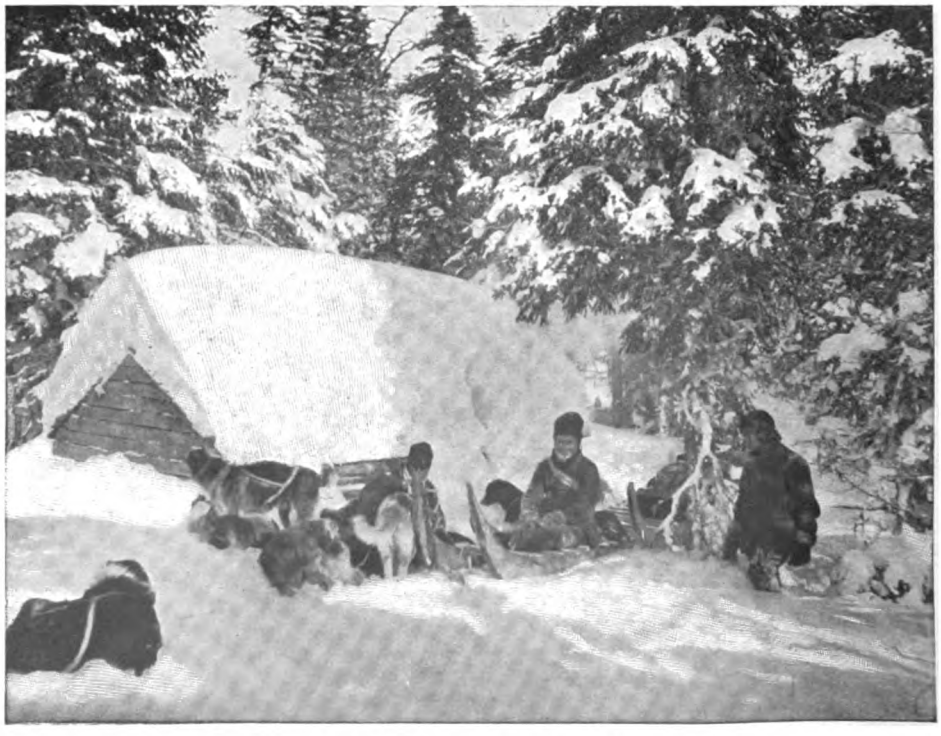
Nothing I could say to the contrary would convince him, so I thought that a failure would clinch the argument Telling him to open his mouth, I proceeded to make an elaborate flourish and then laid my finger on the offending molar. To my utter astonishment and I may almost say chagrin, he at once declared he was better. I saw him again a week later. Then he assured me "she's had ne'er an ache since."

Late one evening a fisherman came off to our vessel, a shy sort of fellow. He had tied his boat and seated himself on the taffrail where he had apparently been waiting a full hour or more before I happened to go up on deck to see what kind of a night it was and stumbled against him.

"Are you the doctor, sir," he asked. "I want bleeding, please sir." To ease his mind I called him below to examine him. Finding, however, it was only a case of impure blood without any symptoms and having no patience to spend time on nihilitis, I dismissed him unbled and turned in.

At daylight, when we rose to get under way, he was on board again, very dejected and coming up to me offered me a dollar to bleed him. A dollar cash on this coast is a thing a man so seldom gets he never parts with it if he can help it. Evidently it was best to bleed him for his mind's sake. So I did it. "You see sir," he said, while the operation was going on, "an old Indian squaw, she bleed my feet a good spell ago and I haven't had ne'er a pain since. So when they told me there was a doctor aboard, I thought it was a good chance." But he added half regretfully, "it didn't feel quite the same. She bored the holes with a kind o' cork screw."

The most satisfactory part of our work perhaps, is the ability to save by simple surgical means the loss of functions that stand for the difference between a wretched existence and a life of comparative enjoyment, and between plenty and want. Even a failure does not distress us as it would in a city, for we are at least the best surgeons here and there is no other man round the corner who would have done the



A noonday halt beside a hut.

Young barbarians at play.

thing much better. We took in once a patient, stone blind for two years, who had long since abandoned all hope of being able to see again. He was only a little over forty years old and the prospect on a coast like this was dreary indeed. The operation for double cataract was completely successful and was quite as miraculous to the neighbors as the restoring of sight to the blind in Our Saviour's time.

One of the main difficulties in operative work is often enough the soft-heartedness of my assistants, who are necessarily pressed in from anywhere, and the anxiety of watching both the anæsthetic and the operation. This does not matter so much when dealing with Eskimo patients, for they are sometimes so indifferent to pain one can dispense with the anæsthetics and now excellent local anæsthetics often actually permit the patients themselves to help one in the operation. On one occasion, when I was visiting an Eskimo fishing station, the head man announced that I would see the patients in his hut. I seated myself in the middle of the tiny hut with a butter tub for a throne, while every inch of spare room around the tiny space reserved for the patient of the moment was crowded with all the adult Eskimos that could get in. Curiosity is as marked in these little people as it is in monkeys. It came at last to the turn of a girl with an intractable frost bite of the toe, for which the only cure was amputation. Apparently it was a proud moment in her life. Having explained as best I could the treatment her case involved, I was not a little surprised when she sat right down and held up the toe which gave her a claim to so much attention, indicating that she wished me to proceed at once. She showed the greatest interest from start to finish and I left her a marked person in that settlement. Eskimos almost always heal well. No one wishes to earn the title of romancer, yet I have been so surprised myself at the way people can get well on this coast that I am inclined to advise my readers to come down here and try its tonic qualities.

Ritual of all kind is at a discount among those who go down to the sea in ships, and I am afraid that in surgery as well as in religion we are apt to be iconoclasts. Late one fall when I was hastening south in a small launch—the hospital

sailing vessel in which we came from England had already gone,—I anchored at dark one day under the shelter of a group of islands in a roadstead quaintly named "Rogue's Roost." Just as I was turning in, for being my own skipper with only one man beside the engineer, I had a watch to stand and was therefore tired, a boat bumped alongside and a voice sang out to know if there was a doctor on board.

"What do you want with a doctor?"

"There's a woman very sick ashore, sir. Could you come and see her?"

How could I say that I wasn't at home, seeing he had guessed my identity from my voice. I went ashore and found the mother of a small family actually sick unto death. She had what is known as a Psoas abscess. In this case the treatment involved an opening through the muscles in the back. To me it seemed an issue in either case of death, the difference being the lessening of her sufferings. She insisted on taking the chance and enduring the pain. My only assets were a scalpel and the rubber tube of my stethescope. The operation went off all right. The tube was strongly sewn in and the bed having been literally cut in half, drainage was established and the person directed to lie on her back there until I came back in the spring. I was a little shy when next July we approached this same group of islands. But among those who came down to greet me was an unusually healthy looking woman whom I entirely failed to recognize. At last I ventured to approach the painful subject of the operation. The person in rude health explained without any surprise, "that's me."

The dogs sleep with the snow for a blanket.

Being unable to specialize on this coast, one has perhaps as many medical troubles as one has surgical. On one occasion I brought with me from the north a jolly little fellow who had been exhibited at the World's Fair as Prince Pomiuk. I had picked him up in an advanced state of hip-joint disease, lying naked on the pebble beach in a skin "tubik" or tent at the head of a deep fjord near Cape Chidley. The foster parents, for his father, the chief, had been murdered, readily gave me what remained of the lad, and having twice operated on him under chloroform, I had landed him at our most northern hospital at the mouth of Hamilton inlet. The sister in charge was ordered to keep him for a few days in a hot bath. We had no hot water supply, however, and the stove was only large enough to keep hot the food and water that was wanted for every day's work. The question was solved by our fishermen friends around. They appeared in the afternoon with a large iron pot in which they bark their nets. Under the shelter of a virgin rock they built a stone fire place, on which they not only placed the cauldron, but there in the open near the hospital kept the fire going the requisite time and did a great deal towards hastening the little fellow's recovery. The bath, holding a large quantity of water, and being well wrapped round with layers of blankets was not hard to maintain at an even temperature.

A flag half-masted or almost any unusual evolution answers as a call to our little hospital ship as she patrols the coast in summer. One morning, just as we had got our anchor up and were ready for sea, we saw signals from an approaching boat that they wanted to come aboard. No sooner alongside than a man was lifted over the rail with his right arm under cover. It appeared that owing to an accident it had been dislocated some weeks previously, and was not only the cause of great pain but threatened to permanently cripple him. As we were then almost at our most extreme northern limit, and in the latitude that no medical man reaches, it was doubly pleasing to stop and put the poor fellow right, though we were blowing off steam and wasting precious fuel all the time. I had supposed that the incident ended there, but two years later, being again in the same

An Arctic perambulator.

neighborhood, my former patient came aboard tendering me a splendid pair of skin boots. Having forgotten the man I asked him what he wanted for them. "For you," he replied, and promptly retired. I was only told on inquiry that he had been waiting all this time to demonstrate in some way that he was not without gratitude. Gratitude, as rare still in the world as in Scriptural times, goes a long way to render even arduous services a pleasure, and fortunately this is a characteristic feature also in men of the sea.

A letter from an Eskimo bears the same note. "My dear friend. You are our friend although you do not know us. We show you our thanks, both my wife and I, because you have so kindly attended our children this summer. First you cared for Jeremias, while he was suffering. He is his mother's only son. Afterwards my only son Nathaniel, the one that was shot, you are attending to, and we wish to show you our thanks. Although we are unable to pay with things that are seen, may He on whom you believe help you in your work, and may you afterwards receive that for which you wish, that which is precious and desirable, that which is above. Jeremias told us of your kindness which you show to all. Please accept this little present, which is to show you our thanks. We are unable to do more. Good-by." How could it have been better worded?

The pitiable straits to which one or two bad seasons sometimes reduces these families, especially the more isolated ones, is the side of the picture that is perhaps most pathetic. I went one day up a bay, to visit a settler's family. It was dark when we arrived and hauled our boat up near the house. The father and one boy were away. The mother and seven others were home. The youngest was four months old. The house consisted of one large room, a central cracked stove, and a porch in which the inevitable dogs slept.

Our hostess remarked at once "I am very sorry, sir, I cannot offer you any tea. We have had none in the house for over a month. Richard is away selling some seals." They had for their summer twelve quintails of fish at two dollars thirty a quintail, two bears skins, and six seals. The "seven" were to all intents and purposes naked. Two thread-bare cotton coverlets were the sole furnishings of the two beds. The semi-religious light of an exceedingly small lamp in some measure obscured the rest of the meager surroundings. "Soft loaf and water," had been their supper for many a day. Not even a drop of molasses was in the house. Two children slept with the mother, four on the other bed, two on the floor. Where the other two stowed away was a mystery. All turned in with even their remnants of boots on. We wrapped up in our blankets and slept on the floor.

"I don't see the blanket I sent you last

fall," I ventured on as we were stowing away. "Did you receive it?"

"Yes, sir. But five children sleeping under it soon wore it out."

The enforced idleness of winter is one of the greatest causes of this extreme poverty. To counteract this we have several efforts under way. To help them to get cash for their produce we started a series of small co-operative stores, where the fish is sold to the people for cash, and where they can get goods at cash prices. These stores have now a large schooner for freighting called the *Co-operator*. They have had quite a measure of success. To increase as far as we can the wage-earning capacity we have several small schemes, the best being a lumber mill, on which sixty-five families were supported last winter quite independently. Those who are good trappers can make plenty by catching foxes, otters, beaver, marten, minks, lynx, ermine and musquash. Deer also are still plentiful in most parts of the country, and of late years rabbits. Ducks also are common all along the coast, and there are some geese and other wild fowl. We also get bears, both black and white, and some years great quantities of willow grouse and some ptarmigan, spruce partridge and Arctic hares. The dog driving, ski traveling, skating and winter pleasures are unrivaled. There is plenty of free salmon fishing, and unlimited trout fishing. Cruising can be carried on in perfect safety, and one can cover hundreds of miles without ever seeing the open water at all, as the outlying islands are so numerous. There is much exploration to be done, much ethnological work, to say nothing of prospecting. The fog is not at all troublesome, the air is clear and bracing. Practically the only trouble is the mosquito, and he never confers ague on his victims.

The absence of all conventionalities and restrictions is also very refreshing. A peripatetic minister was called on at a place known as Spotted Islands to marry a couple. The bridegroom was an elderly man who was a kind of king in the place. When the minister arrived at the island he found all the islanders assembled in the little school-room awaiting him. It was not till he actually entered the building that he discovered the bride was the deceased wife's sister. This being a forbidden relationship, he refused to proceed, whereupon the intending bridegroom quietly remarked, "Never mind, Mister. One of these others will do." So, turning to the expectant crowd, he selected a suitable partner, and she being willing, "all went as gaily as a marriage bell."

All our winter work is done over the snow with large dog teams and komatiks or sledges. One old lady of sixty has just arrived at one of the hospitals, after being hauled nearly seventy miles by her two lads and their dog team. She came to have her leg amputated, and already we are trying to solve the problem—where is the artificial leg to come from?

Here, then, is a life which offers facilities for the employment and development of every faculty a man possesses.

Nothing need be wasted in Labrador.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

THE INVASION OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

By Franklin Elderkin Fyles

A TOUR of Great Britain and Europe, theatrically speaking, may be made this season without leaving the thoroughfare that its lamp-posts call Broadway, and the mummers that lean against them call the Great White Way.

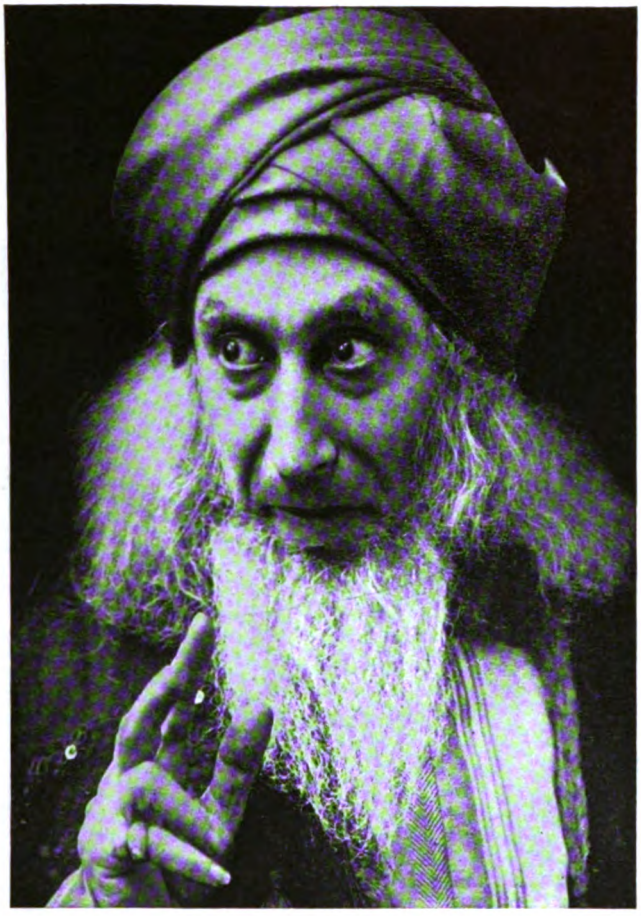
Not since the late Henry E. Abbey ruined himself importing the genius of the foreign stage to the theater that bore his name—now known as the Knickerbocker—has such a season as this opened before us. Touching only the "high places," we find such names as Sir Charles Wyndham, Gabrielle Rejane, Ermete Novelli, J. Forbes-Robertson, Edward Terry, Mrs. Langtry, Mary Moore and Mrs. Patrick Campbell among the certainties, and Ellen Terry, Tommaso Salvini, Jane Hading, John Hare, Irene Vanbrugh and H. B. Irving among the probabilities, with Heinrich Conreid's

In his own country Ermete Novelli is called the greatest of actors.

always interesting German importations for the Irving Place yet to be announced.

"The greatest actor in the world" is the rather startling claim that the admirers of Ermete Novelli make for him. A certain incredulity may be permissible in those of us who have not seen the Italian, still one fact to bear in mind is that Italy has not only turned out far more than its quota of great actors, but that its second-class companies, judged in their entirety, give more vivid and passionate performances of poetic tragedy than the best organizations of other lands. They are a nation of temperament. In January we shall get our opportunity to judge for ourselves, when Ermete Novelli comes with a repertory of twenty plays. He will hesitate at nothing, from Sophocles to Ibsen. In Shakespeare he will defy Irving as *Shylock*, Edwin Booth as *Hamlet*, Edwin Forrest as *King Lear* and Tommaso Salvini as *Othello*. He will undertake the Irving rôle in "Louis XI" and Salvini's triumphant part in "La Morte Civile," and include in his list of plays Dumas' "Kean" (which Charles Coghlan called "The Royal Box")—a Scribe comedy—and a play by Goldoni, the "Italian Shakespeare," not to mention several new and unfamiliar pieces.

Novelli, whose father was a count, was himself, at one time, a waiter in a café. He came to the necessity of this occupation, first, because his father, who had objected in his youth to becoming a priest, had run away from home and was, during the tragedian's childhood, prompter in a second-class theater, and, secondly, because the internal wars at the time of Ermete's young manhood required the closing of the theaters. But he soon went on the stage, and it was not long before he had his own company. His early



This portrait of Novelli as "Shylock," shows his power of impersonation.

successes were in farce and light comedy, and even now he occasionally appears in frivolous plays to impress upon the public mind his versatility. From time to time he even delivers humorous monologues and imitations of Duse and others of his contemporaries.

The sure rivalry of Novelli as *Othello* and the possibility of Salvini appearing again in this most famous of his rôles, does not appear to deter Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson from his contemplated American tour in "Othello." He is as daring as a manager as he is great as an actor. In London Forbes-Robertson revived the tragedy of the Moor simultaneously with its adoption by Mr. Tree in the repertory of His Majesty's Theater. But Mr. Tree elected to play *Iago*, while Mr. Forbes-Robertson cast himself for the title part, engaging the much esteemed Herbert Waring for the villainous Italian. Mrs. Forbes-Robertson—still known professionally as Gertrude Elliott—will come over with her husband to play *Desdemona*, as she did in London.

In the return of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Langtry—the one long since accomplished, the other still problematical—a similarity is observable. They come shorn of the sensational novelty that brought them, on their early tours, dollars and nonsense.

Now they are as little awe-inspiring as our own Lillian Russell and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Mrs. Langtry, no longer a crude amateur, but an accomplished comedienne, is at work on a new play to be called "Talked About." It is, she says, taken to some extent from an incident in her own life—a very shrewd thing to say. Mrs. Campbell will appear in the latest example of Sardou clap-trap, "The Sorceress," acted with

Edna May, an American, who returns home with a great reputation won in England.

financial success by Sarah Bernhardt and her company in Paris.

So quiet and unostentatious is the nook in the London stage held by Edward Terry that probably more than half the Americans who "run over every May" don't know he exists. And yet Mr. Terry is said to have made more money than any of his contemporary actor-managers, and surely none of them has a more faithful and affectionate following. Excepting his own greatest success, most of the Terry plays have failed here, when divorced from his lovable personality and careful, minute art. A play bearing the sugar-coated title, "Love in Idleness," will be in the Terry repertory, the principal item of which will be "The House of Burnside," a drama of domesticity and business. Although not a novelty, excepting in Mr. Terry's famous performance in it, "Sweet Lavender" will be by far the most

Mme. Gabrielle Rejane, the cleverest interpreter of modern French comedy.

interesting feature of his repertory.

In the presence of Gabrielle Rejane, we have in our midst the very essence of Paris, the one actress who embodies the spirit of a great city as no other woman does. When she was here before we felt this especially in "Divorçons" and "Ma Cousine," but in this tour she brings several sisters of *Cyprienne* and *Riquette*, as well as showing us those characters again. Mme. Rejane's position in Paris had long been firmly established and was clearly defined when she made her first tour of this country, ten years ago, but the time that has passed since then has not been wasted. Then she had reached an eminence second only to Bernhardt, now her position is too unique to be second to any one. Rejane stands alone, the embodiment of a national temperament. It seems fitting that the world's Parisienne was born in Paris, and that as a girl, France's trials in the Franco-

J. Forbes-Robertson as "Othello."

Prussian war were, in intimate instances, her trials. And later, that the greatest of her early triumphs was in "La Parisienne."

Rejane, whose name is Gabrielle Reju, when her intermittently married condition does not make her Mme. Porel, served a long and not wholly congenial apprenticeship before she achieved her present eminence, or anything like it. Her first years on the stage, in the late seventies, were devoted to opera bouffe, principally Offenbach, and then in Palais-Royal farce she gyrated nearer to her goal. At last "Décoré"—which Meilhac had written for Anna Judic—brought her into general fame and, at the same time, its author into the Academy. And after all these years the Parisienne gives it a prominent place in her American repertory. When she visited us in 1895 she had just begun on the new era of her stage life. Two years before she had produced Ibsen's "A Doll's House" in Paris, and a year later followed it with the historical sensation, "Madame Sans Gene." These plays, with "Sapho," were the features of her repertory. In her list this year she not only revives some older plays, but reverts to her earlier method in new pieces, Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse," for instance, and "Heu-

re ise," produced last spring by Elizabeth Tyree under the title of "Tit for Tat." But the interest in her return has centered, as was to have been expected, in "Zaza," a sensation when she produced it in Paris and later when she took it to London.

Two American girls return to us practically as foreigners. And, from their speech, one might easily believe Edna May and Fay Davis had never seen this bloomin' land. Although such able writers as Henry Arthur-Jones, Sydney Grundy and Mrs. Humphrey Ward were employed in the three plays tried, Miss Davis had a rather hard time of it last season trying to establish herself as favorably in the land of her birth as in the country of her adoption. Again, a foremost dramatist of the day, R. C. Carton, of "Lord and Lady Algy" fame, is responsible for her play, this time "The Rich Mrs. Repton." Miss Davis, although a Bostonian in birth and breeding, had not acted in her native land until two years ago, when her place in dramatic art had been firmly established by a decade of London prominence, mounting even to the eminence of "creating" three Pinero heroines.

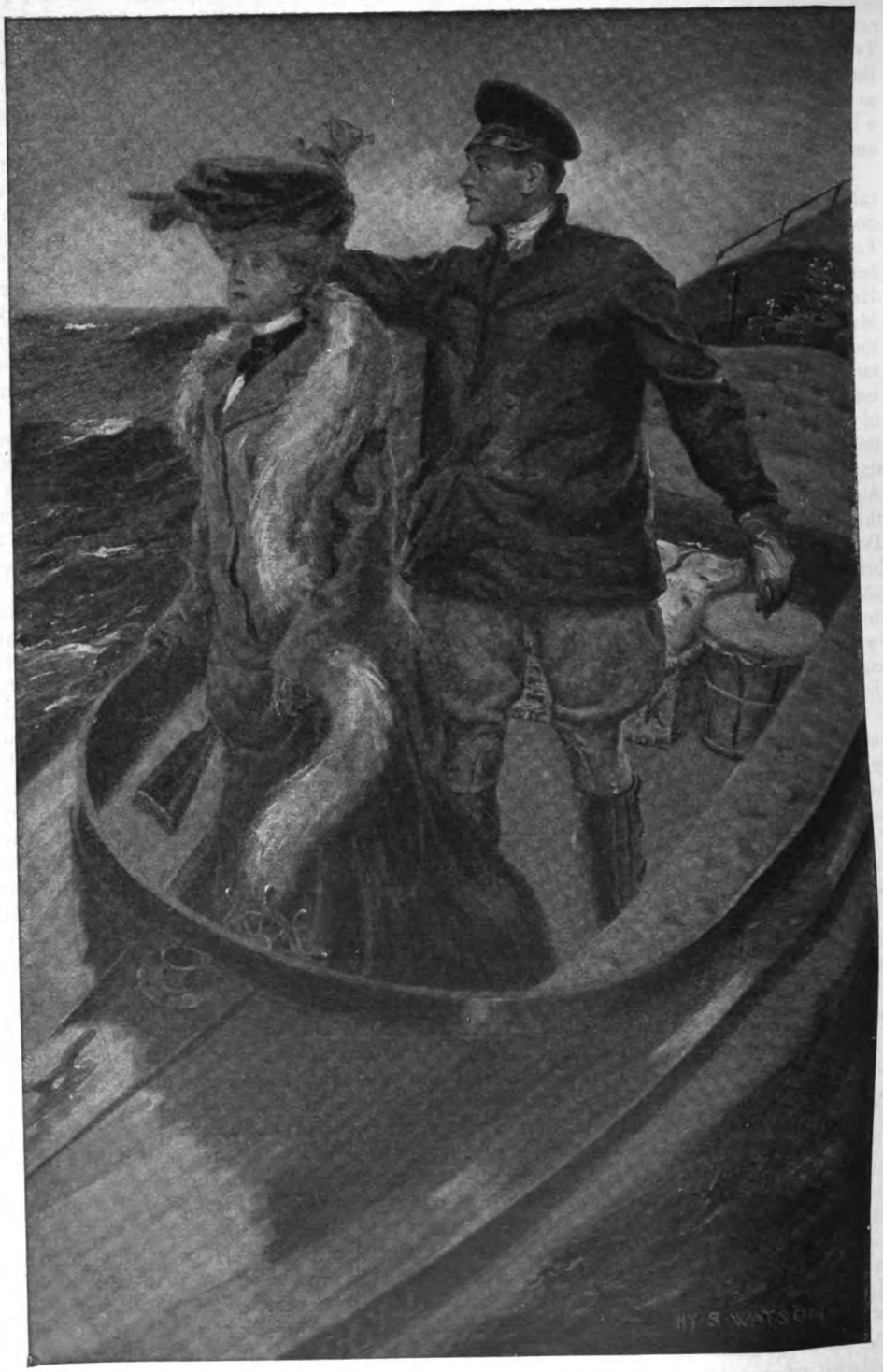
The stage career of Edna May began under her unpoetic family name of Pettie, which she changed by marriage to the hardly more euphonious Titus, in speaking parts in Hoyt's "A Contented Woman," and Hammerstein's "Santa Maria." She has returned with nothing lost in that charm of manner and beauty of face that made her a sensation seven years ago, and a great deal gained in acting facility. It is merely the result of brain and a great deal of common sense behind that beautiful face. And it is an appreciation of those qualities that have led such men as J. M. Barrie, A. W. Pinero and A. E. W. Mason to offer to write serious dramas for her, and Charles Frohman to agree to star her in them. So those who see Mrs. Edna May-Pettie-Titus on her present tour will be the last to hear and see her sing and dance.

London's verdict on his *Hamlet*, presently to be revealed, will decide Martin Harvey whether to complete plans already far advanced for a second venture among us. Mr. Frohman has arranged for the first visit of his stock company from the Duke of York Theater, three members of which are regarded as *the* coming actors of England—or would be, but that they have already "arrived." One of them we have seen, Irene Vanbrugh, and know, by her performance of the vixenish manicurist in "The Gay Lord Quex," to be a genius. Another of these Frohman actors is Dion Boucicault, son of the famous actor-dramatist of that name, who is the mouthpiece of Pinero, the only man who knows him intimately and the "producer" of all his plays. The third member interests us, probably, the most. Henry B. Irving is like his father in more than name, an actor of vivid personality, of magnetic strength, and of emotional power unequaled in the younger generation.

While we over here are still raising the cry that American actors are being crowded from their native stage by British importations, London is editorially bewailing the loss of its best players. It is a fact that a fifth of the "American" actors are English.

But after all it is odd to note that the most universally interesting of this brilliant array of famous "foreigners" is an American. Sir Charles Wyndham was not only born here, but served as an army surgeon in the war of our North and South. Now he comes to us honored as King Edward's first actor-knight—(Henry Irving and Squire Bancroft were knighted by Queen Victoria)—and, as one of the three most powerful actor-managers in London. Sir Charles has used his power less splendidly than Mr. Alexander or Mr. Tree. But Sir Charles has a keen sense of what they of his childhood home call the long green. Art with the third of the actor-knights is a beautiful subject in public speeches, and not objectionable if it can be made to pay. But the drama, like groceries to other business men, is catalogued in the Wyndham mind in pounds, shillings and pence.

Sir Charles, who now opens public institutions and poses as a very pillar of respectability, established his position by producing semi-salacious French farces. It was at that period of his progress that he visited us, nearly twenty years ago. Now Sir Charles returns to us a power, a comedian as finished as our Mrs. Gilbert and Joseph Jefferson, and the producer of many admirable modern comedies of the best sort, and a few plays that will surely take a lasting place in the national drama.



"The lightship," he cried, "I had forgotten all about her."

CHRISTMAS ON SHARK SHOAL

A Story of a Girl, a Motor Boat and a Lightship

By Henry C. Rowland

WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY S. WATSON

"THEN I am to understand," said Mr. Carling sadly, "that you decline to marry me because I am a Bostonian?"

"No," replied Miss Chester, resting her large, gray eyes upon him with an expression of polite regret. "It is because you can never for one second forget that you *are* a Bostonian."

"It is precisely the same thing," sighed Mr. Carling.

"Also," pursued Miss Chester remorselessly, "you seem to feel it a pleasant duty to keep reminding the rest of us that we are *not* Bostonians."

"Quite superfluous, I admit," said Mr. Carling.

"Then you are such a soft pedal to the enthusiasm of youth. Although we have taken this clubhouse for a fortnight for a Christmas house-party, and filled it up with a jolly crowd of young people, one would think that you were attending a synod! You can ride and golf and shoot ducks and play bridge all night, and lots of things,—and yet you stalk around like the family spook—"

"That's because I'm in love," explained Mr. Carling calmly.

"It's because you are lazy!" retorted Miss Chester indignantly. "Besides," she continued with feminine irrelevance, "I don't like your methods. The idea of going to papa and asking his consent to 'pay your addresses' to his daughter before you had scarcely spoken to me alone! It gives me the creeps!"

"A tribute to your charms—" began Mr. Carling.

"A tribute to your own powers of fascination!" retorted Miss Chester. "It's so absolutely un-American!"

A faint color crept into Mr. Carling's lean, aristocratic cheek, but his manner lost none of its gentleness.

"It struck me as being rather decent, Doris," he protested. "You see, if I had your parent's consent and then failed to secure yours I would be the only one to be unhappy, whereas if I was to secure yours and then find your parents opposed, you would be unhappy also."

Miss Chester threw out her pretty hands with a gesture of despair.

"That is just it! Your reasons are always so infallibly and wearisomely excellent! Are you never angry, nor excited, nor foolish—"

There was a modest rap at the door, and at Miss Chester's reply the steward of the Poccamaw Fishing Club entered. Carling arose.

"I presume that you and Chapin must discuss ways and means," he remarked and, excusing himself, passed into the main hall, which a group of men and girls were busily engaged in decorating with holly and mistletoe. While Carling was cautioning them against a fall from the step-ladders, Miss Chester entered.

"The plans for tomorrow are these," she announced to her chattering guests: "The men are going out at four o'clock tomorrow morning to shoot ducks—"

"Handy hour,—we can go right out after bridge; saves the trouble of going to bed at all," murmured one of the gentlemen.

"Please don't interrupt. The automobile launch will tow them to their stations. In the afternoon papa is going to

take the girls out in the steam-launch and, if the water is still, they will sail around and break up the duck rafts so that the men will get some shooting. After luncheon I must go over to town after our supplies, or we will have a very incomplete Christmas dinner."

"But who's going to run the bubble-boat if the captain is away on the launch?"

The ruddy hue of the fire was reflected from Miss Chester's pretty face.

"I had counted on Jones, but Jones has insisted on spending Christmas Day at home, so I am afraid that I will have to call upon Mr. Carling, as I believe he is the only one in the party who can run the machine."

"Lucky dog!" said one of the duck shooters. "Why didn't I take an elective course in gas engines senior year instead of psychology?"

"Probably because psychology was easier," suggested Mr. Carling.

"Have the bubble-boat ready for us at four o'clock sharp, Carling," ordered another of the men who had looked more deeply into the matter.

"Eh,—what?" exclaimed Mr. Carling with a startled look at Miss Chester.

"Oh, I forgot to speak of that!" cried Miss Chester demurely. "You don't mind taking the men out, do you, Mr. Carling? There is every indication of a fine day,—and don't you adore a winter sunrise?"

Christmas morning broke bright and clear, but with a suspicious banking of heavy clouds to the northward. Daylight found the duck hunters upon their allotted stands, and as Carling turned his speed launch toward the clubhouse the sun was creeping out of the sea, a great, lurid, disk of fire. There was something feverish and congested about its appearance which aroused the sympathy of the young man.

"Know just how you feel, old chap," he observed. "Must be an awful bore to have to break out at this unrighteous hour every day!" He glanced about with the interest of one enjoying a natural phenomenon. A faint breeze was stirring, which the high speed of the launch converted into an icy blast as he drove straight into it. Glancing astern, Carling looked out through the inlet and across the flat, gray water to where on the horizon twinkled the twin lights of the Shark Shoal lightship. Far to the southward flickered the intermittent flash of the Dog's Tooth, and on the eastern point of the entrance the red sector of the Tide-Trap Shoals glowed a warning that paled as the lower rim of the sun rested on the sea line. Suddenly, as he watched, all three lights expired, and almost at the same moment the swift sunlight touched with color all that had been but monotones of gray.

"Really, it's not half bad," said Mr. Carling to himself, rather surprised at his enjoyment of the bleak surroundings; nevertheless, he was glad when his launch slipped up to the landing, for there was a raw chill in the air which made the prospect of coffee and an egg most attractive.

When he accompanied Miss Chester to the landing after luncheon the character of the day had undergone a change. The cloud-bank in the northwest had covered half of the sky, and the air was several degrees colder.

"It will snow before night," observed Carling.

"I think not," she replied; "it is too far south. A snowstorm is rare down here."

"It is rare for me to see the sun rise," he answered, "but it has been known to occur."

Miss Chester seated herself without deigning to reply; then, as Carling was about to shove off, she sprang to her feet.

"I meant to bring my rifle!" she exclaimed.

"It's not worth while," he replied discouragingly. "You could never hit a duck from a boat like this; also a loaded gun in a boat is a dangerous combination. Nine-tenths of the accidents—"

"You may lie down behind the engine when I shoot?" replied Miss Chester sharply. "I wish to take my rifle, and I will ask you to wait until I get it."

She stepped out of the launch and walked toward the club-house while Carling, a flush on his high cheek-bones, rolled a cigarette and waited in silence. A few minutes later Miss Chester returned carrying a small thirty-two repeating rifle.

"I will tell you when I am going to shoot so that you may hold your ears," she remarked as she laid the little weapon under a thwart.

"I would feel much safer holding the gun," he replied satirically.

As the swift launch tore out of the little cove the exhilaration of the motion banished the girl's resentment and she glanced more kindly at her silent cavalier.

"They are wonderful machines, are they not?" she exclaimed to Carling who with one elbow resting on the rail was looking listlessly across the stretch of open water.

"Oh, yes," he drawled, "but like automobiles and race horses and stag dinners and other fast things, not quite reliable. Suppose your twelve horse-power engine gets balky,—then where are you? I think they're downright dangerous," he added languidly.

"I am sorry to be the cause of exposing you to so many dangers," replied Miss Chester coldly. "I am afraid that with the early rising, the possibility of a snow-storm, the presence of a fire-arm in the boat and above all the prospect of the dangers of a break-down, you will be quite prostrated after your Christmas holiday. I am sorry that I omitted to bring my salts; also that none of the men understand this engine so that you could have gone on the steam launch with papa and the girls."

"I am much happier with you," he replied with unruffled calm, "even despite the perils and privations of this sea-going automobile. If I was aboard the *Silver King* I would probably become unpopular by begging the girls not to eat so many bon-bons or to stand too near the rail. You see I am cursed with a spirit of caution and an inclination to follow the line of least resistance, and by the way, you had better not sit quite so near the fly-wheel as your skirt might get caught and throw you into the machinery. I once heard of a girl who—"

"Spare me!" cried Miss Chester, throwing out both hands imploringly.

Before long they were half-way across the mouth of the inlet. The tide was ebbing like a mill race and Carling found it necessary to head well above their destination to avoid being carried out to sea. Far in the offing they could see the Shark Shoal Light-ship; the only break in the bleak horizon.

"Think of the poor fellows spending their Christmas out on that desolate water!" exclaimed Miss Chester. "How forlorn and sad it seems,—and how selfish it makes one feel. I wish that we could go out there and take them some of the good things which we expect to bring back with us,—don't you?"

"I should like to *send* them something," agreed Mr. Carling conditionally, "but—" he glanced at the sky to windward, "I think I could forego the pleasure of taking them in person this afternoon."

A few minutes later they reached the landing and with the expenditure of a little time and some northern gold, succeeded in inducing the express agent to send the supplies down to the launch. As they started back Mr. Carling observed that the breeze had freshened and that there was a suspicious rawness in the air.

They were crossing the mouth of the inlet when suddenly Miss Chester, whose eyes had been resting on the expanse of cold gray water, sprang to her feet.

"There goes a flock of geese!" she cried excitedly, "—see,—straight out,—close to the water—there, they have lit! Let us run down and get a shot at them!"

Carling turned the wheel and headed the launch sea-ward.

"Look at her go!" he cried with a certain awe in his voice as they shot past a black and white mid-channel buoy. "The tide must run four knots! Do you think it well to start on this wild-goose chase with this tide to buck on the way back?"

"I'm going to get a shot if I have to chase them outside the Capes," she answered stubbornly. They dashed on until almost abreast of the outer entrance and could soon distinguish the big birds quite plainly.

"Now stop and let her drift!" Whispered Miss Chester. Carling obediently turned the switch and the drive in the cylinders ceased. Onward sped the launch, propelled by its high momentum, while the geese, undisturbed by its swift and silent approach, swam back and forth, turning their heads inquiringly.

All at once Miss Chester raised her weapon, but before she had time to aim there came a sharp report. The flock arose, and although she fired several times in quick succession she was unable to score a hit. She turned to Carling.

"The wretched thing went off before I was ready!" she almost sobbed.

"Never mind," he answered comfortingly, "there's one more happy goose in the world and we really did not need him." He started the engine and turn-

ing the launch they began to stem the racing tide. Though flying through the water they could see from the distant shore that their progress was far less rapid than before.

"Rather chilly, facing this wind, is it not—hello,—what's struck the engine!" cried Carling suddenly.

An odd, choking rattle was proceeding from the laboring machinery. A series of quick gasps followed by a loud report ensued and the next instant the wheels had ceased to revolve.

"What has happened?" cried Miss Chester nervously as the bow of the launch began to swing off to the current.

"I can't quite make out," replied Carling in a puzzled voice as he rapidly went over different parts of the engine. "Sparker's all right—seems to be in the feeder,—and did you ever smell such a reek of gasoline! Well upon my word,—feeder must be choked,—there's not a drop of—no, pump's all right. I'd think she'd run out of gasoline if I hadn't filled the tank myself this morning. By Jove—" He started rapidly forward and as Miss Chester saw the expression on his fine features the blood left her cheeks.

"What is it?" she asked sharply. He did not at once reply, but continued his swift examination of the tank, which was in fact quite superfluous, as the first glance had shown him a bullet-hole through the wood work in which it was encased.

He turned to her slowly and with an air of calm regret. His brief examination had shown him that the stray bullet from the girl's rifle had cut through the side and bottom of the tank allowing the last drop of fuel to escape.

"I'm awfully sorry," he began humbly, "but the tank's sprung a leak and there's not a drop of gasoline left. I'm afraid we'll have to anchor,—if we can," he added under his breath.

"No gasoline!" she cried in horror. "Why how will we get back?"

"Oh, we'll drift back with the turn of the tide," he answered carelessly, and began to clear the anchor line. Miss Chester watched him dumbly, marveling at his calm, for to her their situation seemed desperate, they were so utterly helpless, drifting swiftly to sea in this dead fabric which but a few moments before had seemed so full of life and power. Carling began to talk reassuringly.

"Even if we can't hang on here," he said, "the water shoals farther out and we're bound to bring up there." He did not add that with the wind off shore and freshening, the turn of the tide would make bad weather across the shoal for broken down speed launches. It seemed to him that their only salvation was to hold on where they were, inside the rip.

"A vessel is sure to come up before dark," he told her reassuringly. "You know they are constantly going in and out—" He had dropped the anchor over the bow and was cautiously slacking the line. When he had paid out about five fathoms he felt the vibration caused by the sliding of the anchor along the hard, sandy bottom.

"It is not as deep as I had feared—" he began, when there came a sudden tug at the line that almost hauled him overboard. He barely saved himself by gripping the painter, at the same time dropping the anchor line which ran out over the side like a snake. Recovering himself, Carling threw it into the chock on the bow, and picking up what slack was left, caught a quick turn on the bitts. He had scarcely done so when the line sprang taut, the trend being astern and under the boat. He tried to slack out gradually in order to give the launch time to swing head-up, but he had not sufficient line left. The full force of the ebb tide caught the long boat broadside on, heeling her until the gunwale was awash; the next instant the cable parted under the terrific strain, the launch righted quickly, and went sweeping out to sea.

Mr. Carling turned to his companion with an air of profound though calm regret. His arms felt as though stretched on the rack and the palms of both hands were raw.

"What happened?" asked Miss Chester wildly.

"I'm awfully sorry, but we've lost our anchor. It suddenly held on something and wouldn't give an inch; must have fouled a piece of wreckage, as there are no rocks hereabouts."

"But what can we do now?" She gazed back in hopeless horror at the dwindling shore.

"We'll soon be picked up,—don't worry," he answered comfortingly. "I think that the joke is on the rest of the

people "—he waved his hand at the pile of provisions—"here we are sailing out to sea with all of the eatables and drinkables that make a Christmas dinner worth the effort. Are you warm enough?"

"I am more frightened than cold," she admitted faintly, her self-assertion all swept away by surrounding dangers. She found herself looking to him childishly for reassurance, and gained the greatest comfort in his quiet smile.

Carling stood up and searched the bleak horizon. The cold, gray sky was cut sharply by the rim of the cold, gray sea, the line of contact unmarred by any break; then all at once his eyes rested on a distant, uncouth object on their port bow. He turned joyfully to Miss Chester.

"The lightship!" he cried. "I had forgotten all about her!"

Something in his tone sent a quick thrill through the girl. In spite of her agitation she realized that it was the first time she had ever heard his voice raised from its usual unruffled calm.

"Where?" she asked eagerly—"oh, yes,—I see her, but isn't she a very long way off?"

"Not over four miles,—but the tide is setting us to the southward of her. I will have to rig some sort of sail." His voice still carried the quick, eager tone that made the girl's heart beat faster. He leaped down and began to haul the tarpaulins from under the cushions of the launch, and the next moment had spread them open and was lacing them together by running the twine from the parcels through the eyelets.

"The big sweep will do for a mast," he explained eagerly, "and that boat hook is long enough to use as a yard"—he cut away one of the small pulleys leading the tiller line to the wheel and lashed it deftly to the end of the sweep. "You see, I can stay the mast with what's left of the anchor line and reeve a halliard through this block." He worked quickly and skilfully as he talked, and Miss Chester, watching him, wondered if this could be the same man whom she had so condemned for lack of animation. Voice, manner, actions, even appearance, all seemed new to her, and as she watched his purposeful efforts she forgot the dangers about them, and a new sentiment, strangely sweet and one which seemed to bid defiance to the chill of the darkening December day, gradually possessed her.

"Take the wheel, Doris," he said presently, "and keep her before the wind while I get up this sail."

She obeyed with a sense of pleasure at doing his will, especially as uttered in a terse command. Carling was working at his improvised sail, and as she sat with the little wheel in her hands Doris' eyes rested idly on the bulkhead enclosing the tank. A blotch on the light woodwork attracted her attention, and the next instant she had discovered the fatal bullet hole which was the cause of their mishap.

"Dick!" she called sharply, and leaving his sail unhoisted Carling sprang to her side.

"What is it, Doris?" he asked concernedly. She pointed at the bullet hole.

"Did you know it, Dick?"

"Yes, dear," he answered gently.

"And you never said a word—" Her big, blue eyes were raised to his, and as he looked into them they brimmed over. There was a suspicious quiver to her lips.

He rested his hand upon hers as it held the little wheel.

"It was an accident, Doris. Any one might have—"

"But you never told me, and I was—blaming you—for not keeping a better watch—" There came a break in the sweet voice. Carling squeezed the cold, little hand.

"Never mind, dear,—it will soon be all right." He returned to his improvised sail, which was soon set and drawing strongly.

Satisfied that it was ample to furnish the necessary steerage-way to reach the lightship, Carling gathered up an armful of loose wraps and went forward to where Miss Chester was sitting holding the wheel. He enveloped the girl in a warm steamer rug, then took the wheel gently from her hands and, without a word, threw his free arm about her shoulders and drew her to his side. Naturally as a tired child her head found a resting place upon his big shoulder, and so they drifted on, out into the gathering gloom.

A white mist had hidden the low land astern and soon the air was filled with large, white flakes of snow falling silently into the dark water. The lightship, looming through the murk, was almost hidden,

when all at once out blazed the two great lights, cleaving the darkened, snow-filled air and seeming to shine a welcome. Higher they loomed, and soon Carling could see the dark hull and heard a gruff-shouted order. He leaned over gently and kissed Doris on the lips. The hand nestling in his gave back an answering pressure.

"We are at the ship, sweetheart," he whispered, then raised his voice to a hail.

"Lightship *a-hoy!*"

"*Hal-lo-o-o!*" came back a lusty answer. "Can ye fetch up alongside, 'r shall I lower?"

"I can make it, captain," called Carling, and a moment later laid the launch on the lee side of the vessel, where a sea-ladder had been dropped. Doris glanced overhead and saw several bearded faces looking down curiously.

"Bless my soul—thar's a lady!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and a burly form slipped over the side and descended the ladder half way.

"Can ye make out to get up, ma'am?" asked the captain anxiously. "If I'd known there was a lady aboard I'd ha' rigged out a bos'un's chair. Good,—my, but you're as spry as a mackerel. Jump up, cap,—my boys will drop her astern, and I reckon she'll lie all right."

Doris had already reached the deck, and Carling acted on the advice of the captain. They looked about them curiously; the heavy masts, the great lamps half-mast high, the big horn and other massive gear for warning vessels of the dread Shark Shoal, were strangely impressive as seen in that half light and through the flying mist of snow. A group of men were about them, and they noticed that all were clad in clean, new uniforms and regarding them with unobtrusive curiosity.

Suddenly Doris turned to the group.

"Merry Christmas!" she cried, holding out both hands with a charming gesture of good-will.

"Merry Christmas, Ma-am,—Merry Christmas!" came back a delighted chorus.

"Glad to see you aboard!" cried the captain hospitably. "Come below,—it's gettin' right chilly!"

They followed him down to a comfortable cabin, spotlessly clean and nicely furnished. The first things to catch Doris' eye were some pathetic little garlands of holly draped along the bulkheads.

"Make yourselves at home!" said the captain hospitably. "Broke down, I reckon?" he inquired. "We see you workin' down under that jury rig jes' before it got dark and I would have sent a boat after you but I see that you could make the ship all right. Never thought of there bein' a lady aboard." Carling explained the nature of their accident. Presently a shadow crossed the captain's kindly features.

"I'm right sorry I've got so little to offer you," he began regretfully. "Christmas night too! Our light ship tender got aground three days ago and they only got her off yesterday so we didn't get our Christmas stores—"

"And do you mean to say that you poor fellows have not even had a Christmas dinner?" cried Doris pityingly.

"Nary thing but salt horse and lobscouse, ma-am," replied the captain. "I reckon we'll get it some time though,—but it ain't the same when you don't get it on Christmas,—is it!"

"Dick," said Miss Chester, "if the captain will let you have a few men to help, go down to that launch and bring up everything aboard!" She turned to the Captain. "I believe that a kind Providence sent us out here on purpose to provide you poor fellows with a Christmas dinner. No—" She held up her hand seeing that he was about to protest. "Wait until you see what we have. You think perhaps that we simply had a few things for ourselves,—just wait until you see!"

Much mystified the Captain permitted himself to be led on deck by Carling. A whip was quickly rigged and soon the contents of the launch were swung aboard to the utter amazement of the vessel's crew.

"Say,—what is this, Matey?" queried one of the men, observing the labels of the various cases and boxes. "*Sparkling Moselle!*—holy fish hooks! *Champagne! Veal Loaf!—Sugar-cured Hams!* I want t'know! What is this anyway,—a surprise party? *Truffles!* By the Smoky—!"

"Suppose we take the whole collation below out of the wet," suggested Carling. Ready arms picked up the crates and boxes and bore them to the cabin. The

men were about to leave when Doris stopped them.

"This is my party!" she cried, "and you are all invited. Now some of you set the table and the rest open the boxes. Where's the cook? Some of these things must be served hot—"

"Pass the word for the doctor—" called one of the crew, but the grizzled old sea-cook was already inspecting the delicacies with the interest of an artist who sees for the first time masterpieces known to him only by reputation.

"Now somebody get a tub and cool the wine at once!" ordered Miss Chester. "If any of you want to smoke while we are getting things ready, here are some perfectos and Egyptian cigarettes—"

"*Perfectos! Egyptian cigarettes!* Holy Saints,—but our faces will die of surprise!" cried the old Irish lamp-tender.

"Hey,—Skipper—will ye pipe down the turkey stuffed with maroons!—and s'help me if here ain't a suckin' pig!—and say, Skipper, just turn your lamps on this here basket of fruit!—ain't that a daisy?" cried the delighted cook. "Them grapes was growed under glass,—every one of 'em!" he added in an awed voice.

And so the game went on. The men soon forgot their bashfulness and the air was filled with the rending of splintered pine mingled with hoarse cries of delight. Up in his galley, the cook was vacillating between ecstasy and nervous prostration, while strong arms bore the steaming dishes to the cabin table. Outside the snow swirled about the great lamps and the intermittent blare of the horn penetrated the heavy timbers.

Doris marvelled at the perfect decorum of the company. To them she seemed some Divinity from another world come to do them honor and bring them cheer upon this sacred night.

"If things didn't taste so good, ma-am," confided an elderly member of the crew, "I sure would think I was a-dreamin', but in dreams things never have no taste."

"We will send them a Christmas box each year, will we not, Dick?" said Miss Chester as she nestled by his side the following morning while the launch, once more imbued with life, tore in through the inlet.

"Yes," he answered heartily, and his voice still carried its new-found ring, "a *piano* box filled with everything that is good to eat and drink and smoke. One can't do enough for men like that!"

"My greatest dread at present," said Doris, "is that of facing my guests; fancy, inviting a lot of people to a fishing club for Christmas and then taking the entire Christmas dinner and going off with one's fiancé to eat it on a light-ship!"

"And leaving the poor guests to fill up on wild ducks and cornpone! But then a good dinner doesn't mean much to them and it does to those poor chaps out on the light-ship."

"Of course they know by this time that we are safe, as the Captain signalled to the Tide Trap and they must have telephoned to the Club, but just think what frightful anxiety they must have been in!"

"That will rob the loss of the dinner of its sting and they'll be so glad to see us that they will have only gentle speech. What gentlemen those light-ship chaps all were; even after we had finished a case of champagne not one of them once forgot his manners. And did you notice what sad faces they had? It is a pityful service."

They were silent for several moments, each thinking of the meager lives of those whom they had just left; these men who were neither owned by sea nor land, then Carline glanced at a spar-buoy just abeam.

"This is the spot where we lost our anchor," he remarked.

"It is where I found *mine!*" she whispered, nestling closer. He passed his free arm about her.

"Look ahead, Doris. Here comes the *Silver King.*"

Their eyes met; the color swept into the face of the girl.

"Are you sure,—they—can not see us yet?" she murmured.

Bertie could not resist the temptation.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF KITTY

By Aaron C. St. Clair

WITH DRAWINGS BY FLORENCE SCOVEL SHINN

IT was in Louisville, one evening a few days before Christmas, and some two weeks after Kitty's promotion to the star part, that Mr. Skinnerburg came back and told Carter, the stage manager, to post a call for ten o'clock the following morning.

A morning "call" meant one of two things. Some unfortunate was to be hauled over the coals, or an act was to be rehearsed over till a certain point was reached where Mr. Skinnerburg, from some dark corner of the parquet, would shout: "Hold on, stop right there!"

Then he would come forward, bristling like an irate porcupine, and inform the leading lady that he had noticed the night before that she had spread her fan at this point ten seconds too soon, and he didn't want it to happen again. After which every one would go away saying things under his breath.

There was no telling where the lightning was about to strike, so there were naturally many anxious faces in the crowd which gathered on the stage at ten o'clock this particular morning.

Kitty was a little apprehensive that she was to be set back, and the leading lady advanced to the star part.

"If he tries it, I'll quit right here."

said Kitty defiantly. Carter turned the searchlight on his own conscience and saw a number of black spots on the paper, which was never very clean at best.

But Bertie, the property boy, had more reason than any one else to feel uneasy. Mr. Skinnerburg had received a three-sheet lithograph of himself from the printers a few days before, which he had hung with considerable pride in the stage entrance. How Mr. Skinnerburg's likeness on a three-sheet lithograph could enhance the box-office receipts was, to Bertie, something of a mystery. He therefore could not resist the temptation to have a little fun with the lithograph.

Mr. Skinnerburg was hopelessly bald-headed, and had a long, scraggy, black beard that was palpably "touched up" in the picture. Bertie took a piece of charcoal and wrote across the bottom of it:—

"While round his breast the billowy lilacs spread,
Eternal sunshine rests upon his head."

"What miscreant wrote that, Bertie?" Mr. Skinnerburg had demanded the evening before.

"I think it was Goldsmith," answered Bertie evasively.

"Is he connected with the theater?"

"Well, no, not at present," replied Bertie.

"Vell, then, I'll see that they keep Goldsmith out of here!" and away he sailed to the front office to lodge a complaint against the poet.

Hearing nothing further of the matter, Bertie was fairly justified in thinking that he might possibly be the target aimed at in the morning "call." Whenever Skinnerburg had a reprimand to make he liked to hand it out with a flourish while the company was on dress parade.

But for once all their fears and surmises turned out to be groundless. Mr. Skinnerburg came in loose-jointed and swinging, his Prince Albert flapping rakishly, a bunch of violets in the button-hole. There was a halcyon smile on his usually glum countenance as he shifted to the center of the stage and proceeded to make a speech.

"I am happy to state," he began, "that business has been exceptionally good for several weeks, and I desire to gongratulate the members of the gompany on their meritorious work and to thank them for their share in bringing the show up to its present high standard. It also affords me no little pleasure to say that Mr. Carter has been doing extra well of late, and I have not been called upon to discharge him once since we left Indianapolis. I believe he has come to realize the error of his vays and has turned over a new leaf."

To this the leading man bowed an acknowledgment, Kitty said "Oh!" and Marjorie tittered.

"I vish to say further," continued Mr. Skinnerburg, disregarding these side speeches, "that the gompany present is the very best gompany I have ever had in my experience as a purveyor of public entertainment extending over a period of fourteen years."

He paused here for a moment, looked around and beamed upon them benignly, but received in return only questioning stares of amazement.

"What I started out to say," he went on undaunted, "is that my sister's paby died yesterday in New York, and I shall he called away for a few days to attend the funeral. In fact, I'll not be back till after Christmas."

To this there were many exclamations, not of sympathy, we regret to say, but rather as signifying that light was being shed on an inexplicable mystery.

"You know," Mr. Skinnerburg went on, "that I have never carried a treasurer, preferring to do the extra work myself and thereby add the amount of this unnecessary expense to your salaries. It is therefore a trifle inconvenient to leave the show at this time. But I trust the arrangement I have decided upon will prove satisfactory to all. While I am away Mr. Carter will continue stage-manager, as heretofore; Bertie will take tickets, settle with the house-manager, and turn the money and statements over to Kitty, who will act as treasurer and will manage the show."

"You better let Millie handle the cash, Skinnerburg," said Kitty, who could see trouble framed up in this arrangement.

"No, no, Kitty, you have been a good girl lately and have played the star part better than Miss Lewellyn herself. And further, I always make it a point to show my appreciation for such work by a return of confidence."

If the truth must be told, Kitty was the only member of the company Mr. Skinnerburg would have cared to trust with a ten-dollar note out of his sight. Millie, the leading lady, was honest enough, but she lacked Kitty's firmness of character.

"Now I don't want a cent spent for anything while I am away," said Skinnerburg, "nor any of you running to Kitty for money"—glancing at Carter, who was already planning an early raid on the treasury—"for you'll not get it. And now, if any pills come in, Kitty—"

"Bills, bills, you mean bills, don't you, Mr. Skinnerburg?" interrupted Bertie thoughtlessly.

"Yes, yes, if any—Bertie, who's making this speech, you or the manager?" demanded Mr. Skinnerburg turning upon him with a glare of contempt.

"Oh, you—you go ahead, sir."

"Then, please, don't interrupt me again. Where were we—?" turning to his audience.

"If any pills—" chirped Marjorie.

Carter frowned her down, and Mr. Skinnerburg continued:—

"If any one comes for money, Kitty, you chust tell him to vait till Mr. Skinnerburg gets back. I don't want a single cent spent for anything—you understand that, Kitty?"

"But suppose the Humane Society gets Marjorie, or—?"

"I don't care if the dog-catcher gets her."

"Oh, very well, Skinnerburg, I shall carry out your orders to the letter; but don't come back and eat me up if matters go wrong through this order."

"Nothing will go wrong, Kitty. If anything comes up you can't settle, chust send me a telegraph."

"Collect?"

"Vell, you may pay for the message, but don't use too many words—not over ten words at most. But I hope nothing will come up to call for this unnecessary expense."

"See here, Skinnerburg," Carter remonstrated, "we've been planning to have a little spread here on the stage Christmas Eve. A sort of supper in Marjorie's honor—"

"You'll have no shindigs till I get back," said Mr. Skinnerburg emphatically.

It was useless to discuss the question further. Mr. Skinnerburg gave Kitty the satchel, which contained a few dollars in silver, and departed for New York.

At supper, Bertie came into the dining-room and told Kitty that Skinnerburg had forgotten the perishable props, and wanted to know what she was going to do about it. The perishable props consisted of three cigars, a cake of ice, two lemons, six candles and an egg.

"You'll have to get along without 'em, Bertie. I have strict orders—"

"But we can't get along without the ice and candles. I might fake the rest, but the ice, you know, and those candles can't be faked."

After the matter had been discussed pro and con for fully an hour, it was decided to send Mr. Skinnerburg a telegram relative to the perishable props. Bertie hunted up a time card and found that they could reach him on the train at Wheeling, West Virginia. The following wire was sent accordingly:—

"Shall I buy the perishable props?
"KITTY."

The answer came back in due time:—

"Have you got no cents?
"SKINNERBURG."

"I'd like to know what he means by that," Kitty said, passing the message to Bertie.

"It looks like he thinks you've lost the money," replied Bertie with a suppressed smile.

"He ought to know we have money in the satchel. But this looks as if he wanted an answer, don't it, Bertie?"

Bertie agreed with her there, and Kitty wrote out another message:—

"Have nine dollars and twenty cents. Shall I buy the perishable props?
"KITTY."

"Yes. Don't send me no more telegraphs. "SKINNERBURG,"

came back over the wire.

This settled the property question and established a precedent. Bertie expressed the opinion that Mr. Skinnerburg's message was a tacit admission that his order was not intended to cover necessities upon which the production of the play depended. Carter heard of this. The next day he

came to Kitty's room with a little dodge that worked.

"See here, Kitty," he said briskly, "I must have my laundry or we can't show. *I* have no clean linen to dress the part."

"How much is it, Harry?" she asked.

"Two dollars and a half. I just must have it, Kitty, or I'll not go on."

Kitty thought the matter over for some time, but was undecided. Had it not been for Skinnerburg's last message she would have asked for instructions and have been informed that Carter received his clean linen the day before. She called Bertie in finally and asked his opinion.

Carter sidled up to Bertie and nudged him in the ribs with the result that he very promptly advised the expenditure.

"Now, Harry, if you play any tricks on me," said Kitty, digging up the two-fifty, "I shall never forgive you so long as I live."

"My dear Kitty," said he, reproachfully, "did I ever play a trick on you yet—and how many have you played on me? Who was it had me pitched off the train into a snow drift at Pineville?"—at which Kitty blushed beautifully—"and without a cent in my pocket."

"What made you tell him, Bertie—?"

"Not I,—I didn't—"

"Ah, it *was* you, then? I suspected as much, you little rogue—" But Kitty ran away laughing before he could finish.

Carter failed to appear at the supper table, but came to the theater later reciting Antony's oration over the body of Caesar. In the second act he tripped on the carpet and came within an inch of diving through the bass drum. Kitty caught him by the coat tails and swung him into the first entrance while the audience applauded vociferously.

"You give me ten cents or I'll yell the place down."

"You've been drinking, Harry," cried she, exasperated.

"Kitty, dear—!"

"What did you do with that money I gave you?"

"Eh?"

"You spent it for whiskey! Oh! I'll tell Skinnerburg—you see if I don't!"

"Good friend, for friendship's sake forbear—"

"Oh! you—you horror! Get away from me! You'll get no more money, I promise you that."

With this she sent him headlong into the dressing-room.

The next morning Carter tried a dozen schemes to break into the exchequer again without success. He even tried to shed a few tears, a habit he had which was almost irresistible. The tears were in readiness but Kitty would have none of him.

"You get out of this, Harry!" she said boxing his ear, "I'll not give you another cent for any purpose whatever. Not in any circumstance shall I allow you to wheedle me out of another penny."

"But Kitty, you're going to give us money for Marjorie's supper, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not. You heard what Skinnerburg said. Besides, I can't trust you with money."

Marjorie tripped in at this moment and said pertly:—

"You give me ten cents, Kitty, or I'll yell the place down!" This bluff would have gone with Skinnerburg, but it didn't go with Kitty. Skinnerburg lived in abject terror of Marjorie's yelling. It had brought the Humane Society about his ears on several occasions. Her mother had to get a permit from Skinnerburg to give Marjorie a bath. You would think some one was being murdered in the bathroom.

"What do you want with ten cents?" Kitty asked.

"Buy chewing-gum," she answered promptly.

"You'll get no ten cents or chewing-gum either. But if you want the hottest spanking you ever got in your life you just start in and yell."

"Dress your own hair miss," said Kitty curtly.

This was said in such a forcible, convincing manner, that Marjorie changed her mind about yelling. She went over and clambered into Carter's lap instead and told him what a mean thing Kitty was. Carter fondled her and sympathized with her, and said that he knew how they could get money not only for her chewing-gum but for the Christmas festivities as well.

The leading lady came in presently and demanded a dollar with which to get her hair dressed. Kitty took fiendish delight in turning her down.

"Dress your own hair, miss," she said curtly. "Goodness, gracious, what a gilly you people must think I am."

At this the leading lady switched out of

the room and banged the door after her in high dudgeon. By dinner time Kitty was at sixes and sevens with every member of the company except Bertie, and expressed the wish that Mr. Skinnerburg and his show were at the bottom of the Red Sea.

Carter led Marjorie away to the theater after dinner. She came back at supper time working on a wad of chewing-gum as big as a hen's egg. That she had been in funds was further evidenced by the fact that she was all mussed up with molasses candy. She also imparted the information that Mr. Carter had decided to have a Christmas tree as well as a supper on Christmas eve. Kitty looked incredulous.

Carter came to the theater that evening more hilarious than ever. To each of his own lines he tacked a quotation from "Hamlet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and whatever his fancy suggested. He mixed Shakespeare willy-nilly with Mr. Skinnerburg's drama till the audience began to question his sanity and wonder if the play could have been written by Mr. Sothern.

The following day the same performance was repeated, only more so. Marjorie reported favorably on the progress of the Christmas arrangements, and Carter came in with a Christmas tree which he stood in the corner of his dressing-room. It was like one of those your wife sends you after to the grocery store. Kitty was in a state bordering on mental collapse. Where did Carter get the money? Where did Marjorie get such a wind-fall of sweets? Mr. Carter gave them to her. That was all they could get out of Marjorie.

Christmas eve the mystery was solved. It was a Friday. Kitty had not heard from Skinnerburg since he left on Tuesday. She was anxious and thought that there might possibly be a letter at the general delivery. She started for the post office late in the afternoon when the streets were filled with Christmas shoppers, snow flakes, etc. As she turned the corner above the Buckingham theater she encountered a crowd gathered round a child who was singing in the street. Kitty fancied she recognized not only the song but the voice. She pressed forward and a most woe begone sight met her gaze.

A ragged child, with an old red scarf tied round its ears, stood on the curb singing piteously. She was dressed in a tattered garment through which could be seen a little red skirt. Her shoes were run over at the heels and much the worse for wear. One stocking was down over the shoe top and her little bare leg peeped through the holes in the other. In her hand she carried a small tin cup.

By her side sat an old man scraping on a dilapidated fiddle minus two strings. He was a most wretched looking specimen. His back was bowed as if he carried upon it "the burden of the world." His clothing was stained and weather beaten; he had long, white hair, and a beard of the same color which hung down across the breast. A pair of colored automobile goggles covered his eyes, and a tin sign upon his breast informed the passer-by that "I Am Blind." Added to this misfortune his left foot was swathed in the wrappings of an Egyptian Mummy and a crutch lay on the ground by his side.

As the sweet notes poured forth Kitty's eyes filled with tears—and so did those of many other listeners present. When the song ended the child started in at one end of the line with her tin cup. Into it fell a shower of nickels, dimes and quarters. As she reached Kitty she held out her cup and said pensively:—

"A penny, please?"

Then she sprang back and dropped her cup.

"Marjorie!" cried Kitty, catching her by the arm. At this moment there was

"A penny, please?"

the clanging of a bell, the rattle of a rapidly moving vehicle, the clatter of horses' feet on the pavement and a police patrol swung around the corner. A policeman standing in the street swung his club to the driver and the wagon drew up suddenly by the side of the blind man.

"Here, we want you," said the policeman.

The cripple sprang to his feet with surprising alacrity, caught up his stool under one arm and his crutch under the other, and made off down the street like one possessed. The alert manner in which he dodged the obstacles in his path led one to believe that he had a remarkable sense of location for a blind man.

The policeman and the wagon lost no time in taking up his trail, which was as plainly marked as a trail across the desert, for first his stool went under the horses' feet, then his crutch, then his fiddle. Hair, whiskers, colored goggles, tin signs, came next. But the wrappings on his left foot proved his undoing. The cloth began to unwind and stream out behind him like the tail of Gilderoy's kite. As he turned the corner into a cross street an elderly spinster gathered up her skirts and hopped on the bandage.

This precipitated the old gentleman. Heels over head he went into the gutter, and the old lady sat down, too. In an instant the officer was on top of his victim. In ten seconds he was enjoying a free ride to the police station.

He made off like one possessed.

While all this was going on, Kitty had caught Marjorie up in her arms and made off with her. When the policeman came back for the child she was nowhere to be found.

"Where did you get these rags?" demanded Kitty shaking her vigorously.

"At the theater," wailed Marjorie.

"And who was that horrid old man you were with?"

"M-Mr. Carter," howled Marjorie, "and you made me spill my ni-ni-nickels all over the sidewalk."

Kitty didn't know whether to laugh or give Marjorie a good spanking. She compromised by boxing her ears when they reached the theater. Amidst a storm of wailing and blubbering Marjorie was changed into her everyday dress and they returned to the hotel. Kitty found a policeman waiting for her with a note from Carter. The note said—

"DEAREST KITTY:—Your leading man has met with a great misfortune. The bearer will explain. Please send Bertie to the theater for my clothes and come yourself to the police station, with fifty dollars. Don't fail to come, dear, at once,—*at once, mind*,—or the show will have no leading man for the next thirty days. I am writing this on a plank that is as hard as the bald pate of Robin Hood's fat friar, so will say adieu. CARTER.

"P. S.—I'm afraid it's all off with the Xmas tree—tell Marjorie, dear."

The policeman explained. He said that begging was punishable by a fine of fifty dollars or thirty days on the stone heap. If Kitty cared to do so, she could leave the money with the chief and it would be all right. Carter would not be obliged to appear in court the next morning. Otherwise he would be transferred to the quarry the following day.

"I shan't pay one cent!" declared Kitty. "I don't care if he gets thirty years on the stone pile—it will be just what he deserves! Oh, Bertie, to think he would use me like this when I'm

having such a time managing this show!"

"It's a burning shame, dear; but you wouldn't leave Harry locked up all night, would you?"

"Yes, I would!"

"Kitty—Christmas Eve?"

"Well, what can I do?" with a shade less confidence. "Skinnerburg would drop dead—just simply drop right down dead in his tracks if I paid out fifty dollars. You know what he said, Bertie. Oh! what am I to do?"

"Better send him another telegram," said Bertie.

Kitty jumped at this suggestion. She threw mandates to the wind and dispatched the following to Skinnerburg's New York address:—

"Carter is in jail. Fifty dollars fine. Shall I pay it or let him stay there?

"KITTY."

To this she received no reply. Supper time came and passed. The company repaired to the theater to await events. There was no show without Carter, and they all advised Kitty not to pay the fine lest Skinnerburg should take it out of her salary.

Bertie said nothing to the house manager, but let the doors open and the audience file in as if nothing had happened. Kitty ran about the stage distracted. But no reply from Skinnerburg. Carter's Christmas tree stood barren and forlorn in the far corner of his dressing-room.

Eight o'clock came and with it the usual clamor and cat-calling of the gallery gods. As the time passed it became louder and more turbulent. Presently, a tall, lean gentleman, sitting well back in the shade, could stand it no longer. He jumped up, tore down the stairs four steps at a bound, rushed round the dress-circle, in through the box to the stage door and burst in upon them like a cyclone. It was Skinnerburg. He had sneaked back looking for trouble, and had found it.

"What's the matter here? Why isn't the curtain rung up? Where's Kitty? Where's the stage manager?" he demanded.

Kitty ran in dishevelled and in tears.

"What's the trouble here, Kitty?"

"Oh, Skinnerburg, Carter is in jail!"

"In jail, is he? Then why don't you get him out?"

"There's fifty dollars fine—"

"Fifty dollars fine? What's fifty dollars with a theater full of people?" exclaimed Skinnerburg with a wave of the hand toward the curtain. "Why don't you get him out, Kitty?"

"Because you said not to pay out any money—"

"Bah! Kitty you've no sense? Here, Bertie ring up the curtain! Where's Marjorie? Here you—get out there and speak your lines—sing—keep 'em amused—"

"I'm not dressed—"

"Never mind your dress—start the show—I'll have Carter in ten minutes—This is a fine state of affairs!—Run up that curtain!—This comes from trusting a woman—I'll never trust this show to a woman again—I've said that a hundred times. Stop your yelling—take your place—Millie—"

"I won't sing—I won't do a thing,—I'll just stand here and scream," cried Marjorie, "less I can have my Christmas supper!"

"Well, well," said Mr. Skinnerburg kindly, "you shall have it."

In a jiffy order came out of chaos. The curtain rolled up with a snap. Marjorie, sniveling and half-dressed, was mumbling the opening lines to the leading lady as Skinnerburg disappeared through the door.

Kitty ran into her dressing-room and threw herself on the couch. Bertie stole in and knelt down by her. She reached up and wound an arm around his neck.

"I'll never manage his old show again, Bertie. After all I've done, and trying the very best I could to carry out his orders, this is the thanks I get!"

"Don't you do it again, dear," said Bertie soothingly.

"You bet I won't," said Kitty.

GEORGE A. CONVERSE

Rear Admiral, U. S. N., and Chief of the Bureau of Navigation

By James T. Williams, Jr.

HALF a dozen naval officers at the Army and Navy Club, one night last winter, were thrown into a spirited discussion by the statement of one of their number that the professional specialty of the then commanding officer of the battleship *Illinois* was electricity.

"High explosives," promptly interposed a second, "is the captain's special field, although he is an expert electrician."

"Torpedo work is his forte, and has always been since we were at the Academy together," contended a third.

"He's the best engineer in the service," declared a fourth, "and I happen to know that he narrowly missed the appointment as Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy."

"All that you have said may be true," observed number five, "but his record shows that he is primarily an ordnance expert."

With an air of finality, the remaining member of the company, a fellow captain of the officer under discussion, said:—

"When you have known him as long as I have, you will agree that he was born to command, and that administrative ability is his long suit."

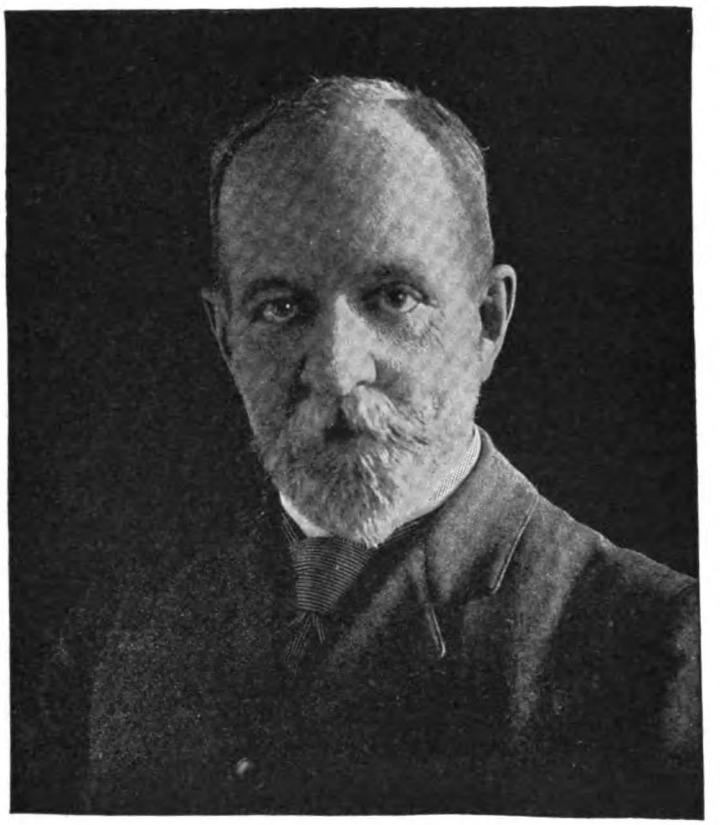
That President Roosevelt sides with the last view is evident, from the fact that, after calling him from the command of the *Illinois* to be Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, and a few months later transferring him to the head of the Bureau of Ordnance, he again transferred him, upon the death of Admiral Taylor, to make him, in fact if not in title, the military head of the Navy and the Secretary's Chief of Staff —for the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation performs the duties of both.

Slight of build, perhaps five feet eight inches in his shoes, and weighing not much over one hundred and forty pounds, Admiral Converse impresses even a passing acquaintance as a man of great force. He has about him that quiet, decisive manner which attracts rather than forces acquiescence. He speaks readily and with a confidence that tells you his words have been weighed beforehand. He seldom retracts from a position, for the reason that his positions are well grounded before they are taken, but I know of no officer in the Army or Navy who is more ready to receive advice or better able to weather criticism.

There is in the man much of that determination which one finds in the Vermonters of sturdy stock. With Admiral Dewey and Rear-Admiral Clarke, who commanded the *Oregon* in the Spanish War, Admiral Converse constitutes a distinguished trio of representatives from the Green Mountain State in the Navy to-day. Back in the fifties he and Dewey went to the same village school in Vermont. A later decade or more they shipped together on the *Canandaigua*. Converse was a midshipman on his first cruise, Dewey was executive officer of the ship, while Admiral Farragut was in command of the European station.

Every naval officer's career is divided into two parts: sea duty and duty ashore. In the thirteen years of sea service which Admiral Converse has had, most of it has been spent on a foreign station, and today he holds the record for having known and broken bread with more potentates than any other officer in the Navy.

His memory of detail, of dates, conversations, faces and names is marvelous. He can tell the story of his life without hesitating for a date or the name of a place. He recites readily the itinerary of every ship he has ever served on, and can quote ver-



Rear-Admiral George A. Converse, U. S. N.

batim conversations he has heard or participated in between his commanding officer and various sovereigns. Some one asked him once: "Admiral, why do you burden your mind with so many details, interesting as they are?"

"Burden," he replied, "I never memorize details; they find lodgment in my mind almost without my knowledge."

When Prince Henry, while in this country, had finished a thorough inspection of the *Illinois*, under Captain Converse, he turned to him and said: "The neatness of this ship is a genuine surprise to me; I can't get my captains to keep such a ship."

And this brings me to Converse as a commanding officer. He is credited with the remark that he would rather command a battleship than be President of the United States. Even his enemies will tell you that he would rather be right than be either. The official verdict at the Navy Department is that the *Illinois*, in command of Captain Converse, was an ideal ship. Officers and men were loyal to their captain to an extent seldom seen in any Navy. The *Illinois* had fewer courts-martial than any other battleship in the Navy. The only complaint ever made to the captain was by an ordinary seaman who had gotten in trouble for the fourth or fifth time, and received an appropriate sentence. He asserted, with some show of feeling, that "Nobody couldn't get no justice on this ship." The captain's answer was: "It is impossible to do justice to you."

For the first five weeks that he was Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, Admiral Converse was not seen in the office of the Secretary of the Navy. Some officer remarked to him that the Secretary might think it strange that he was not consulted more frequently upon subjects affecting that Bureau.

"When I am confronted with a problem in the solution of which I feel need of the Secretary's counsel I shall refer it to

him," was the Admiral's reply. "Until now no question has arisen which I could not dispose of without troubling the Secretary." The answer was thoroughly typical of the man. Afloat or ashore he never shirked a responsibility in his life and yet he is not personally ambitious and his first few weeks as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation have clearly shown that he has no desire to "run the Navy."

Soon after Secretary Morton assumed the Naval Portfolio he was confronted with a question over which the staff and line elements of the Navy have been fighting for years. Realizing his own inability to dispose of a matter of which he knew so little he referred it to Admiral Converse to decide. After looking over the papers the Admiral returned them to the Secretary with this remark:—

"I shall decide that, Mr. Secretary, if it is your wish. I think, however, you could obtain better results if you took the opinions of several other Bureau Chiefs in conjunction with my own and on the base of all of them reached your own conclusion six months from now when you have had an opportunity to study the problem in all of its phases." Some officers of the line blamed him for passing up the opportunity to win such a victory over the staff.

Many friends as Admiral Converse has in and out of the Navy he has more admirers than intimates. He is approachable but it is not every one who gets very close to him. He is not as reserved as was Admiral Sampson, and once he knows a man thoroughly and knows he can trust him he trusts him not half but all the way and so impresses him with the responsibility of the trust imposed that he is seldom tricked.

His record afloat brought Admiral Converse his appointment to the Bureau of Navigation. His knowledge of men, his marked administrative ability, his successful command of the *Illinois*, and his previous records in command of the *Enterprise* and the *Montgomery*, showed what might be expected of him in his present billet. But Admiral Converse is more, if a man can be more, than the ideal Naval officer. His record ashore won him his appointment as Chief, successively of the Bureaus of Equipment and Ordnance. All of his twenty-three years of shore duty have been spent in duty under the Bureau of Ordnance. Several times he was on duty at the Torpedo station and while there prepared the specifications for the *Lightning*, the first wooden torpedo boat in the American Navy, and superintended its construction. Later he prepared the specifications for the *Cushing*, the first modern torpedo boat of the Navy, and also superintended its construction. Finally he was ordered ashore to assume charge of the torpedo station, and with Lieut. Bernadou has done more than any other officer in the Navy in the development of smokeless powder. He ranks to-day as one of the modern ordnance experts of the world, and while Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance he laid the foundation for the solution of the serious problems which confronted the Navy as the result of the use of smokeless powder.

Wrapped up heart and soul in the Navy to which he has devoted and come near sacrificing his life, Admiral Converse has the satisfaction of never having applied to the Department for a single assignment since he entered the Naval Academy from Vermont in 1861. Only on one occasion was he ever offered an alternative in the selection of duty. He stated his preference, which was not observed. The doing of the duty that is before him with all his might has been the daily effort of this officer. His reward for it came on the day of his appointment to his present post. The unofficial announcement was made in these words: "The foremost man in the Navy has been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Navigation." No officer of the service needed to be told that that man was George A. Converse.

GENERAL PRINCE SVIATOPOLK-MIRSKY

THE new Russian Minister of the Interior appointed to succeed M. von Plehve, who was recently assassinated, is to-day the most powerful man in Russia and at the same time the chief hope of the more progressive party. He is forty-seven years old, the son of a famous general, and a member of the old nobility, and has served with distinction in the army and as Governor of more than one great province. His wife, the Countess Bobrinsky, is well known as a friend of Tolstoy and a woman of the greatest intellectual attainments who has made her salon in St. Petersburg the center of the more advanced Russian journalists. The first proclamations of Prince Mirsky seem to promise much for the future of more liberal government in Russia.

Beekman Winthrop.

A COLONIAL GOVERNOR AT TWENTY-EIGHT

By Frederick T. Birchall

A SLIGHT, dark-haired, young man (he is under thirty years old, and has been out of the fostering care of Harvard University a bare four years,) is ruling a territory of some thirty-six hundred square miles and a population of something like a million souls, in the name of the United States. Such reports as have come from there in the few months during which he has been in possession of his kingdom have indicated that he is ruling wisely, that in a not altogether harmonious population he is bringing order out of the chaos left by long misgovernment, and that he is fast overcom-

ing such prejudice as his youth aroused when so important a charge was entrusted to him.

When President Roosevelt, last April, announced the appointment of Beekman Winthrop, of New York, to be Governor of Porto Rico there was very general curiosity to know who the new Governor was and what he had done to be trusted with responsibilities so large. His name indicated that he was of good family. As a matter of fact he is a descendant of the John Winthrop who was the first Governor of Massachusetts, and he was named for James W. Beekman, who in his time did so much for the hospitals of New York city. It appeared further that he was moderately wealthy, that he had come out of Harvard with the class of '97, had attended the Harvard Law School after that, and was a member of the New York bar.

At Harvard, young Beekman Winthrop was neither a bookworm nor an idler. He was not physically built for athletics like his elder brother Frederic, noted as the strongest man in the University in his day, so he didn't seek fame either on the football field or the river. After graduating, he went to the Harvard Law School for three years more. Then he looked about for a career.

The Spanish War was just over. It had left the Philippines and other large stretches of territory on Uncle Sam's hands. Young Winthrop thought he saw his chance in the new possessions. The Taft Commission was about to set out for the Philippines to install a civil government there in place of military rule. Young Winthrop asked for a job, got a one-thousand-dollar clerkship under the commission, and set out for the islands across the world.

It wasn't a job that a well-to-do young lawyer with good family connections might be expected to crave. But there was an opportunity. Young Mr. Winthrop swallowed the disagreeableness, spent the thousand dollars, and some more, in such creature comforts as were attainable, and buckled down to work. He learned Spanish, studied native conditions, and interested himself in the problems the Commission had to solve. He was tactful and energetic and industrious.

It wasn't more than a year before President Taft, of the Philippine Commission, became the first Governor of the islands. He needed a private secretary and he chose the young New York lawyer, who hadn't seen anything undignified in filling a clerkship under the Commission, and who took an interest in the big things being done around him.

As private secretary the former clerk became the Governor's right hand man. Soon he was assistant executive secretary of the Philippine government. Then the secretary, broken down by hard work and climate, came home on leave and he became acting secretary. Presently he was secretary. He was an indispensable cog in the colonial machinery. He had a share in the negotiations which settled the troublesome problem of the Friars. He had a larger share in settling other problems of land tenure and native rights.

Changes come quickly in a new country. By and by a judge for a new court was needed. Young Mr. Winthrop was a lawyer; also he was manifestly the best man in the Islands for that place. The Governor made him Judge of the Court of First Instance.

Governor Taft was called home in time to be Secretary of War in place of Elihu Root. Commissioner Wright was made Governor and a new Philippine Commissioner had to be chosen. Then there came to President Roosevelt stories about the young man who was getting ahead so rapidly in the insular government.

But the President hesitated. The young man was so very young; his progress had been rapid already, and there were others with claims—political claims—which Judge Winthrop in the Philippines had not.

So the other claims won and young Mr. Winthrop remained in his Judgeship.

And last April the time came when the President had to choose a new Governor of Porto Rico to succeed Gov. Hunt, resigned. It was a post requiring diplomacy, a varied knowledge of insular affairs, the peculiarities of native races, some experience in the law, untiring energy and the knack of not making mistakes. Such men were rare. Then the president remembered the young Judge out in the Philippines, who had just such a reputation and whose ancestor had been the first Governor of Massachusetts. There was his man. A few strokes of the pen and Judge Winthrop of Manila, under thirty years old and only four years out of Harvard, became His Excellency, Governor Winthrop of Porto Rico.

THE BATTLE OF TELITZ

By a Japanese Officer Who Took Part in the Battle

It is against the custom of the Japanese officers to recount their own exploits or those of their army. The editors are not allowed therefore to give the name of the author of the following narrative, they can only guarantee the genuineness of the story.

NEWS came from the North that General Stakelberg was about to pay a visit to the South. Seventy thousand of the Manchurian Army of Russia were coming down to console their brethren in Port Arthur, over the Nanshan and Kinchau affairs. The main body of the second army of Nippon turned North. The rest of the second army occupied the heights south of Pulandien. There we fortified the heights, dug trenches, and made ourselves comfortable for the coming of the Russian Army. Is it possible, said we all, that for once our friends of the North would be accommodating enough to come to us, and try our refreshments in a shop of our own choosing? Are we really to have the rare luxury of a fortified position? What an unexpected pleasure! It was not altogether unpleasant to us, with the memory of the Nanshan slope so fresh in our minds, to turn the table upon the Russian and let him have upon his devoted head all the deluge of shots and shells which they had emptied upon us on the mined slopes of the Nanshan. Our vanguard reached the deserted little village of Likiatun; there we made all preparations and waited for over ten days. No sign of the enemy. We were impatient. If the mountain would not come to us there is certainly no other way but to go to the mountain. We broke camp; we were conquered by our impatience. The day was cloudless; its summer glory riotous and the heat of it was without mercy. A wave of heat struck us as we emerged upon an extensive plateau opening out and away from a group of hills through which we had been marching. Purple peaks fenced us in. There ran a narrow, sandy path like a thread, before us. Pushing, always pushing ahead on this mountain road was the line of our men, ammunition carts and transportation wagons as well as our mountain guns. To our right, breaking the horizon and skirting the foot of the hill, I saw a line of telegraph wires. That was where the East-China railway was running. Here and there weeping willows gave grace to the landscape, and here and there also the monotony of the green was broken by Chinese mountain villages. From the front came faint reports of rifles and guns that told of skirmishes with the outposts of the enemy. Now and then you could see a puff and a cotton-like ball of smoke would float away above the horizon. On the second day of our march, which was rather difficult because we covered the mountainous stretch most of the time, we saw before us the large town of Wafantien. It was one of the larger depots of the East-China railway. We were told that a large number of Russian soldiers camped in this town the night before we entered it. My host of the night told me that in the same bed which I occupied, slept a Russian officer, the very night previous. Our army was in touch with the enemy and the reports of the rifle fire from the outpost were almost continuous, all of which meant that a general engagement was at hand. Threading through one side of the town was a river. The water was low; in its dried bed I could see many a picturesque souvenir of the Russian camp that was. At the time the white tents of the Nippon army had taken possession of the sandy stretch of the river course. Up and down the sandy bed of the stream you could see our soldiers fetching water or gathered over their evening meals, and the bonfires played picturesquely upon the white of the tent and the yellow of the

sand, and the *ensemble* of this unique scene made me think of an earthly milky way with the falling stars shooting away here and there.

A certain portion of our army which formed the left wing was at that time camping at Fuchau. Our commander sent word that night to the officers of our left wing by two orderlies; the message that they carried to the left wing was that to-morrow morning a certain portion of its force should be sent along a road that would bring it out upon the rear of the enemy's left wing. Later I had a chat with one of these orderlies. He said to me:—

"We left Wafantien at midnight. It was as black as pitch. We were perfect strangers to the highways and bypaths—in fact, we knew nothing about the lay of the land before us. Naturally the difficulties we met seem quite humorous at the present time, but they were heart-rending when we were going through them. When I reached the headquarters of our left wing it was four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. At the time I arrived men of the left wing were just to start at double-quick in the direction of Fuchau. As soon as I delivered my message, of course, they changed the direction. If by some accident the message had been delayed for a few minutes they would have made for Fuchau, and so would have missed an opportunity of covering themselves with glory, as they did, and naturally the outcome of the battle would have been far from being as completely victorious for our army as it really turned out to be."

On this day, at about five o'clock in the evening, the reports of the guns began to come pretty thickly. Later on I found out that this was the artillery duel that our battery on this side of the Telitz had with the enemy's guns. At this encounter the commanding officer of the fourth company, Imagawa Rokuzo was severely wounded, and all the officers except Lieutenant Shimizu were either killed or wounded. That night none of us, from the commander-in-chief down to the humblest of privates, slept. At two a. m., on the following day, the order was given for general advance. The next day broke with a fierce roar of guns along the entire stretch of our front. I ran at my top speed with the reports of the guns for my guide.

The battle of Telitz was entirely unlike that of Kinchau or that of Nanshan. The battle was carried on over an extensive battlefield, and the panorama of the battlefield was one of the most inspiring as well as the most picturesque I have ever imagined in my life. The battlefield was crowned with many a hill; streams broke the monotony of the landscape. Here and there could be seen the belchings of smoke. As a battlefield its picturesqueness was complete.

My eyes followed the Fuchau River, and skirting around the hills, in the distance I saw the village of Likiatun, and I could see plainly the field hospital that was placed in that village. At this time the battle in front of me was reaching its height. The smoke that curled up into the air became more and more dense, and greater and greater in size, especially in the direction of Likiatun and Wokiatien. I saw a great cloud of dust raised by a large number of ammunition wagons which were racing at top speed. Beyond Wokiatien, not far from it, was the actual battlefield on which our battery was trying its metal against the severe fire of the enemy. To the west of Likiatun, rising to the height of about two hundred and fifty meters, you could see a range of rocky peaks running away to the north like petrified waves in a choppy sea. Railways, highways, picturesque Chinese villages were sewing and embroidering these hillsides and valleys, always racing away to the north. The excellency of the position for defensive purposes, especially for heavy batteries shooting down into the plain, was evident even to the eye of the laity. It was not surprising, therefore, to find the Russian engineers had pinned their faith and confidence on this excellent natural defense. The men of our right wings were moving up the mountain sides like desperate waves. They had already occupied the hillsides; between them and the enemy only a strip of mountain air across a gorge. The enemy on the other side held themselves with admirable restraint. Everything on their side seemed to be completed; only a signal was wanting.

After the fighting we learned from the prisoners the following details of the Russian movements: There was a counsel-of-war at the headquarters, the night before the engagement. The staff officers urged the wisdom of a surprise upon our army by a sudden night attack which was to be desperate and swift. One set of officers

advocated the attack on our left wing, another held that the weakest point in our formation was our center, which was in the direction of Shukiaso. At last they decided to deliver the night attack against our center. Picked men of the strength of one batallion were selected from their ranks. This body began its movement against us at about twelve o'clock midnight. They formed themselves into two companies and one of them advancing from the left in the direction of Wangshiko, marched upon the highway to Shukiaso. The other took to the right and starting from Likiatun tried to make its way to the same objective. The latter, however, managed to lose its way somehow and at the appointed time, when both of those companies were to deliver the simultaneous attack against our center, there was only one of them upon the ground. The enemy concluded that the company which was at the scene of the attack was not sufficient to make an effective movement against our center and decided to wait for the coming of the other company which they expected. Impatiently these men waited; and upon their impatience the day began to dawn.

Our army was not slow to recognize the movement of the Russians. No sight was more tempting, more pleasant to the eye than the one that was stretching out at our feet in the early light of day that morning. We looked down upon the body of Russians, their foolhardiness took us by surprise, for once they were brave enough to give us the advantage of topography. All that we had to do was to shoot down upon our enemy; up to this time the Russians always had had the advantage of geography on their side, never before had I realized what fun they must have had in shooting down upon us point blank as they did from the heights of Nanshan. A perfect stream of our shells searched them in every hiding spot; our shots pursued them into the huts of Shukiaso, under the stumps of the willow trees, everywhere in short. Patiently they seemed to wait for the arrival of their comrades whom they expected to come to their rescue, but time went on and no help came to them.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when we saw coming out from their hiding places a small band of Russian soldiers. That was the beginning of the fierce onslaught. It was as if somebody had revived in this civilized day of ours the scenes from the old story books, when swords, spears, bows and arrows were the only weapons of war and men slashed away at each other. It was actually a hand to hand encounter. A number of men lost their arms and a number were trampled under foot. It was just at this time that we saw a Russian officer, among the second regiment of the East Siberian Rifles, rise from the ranks and leaping over the dead bodies of his men and comrades and putting himself at the head of the ranks, try by his daring example to revive the spirits of his men. Against the lurid background of blood and fire he made a superb figure, always rushing in front of his men, his sword gleaming ever over the heads of the fighting men; time and again his men were driven back and time and again this officer drove them back literally against the points of our bayonets.

But one man can never turn the flood tide of a panic-stricken thousand. At last, doubtless thinking that the superhuman heroism of his hopeless charge would yet turn the tide of his men, this officer rushed out calling always and loudly upon his men to follow. When he was within a few feet of our men he turned his head to see whether his men were obeying his order. Instead of following at his heels, inspired by this superb example of daring, his soldiers were trampling upon each other in the mad effort to run away. The sight broke his heart evidently. He turned the point of the sword he had held against himself. An instant later he fell with his heart pierced through.

Our men could not withstand the temptation of pausing for a moment to applaud this rare and magnificent example of courage and daring on the part of the enemy. After the battle they found his dead body, and with military honors they buried it.

By the time I reached the scene of battle, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, they were almost annihilated. On our right wing the battle was ripening. Upon our left wing also the reports of rifles were coming thicker than ever.

It was in this mêlée of blood and sword that I saw a sight that touched me deeply. I noticed two men in our ranks; the reason they attracted my attention particularly must have been because they seemed to fight together side by side. Long before

this, to be sure, I had found the min each other's association more than once. Later I found out that the younger of these men came from a well-to-do Samurai family not far from my native town; the older man was from the same place as the younger. In fact, the father of the older man had spent all his life in the service of the family from which the younger man came. In other words they were, so to speak, master and man. On this terrific day, when they were within a few meters of the Russians, when they fought with rocks, swords and anything they could get hold of, I saw these men cling to each other closely. At the height of the bloody excitement the older seemed to be mindful of the younger always. At one time a few of the Russians actually succeeded in rushing upon a part of our line. One of the Russians raised the butt of his rifle about to strike the younger of these two men. Then I saw the older swing forward and literally hurl down the Russian with the bayonet through his body. A little later the young man was shot in the leg and fell. I saw the older man forget himself completely, forsake his gun, kneel down beside the young friend of his, and not finding a piece of cloth, he tore the front of his shirt. He stuffed a little piece of cloth into the bullet hole in the leg of his friend. He dressed and bandaged the wound as best he could. Then after a little while, because of the fierceness of the fight about me, I lost sight of these men. When I came upon them a few minutes later, they were together side by side. The elder of them was also wounded by this time, but he seemed to be using his body as a shield for the younger man against the Russian bullets which were falling thickly all about him. As I passed I said to the older man, who was half standing, always covering his young master: "Can't you manage to carry yourself to the rear with your friend—to the field hospital, or to some shelter behind this hill?"

"Oh, it is all right," he answered. "My young master is wounded a little, but he will recover in a minute, I think. Then we shall get at the Russians again."

I pointed to the ragged wound which a Russian bullet had made upon his own shoulder. "Oh," he said, "that is a scratch. Don't mind that."

At this time it seemed as if the enemy was trying his best to drive in and break through our right wing. To this end he centered all his fire and energy. The enemy was about three regiments in strength. We saw the concentrating movement, and our reserve was called into action to support our right wing at once, and one portion of this reserve leaped over the hill ranges to the east of Denkiatun and emerged upon the hillside of Chengtzshan. Our vanguard also which was marching along the Haicheng road, hearing the reports of the rifles in the direction of our right wing, changed its course. So it came to pass that the enemy's forces, which were concentrated and meant to be hurled against our right wing with the intention of piercing it, found themselves to their utter amazement completely surrounded by our forces. It is to their credit that they held their positions with splendid bravery and tenacity.

It was just at this juncture that the battalion under the command of Ando appeared to the rear of the enemy and occupied a hill. The occupation of this height threatened the enemy's retreat. He saw it. As a result he began to make his way back. This retreat was thrown into a veritable rout. The enemy reformed several times and tried their bravest to make a retreat in order, but all in vain. The rout was as irresistible as the front of a flood over the plain. Suddenly the sky became black and the rain-like flood came down upon the battlefield. The scene was highly dramatic, the storm beating upon a great battlefield burnt with powder, stained with blood and smothered with the smoke of guns. In an instant all the hillsides were buried away out of sight in a nightly fog. The fierce wind filled heaven and earth with a sound like unto the smashing of many hills. It was certainly the happiest run of luck for the enemy. It impeded our pursuit. It was at five o'clock in the evening that all was still. Beyond all doubt the enemy must have employed the entire force at command in this battle. They numbered about fifty thousand men. The enemy's casualities were estimated at five or six thousand. We lost about one thousand in dead and wounded, and from this simple figure one could see what a complete victory it was.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel of the Northwest

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. *"Shock" Macgregor, a young evangelist sent out from an Eastern University to the unsettled Canadian Northwest, on his way to his station saves an old prospector from drowning and brings him back to his home.*

CHAPTER IX

TIM CARROLL

THERE stood at the door Perault, Josie and Marion waiting for Shock and the Old Prospector to drive up. The contrast between the two men in the buckboard was striking. The one, a young man with muscular frame, a strong, fresh face innocent of worldly wisdom and marked by the frankness of an unspoiled faith in men and things; the other an old man, tall, slight, with a face worn and weary, delicately featured and kindly enough, but with a mask of inscrutable reserve tinged with that distrust of men and things that comes of a bitter experience of the world's falsities. The indomitable spirit, refusing to accept defeat, still lived and hoped with a persistence at once extraordinary and pathetic.

A gleam of light shot across his pale, impassive face as his eyes fell upon his daughter who, in the presence of a stranger, shrank back behind Josie. He beckoned her to him.

"Come, my daughter," he said in a clear, musical voice.

Then she forgot her shyness and threw herself at him.

"Oh! Father," she cried in a low, smothered voice, her whole frame shaking as she clung to him.

For a single instant the old man held her to him, his pale face once more illumed by that momentary gleam, then said in calm tones in which mingled surprise, raillery, almost rebuke, "Why, my child, this is indeed an extraordinary welcome home."

At the tone the girl shrank back and regained her ordinary quiet manner.

"You are hurt, father," she said so quietly that her father glanced with quick surprise at her. He hardly knew as yet this daughter of his who had come to him only two months ago, and whom for fifteen years he had not seen.

"A mere touch," he answered carelessly, "a broken collar bone, inconvenient but neither painful nor dangerous, and an additional touch of rheumatism which, though extremely annoying, will prove only temporary. After a few days of your nursing we shall be able to resume our march, eh, Perault?"

"Oui, bon, dat so," said Perault, grinning his eager acquiescence. "De ole boss he stop for noting."

The old man began carefully to raise himself off the seat of the buckboard.

"Ha!" catching his breath, "rather sharp that, Mr. Macgregor. Oh! I forgot. Pardon me," he continued with fine old-time courtesy, "permit me to introduce you to my daughter. Marion, this is Mr. Macgregor, but for whose timely and heroic assistance I might even now be tumbling about at the fitful fancy of the Black Dog. We both have cause to be grateful to him."

With a suppressed cry the girl, who during her father's words had been looking at him with a white face and staring eyes, sprang towards Shock who was stand-

ing at the pony's head, seized his hand between hers, kissed it passionately, flung it away and returned hurriedly to her father's side.

"It was nothing at all," said Shock when he had recovered from his confusion, "any one would have done it and besides—"

With a wave of his hand the old man brushed aside Shock's statement as of no importance.

"We shall hope for opportunity to show our gratitude, Mr. Macgregor," he said, his clear voice taking a deeper tone than usual. "Now," he continued briskly, "let us proceed with this somewhat serious business of getting into blankets. Just lift my feet round, my daughter. Ah! The long ride has stiffened the joints. Oh! One moment, my dear." The old man's face was wet and ghastly pale and his breath came in quick gasps. "A difficult operation, Mr. Macgregor," he said apologetically, "but we shall accomplish it in time. Wait, my dear, I fancy I shall do better without your assistance. At least I shall be relieved of uncertainty as to responsibility for my pains. An important consideration, Mr. Macgregor. Uncertainty adds much to the sum of human suffering," continued the old philosopher, only the ghastly hue of his mask-like face giving token of the agony he was enduring.

Then Shock came to him.

"Let me carry you," he said, "it will give you less pain, I am sure."

"Well it can hardly give more."

"Put your arms about my neck. There. Now don't try to help yourself."

"Most sound advice. I surrender," said the old man, his philosophic tone in striking contrast to his ghastly face. "But one most difficult to accept."

Gently, easily as if he had been a child, Shock lifted him from the buckboard, carried him into the house and laid him upon his bed. The old man was faint with his pain.

"Thank you, sir—that was distinctly easier. You are—a mighty man. Perault! I think—I—"

His voice faded away into silence and his head fell back. The girl sprang forward with a cry of fear, but Shock was before her.

"The brandy, Perault! Quick!" he said. "Don't fear, Miss Colebrook, he will soon be all right."

The girl glanced into Shock's face and at once grew calm again. Soon, under the stimulus of the brandy, the old man revived.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath and looking with a faint, apologetic smile at the anxious faces about him. "Pardon my alarming you. I am getting old. The long drive and the somewhat severe pain weakened me, I fear."

"Indeed, you have no need to apologize. It is more than I could have stood," said Shock in genuine admiration.

"Thank you," said the old man. "Now we shall get into blankets. I have the greatest faith in blankets, sir, the greatest faith. I have rolled myself in wet blankets in mid-winter, when suffering from a severe cold, and have come forth perfectly recovered. You remember the Elk Valley, Perault?"

"Oui, for sure. I say dat tam ole boss blam-fool. Hees cough! cough! ver' bad. Nex' mornin', by gar, he's all right."

In half an hour, with Perault's assistance, Shock had the old man between heated blankets, exhausted with pain but resting comfortably.

"Mr. Macgregor," said the old man taking Shock by the hand, "I have found that life sooner or later brings opportunity to discharge every obligation. Such an opportunity I shall eagerly await."

"I have done no more than any man should," replied Shock simply. "And I am only glad to have had the chance."

"Chance!" echoed the Old Prospector. "I have found that we make our chances, sir. But now you will require lodging. I regret I cannot offer you hospitality. Perault, go down to the Stopping Place, present my compliments to Carroll, and ask him to give Mr. Macgregor the best accommodation he has. The best is none too good. And, Perault, we shall need another pony and a new outfit. In a few days we must be on the move again. See Carroll about these things and report. Meantime, Mr. Macgregor, you will remain with us to tea."

"Carroll!" exclaimed Perault in a tone of disgust. "Dat man no good 'tall. I get you one pony cheap. Dat Carroll he's one beeg tief."

The little Frenchman's eyes glittered with hate.

"Perault," replied the Old Prospector

quietly, "I quite understand you have your own quarrel with Carroll, but these are my affairs. Carroll will not cheat me."

"Ah! Bah!" spat Perault in a vicious undertone of disgust. "De ole boss he blam-fool. He not see not'ing." And Perault departed, grumbling and swearing, to make his deal with Carroll.

Timothy Carroll was a man altogether remarkable, even in that country of remarkable men. Of his past history little was known. At one time a Hudson Bay trader, then a freighter. At present he "ran" the Loon Lake Stopping Place and a livery stable, took contracts in freight and conducted a general trading business in horses, cattle,—anything, in short, that could be bought and sold in that country. A man of powerful physique and great shrewdness, he easily dominated the community of Loon Lake. He was a curious mixture of incongruous characteristics. At the same time many a poor fellow had found in him a friend in sickness or "in hard luck," and by his wife and family he was adored. His tenderness for little, lame Patsy was the marvel of all who knew the terrible Tim Carroll. He had a furious temper, and in wrath was truly terrifying, while in matters of trade he was cool, cunning and unscrupulous. But, though Perault had suffered at the hands of the big Irishman, the chief cause of his hatred was not personal. He knew what many others in the community suspected, that for years Carroll had systematically robbed and had contributed largely to the ruin of his "ole boss." Walter Mowbray was haunted by one enslaving vice. He was by temperament and by habit a gambler. It was this vice that had been his ruin. In the madness of his passion he had risked and lost, one fatal night in the old land, the funds of the financial institution of which he was the trusted and honored head. In the agony of his shame he had fled from his home, leaving in her grave his broken-hearted wife and abandoning to the care of his maiden sister his little girl of a year old, and had sought in the feverish search for gold, relief from the haunting memory, redemption for himself and provision for his child. In his prospecting experiments success had attended him. He developed in a marvelous degree the prospector's instinct, for instinct it appeared to be; and many of the important prospects and some of the most valuable mines in southern British Columbia had been discovered by him. It was at this point that Carroll took a hand. Acting in collusion with the expert agent for the British American Gold and Silver Mining Company, he had bought for hundreds of dollars and sold for thousands, the Old Prospector's claims. Not that the old man had lost that financial ability or that knowledge of human nature that had given him his high place in former days, but he was possessed of a dream of wealth so vast that ordinary fortunes shrank into insignificance in comparison. He had fallen under the spell of an Indian tale of a lost river of fabulous wealth in gold that disturbed all his sense of value. In one of his prospecting tours he had come upon an old Indian hunter, torn by a grizzly and dying. For weeks he nursed the old Indian in his camp with tender but unavailing care. In gratitude the dying man had told of the lost river that flowed over rocks and sands sown with gold. In his young days the Indian had seen the river and had gathered its "yellow sands and stones"; in later years, however, when he had come to know something of the value of this "yellow sand and stones" he had sought the river, but in vain. A mountain peak in one vast slide had filled up the valley, diverted the course of the river, and changed the whole face of the country. For many summers the Indian had sought with the unfaltering patience of his race the bed of the lost river, and at length, that very summer, he had discovered it. Deep down in a side cañon, in the bed of a trickling brook, he had found "yellow sand and stones" similar to those of the lost river of his youth.

Under the spell of that dream of wealth he found it easy to pay his "debts of honor" to Carroll with mining claims which, however, valuable in themselves, were to him paltry in comparison with the wealth of the Lost River which every year brought him nearer to and which one day he was sure he would possess.

Perault's devotion to his "ole boss" was equaled only by his hate of those who robbed while they derided him and he set himself to the task of thwarting their nefarious schemes. For this Perault had incurred the savage wrath of Carroll and

more than once had suffered bodily injury at his hands.

The Stopping Place was filled with men from the ranges, freighters from the trail and the nondescript driftwood that the waves of civilization cast upon those far away shores of human society. With all of them Perault was a favorite. Carroll was out when he entered. On all sides he was greeted with exclamations of surprise, pleasure and curiosity, for all knew that he had set out upon another "annual fool hunt" as the Prospector's yearly expedition was called. "Hello Rainy, what's happened?" "Got yer gold dust?" "Goin' to retire, Rainy?" "The Old Prospector struck his river yit?" greeted him on every side.

"Oui, by gar! He struk heem for sure," grinned Perault.

"What? The Lost River? What? His mine?" chorused the crowd awakened to more than ordinary interest.

"Non, not Los' Reever but los' man blank near," and Perault went on to describe with dramatic fervor and appropriate gesticulation the scene at the Black Dog, bringing out into strong relief his own helplessness and stupidity and the cool daring of the stranger who had snatched his "ole boss" out of the jaws of the Black Dog.

"By Jove!" exclaimed a rancher when the narrative was finished, "not bad that. Who was the chap, Rainy?"

"Do' no me. Tink hees one what you call pries'. Your Prostestan' pries'."

"What, a preacher?" cried the rancher. "Not he. They're not made that way."

At this point Carroll came in.

"Hello, Perault!" he said, "what the blank, blank are ye doin' here?"

Perault spat deliberately into the ash-pan, tipped back his chair without looking at the big Irishman and answered coolly:

"Me? After one pack pony an' some outfit for de ole boss."

"Pony an' outfit, is it?" shouted Carroll, "what the blank, blank d'ye mane? What 'av ye done wid that pack pony av moine an' where's yer blank ould fool av a boss?"

Carroll was working himself up into a fine rage.

"De boss, he's in bed," replied Perault coolly, "de pony he's in de Black Dog reever, guess."

"The Black Dog? What the blank, blank d'ye mane annyway? Why don't ye answer? Blank ye t'r a cursed crapeau of a Frenchman! Is that pony of moine drowned?"

"Mebbe," said Perault, shrugging his shoulders, "unless he leev under de water lak one musk-rat."

"Blank your impudence," roared Carroll, "to be sittin' there laughin' in me face at the loss av me property. It's no better than a pack of thieves ye are."

"Tieves!" answered Perault in quick anger, "dere's one beeg, black, hairy tief not far 'way dat's got hees money for dat pony two—tree tam overe."

Choking with rage, Carroll took one step toward him, kicked his chair clean from under him and deposited the Frenchman on the floor amid a shout of laughter from the crowd. In blazing wrath Perault was on his feet with a bound and swinging his chair around his head, hurled it full in the face of his enemy. Carroll caught it on his arm and came rushing at the Frenchman.

"You one beeg black tief," shrieked Perault, drawing a knife and striking savagely at the big Irishman.

As he delivered his blow Carroll caught him by the wrist, wrenched the knife from his grasp and, seizing him by the throat, proceeded to choke him. The crowd stood looking on hesitating to interfere. A fight was understood in that country to be the business of no man save those immediately concerned. Besides this, Carroll was dreaded for his great strength and his furious temper and no man cared to imperil his life by attacking him.

"Blank yer cursed soul," cried Carroll through his clenched teeth. "It's this Oi've been wantin' t'r many a day, an' now, by the powers, Oi'll be takin' the life of yez, so Oi will."

His threat would undoubtedly have been carried out, for Perault was bent far back, his face was black and his tongue protruded from his wide-open mouth. But at this moment the door opened and Shock quietly stepped in. For a single instant he stood gazing in amazement upon the strange scene, then stepping quickly behind Carroll, whose back was toward the door, he caught his wrist.

"You are killing the man," he said quietly.

"Oi am that same," hissed Carroll, his eyes blood-shot with the light of murder in them. "An' by all the powers of Hell Oi'll be havin' yer heart's blood if ye don't kape aff."

"Indeed, then, he's too small a man for you, and as to myself, we can see about that later," said Shock quietly.

He closed his fingers on the wrist he held. The hand gripping Perault's throat opened quickly, allowing the Frenchman to fall to the floor. Swinging round with a hoarse cry, the big Irishman aimed a terrific blow at Shock's head. But Shock, catching the blow on his arm, drew Carroll sharply toward him, at the same time giving a quick, downward twist to the wrist he held, a trick of the Japanese wrestlers the 'Varsity men had been wont to practise. There was a slight crack, a howl of pain, and Carroll sank writhing on the floor with Shock's grip still on his wrist.

"Let me up," he roared.

"Will you let the little man alone?" asked Shock quietly.

"Let me up, blank ye! It's yer heart's blood will pay for this."

"Will you leave the little man alone?" asked Shock in a relentlessly even tone.

"Yis, yis," groaned Carroll. "Me wrist's bruk, so it is. But Oi'll be afther doin f'r yez, ye blank, blank—"

Carroll's profanity flowed in a copious stream.

"As to that," said Shock quietly stepping back from him, "we can discuss that later, but it is a shame for a man like you to be choking a little chap like that."

The old football scrimmage smile was on Shock's face as he stood waiting for Carroll to rise. The whole incident had occurred so unexpectedly and so suddenly that the crowd about stood amazed, quite unable to realize just what had happened.

After a time the big Irishman slowly rose, holding his wounded wrist and grinding out curses. Then suddenly seizing with his uninjured hand the chair which Perault had thrown at him, he raised it aloft and, with a wild yell, brought it down upon Shock's head.

With his yell mingled a shrill cry. It was little Patsy. He had stolen in behind his father and, with eyes growing wider and wider, had stood listening to his father's groans and curses.

Gradually the meaning of the scene dawned upon little Patsy's mind. His father had been hurt, and there stood the man who had hurt him. In a fury the little lad hurtled across the room, and just as his father delivered his terrific blow he threw himself, with crutch uplifted, at the astonished Shock and right in the way of the descending chair.

Instead of starting back to avoid the blow, as he might easily have done, Shock, without a moment's hesitation, sprang towards the child, taking the full weight of the blow upon his arm and head, but without entirely saving Patsy. Together they fell, Shock bleeding profusely from a deep cut on the head.

Two men sprang to his aid, while Carroll stood stupidly gazing down upon the white face of the little boy.

"Never mind me," said Shock, recovering consciousness quickly. "Look to the child. Is he hurt?"

"He is dead, I guess," said Sinclair.

"It's a lie!" cried Carroll in a hoarse voice. "It's a blank lie, I tell you!"

His face was white and his terrible eyes, so lately suffused with the light of murder, were filled with startled terror. He dropped beside his child and lifted him in his arms, crying softly: "Patsy, boy—aw, now, Patsy, darlin'. Spake to me, Patsy."

But the long lashes lay quietly upon the white cheeks, and the little form remained limp and still. Carroll lifted an amazed and terror-stricken face to the company.

"What have I done? Sure he's not dead," he said in an awed whisper.

"No, no," said Shock, wiping the blood out of his eyes and leaning over the little, white face. "Water, Perault—and brandy," he said. "Quick!"

The men who had stood aghast at the tragic ending of what had been simply a row of more than ordinary interest, now hastened to give help. Water and brandy were immediately at hand. Ignoring his own wound, Shock bathed the face and hands of the unconscious child, but there was no sign of life.

"Guess he's gone out, right enough," said a cowboy.

"Liar! Liar! Blank your cursed soul for a liar!" cried Carroll in a tone of agony.

"Man! Man!" said Shock in a stern, solemn voice. "Would you provoke the Almighty to anger with your oaths? You ought rather to beseech His mercy for your

own soul. Why should He give your child to the care of such a man as you? Give me the lad."

Without a word of remonstrance Carroll allowed Shock to lift the lifeless child and carry him into the open air, where, laying him on the ground, he began to vigorously chafe his hands and feet. After some minutes of bathing and rubbing the eyelids began to flutter and the breath to come in gentle sighs.

"Brandy now, Perault," said Shock. "There, now, laddie. Thank God, he is coming to."

"Dad, dad, where's dad?" said little Patsy faintly, opening his eyes. "I want dad."

"Here! Here! Patsy, mannie," cried his father quickly, coming from behind the crowd where he had been standing, dazed and stupid. "Stand back there! Let me have my boy," he added savagely.

He swept both Perault and Shock angrily aside, gathered the little lad tenderly in his arms and strode off into the house, the white face of the child resting on his father's shoulder and his golden curls mingling with the black, coarse masses of his father's hair and beard.

"Well I'll be blanked!" said one of the men. "Wouldn't that pall you!"

"Blank cantankerous cuss!" said the cowboy. "Never a 'thank you' for gittin' half killed in place of his kid."

Perault walked up to Shock and offering his hand said in a voice husky and broken, "dat's two for you dis evenin'—me an' dat leetle feller. For me—I can't spik my heart," smiting himself on the breast, "but my heart—dat's your own now, by gar!" He wrung Shock's hand in both of his and turned quickly away. But before he had taken many steps he returned saying, "come on wit me? I feex up your head," and without further words Shock and Perault passed into the Stopping Place.

The men looked at each other in silence for a time, then the cowboy said with unusual emphasis, "Boys, he's white! He's blanked white!"

CHAPTER X

THE TURF MEET

The great brown shadows of the rolling hills had quite filled the hollows between, and were slowly climbing up the Western slope of every undulation, when Shock reached the lip of the broad river bed in which lay the little fort town.

It was partly the infinitude of the contrast between men and nature that wrought in Shock a feeling of depression as he followed the trail winding down the long slope toward the town. As he became aware of this depression he took himself severely to task.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" he asked himself, impatiently. "I'm not afraid of them." And yet he had a suspicion that it was just this that troubled him. He was afraid. The feeling was not one with which he was unfamiliar. Often before a big match he had been shamefully conscious of this same nervous fear. He remembered how his heart had seemed too big for his body till he felt it in his throat. But he remembered now, with no small comfort, that once the ball was kicked his heart had always gone back to its place and its work and gave him no further concern, and to-day he hoped this might be his experience again.

It was a great day at the Fort, nothing less than the Spring Meeting of the South Alberta Turf Association; and in that horse country where men were known by their horses rather than by personal characteristics, the meeting of the Turf Association easily took precedence over all other events, social or political.

This spring, too, there was added a special interest in that behind the horses entered for the Association Cup there gathered intense local feeling. The three favorites were representative horses. The money of the police and all the Fort contingent in the community had been placed on the long rangey thoroughbred, Foxhall, an imported racer who had been just fast enough to lose money in the great racing circuit of the East, but who was believed to be fast enough to win money here in the West.

The district about the fort town was divided into two sections, the east and the west. In the eastern section the farming industry was carried on to an almost equal extent with ranching; in the west, up among the hills, there was ranching pure and simple. Between the two sections a strong rivalry existed. In this contest the east had "banked" on Captain Hal Har-

ricomb, rancher and gentleman farmer, and his black Demon. The western men, all ranchers, who despised and hated farmers and everything pertaining to them, were all ranged behind the Swallow, a dainty little bay mare, bred, owned and ridden by a young Englishman, Victor Stanton, known throughout the Albertas south and north, as "the Kid," or affectionately, "the Kiddie," admired for his superb riding, his reckless generosity, his cool courage, and loved for his gentle, generous heart.

Already two heats had been run, one going to the Demon and one to the Swallow.

The excitement of the day had gradually grown in intensity, and now was concentrated in the final heat of the Association Cup race.

All unconscious of this excitement and of the tremendous issues at stake, Shock sent his little cayuse peacefully trotting along the trail to where it met the main street. The street was lined on either side with men and horses. Something was evidently going on, but what Shock could not see.

But no sooner had he turned up the street than there was a fierce outburst of yells, oaths and execrations, and at the same moment he heard behind him the pounding of hoofs.

Hastily glancing over his shoulder he saw thundering down upon him half a dozen or more mounted men. In vain he tugged at his cayuse. The little brute allowed his stubborn head to be hauled round close to the shaft, but declined to remove his body; and, indeed, had he been ever so eager there would hardly have been time. A big, black horse was plunging wildly not more than ten feet behind him. A fierce oath, a shower of dust and gravel in his face, a flash of legs and hoofs, and the big black was lifted clear over Shock and his cayuse, and was off again down the street between the lines of yelling men.

"Here, blank your blank head! Git off the course! Don't you know nothin' ?"

When Shock came to himself he was aware that a tall, lanky cowboy in schapps, woolen shirt and stiff, broad brimmed hat, was pounding his cayuse over the head with his heavy whip.

Shock never knew how it happened. All he remembered was a quick rush of blood to his brain, a mad desire to punish the man who was brutally beating his pony, and then standing by the shaft of his buckboard waiting for the man to get up.

"Gad! sir," exclaimed a voice over his shoulder, "that was a clever throw!" There was genuine admiration in the voice.

Shock looked up and saw an old gentleman, with white, close cropped hair and mustache, and erect military form, regarding him with admiration. He was riding a stout hunter docked in English style.

"And served you perfectly right, Ike," continued the old gentleman. "What business have you to strike any man's horse?"

"What the blank blank is he doing on the course?" said Ike wrathfully, as he slowly rose from the ground and came toward Shock.

"I say, stranger," he said, coming over near to Shock and looking him carefully in the eye, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you do that agin. You took me unbeknownst. Now, git to work."

Shock's heart had got back to its right place and was beating its steady beat. The old scrimmage smile was on his face.

"But I do not want to do it again, and I did take you unawares."

"Look a-here," said Ike, touching Shock with his forefinger on the breast, "do you think you kin do it agin?"

"Don't know that I could," said Shock quietly. "But I do know that I don't intend to try. And, in fact, I don't know how it was done."

"Ikey does," drawled a voice.

There was a delighted roar from the crowd that had gathered round. Ike looked round the circle of grinning men for a second or two.

"Say," he said slowly, "if any blank blank son of a she-ape thinks he knows how to do that trick when I'm a-watchin', here's his opportunity right naouw—fer fun, or fer money, or," lowering his voice and thrusting forward his face a little, "fer blood."

The laugh died out from the crowd. There was a silence for a moment or two, and then the same voice drawled: "Nobody's hungry, I guess, Ikey," and Ike turned from them with a grunt of contempt.

"Now," he said, coming back to Shock, "I'd like to hear you talk."

Ike threw himself into an attitude of defense, but Shock's position never changed, nor did the smile fade from his face.

"I have nothing to say, except that I do not know how it happened. I saw my horse being abused, and—well, I acted a little hastily, I fear."

"It seems to me, Ike, you were let off easy." The old gentleman smiled grimly down upon the cowboy, who was still wrathful, but more puzzled than wrathful.

"What I beg to remark is," he continued, returning to the attack, "kin he do it agin? Does he have any lingerin' suspicion that he is capable of that act?" Ike reserved his best English for serious occasions. "If he does, I'm willin' he should extemporize at it."

At this point the old gentleman interfered.

"Now, Ikey," he said, "it is time you were learning some manners. That is a poor way to treat a stranger the first day he arrives in our town. Perhaps you will allow me to be of some service to you," he said turning to Shock.

"Thank you," said Shock simply. "I am in need of a doctor first of all. Two of my friends at Loon Lake are very ill. Is there a doctor in this town?"

"There is," replied the old gentleman, "Dr. Burton. But unfortunately our doctor, though a remarkably clever practitioner, is not always—well, to be quite frank, he is very frequently drunk. Get him sober and he will do you good service."

"How shall I accomplish that?" asked Shock with a feeling of despair in his heart, thinking of the Old Prospector in his pain and of little Patsy lying in semi-unconsciousness in the back room of the Loon Lake Stopping Place. "I must have a doctor. I cannot go back without one."

"Then," said the old gentleman, "you will need to kidnap him and wait till he sobers off."

"I shall try," said Shock quietly.

The old gentleman stared at him.

"By Jove!" he said, "I believe you mean to. And if you do you'll succeed."

"Can you direct me to the house of Mr. Macfarren?" inquired Shock.

"Certainly. That is his house among the trees," pointing to a cottage with a veranda about it, which stood back some distance from the main street. "But if you wish to see Mr. Macfarren you will find him down at the other end of the street at the finishing post. He will be very busily engaged at the present, however, being one of the judges in this race, and if it is not of immediate importance I would advise your waiting till the race is over. But stay, here he comes. The man in the center is Mr. Macfarren."

As he spoke he pointed to a tall man with a long, grizzled beard, riding a pony, followed by two younger men splendidly mounted. The elder of these was a man strongly built, face open and honest, but showing signs of hard living. He rode a powerful black horse, whose temper showed in his fierce snatching at the bit. Just now the horse was covered with foam, reddened at the flanks and mouth with blood.

His companion was much younger, a mere boy indeed. His fair hair, blue eyes and smooth face accentuating his youthful appearance. It was his youthful face and boyish manner that gave him his name among the cattlemen, and his place in their hearts. But though they called him "the Kid," and often "the Kiddie," and thought of him with admiring and caressing tenderness, no man of them failed to give him full respect; for boy as he was, he had a man's nerve, a man's grip, his muscles were all steel—and with all his smiling gentleness, none of them would think of taking a liberty with him. Earlier in the day he had won from a dozen competitors that most coveted of all honors in the ranching country, "The Bucking Belt," for he had ridden for the full hundred yards without "touching leather," the outlaw specially imported from the other side.

As the three men rode up the rider of the black horse was heard to say, "That's the fellow that nearly spilled me. And if Demon hadn't been mighty quick in recovering it would have been a blank nasty mess."

"I say," said Macfarren in a loud, blustering tone, "don't you know enough to keep off a race course when a race is being run?"

Shock was much taken aback at this greeting.

"I beg your pardon, but I didn't know this was a race course, nor did I know that a race was on."

"The deuce you didn't! Hadn't you eyes to see?"

To this Shock made no reply, but taking a letter from his pocket, said quietly: "You are Mr. Macfarren, I believe. I have a letter for you from Mr. McIntyre."

At this the other two rode away. Mr. Macfarren opened the letter with a scowl. As he read the flush on his face deepened.

"What the deuce does this mean?" he burst out in an angry tone. "I wrote both the superintendent and McIntyre last week that it was a piece of folly to plant a man here, that we didn't require and didn't want a man. The community is well supplied already with church services, and as far as the Presbyterians are concerned, they would find the support of a minister an intolerable burden."

For a moment or two Shock stood in speechless amazement. It was disconcerting in the extreme to be told by the man upon whom he had chiefly depended for support and counsel that he was not wanted.

"Your letters would not have reached them in time, I suppose," he said at last.

"Well, that's the fact at any rate," replied Macfarren roughly. "We don't want a minister. We are thoroughly well supplied. We don't need one, and we cannot support one."

He was turning away without further words when he was arrested by the sharp and peremptory voice of the old gentleman, who had remained behind Shock during the conversation.

"Macfarren, this gentleman is a stranger, I presume. Will you kindly present me?"

"Oh—ah—certainly," said Macfarren, wheeling his pony and looking rather ashamed. "Mr. —" looking at the letter.

"Macgregor," said Shock quietly.

"Mr. Macgregor, this is General Brady, one of our leading ranchers."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, sir," said General Brady shaking Shock warmly by the hand. "You will find us rough and wild, but, sir, I am glad to say we are not all a blank lot of boors."

"Thank you, sir," said Shock with a sudden flush on his face.

"Oh—ah—certainly we are glad to have you visit our town," said Macfarren, as if trying to atone for his former rudeness. "There's a deuce of a mistake been made, but I take it you will not suffer. There are plenty of—ah—positions—places, I believe, where you will find—ah—opportunity. But if you will excuse me, I am busy for the moment. I shall doubtless see you again before you leave."

Shock bowed in silence.

"Blank cad," muttered the General. Then turning to Shock, he said with hearty interest showing in his tone, "Where do you put up, Mr. Macgregor?"

"I do not know the town at all. I shall have to look about for a boarding place of some kind, I suppose." Shock's smile was rather uncertain.

The General was evidently interested in this stranger, and touched by his forlorn condition.

"The Royal, there," pointing down the street, "is the best hotel. They may give you accommodation for a night, but I fancy it will be rather difficult to find a boarding-house. "But," he added heartily, "why not come with me in the meantime? Mrs. Brady and myself will be most happy to have you visit us for a few weeks till you can find quarters. I have unfortunately an engagement that will keep me late in town to-night. In short, this is our annual spring meeting of the Turf Association, and there is in connection with it some sort of social function to wind the thing up to-night, and Mrs. Brady, being one of the patronesses, and I myself being more or less interested—the President of the Association, indeed—we cannot avoid putting in an appearance. But to-morrow I shall be glad to ride down for you, sir, and bring you up to my little place."

The cordial kindness of this stranger, upon whom he had no claim, touched Shock greatly.

"Thank you again," he said. "I cannot tell you how much I feel your kindness. But if you will allow me, I would rather accept your invitation later. I feel I must get settled to my work at once. I have been long on the way, and my work is waiting me." Then, after a pause, he added simply: "But your kindness makes me think of a word I have read, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

The General bowed in silence, and seeing that Shock was not to be persuaded, shook hands with him once more. "Come

when you will, sir, and stay as long as you can. The sooner you come and the longer you stay, the better we shall be pleased," and with another courteous bow the General rode off to attend to his duties as President of the Turf Association.

As Shock turned back to his buckboard he found Ike waiting for him.

"Say, stranger," he said, touching Shock on the shoulder, and speaking in a low and almost respectful tone, "there ain't a man in the Territories has ever put the dust onto Ike Iveson's pants. Here's twenty-five dollars," diving deep into his hip pocket, and pulling out a plug of tobacco, a knife and a roll of bills, "which is a standin' offer to any man who can circumvent that there trick. And I want to say," he continued, with a subdued eagerness in his tone, "I'll make it fifty if you do it agin."

Ike's tone was persuasive. There was nothing of resentment in it. It was the tone of a man who had come upon an interesting and puzzling experience, and was anxious to investigate.

"No," said Shock, backing away from Ike, "I cannot take that. Besides, it was not a fair throw."

"Well," said Ike, much mollified, "that's so, that's so. And I consider it something handsome in you sayin' so. But that offer stands."

"All right," said Shock, smiling a little more broadly. "I'll remember. And when I want fifty dollars very badly I may come to you. But," he added, looking Ike up and down, "I'll have to be pretty hard pushed before I try."

"It's a bargain, stranger," said Ikey, offering a languid hand. Shock grasped it warmly. A slight tremor ran over Ike's lanky frame as Shock's hand closed on his.

"Je-roo-sa-*lem*," he ejaculated, drawing in his breath, as Shock turned away. "I'll be ready fer you next time. I prefer a grizzly myself." He looked down at his finger nails. "Didn't expect to see 'em on," he observed. "And say, boys," turning to the crowd, "I surmise he's a preacher, a blank fire-escape."

At once Ike became the object of various comments.

"*A preacher, Ike?* Say you'll have to change your ways and go to meetin'."

"What's Ikey's church anyway?"

"Don't know as I ever heerd."

"Oh, Ikey ain't mean, he treats 'em all the same."

"Well, I guess Ikey'll have to dust toward the sky line."

Ike listened for a time unmoved, and then drawled out quietly, "What I want to remark to you jay birds is, that if ever you have any misunderstandin' with that there ascension ladder, he'll make you say more prayers in a minute than you've said for the last ten years of your mortal life. And if ever he gits after you the only thing that'll save you will be your dust."

So saying Ike slouched off down the street, keeping his eye on Shock's buckboard. He watched him go into the Royal and in a few minutes come out again, followed him to the International, and soon after to the Ranchers' Roost.

"Guess he's purty nigh tangled up now," said Ike with considerable satisfaction. He had a scheme of his own in mind. "There ain't a six foot hole in this hull town, and he'd take purty nigh seven. Now, what's his next move?"

Shock appeared undecided. There was evidently no place for him in the town. He had a deepening sense of being not wanted. The town was humming with life, but in that life there was no place for him. Awakening a comforting sense of fellowship the word came to him, "He was rejected of men."

XI

"I WAS A STRANGER, AND YE TOOK ME IN"

Shock stood uncertain as to his next move, he noticed that out of the confused mingling of men and horses order began to appear. The course was once more being cleared. The final heat, which the Swallow had won, and which had been protested by the owner of the Demon, on the ground that his course had been blocked by Shock and his cayuse, was to be run again.

The start was to be by the pistol shot, and from the scratch. So intense was the stillness of the excited crowd that, although the starting point was more than half a mile out on the prairie, the crack of the pistol was clearly heard.

In immediate echo the cry arose, "They're off! They're off!" and necks

were strained to catch a glimpse of the first that should appear where the course took a slight turn.

In a few seconds the two leading horses are seen, the riders low over their necks, and behind them, almost hidden by the dust, the crowd of yelling, waving, shooting horsemen.

The Demon is leading, the Swallow close on his flank. As they come within clear view the experienced eyes of the crowd see that while the Demon, though as yet untouched by whip or spur, is doing all that is in him, the Swallow is holding him easily.

Fifty yards from the winning post the Kid leans over his mare's neck and shakes out his fluttering reins. Like the bird whose name she bears the Swallow darts to the front, a length ahead. In vain the Captain calls to the Demon, plying fiercely whip and spur. With nostrils distended and blood red, with eyes starting from their sockets, and mouth foaming bloody froth, the noble animal responds and essays his final attempt.

It is a magnificent effort. Slowly he creeps up to the Swallow's flank, but beyond that he cannot make an inch, and so they remain to the winning post.

Down the street behind the leaders, yelling wild oaths, shooting off their guns, flinging hats in the air, and all enveloped in a cloud of dust, thunders the pursuing cavalcade.

The riot that follows the race passes description. The men from the West go mad. About the Kid and his little mare they serge in a wave of frantic enthusiasm.

After the riot had somewhat subsided and the street had become partially clear, side by side, threading their way through the crowd, appeared the two competitors for the Cup. On all sides they were greeted with renewed cheers, and under the excitement of the hour they abandoned the customary reserve of the cowboy, and began performing what seemed to Shock impossible feats of horsemanship.

"I bet you I'll ride her into The Roost, Captain," cried the Kiddie.

"Done, for the drinks!" replied the Captain.

The boy cantered his mare across the street.

"Out of the way there!" he cried. "Out of the way, you fellows! I'm coming!"

As he spoke he put the little mare straight at the flight of steps leading up to the door of The Roost. The crowd parted hastily, but the Swallow balked and swerved, and but for the fine horsemanship of the rider he would have been thrown.

With an oath the Kid took hold of his horse again, and riding carelessly, faced once more at the steps. But again she plunged, reared, swung round, and set off at a run down the street.

The lad rode her easily back, brought her up to the steps at a walk, quieted her with voice and hand, and then, cantering across the street, came back again at an easy lope to the steps. The mare made as if to balk again.

"Up, girl!" cried the boy, lifting her with the rein; and then, as she rose, touching her with the spur. Like a cat the little mare clambered up the steps, and before she could change her mind she found herself through the door, standing in the bar-room with her rider on her back.

Shock, who had been singularly attracted by the handsome, boyish face of the rider, walked up to the door and stood looking in, his great form towering above the crowd of men that swayed and jostled, chaffing and swearing, inside. As he stood looking at the boy, sitting his horse with such careless grace, and listening with pleased and smiling face to the varied and picturesque profanity in which the crowd were expressing their admiration, the words of his convenor came to his mind, "They may not want you, but they need you."

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "they need me, or some one better."

A great pity for the lad filled his heart and overflowed from his eyes.

The boy caught the look. With a gay laugh he cried, "I would drink to your very good health, sir," his high, clear voice penetrating the din and bringing the crowd to silence. "But why carry so grave a face at such a joyous moment?" He lifted his glass over his head and bowed low to Shock.

Arrested by his words, the crowd turned their eyes toward the man that stood in the door, waiting in silence for his reply.

A quick flush rose to Shock's face, but without moving his eyes from the gay, laughing face of the boy, he said, in a clear, steady voice, "I thank you, sir, for your

courtesy, and I ask your pardon if my face was grave. I was thinking of your mother."

As if some one had stricken him, the boy swayed over his horse's neck, but in a moment, recovering himself, he sat up straight, and lifting high his glass, he said reverently, as if he had been toasting the queen: "Gentlemen, my mother. God bless her!"

"God bless her!" echoed the men.

Drinking off the glass he dismounted and, followed out of the room by the cheers of the crowd, led his horse down the steps and rode away.

Meantime Shock went in search of the doctor. In a corner of the International bar he found him in a drunken sleep. After vain efforts to wake him, without more ado, Shock lifted him in his arms, carried him out to the buckboard, and drove away, followed by the jibes and compliments of the astonished crowd.

But what to do with him was the question. There was no room for himself, much less for his charge, in any of the hotels or stopping places.

"May as well begin now," Shock said to himself, and drove out to a little bluff of poplars at the river bank near the town, and prepared to camp.

He disposed of the doctor by laying him in the back of his buckboard, covered with the buffalo. He unhitched and tethered the pony, and according to his crude notions of what a camp should be, began to make his preparations. With very considerable difficulty he first of all started a fire.

"Hello? Rather chilly for campin' out yit?"

He looked up and saw Ike.

"I guess you ain't lived much out of doors," continued his visitor, glancing at the apology for a fire, and noticing the absence of everything in camp making that distinguishes the experienced camper.

"No, this is my first camp," said Shock. "But I suppose every man must make a beginning."

Ike walked around the buckboard and his eyes fell upon the doctor.

"What the ——" Ike checked himself, either out of deference to Shock's profession or more likely from sheer amazement.

He turned down the buffalo, gazed at the sleeping figure with long and grave interest, then lifting his head he remarked with impressive solemnity, "Well, I be chawed and swallered! You *have* got him, eh? Now, how did you do it?"

"Well," said Shock, "it was not difficult. I found him asleep in the International, I carried him out, and there he is."

"Say," said Ike, looking at Shock with dawning admiration in his eyes, "you're a bird! Is there anythin' else you want in that town? Guess not, else it would be here. The General said you'd kidnap him and he was right."

For some moments Ike hung about the camp, poking the fire, evidently somewhat disturbed in his mind. Finally he said, in a hesitating tone, "It ain't much to offer any man, but my shack kin hold two men as well as one, and I guess three could squeeze in, specially if the third is in the condition he's in," nodding toward the doctor. "We kin lay him on the floor. Of course, it ain't done up with no picters and hangin's, but it keeps out the breeze, and there ain't no bugs, you bet."

Ike's hesitation in making the offer determined Shock.

"Thank you very much," he said cordially. "I shall be delighted to go with you."

Everything in Ike's shack was conspicuously clean, from the pots, pans and cooking utensils which hung on a row of nails behind the stove, to the dishcloth, which was spread carefully to dry over the dishpan. Had Shock's experience of bachelors' shacks and bachelors' dishes been larger, he would have been more profoundly impressed with that cooking outfit, and especially with the dishcloth. As it was, the dishcloth gave Shock a sense of security and comfort.

Depositing the doctor upon a buffalo skin on the floor in the corner, with a pillow under his head, they proceeded to their duties, Ike to prepare the evening meal, and Shock to unpack his stuff, wondering all the while how this cowboy had come to hunt him up and treat him with such generous hospitality.

This mystery was explained as they sat about the fire after the tea dishes had been most carefully washed and set away, Ike smoking and Shock musing.

"That old skunk rather turned you down, I guess," remarked Ike, after a long silence; "that old Macfarren, I mean,"

in answer to Shock's look of inquiry.

"I was surprised, I confess," replied Shock. "You see, I was led to believe that he was waiting for me, and I was depending upon him. Now, I really do not know what to think."

"The old fellow'll make it hot for you if you don't move. Guess he expects you to move," said Ike quietly.

"Move!" cried Shock again, stirred at the remembrance of Macfarren's treatment that afternoon. "Would *you?*"

"See him blanked first," said Ike quietly.

"So will I," said Shock emphatically. "I mean," correcting himself hastily, "see him saved first."

"Eh? Oh—well, guess he needs some. He needs manners, anyhow. He'll worry you, I guess. You see, he surmises he's the entire bunch, but a man's opinion of himself don't really affect the size of his hat band."

It was difficult to make Ike talk, but by careful suggestions, rather than by questioning, Ike was led to talk, and Shock began to catch glimpses of a world quite new to him, and altogether wonderful.

Hitherto a man who paid no respect to the decencies of religion Shock had regarded as "a heathen man and a publican," but with Ike, religion with all its great credos, with all its customs, had simply no bearing. Shock had not talked long with Ike until he began to feel that he must re-adjust not only his whole system of theology, but even his moral standards, and he began to wonder how the few sermons and addresses he had garnered from his ministry in the city wards would do for Ike and his people. He was making the discovery that climate changes the complexion, not only of men, but of habits of thought and action.

It was this new feeling of interest and responsibility that made him ask, "Who was that lad that rode the winning horse to-day?"

"That chap?" replied Ike. "He's my boss. The Kid, they call him."

Men of laconic speech say much by tone and gesture, and often by silence. In Ike's tone Shock read, contempt, admiration, pity.

"A rancher?" he inquired.

"Well, he's got a ranch, and horses and cattle on it, like the rest of 'em. But ranchin'—" Ike's silence was more than sufficient.

"Well," said Shock, with admiring emphasis, "he seems to be able to ride, anyway,"

"Ride! I should surmise! Ride! That kid could ride anythin' from a he-goat to a rampagin' highpottopotamus. Why look here!" Ike waxed enthusiastic. "He's been two years in this country, and he's got us all licked good and quiet. Why, he could give points to any cattle man in Alberta."

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"Money," said Ike, wrathfully. "Some blamed fool uncle at home—he's got no parents, I understand—keeps a-sendin' him money. Consequently, every remittance he cuts things loose, with everyone in sight a-helpin' him."

"What a shame!" cried Shock. "He has a nice face. I just like to look at him."

"That's right!" answered Ike, with no waning of his enthusiasm. "He's white—but he's soft. Makes me so blank mad! He don't know they're playin' him, and makin' him pay for the game. The only question is, will he hold out longer'n his money."

—"And that friend of his who was riding with him—who is he?"

"Harricomb—Captain Hal Harricomb, they call him. Good sort of fellow, too, but lazy, and considerable money. Goin' at a pretty good lick. Wife pulls him up, I guess. Good thing for him, too. Lives up by the General's—old gent, you know, sat by when you sat me down out yonder. Mighty slick, too. Wasn't on to you, though."

"No," Shock hastened to say, "it was a fluke, of course. General Brady, you mean. Yes, he was very kind, indeed."

"Oh, the General's a gentleman, you bet! Horse ranch. Not very big, but makes it go."

"Could not a man like the General, now, help that young fellow—what is his name?"

"His name? Well, he goes by 'the Kid.' His name's Stanton, I think. Yes, Stanton—Vic Stanton. Though he never gets it."

"Well, could not the General help him?" repeated Shock.

"Help the Kid? Not he, nor anyone else. When a horse with blood in him gets a-goin', why he's got to go till his wind gives out, unless you throw him right down, and that's resky. You've got to wait his time. Then's your chance. And that reminds me," said Ike, rising and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that I've got a job on hand. There'll be doin's to-night there after the happy time is over. To-day's the boss's remittance day. He's got his cheque, I've heard, and they're goin' to roll him."

"Roll him?"

"Yes, clean him out. So I surmise it'd be wise for me to be on hand."

"But what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I'll fall down somewheres and go to sleep. You see lots of things when you're asleep, providin' you know how to accomplish it."

"Shall I go with you?" asked Shock.

"Well," said Ike, smiling a slow smile, "when I want you I'll send for you," and with that he passed out into the night.

CHAPTER XII

HIS KEEPER

Till long after midnight Shock sat over the fire pondering the events of the day.

As he sat thus musing over the past and planning for the future, a knock came to the door, and almost immediately there came in a little man, short and squat, with humped shoulders, bushy, grizzled hair and beard, through which peered sharp little black eyes. His head and face and eyes made one think of a little Scotch terrier.

"Ye're the meenister?" he said briefly.

"Yes," replied Shock, greatly surprised at his visitor, but warming to the Scotch voice.

"Aye. Ye're wanted."

"Wanted? By whom?"

"The man that lives in this hoose. He's deein', I'm thinkin'."

"Go on, then," said Shock. "Quick!"

"Aye, quick is it," and the little man, without further words, plunged into the darkness.

A few minutes' swift walk through the black night brought them to the Ranchers' Roost. There, in a corner of the room at the back of the bar, he found Ike lying almost unconscious, and apparently very ill.

"Why, what's the matter?" cried Shock dropping on his knees beside Ike. But Ike seemed stupefied, and mumbled a few incoherent words. Shock caught the words, "the gang" and "dope."

Again Ike tried to speak, and this time Shock caught the words, "the boss—gang's got him—Smiley Simmons—back room—fetch him."

"What does he mean?" cried Shock.

"It's ha-r-r-d to tell that," said the little Scotchman. "He's talkin' about some boss or other."

"Oh, yes, I know what that means. He is referring to his boss, young Stanton."

"Oh, aye," said the little Scotchman, with a light breaking on his face. "I saw the bodies. They've gaen o'er to the creature Simmons."

"Show me the way," said Shock. "Quick!"

"Come, then," said the little Scotchman, leading once more into the darkness.

Some distance down the street stood Smiley—or, as some preferred to call him, Slimy—Simmons' general store. At the back of the store there was a side door.

"They're in yonder," said the little Scotchman, and disappeared.

Shock knocked at the door, but there was no response. He turned the handle, opened the door and, walking in, found himself in the back of the store. Seated on a stool at a high desk, evidently busy with his ledger, sat a man, tall, slender and wiry. He had a sharp, thin face, with high forehead, protruding nose and receding chin. The moment he spoke Shock discovered at once how it was he came by his nickname. His smile was the most striking characteristic of his manner.

He came forward rubbing his hands.

"Ah, good evening," he said in a most insinuating voice. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," said Shock, instinctively shrinking from him. "I want to see Mr. Stanton. I have been informed he is in this building somewhere."

"In this building?" murmured Smiley in a puzzled tone. "In this building?" He glanced up at the ceiling as if expecting to see the missing man there. "Strange," he continued. "Now, I have been here for some time, for hours, indeed. I am a busy man, Mr. ——"

"Macgregor," replied Shock.

"Mr. Macgregor. I find it necessary to pursue my avocation into the hours we generally devote to slumber. But I have failed to notice Mr. Stanton enter."

At the further end of the room Shock's eyes fell upon a door, through the cracks of which a light was shining.

"Is it possible," said Shock, "he is in that room?" pointing to the door.

"Hardly, my dear sir, hardly."

But even as he spoke a voice, loud and clear, rang out: "Now, my dear fellow, go to the deuce. That comes to me." The reply Shock could not catch.

"I think," he said, turning to Smiley, "we shall find Mr. Stanton in there."

As he spoke he walked toward the door. But Smiley stepped before him.

"My dear sir," said Simmons rubbing his hands, his smile becoming more and more expansive, "this is my house, that door is my door. If you break it I should be grieved to have to exact the full penalty of the law."

Shock hesitated. He had never willingly broken a law in his life. It would be a most unfortunate beginning for his mission in this town, and after all, what business had he to interfere? But he thought of Ike, and the entreaty in his voice as he whispered out his broken words, and he thought of the look of reverence and love on the lad's face that afternoon when he gave his toast, "My mother! God bless her!" Shock's face set hard.

"I must see him," he said, simply, but with such an air of determination that Simmons weakened.

"Well, if you wait a few minutes," replied Smiley, "I will see if he will speak to you."

Shock waited till Smiley opened the door, whereupon, stepping quickly forward he set his foot against the lower panel, and pushed the door wide open.

In a small room, bare of furniture except for tables and chairs, and a hanging lamp, sat four men, of whom Shock recognized two. The Kid was one, and Macfarren the other. Across the table from these sat two men, one by his uniform the Inspector of the Mounted Police. The face of the other had to Shock a familiar look, but where he had seen him he could not remember.

As Shock opened the door the man in uniform started up with an oath, and Macfarren blew out the light.

"What's that for, Macfarren?" said the Kid.

"Shut up, you fool," growled Macfarren.

"I want to have a few words with Mr. Stanton," said Shock, standing in the doorway.

"Here you are. Fire away," replied the boy. "The light is not good, but I can hear in the dark."

"You are wanted, Mr. Stanton, very earnestly by a friend of yours."

"Ah! Who is he, may I ask?" inquired Stanton, striking a match.

It was promptly blown out.

"I wouldn't do that again," he said gently. "Who is it?" he repeated, striking another match, and lighting the lamp.

"It is Ike," said Shock. "He is very ill—dying, for all I know, and he wants you."

"Excuse me gentlemen," said the boy, making a strenuous effort to pull himself together. "I hate to leave this good company but I must go. I happen to pay Ike wages, but he is my friend. He has asked for me, and I am going to him."

"Oh, blank it all! Don't be a fool," said the policeman. "Wait for half an hour, and we'll go down and see how he is."

The young lad hesitated. The stranger made a signal to Smiley, and suddenly Shock found himself pushed backward and the door slammed in his face.

"Open that door!" he heard the Kid cry.

There was a murmur in response.

"No, I am going. I will go myself. Ike wants me." The boy's voice was loud and hard.

"That's mine," the voice cried again. "Let that go at once!"

There was a sound of scuffling and of falling chairs. With a kick, Shock sent the door flying open, and saw three men struggling with Stanton. Smiley had wound his long arms about him from behind, the Inspector held his arm in a firm grip with one hand and with the other had hold of the stranger, who had the Kid by the throat. Macfarren was still at the table, evidently gathering up what lay upon it.

(To be continued.)

THE CROWNING OF DOLLY

By E. W. Ridley Beal

WITH DRAWINGS BY ALLEN TRUE

YOU know the Honorable William Slocum,—not personally perhaps—but you know the palatial residence the great Mining Senator built on Fifth Avenue, and you remember his sensational marriage a few years ago to the reigning beauty of two Continents—a woman for whom a Prince was ready to abdicate his throne—of course you do; well, this is about a girl who might have been the Honorable Mrs. Slocum and declined.

With my admiration of feminine beauty I feel bound to confess that the present Mrs. Slocum is by no means an unworthy heroine of that mythological spirit which still survives in the bosom of our newspaper reporters; worthy indeed of higher fame. I could almost wish it was of her I am about to relate this story, only Dolly Britton was just as good looking in a way and with a lot more character, I'm thinking; the kind of character that comes from conquering life's experiences as Bill himself could tell you if you ever got him to speak of her. For I knew the Honorable William in the days when he was plain Bill Slocum, of Slocum Creek; when he was poor and none too steady, and my Lady wouldn't have looked at him except as a curiosity,—yet he was loved. Loved with a love that would have lasted to the end of time and all eternity if he hadn't shown so plainly he wasn't worth it.

Slocum Creek when I first saw it was not what it is now. A typical mining camp; the school house, used on Sundays for a church, the largest building and the most ornamented in it; for it's the women and the children that count in the West, they keep us a little nearer God Almighty than we'd ever be without them.

A way about her that was convincingly attractive.

So coming into the Creek the first thing to catch the eye would be the school house; and the next, if she happened to be standing in the door, would be the school mistress, Dolly Britton; for she had the prettiest, trimmest little figure you ever saw, and a way about her that was convincingly attractive.

Of course the men were crazy about her. There's a touch of the primeval in passion at all times, but its more than a touch in a mining camp. The smell of the earth gets into a man's nostrils, mingles in his brain with the fragrance of spruce trees twining their sighing branches about each other; and the thickets are full of calling birds and chattering squirrels; and overhead, along the cloud line somewhere, comes the distant challenge of the mountain sheep, bellowing defiance. Why it gets into a man's very soul! He wants to bellow defiance too, only he's got his ethics. Perhaps you think being a bit primeval there were quarrels, fights, passionate contests and reprisals,—not a bit of it. She was queen and what she said went. When Mike Murgatroyd got his dismissal it's true he kicked Freddy Fanshawe out to the sidewalk, but that was for getting in his road, and Freddy needed kicking anyway. We all tagged along for a while but she dropped us one by one until only Bill Slocum was left.

He was a kind of gentleman miner with more money than the rest of us. He bought out Sam Blair's claim, reputed to be the richest on the camp but not the kind for a poor man to work. It was all right for Bill though. He imported the latest machinery from the East and a high class engineer to sink the shaft, and spent no end of money on the business. Expectation ran high. If Bill was made we were all made. And when Dolly Britton pinned her faith on Bill's success that as good as settled the matter for those of us who were still young enough to feel the blood move quicker at anything she might do. But it was an anxious time. We worried a good deal. Slocum himself declared one night at a little evening we had over at Remington's:—

"It's make or break, boys. The whole shooting match has gone into the shaft."

And the whole shooting match stayed there. God Almighty gives some men sense, the others get credentials. I don't believe with all his certificates that engineer knew as much about the vein as old Sam Blair did. He clean missed it anyway. We'd have made him find it, by Heaven, only he slipped off one night before we knew what he was about; not so much for Bill Slocum's sake as for Dolly Britton, because she'd pinned her faith on him, and

A kind of gentleman miner.

because there wasn't one of us who wouldn't have cheerfully died than see the sorrow come to her that did come.

For Bill started drinking. That's a way some men have I never can understand,—as if they wanted to assist Providence in wiping them out. There was a little chap

came to the schoolhouse one Sunday, a few years before, with a face like an angel God had forgotten; I think it was that look in his eyes which made me remember so well what he said:—

"What is man that Thou art mindful of him," he spouts. "Thou madest him a little lower than the angels to crown him with glory and worship. Here we have the explanation, my men, of all life's trials and its sorrows. God Almighty tests our fitness for His Kingdom. Nothing will discourage us, no difficulties perplex, if we remember it—made a little lower to be crowned."

And I did remember it. I never found myself in a tight place but that little chap's face didn't shine out like a vision in the darkness, and I hear him say as plain as if it were only yesterday:—

"Made a little lower to be crowned."

I'd like to have told Bill Slocum that, but he'd have said d—, and that's all there'd be to it.

So things were in bad shape when Charlie Cuthbertson drove into Slocum Creek; coming down the main street with a pelting clatter which sent everything which way. We didn't know who Charlie was then, and we didn't care, a man with a mare like that was friends with the universe, and we made them welcome. She was a little beauty, I can tell you; a dark bay with white hoofs, and a white star in her forehead like a sign of baptismal grace. "Switchtail," he called her, from a trick she had of nervously whipping her tail from side to side with an energy that never ceased; and a flyer,—why, she'd kill herself if Charlie would let her. At Remington's that night the arrival of a new chum made discussion more bibulous than usual, and before the evening was over some mighty good claims were offered in exchange for the mare. But Charlie declined them all, with his deep, hearty laugh that made a man love him to hear it; he was a doctor, he told us, and the mare was part of his stock-in-trade.

He was a self-contained young fellow, with an impression about him of lots of force in reserve and a pair of steel-blue eyes which took every one's measure in a glance, settling Cuthbertson's likes and dislikes at the first interview. And Dolly Britton was no exception. She came swinging along the street the second evening after he arrived with that decisive air of proprietorship in the whole Creek which made her the idol of the place. There was a group about the postoffice, and Charlie was telling a yarn about the mare, when he suddenly stopped, flung one of those steel-clad glances of his over his shoulder, and as suddenly went on again. I saw Dolly, and I looked across at him and he looked at me, but we said nothing. Not then, that is; but we understood each other, and afterwards, when the crowd was gone, he came over to me.

"Who is she, chum?" he asked.

"Dolly Britton, the little school-mistress. Ain't she a picture?"

He laughed a low, deep chuckle. The laugh of a man who sees earth holds more heaven than the skies; a laugh that sent a queer, shivery feeling through my veins, for I thought of Bill Slocum scattering the little he had left in destroying the genius God had given. I wanted to tell Charlie about Bill, but I couldn't do it that night and I didn't have to afterwards.

The next day the little mare was tethered outside the school house, petted by the children, while Charlie made friends inside. Pretty successfully, too, I imagine; for it wasn't long before one or any other of us, prospecting up the mountain, would see the little mare flying along the valley, or up Old Crow's Pass, or across the Big Cascade, with more than Charlie Cuthbertson behind her. But none of us said nothing. We loved Dolly and we liked Charlie, and we were mortal grieved for Bill. What was, seemed best. We kept quiet, hoping Charlie would get her away before Bill made a fuss. But Bill heard of it some way—Freddy Fanshawe, probably. A red-headed rat with a sneaking itch for mischief and a grudge against Dolly for a dismissal more peremptory than complimentary, and a good deal more scornful than kind. Fanshawe wasn't the kind to easily forget, and if he saw a chance to pay off old scores he'd take it. Anyway, Bill was very ugly one night.

It was up at Remington's. A nasty, drizzling evening, with heavy mists creeping along the ground, sodden with the all-day downpour. Remington's was unusually crowded; the boys wanting companionship and amusement, coming in one by one with great stamping of feet and shaking of sou'westers, until only a few of the mar-

ried were missing, some of them turning up a little later. Remington did a big trade, and the fun was fast and uproarious, Charlie Cuthbertson at the head of it. He might have been celebrating a victory, his laugh was so deep, his wit so keen. Bill was forgotten. Nobody bothered with him anyway, now his temper had become so uncertain; and he sat in a corner by himself moodily drinking, watching the scene with a nasty gleam in his eye that promised little good to the man on whom it was persistently fixed. Fanshawe started the trouble. He saw Bill's look and knew what it meant:—

"When's the wedding, Charlie," he flung out.

The crack of a gun couldn't have silenced the crowd quicker. Every man's soul had an understanding with every other man that that was a matter not to be talked about, and we waited in breathless expectation to see what Bill would do. He got slowly on his feet and lurched over to where Charlie was sitting.

"There's not going to be any wedding, by God!" he shouted, striking the table with his fist.

Charlie looked from one to another bewildered, the color gone from his cheeks, —but the men hung their heads, none wanting to meet his eye, and he looked at Bill again.

"That's my girl you're tooting round, Mr. Cuthbertson, my girl!—you understand? And you've got to stop it."

Cuthbertson pushed back his chair. His eyes were blazing, his fists clenched. The boys were ready to spring in and prevent a fight, but he flung on his coat and went towards the door.

"Good-night, boys," he cried,—very self-contained he always was. And the door swung behind him and he disappeared in the night, leaving Bill lurching on to the corner of the table, stupidly blinking.

The fun was over so I got my coat and followed Charlie. I overtook him just as he left the bit of sidewalk which runs in front of the postoffice, and we splashed along the sodden way together. He said nothing and I didn't want to interrupt his thoughts. I felt murderous about Freddy but I guessed he wasn't thinking about him, so I began to think about her too. Pretty Dolly Britton, loved of children and worshipped of men. It seems to me a queer thing sometimes how the sorrows of life mostly happen to those that least deserve them.

"But the Creek's with you, Charlie," I rapped out almost before I knew it.

"Then it's true, son, is it?" He asked.

"It's true. But I say, and the boys say,—the whole Creek says Bill has no claim if he won t make good."

"Aye, son, but what's Dolly say?"

I guessed he'd hit the only nail worth hammering at.

"You'll have to ask her, Charlie," I said.

"I'm going to."

And when I left him he was smiling in a satisfied sort of way to himself.

Well, what she said was as much a surprise to us as it was to him. The next afternoon he went over to the school house just as the children were going home, and he knew he would find her alone. She wasn't looking any less pretty than usual and when her eyes lightened up at his coming he thought he knew all that was in promise for him. But he didn't. She came down the room to meet him and he sat in one of the children's desks and caught her hand in his.

"Dolly," he murmured, "I want you to teach me."

She drew her hands away with a happy laugh that spared his discontent.

"What do you want to learn, Charlie?"

"A lot of things, sweetheart; most of all whether you love me, dear?"

He tried to get her hands again but she kept them behind her back, looking at him with wide open, serious eyes.

"You know about Bill?" she asked.

"He's out of it, Dolly. There's not a man living good enough for you, he less than the least of us."

She looked very solemn, her cheeks all pink, her bosom heaving.

"But he's down, Charlie," she said, very slowly, very thoughtfully. "You wouldn't hit a man when he's down, would you?"

"I guess not!" he said shortly.

"And I won't either," she blurted out, turning her back on him.

Argument and entreaty availed him nothing. He went away at last but he came back again the next afternoon. If he had known Dolly better he wouldn't

"That's my girl you're tooting round, Mr. Cuthbertson, my girl!"

have made that mistake but he was crazy about her; mad, hungry for her love, and would have carried her off behind that switchtail mare of his only he knew it was no good,—we'd have had him before he got clear.

"Dolly," he pleaded, "over in Seattle where my folks live there's a home for you. What's Bill to you,—or the Creek? Forget them, dear, and come with me; Dolly," he cried, putting his head down on his arms, "I love you, Dolly, and I can't live without you, sweet."

She came over and touched his shoulder. "Charlie," she said, very softly, her eyes wet and shining, "you mustn't come here again, boy. If I'm true to Bill it may help him out but I won't do anything to push him down. You mustn't come here again."

She went back to her desk on the little platform and hid her face in her hands. Cuthbertson heard a sob and started to his feet.

"Dolly?" he gasped, "Dolly!"

"Go away, Charlie," she cried.

"I can't leave you, Dolly,—I can't leave you like that."

He moved towards her but the tremulous little hands waved him back. He hesitated, staggered blindly to the door, struck his head against the post and went reeling out into the sunshine. Such sunshine! Flooding the road with a splendor which seemed to mock at suffering; filling the air with rapturous life and the pulsing melody of birds.

It was the last fine day the Creek knew that summer. I never saw such weather. There have been years when there was scarcely water enough to wash the dirt but this time most of the claims were flooded. There was ten feet of water in mine. And the Big Cascade, dividing into two streams broke a course right across Bill's shaft, filling it up in a few minutes and going on again, roaring, riling, twisting, turning, tearing up big trees, carrying everything before it, until it jumped the Devil's Ledge three hundred and twenty feet to the valley beneath. The boys said drinking seemed to be in Bill's family, but there wasn't much joking. We missed Charlie's laugh. He mixed up with the crowd as he had always done but no one had the pluck nor the inclination to challenge his wit. And it seemed odd too that he and Bill Slocum should get so chummy. Though chummy hardly describes it, for they rarely said a word to each other that anyone heard beyond "Good day" or "Good night" as the case might be. But Bill slowed down on the liquor, doctor's orders he told Remington. And night after night he and Charlie would sit at the same table like a Quaker's Meeting, until ten o'clock chimed, when Charlie would get on his feet and say "Good-night, Bill," and Bill would say "Good-night, Charlie," and ten minutes after follow him out and go home too.

Things grew steadily worse. Dolly Britton took a school on the other side of Old Crow and with her going all the luck left the Creek. Joe Wetherall lost his wife, and we could ill-spare any of the women. Then little Tommy Denton fell in the Cascade and was drowned, and we couldn't spare the children either; yet the Creek missed Eli Morton about as much as it did Dolly. He was a good honest man with the fear of God written on his weather-beaten forehead. Sheriff, Justice of the Peace, Arbiter of all disputes, the Law and the Prophets from Old Crow's Pass to the top of the Twin Sisters. Eli's claim was flooded like the rest and he put in his spare time prospecting on the mountain. No one thought much of his being away one night, but when the third evening came and he wasn't home his wife got anxious and sent the boys out. They hunted two days more until they found him,—smiling as Enoch might have smiled when "he was not, for God took him."

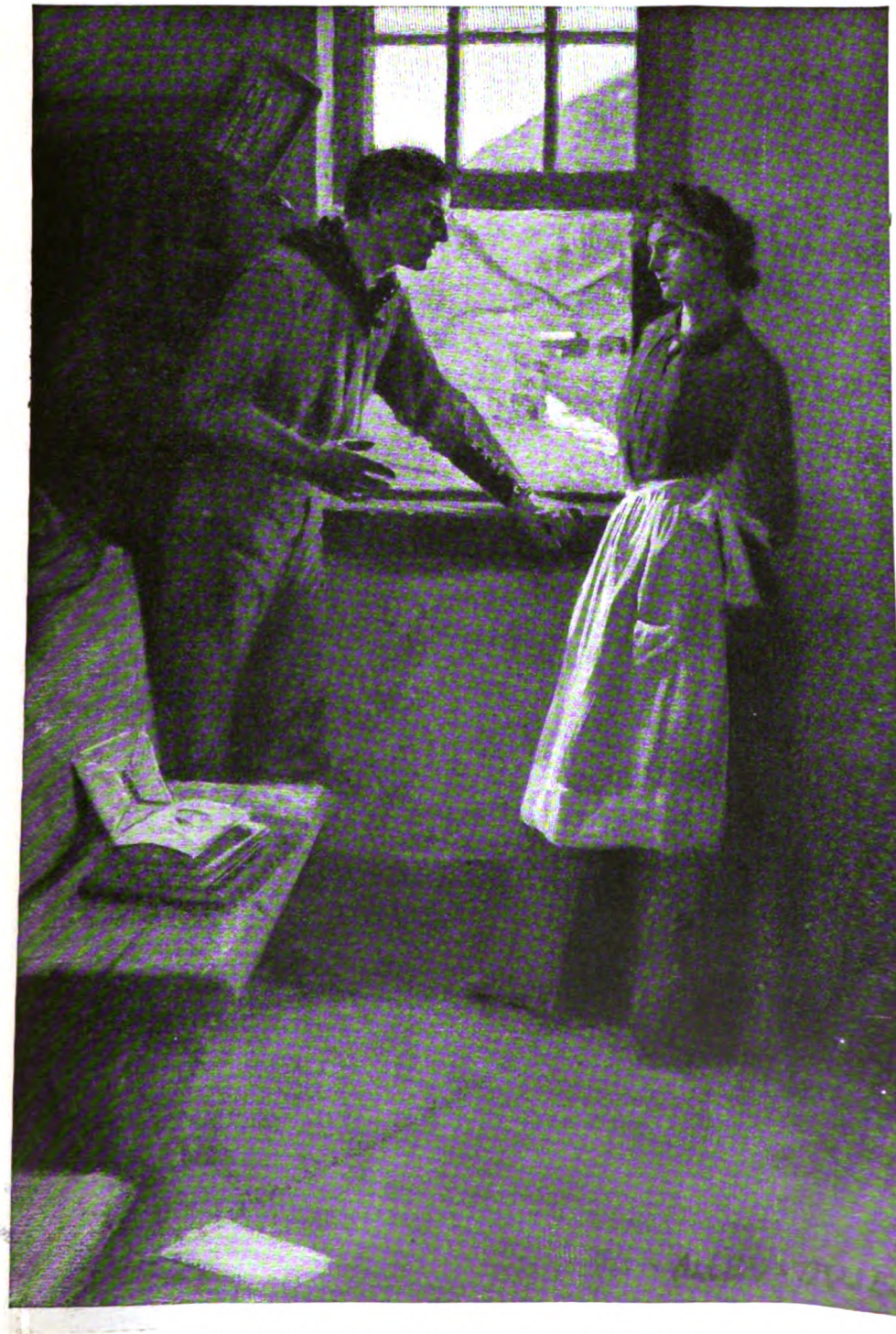
"It's a queer world," said Charlie Cuthbertson to me that night, "those that are least needed and most anxious to go stick to the earth like burrs."

And he went off singing a new song he had picked up lately; a haunting melody with a cry in it that made the heart sick to hear:—

> "What can I say to make her smile
> Sad eyes that gaze in mine."

Something like that as far as I remember, though there was a lot more I either never heard or else have forgotten.

Well, good times and bad times all pass over so they say. The weather broke and sun shone again; coming out with ten fold power after hiding so long; licking up the wet until the roads were dry as powder,



"Dolly," he murmured, "I want you to teach me."

Rattling down the path like a lunatic.

and the Big Cascade dropped back into its old course, and the miners returned to their claims. All except Bill, that is, he went up every day but it took a good six weeks for that shaft to empty itself. But he'd stopped drinking owing to Charlie's influence; and he was going to find that vein himself, or die in the attempt. When things improved there wasn't much for Charlie to do and I'd often see him go rattling by the base of Old Crow humming the haunting melody with the words I have half forgotten:—

"What can I say to make her smile
Sad eyes that gaze in mine."

Making for the Devil's Ledge, where he'd sit half the day watching the little school house in the valley for a glimpse of the figure he loved.

At last Bill's shaft was dried out, and the boys went up one afternoon to help lower him down and get things rigged up a bit so as he could work by himself. Bill was down the shaft, and we were standing round waiting for his signal when Charlie drove up. He halted the mare and came over.

"What's doing, boys," he asked.

Just then Bill gave a shout, and then another, quick, excited, as if something had half smothered him, and the boys began to haul away like mad. I guess it wasn't very long before his head appeared but it seemed ages, and when he came up he was trembling so he could scarcely hold on to the cage, his face white and queer looking.

"What is it, Bill,—rattlers?" we asked.

"The bucket," he cried, gasping as if he couldn't say more.

Cuthbertson snatched up the bucket, dropped it as if it were hot and jumped for the mare. He had her head turned round in a jiffy, and the next minute was rattling down the pass like a lunatic. It didn't take Switchtail long to get out of sight I can tell you. She slapped up the grade from Bill's mine to the Big Cascade as if it were level ground; lickety bang across the bridge and down the slope on the other side, her tail whipping back and forth like a housemaid's duster. Loose stones went flying down the precipitous banking; the dust hung behind like a congealed cloud; bump into a hole; bang over a rock; but nothing seemed to bother Charlie. He sat with the reins hanging loose in his hands, eyes wide and eager, lips murmuring triumphantly.

"Dolly! My darling! My darling!"

Old Crow was soon left behind; the last bit taken with a rattle and a roar, and a jump at the end which nearly jerked the buggy to pieces. The Black Mud lay before, gummy and treacherous, smiling with multi-colored flowers, humming with insect life. They buzzed about the mare's ears; settled on her flanks out of reach of the stinging tail; pursuing hordes on untiring wing as the white hoofs slapped the trail with unbreaking rhythm. Mile after mile; the pace never faltering until the Beaver Dam Hill rose before them,—a stiff climb taken at a gallop, and the little red school house broke in the sunlight like the glow of a ruby on the hill's green bosom. Switchtail whinnied with joy; shook her head free from tormenting flies, and went pelting down towards it, her ears pricked forward eager with anticipation.

Charlie, scarcely waiting for Switchtail to stop, flung himself out and pushed through the open door into the silent school room, where Dolly Britton stood alone, striving to conceal the glad welcome of her eyes by an attitude of disapproval. But Charlie never noticed it.

"Dolly," he said, standing stiff and straight before her, clenching and unclenching his fingers, "Bill's struck it rich."

"What?" she gasped. "Oh, Charlie!"

And he had her in his arms, kissing her face and neck, she half crying, half laughing for the very joy of his possession.

The next day Bill went over with a bag of his richest ore to show her, and got his dismissal. He entreated, expostulated, but it was no good. She married Charlie Cuthbertson. And Bill had to content himself with the reigning beauty of two continents—a woman for whom a prince was ready to abdicate his throne,—a story I rather doubt myself, having been born under a monarchy and seen something of the dignity of princes.

THE GREAT THEATRICAL SYNDICATE*

How Six Dictators Control Our Amusements

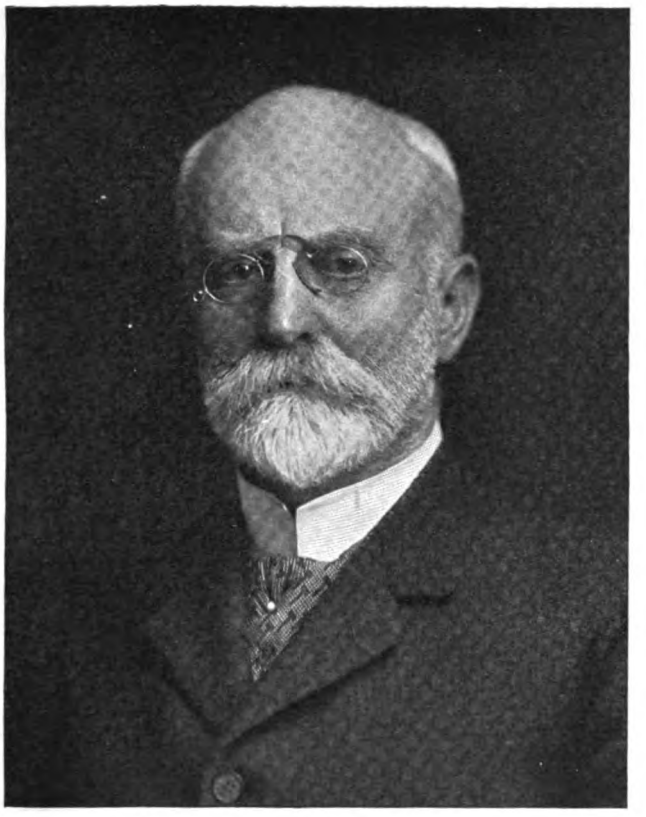
By the Editors

III. THE CRITICS, THE PLAYWRIGHTS AND THE SYSTEM

THE late John T. Sullivan, an actor, and once the husband of Rose Coghlan, always asserted that the Syndicate grew out of a grudge against an independent woman. That woman is Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. With the co-operation of her husband and the openly expressed sympathy of the play-going public, Mrs. Fiske has opposed the Syndicate, though she has been compelled to play in second and third rate theaters in the West and South. To put it mildly, her treatment by the Syndicate has not been chivalric. The persecution of women is not a pleasing spectacle. Experience has taught managers that the public dislikes to shift its patronage from a high class to a medium grade theater. But in a smaller town like Poughkeepsie or Newark, where the play is made by newspapers and fashion set by the better classes, an actor thinks twice before he attempts to follow the suggestion of Joseph Brooks—that a second class house may be transformed into a first class one if only the right star plays in it.

Mrs. Fiske has had more than her share of this sort of experience. The West and South were closed to her, and yet she enjoyed the big success of a season, indeed of several seasons, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." In this city she filled the Fifth Avenue Theater, and the Syndicate made her some startling offers, all of which were refused by Mr. Fiske. She went on the road, and in every city she was confronted by strong attractions placed by the Syndicate at the expense of changed bookings. Finally she reached Denver. There arrangements were made at a theater where popular prices obtained. Mr. Fiske did not engage the theater in his own name, but for that office secured the services of Mr. Frank E. Carstaphen, a prominent Denver lawyer. Not long after this the Syndicate began its fight. The manager of the theater in question was quietly informed that he

* The first two articles in this series appeared in the October and November numbers of this magazine and dealt with the beginning of the Trust and its conflict with the actors.



Bronson Howard.

Dean of American playwrights and famous as the author of "The Henrietta."

must keep the Fiskes out. No one knows by whom the word came, but he received his warning, and could only flourish a signed contract with Mr. Carstaphen as an answer. Then pressure was exerted. Forty successive weeks of attractions had been booked. A prosperous season loomed ahead. The managers booked were informed that their bookings must not hold—the manager was not of the true fold. There was some demurring, but nearly all obeyed orders. From forty, the bookings dwindled to eleven. That settled it. Mr. Carstaphen was told that Mrs. Fiske could not play in the theater. Carstaphen brought action for an injunction to prevent the cancellation of this agreement. He had contracted for the theater; Mrs. Fiske did not enter into the question. He could use it as he pleased. The management claimed that no equity was involved, that the court could not compell them to lend the theater to Mrs. Fiske. The court decided against the management; they were paid whether Mrs. Fiske played or not, so the contract could not be broken. This injunction was after all a Pyrrhic victory; a single swallow does not make a summer.

A similar experience befell Mrs. Carter in her latest visit to the Pacific Coast. Belasco had booked her company for one night at the single theater in San José. The Syndicate, apparently from malice, brought pressure to bear on the local management, and just forty-eight hours before her advertised appearance, Mrs. Carter was informed that the engagement was cancelled. It was a clear breach of contract, but to enforce the penalty meant delay that in the case of a theatrical company meant many times the value of any possible damages. So Mrs. Carter took her medicine. In other cases the rulings have been distinctly in favor of the Syndicate, notably in the Tyrone Power contract with Mr. Fiske; while in the Frank Moulan and Henry A.

Clyde Fitch.

Most prolific of American playwrights, who is besieged for plays years in advance of their possible production.

Savage case, the comedian was compelled to return to Mr. Savage. There does not seem to be any settled legal standard in cases of boycotting and blacklisting. Still the Fiskes have not given up, though Mrs. Fiske will remain in the city this season at the head of her newly organized stock company. The fact that Manager Fiske saw fit to reduce the price of his orchestra seats at the Manhattan Theater from two dollars to one dollar and a half was hailed by the Syndicate as a sign of weakness. His theater was contemptuously alluded to as a ten, twenty, thirty cent house. But he filled it until June, and with one of the few successes of last season, a dramatization of Owen Wister's "The Virginian."

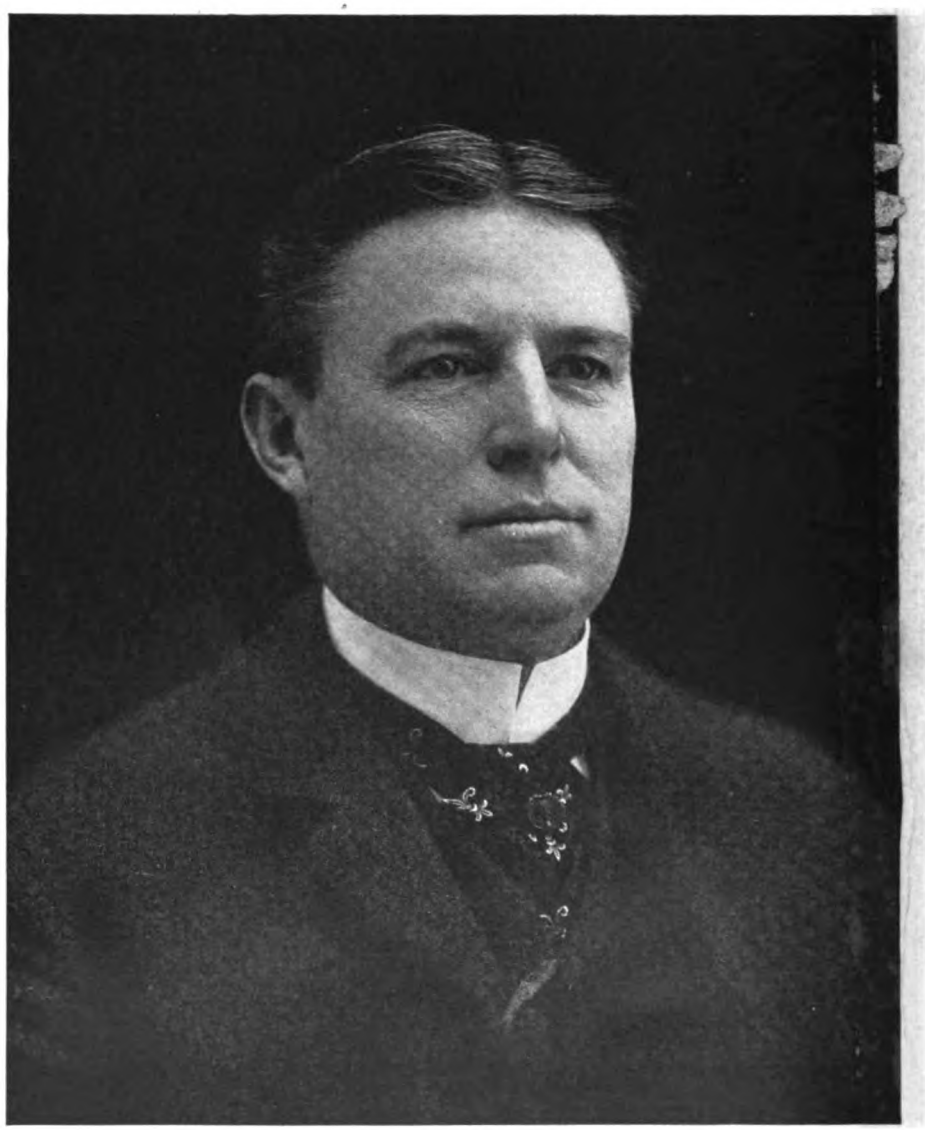
THE SYNDICATE AND THE CRITICS

The daily newspapers of New York city were not altogether quiescent under the yoke of the Syndicate. In the majority of them the business office has much to say, for theatrical advertising means a fair sized revenue. Still some of the dramatic critics expressed their opinions freely. The

Henrietta Crosman.

At present under David Belasco's management, she has fought the Syndicate successfully as an independent star.

Herald, which openly disavows genuine criticism, has been extremely friendly to the Syndicate. Extra advertising, special stories, and the cream of the news has been and still is its reward. The *Herald* has always a "beat" on theatrical news. This privilege it gains by its exclusive devotion to the productions of the Syndicate. All its bad plays are sure to be acclaimed in the columns of Mr. Bennett's amiable sheet. The *Times* has been outspoken in the subject of poor plays, but it has abused Belasco's plays as well. The *World* for a time attacked the Syndicate. But this ceased, and rather suddenly too! The former critic of the *Sun* was always friendly to the uptown managers. One well-known critic was dropped from the staff of his paper in consequence of his leanings. The *Evening Sun's* critic, Acton Davies, has stubbornly abused the bad plays of the Syndicate with the result that he is a marked man, forbidden to enter the theaters directly controlled by Klaw and Erlanger and the Haymans. Mr. Davies is not a coward and, as he is backed by his editor, he has stuck to his

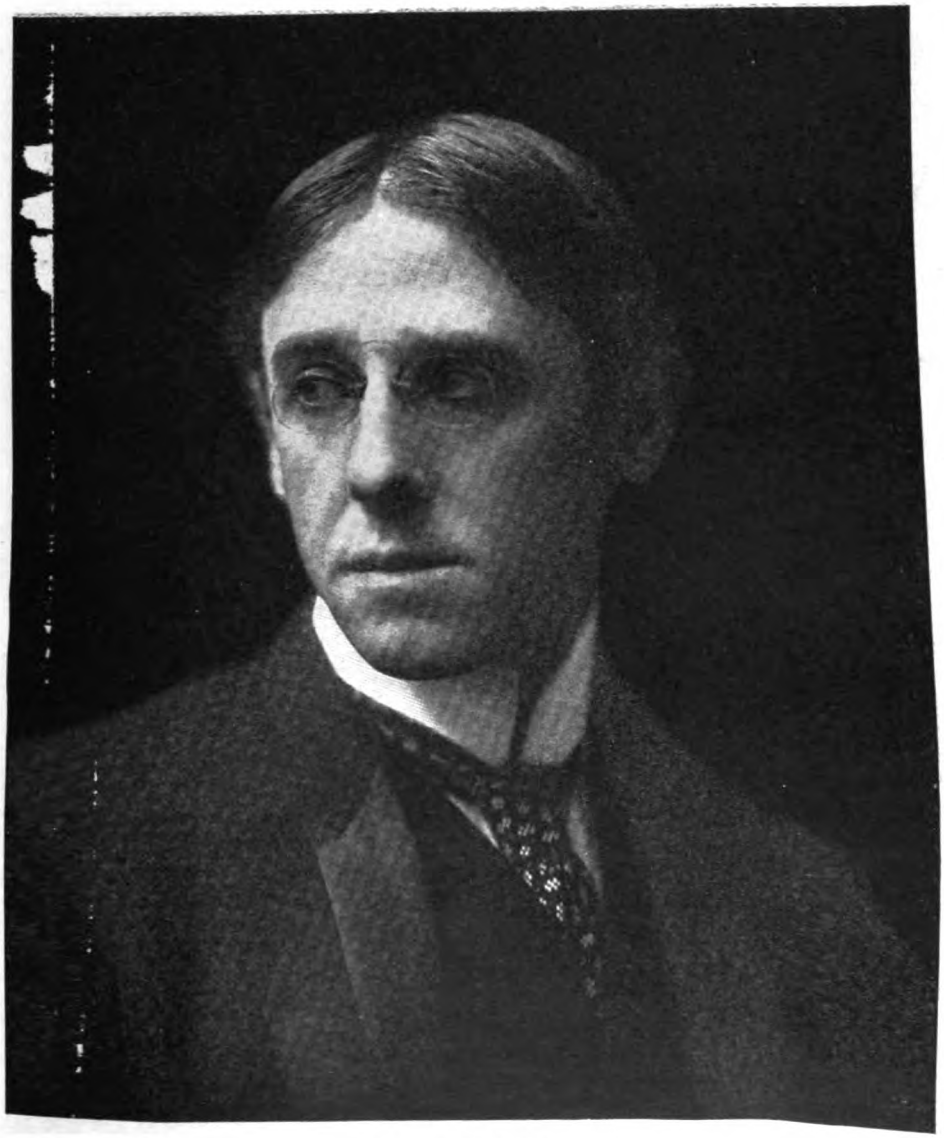


Augustus Thomas.

Successful playwright, author of "Arizona," "In Mizzoura," "On the Quiet," Etc.

guns. Even an atrocious assault, perpetrated upon him in the Hoffman House *café* by the husband of an ambitious female star—one of the Syndicate's hastily created stars—has not quenched the determination of the undersized but brawny Davies. He swears that his every act has been spied upon. Furthermore, signed letters have been sent to editors demanding the discharge of some unfortunate reporter of theatrical news who happened to write an item displeasing to the sensitive souls of several managers.

"Alan Dale," who amuses a whole city full with his sprightly writing in the *American*, has been barred from the Klaw and Erlanger theaters. This critic takes the matter quite philosophically. His employer, Mr. Hearst, stands by him. The late Hillary Bell, of the *Press*, was the first of the dramatic critics to revolt at the tyranny. He would not be dictated to, and wrote what he believed to be true. He was kept out of several theaters in consequence. He always asserted that plays he



Norman Hapgood.

The dramatic critic who has been one of the foremost opponents of the Syndicate from the beginning.

sent in to be passed on by salaried readers were not treated sacredly; in a word, Mr. Bell swore that various situations and scenes cropped up in the plays of other people. But this is a common experience. The critic of the *Evening Post* has not suffered from any reprisals, possibly because some theatrical managers do not believe that the refined class, to whom Mr. Towse appeals, ever goes to their tasteless shows. James Metcalfe, dramatic editor of *Life*, has also battled untiringly with the Syndicate for some years.

It is only fair to say that Charles Frohman, and indeed most of the other members of the Syndicate, excepting always and entirely Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, have been opposed to this browbeating of the critics. Erlanger has been the head and front of the attack. His point of view is clearly expressed by his remarks to one of the critics. He said: "This dramatic critic business has got to stop. The idea that a manager can spend a lot of money

Louis V. DeFoe.
Dramatic critic of the N. Y. Evening Journal, free from Syndicate influence.

on a show and you fellows can come in here on a first night and say any rotten thing you want to about it, is finished. You wouldn't dare go down into a dry goods shop and roast any particular line of goods. Well, Erlanger will show you that you can't do this with plays."

The most notorious case of disciplining a critic—setting aside the row between Wakely, of the London *Times* and the playwright Henry Arthur Jones, which ended in manager Arthur Bourchier closing his doors to Wakely and later on reopening them with an apology—was the affair of Norman Hapgood. This gentleman is noted for his outspoken judgments on matters political as well as dramatic. Such a little obstacle as the Syndicate could not overawe him. He wrote his opinions in the *Commercial Advertiser*, with the result that the Syndicate, through one of the Haymans, objected strenuously, and eventually the advertising of the Syndicate was withdrawn from the newspaper. Mr. Hapgood was hauled over the coals; seventy-five dollars a day meant much in the business office of a sheet that was on its last legs in those days (it is now the prosperous *Globe*.) But the critic would not give in. He offered to resign, for he does not depend on his salary. The upshot was victory. He did not resign, and the advertisements later found their way back. Mr. Winter, of the *Tribune*, is independent in his criticisms, and while he was a fanatic for Daly and his theater, his zeal was at least excused by the fact that Daly's productions were on a higher level than any we see to-day made by the Syndicate.

But the Syndicate does not spend its energies in dealing with the press entirely on the side of repression. It would be impossible to enumerate the varying inducements offered to friendly critics. One instance has recently come to light of a critic of a Seattle paper who, three days in advance of Mrs. Carter's appearance there, abused the production of "Du Barry" roundly. It was during the recent Western tour of Mrs. Carter. The man eventually acknowledged two rather interesting facts: first, that he had never seen Mrs. Carter play *Du Barry*, and secondly, that he was employed on salary by the Syndicate at their Seattle headquarters.

HOW BOOKINGS ARE CANCELLED

There has been no other attempt to browbeat critics that we can recollect, though numerous accounts of minor annoyances have been printed in the professional journals. It is a risky thing to attack a newspaper man, for he usually manages to "get even." Of quite another stamp was the disagreement between Julian Mitchell, Fred Hamlin and the Syndicate. It is an ugly incident, for it shows the Syndicate at its worst, not content to allow even friendly companies a chance at big receipts when it is possible for them to guzzle all the profits for themselves. "The Wizard of Oz" was booked with the Syndicate and time was asked for St. Louis during the Exposition. After weary waiting, the two managers were told that no time could be theirs during the Exposition. At once they proceeded to that city and without difficulty secured the time at an independent theater. But before "The Wizard of Oz,"

which has been an enormous attraction, was ready to go to St. Louis, a route was asked for from the Syndicate. This was also refused after many excuses. The fact was that Klaw and Erlanger's "Mother Goose," at no time a great hit, was to play in St Louis during the Exposition season and "The Wizard of Oz," a stronger attraction, was not wanted. So far has the Syndicate gone in the matter that from September first to the close of the Fair they will book no company, no matter how friendly, for time.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A DRAMATIST

The most flagrant example of this kind of trifling is to be seen in Joseph Arthur's experience. He swears that Klaw and Erlanger are in mortal fear of David Belasco. In February, 1893, Mr. Arthur finished a spectacular Oriental drama and offered it to his friends, Klaw and Erlanger. They were delighted with it and at once accepted it. The piece was given a copyright performance in London by "Frohman's man," Lestocq. "Great play," was the verdict at the office of Klaw and Erlanger. "Fit for Sothern or Marlowe." Even faithful Cordner, Erlanger's private secretary, a man with trained, impassive countenance, was affected. Arthur, who is a popular dramatist of means, a resident of New Rochelle, was elated. But he was warned not to say anything to Belasco, for fear that little "Japanese" might get wind of the story and produce an Indian play in advance of Klaw and Erlanger—which warning recalls the remark of the wolf to the lamb at the stream. In his published account of the transaction, letters and dialogues, Arthur lays stress on the attitude of the Syndicate towards Belasco. He is a feared man without doubt. Frank Sanger, who died last April, a friend of Arthur's and a business associate of the Frohmans, Haymans and the rest, was appointed Arthur's agent in the matter. But that is as far as the affair went. After much shilly-shallying the play was returned and the incident declared closed.

Now Joseph Arthur is a fighter with his head as well as his fists. He is one of the few men who would not hesitate to try conclusions with the pugilistic Erlanger.* He has gone to law, but not before he published his side of the question. He reports among other things, that Marc Klaw said: "Abe is a hog for work," also that Erlanger refers to Belasco as the "Japanese" who will be made to "hunt the high grass." "He draws the trade people, we draw the upper classes." Erlanger entertains little respect for Joseph Brook's opinions. He also said, so Arthur relates, that if Charles Frohman is the "Napoleon" of the theater, he, Erlanger, is the "Nero"—which shows a neat taste in matters historic.

Acton Davies.

Dramatic critic of the N. Y. Evening Sun, and a consistent foe to the Syndicate.

Mr. Arthur changed the title of his piece from "Seirine" to "Cross and Crescent," to please his managers. But there were evidently other influences at work and the play, after being boundlessly praised, was shelved. The dramatist marched across the street and now Belasco will produce it. Oddly enough since the announcement of Belasco, Klaw and Erlanger also announce an Indian play for this season. But we must give space to Mr. Arthur's

*Written in Mr. Arthur's absence without his knowledge.—THE EDITORS.

accusations, which are "privileged communications." He sums up his ideas of Syndicate methods as follows:—

"Rather remarkable action on the part of men who are 'always frank' and whose 'word is as good as a bond.' Are they honorable?

"If so, why did they announce 'The Prince of India' and other new plays, and give me the excuse for a year for not announcing mine that they were afraid of Belasco?

"Why did they pretend to organize a Syndicate for the production of my play, yet refused the first twenty thousand dollars offered by Mr. Perley, the first manager whom they asked to join?

"Was it because for six months before I went to them they were negotiating with General Wallace for 'The Prince of India,' and they did not want another play of that *locale* to get to Belasco?

"They have for nearly one year—and while one of them was enjoying the hospitality of my house—tried to keep my play from other managers and practised an extraordinary deception, deliberately and mercilessly planned.

"Later, my attorneys, Messrs. Goodwin, Thompson and Vanderpool, notified them that unless a satisfactory settlement was made the matter would be taken to the courts.

"Then came a proposition to arbitrate, and a suggestion from them that 'Arthur would get more by arbitration than by law.'

"We consented to arbitration, and they immediately named prominent men of the profession whom they knew must refuse to act as arbitrators, all being closely connected with or dependent upon them for bookings.

"Efforts to arbitrate then ceased. A proposition was next made by my attorney to agree upon an amount between ourselves. This was insultingly objected to by them, giving as their reason that 'they were not liable.'

"If not liable, why did they ask to arbitrate and make frequent visits to my lawyers' office?

"By advice of my attorneys, I next tried to place the play with other managers before further proceeding against Klaw and Erlanger. The play was read by a prominent Broadway manager who wrote a high opinion of it, but declined to produce it.

"He is closely connected with Klaw and Erlanger.

"To another prominent manager I read it, who formed a syndicate—on paper—and said: 'My production of this play depends on whether Abe Erlanger will book it or not. If he refuses, I will return it to you.' The play was returned.

NOTE.—"That in answer to a proposition from my lawyers to them to go on and keep the contract and produce, Mr. Klaw said: 'No, we will never produce anything of Joseph Arthur's. He has sued us.'

"I then crossed the Yalu and entered the Jap camp and read the play to that terrible Togo, Belasco, who accepted it without hesitation, and immediately announced his acceptance and high opinion in every paper in this country and Europe.

"This angered the 'Russians.'

"On June 7, 1904, at lunch with Joseph T. McCaddon and Frank Perley, who is under an agreement to produce—with myself and Mr. McCaddon, and to manage—a comedy of mine, and in reply to my inquiry concerning that production he said: 'I asked Erlanger last week what his attitude was toward my production of your comedy. He threw up his hand and said: "I don't want ever to hear Joseph Arthur's name mentioned in my office again. Anyway, our time is all filled and we cannot book his comedy." '

"Does it not look like damage?

"Does it not look worse?

"Does it not look like conspiracy and oppression upon the part of the wrongdoer against a reputable author who has done them no wrong, whose only offense is the placing of his play with a successful rival whom they hate, the mere mention of whose name jellies 'Nero' with fear?

"Every word of this statement is true. It cannot be controverted by Klaw and Erlanger.

"Every letter here printed is a verity substantiated by an original.

"Now to the courts.

"JOSEPH ARTHUR."*

*NOTE.—Published in the *Dramatic Mirror*, July 2, 1904.

(To be concluded.)

CAP'N PHIN LOOK'S PRIVATE HEAVEN

By Holman F. Day

WITH DRAWINGS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

I HATE one of these hard-as-iron Christmases! Suppose you drive stage, same as I have to, and see how you like 'em yourself.

No snow. Jack Frost said, "Presto! Freezo!" right on a night when the mud was all cut and criss-crossed by wheel gullies, and there the road was, wrinkled like a ram's horn and just as hard.

I had dished two wheels of my Concord coach, first and last, that week, and I struck out for the down trip to the depot that morning feeling as sour as mothered vinegar. Day before Christmas, too! Whang, bang, jounce and yee-haw! Horses' feet striking fire. Bank of snow clouds piled low over south. Sky gray as a new slate. Raw, screechy, scratchy wind that clawed right down a chap's spine. Dead leaves and grit swirling in the ditches' side of the road.

Santa Claus drive out that night?

Well, I reckoned he wouldn't if he felt as I did then. He would knock a hoof off every reindeer before he could go a mile. It was one of those days when I sat humped on the box and slatted my whip through the air and wondered why I had pelted up and down those fifteen miles of stage road twenty years, trying to earn a living.

And to clinch troubles, out to the road as I drove along came Brackett Sykes with that usual face of his. Harder than the road and ridged almost as bad. No kind of a Christmassy face has that man got.

The young ones trailed along slow behind him, the three little girls. Yes, trailed along slow behind. I have driven past Brackett Sykes' farmhouse a good many times, and I never yet saw one of his young ones hopping along 'side of him and holt of his hand. No, they trail behind, solemn and wishful.

"Get back there to the house," yelled Brackett whirling on them. Then he came and put his toe on the forward hub and spoke low so the insides couldn't hear.

"I got a letter from Almiry last night, Cap'n Phin. She wrote to say she's comin' here to-day."

"Why, that's good," said I. "Glad to hear that 'Miry's comin' home!"—and I couldn't help looking over to those poor, little, God-forsaken, frowsled gaffers of girls huddled on the doorsteps.

"She ain't comin' home," he barked. "Not by a blame sight she ain't. She's jest wrote to say she's comin'—wrote the last minute, so's I couldn't head her off with a letter. Now, when she gets off that train to-night, Cap'n Phin, I want you should jest tell her for me it won't be any use for her to take the stage up here. I won't let her in."

Yes, sir, hard face that man has! And the way he spoke chilled me worse than the wind. And the little girls cuddling there on the steps!

"You can settle such things as that with your wife yourself," said I. "I'm a stage driver, not a divorce lawyer. I shall never say the nay to 'Miry Sykes if ever she wants to ride on my stage."

"Then you'll be cartin' paupers into the place," he snarled. "She ain't got a cent to her name, and she wrote and told me so. Them saints have stripped her."

"See here, Brack," said I, "I've got the United States mails and four passengers and a road ahead of me like a horse-radish grater. No time now to argue this matter. But do you pretend to tell me

that if I bring your wife, 'Miry Sykes, to this door to-night, when her children are waitin' for Santa Claus, you'll have the heart to bar her out?"

"Jest as sartin as I'd shet out a looser-vee," he gritted. Little children snuggled on the doorsteps and not a one with a clean face or her dress buttoned straight! And when things are bad enough for an old bach like me to notice them, they have got to be pretty bad. I gathered my webbin's.

"Brack," I said, "take your toe off the wheel. You're hard enough to break the riggin' if I should run over you." And he swore after me.

Mnh-hah! and so Almira Sykes was coming home!

People in other parts of the county call us folks up our way "the Byron Valley Bears." Nickname, that's all. We are about as decent as the rest of folks, but the hills are around us and the big woods are near, and we attend to our own business pretty close.

If any one had said that a couple of revivalists could have come into Byron Valley and set the Bears by the ears, as those two did—well, no one ever would have said so, that's all.

But they did tip us upside down, those traveling apostles. "World Crusade on Apostolic Principles," was what they called it.

You might think that none of those hard-headed folks up our way would "leave all and follow," to any great extent. But you go to those meetings a week and hear them sing those songs that make you shiver inside as though your heart was a tunked funny-bone—hear them pray so soft, and then stretch out their hands while some woman was singing some such thing as this:—

"Won't you come a little while and talk with Jesus?
He is standing yonder waiting with a smile.
Won't you come away to-day and walk with Jesus?
Won't you come and work for him a little while!"

Me?—They'd have got me some of those times if I hadn't hung onto the rail of the settee tough and tight and winked back my tears and chewed tobacco hard on the sly. Uncle Paul came, for instance, took a hammer and chisel and went off clinking texts into roadside stones, to make 'em preach sermons. Two or three gave "their all to the Lord," and two or three more would have done so if the heirs hadn't got the judge of probate to appoint guardians. And two or three of the women folks, old maids, went off to the head temple—"Shiloh," so they call it—to be made into saints and go to the uttermost parts of the earth, though why all the lost souls should always be at the uttermost parts of the earth from us I don't know.

The only married woman that the saints lugged away to Shiloh—the only one that gave in and "left all"—was Almira Sykes. I took her down on the stage that morning she went. She, with that look as though tears were squeezing out all over her! The young ones bawling and Brackett on the doorstep, hard as a graven image. She and he had thrashed out all the talk end of it. I guess underneath, though, her idea was that when she and the saints got to praying for Brackett down at the temple he'd have to curl up and come in, too. Benson Taylor told me that at the seventy-two hours fast at the temple Almira Sykes stayed on her knees for nigh the whole stretch and prayed her way right into hell to get her husband's soul—that was the way he said it.

Well, the Lord has called some of the greatest to his service and they have sacrificed the things of earth to serve him—and the world has been better for it, I suppose. But when I met Almira Sykes on the depot platform that afternoon I had to tell her I reckoned the Lord could spare her a while for more pressing things than heathen.

"I'm an old bach," said I, "and I ain't tryin' to tell you your duty to your children, but if the Lord ain't told you of those three little draggle-tail gaffers at home, then you got the wrong connection and 'twas the old He 'Un at the other end of the line."

"Cap'n Look," said she—always a mournful looking woman, 'Mira was, too mournful for my notion of the Lord's elect—"I want to go home to them. I couldn't bear to think of them waking up to-morrow morning—Christmas morning—and me not there to watch them take down

their stockings from the mantel-piece."

"You'll be lucky," I said, "if there's a stockin' amongst them whole enough to hold presents." I suppose I'm hateful sometimes, but you can't drive stage over iron-clad hubbles and keep everlastingly sweet.

"I want to fill their stockings," said she, "for Brackett ain't ever been very thoughtful about such things and he don't humor the children." She had a lot of bundles on her arm. "I only had two dollars and forty cents left," she said, "and it didn't go so far 's I'd like to have it. I ain't got a copper left for the stage fare, Cap'n, but I guess Brackett will look after it, won't he?"

She kind of quavered out that. She reckoned I knew pretty well how things stood up home and she was hankering for a word of comfort. Well, I had a fair notion of what Brack Sykes would say if I dumped his wife at his door and started to collect a dollar-fifty fare. And that information wouldn't have been encouraging talk for Christmas eve. It wasn't my business to let on.

"Almiry," said I, "what's this to be —a round trip or single fare." She knew what I meant. She turned her eyes away.

"I don't know just what your understandin' is with the saints," I went on, "and that ain't any of my business. But runnin' this stage is. If you are a mother goin' home to stay with the little ones that are sufferin' for you, then hop aboard and we'll see about the money part later. If you're a saint apostolizin' the world and jest simply callin' in on your fam'ly, then let the other saints provide transportation."

I knew it sounded rather harsh and she choked up. But I tell you it was time for her to begin to do as much thinking about those children as I had been doing.

"Cap'n Look," said she, "I haven't talked with the Lord about it yet much as I—"

"You stand right here, then, and talk it over while I load my trunks and mail bags. You tell Him about three little girls fed on bannock and molasses, sufferin' for a mother's care and a mother's cookin', and if you don't get the message like this: 'Miry Sykes, go home to your duty and I'll make shift to 'tend to the heathen,' then I reckon you've got a hymn-book for a heart and you can't do any good by goin' up home with those tin carts and candy canes. 'Twon't be worth while haulin' you."

No, I'm not always rough like that, but I know when some folks need a hard jounce.

"Cap'n Phin," she said softly and sobby when I was stripping the blankets off the nags a bit later, "if you'll take me it won't be a round trip."

And I understood her and crowded her in with the others. Full stage load that night. It made my heart swell as I dropped 'em here and there! The night was down dark and the doors of the old houses flew open like mouths busting out into laughs.

You ought to have seen old Trans Dunham and Aunt Joanne grab in their two boys who've done so well down to town. There were "Lord bless ye, bub," and "Hullo, dad," and "How've ye be'n?" and "Oh, mother, it's good to be home!" and then bang! went the door shut and the path of glory down the yard was blotted out, up which those boys had run as though they were running plumb into heaven.

And at Phil Hanson's the same!

And then Jote Emmonses' girls, bound further along with me, began to sing a Christmas song inside and I sitting up there in the dark on that tossing seat found myself joining in, too, and I—by swanny, I hated to get to Jote's and leave them there. When I lugged their trunks into the house the open fire was dancing jigs behind the andirons and the supper table was waiting —hot biscuits and plumb preserves. And I made believe be a thief and hooked a doughnut and piece of citron cake, and Jote's wife chased me with the poker and we had a regular, old-fashioned Christmas laugh.

Darker than ever outside, after that, I tell you. Clang-bang o' wheel tires on the cast iron ruts, and the sky without a star and the wind slooshing through the bare branches—br-r-r! Only 'Mira left board—'Mira shivering in the horse blankets I'd made her throw over herself. Wasn't half clothed, the woman wasn't. She'd gone away in July and I guess Brack wouldn't send down her winter wear. Set as old Mount Pisgy, he is!

Well, then I had time to pity her a lit-

"'Tain't any use living."

tle. My Christmas passengers had been too jolly company to let me do much thinking up to then. Somehow a sort of bubble, or something, came up in my throat. Down the road in those houses behind us, all the twinkling lights and the tinkling knives and forks and the smilings and the loving looks. Up the road ahead of us, clutter and bannock bread—blamed poor cook Brack Sykes is!—wishful little children and the grum looks of a father soured and sick of living! And that poor critter inside hugging up those presents for her children and trembling and scared and yet believing after all that the door would be opened to her!

Me? I never meddled in family matters in my life to then. Kept bach hall since mother died because there was only one woman in the world that ever suited me—and she and I couldn't seem to agree, and so—

Whew! How the black sky seemed to sag over me and how the wind smashed through the dry trees!

No, never meddled in family affairs, but at the rise of the hill in Byron Valley I pulled up and said to Almira:—

"I'm goin' to take you past your house and over to mine a minute whilst I leave the mails and unhitch. Then I'll walk back with you to see Brack and—and sort of break the ice, you understand."

Yes, she understood. She didn't ask

any questions. Trembled so at her own gate, though, that I had to let her hang on awhile to steady her. I stood and looked at the house. Brack Sykes ain't what I call a good housekeeper. Every curtain was yawed, and past the one that was yawed the worst I could see a smoky lamp and the children sitting in front of the rusty stove.

Great reader, Brack is! He reads such things as "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "Life of Napoleon," and he never lets the children talk out loud evenings. I could see 'em sitting and whispering together. If a little tyke ain't got the license to holler and lark a bit the night before Christmas what's the good of bein' a young one once in your life time?

But there wasn't anything to be gained standing out there swallowing wind, and I took 'Mira by the arm and boosted her along. I was lugging the presents. I don't believe Santa Claus ever walks up to houses feeling just as I did then. I reckon his disposition must be more cheerful than that or else he wouldn't be in the business. But I never was afraid of Brackett Sykes, not so you would notice.

You knock and walk right in up Byron Valley way. Too much ceremony ain't popular.

Brackett looked up over his specs and blinked and then he stiffened as though some one had run a cold crow bar down the back of his neck.

"Brack," said I, trying to be hearty, "I've come to wish you a merry Christmas and bring a few things to the children, includin' their mother."

I guess I ain't got tact enough to handle family matters anyway. I stepped one side without any further ado and pushed Almira plumb into the middle of the room. The children got away from that stove with a chorus good to hear, but Sykes fetched one spring in his stocking feet and lit with a soft thump like a panther, right between the young ones and their mother.

"Back to that stove!" he bellowed, and they scuttled like rabbits.

"You know what I told you this morning," he said to me, spitting the words and clacking his fists. "You know what I told you," he said to her, "when you abandoned me and your children to go runnin' off with a passul of home breakers. No, the Lord don't enter into this," he barked, catching a gasp of something from her. "The Lord didn't tell you to leave your home that way. You were as guilty as though you had run off with an eloper. You abandoned me, your husband, and there's the thing no man forgives, no matter what's the excuse you come round whinin' afterwards. I gave you fair warnin', and a lot of it. You went. Now you stay."

And before I knew just where to grab in, he had her by the shoulders and ran her out-doors. Back he came, his face as white as a sheet, and he picked up a chair and waved it over my head.

"I'll brain you," said he, "if you say a word. Git!"

Really, I guess he would have done it, feeling as he did then. I know when it's better to postpone argument. That was one of the times. I went out. I dropped one bundle. He kicked it out after me.

"Almiry," I said, after we had stood a minute at the gate, "any jackass can kick with his hind legs and the other end of him can bray at the same time. Don't mind."

But she slumped together like a wet rag, squatted down by the fence and hicupped.

"Let me die right here, Cap'n Phin. 'Tain't any use livin'."

Yes,—guess she would have staid there and froze up. You know what some women are in times like that, especially when they've been softened up by trying to be a saint.

Well, just for a minute—just for a minute, you understand, I found a few cogs started in my own gearing. I had been planning an argument, and so forth, with a two-legged man. But a four-legged chair? No, *sir*.

I stood and looked around the sky for stars. Thought I might get an inspiration from one. But not a star—that is, not an astronomer's star. Yet there was a star in sight that had always seemed a sort of heavenly star to me when I'd look at it nights—a star in a heaven that I'd tried to get into several times in my life, I'm free to confess.

"'Miry," said I, "there's a light over to Tryphosy Snell's across the field. She's the one to know what to do when such poor old no 'counts as you and I bust our tugs. Come along." And I boosted her some more.

Now if you had ever lived in Byron Valley you wouldn't need a word from me about Tryphosy Snell, no, sir. One of "the girl that stays" kind, she has been. Understand? I asked her to marry me 'way back when she and I were just turning the stretch out of the green lane of youth. But she allowed then that I was too reckless. Then when I got back from the war her mother was dead and she wouldn't leave her father because he'd had a shock—paralysis, you know. She was hands and feet to him for years.

Then a sister and her young ones were thrown onto her hands to support, and I knew better than to ask her those days. She's too independent for that. But when she was alone again, and was called "Old Maid" Snell, I reminded her that I had been doing a pretty steady job in waiting. Somehow, though, she couldn't seem to get squared round and get out of other business and 'tend to home-making in company with me. And didn't seem to think I'd be the right sort of partner in her general business of being imposed on. They'd piled all the church sociables onto her and all the lawn parties and soliciting for church suppers and pew-cushion repairing and the dev—I should say, the angel o' mercy knows what! Somehow there was always some kind of a job ahead of her to take her mind off marrying me.

But as I have said, that light in her window never stopped seeming to me like a star in heaven—and I tell you it seemed so that night when I was tugging poor 'Miry Sykes toward it. And I reckon that was a sitting-room and that sweet woman seemed a little better than earth to that shivery critter that I brought out of the dark and the cold.

When we came in Tryphosy was sitting listening to her music-box that the Sunday-school gave her. She loves music. And she left it running away on "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day," whilst she soothed Almira and patted her head and got her a cup of hot tea and fussed around her in all those sorts of ways that women folks understand about.

And when I had got done explaining I said:—

"Tryphosy, I tried to bust open a way into Brack Sykes' heart with a club, I reckon, like the old fool I always am, always blunderin' round. I guess you know how to use the golden key that opens the heart to love and forgiveness. I've told 'Miry so, and we put all in your hands."

She sat a while and thought, and I looked around and snuggled down in the big chair, and whispered to the music-box that, no matter what it said, there was no fairer land than this one right here.

"Come," said Tryphosy at last. She put another cylinder into the music-box, tucked it under her shawl, and away we started. The music-box end of the affair struck me, but when Tryphosy Snell does anything I ain't foolish enough to ask questions.

The curtain at Brackett's was still yawed. He was sitting looking straight at nothing and the children were looking at him.

"Wait," said Tryphosy, and we two stood outside the window whilst she went in.

I don't reckon any one in Byron Valley ever said a mean, sneering word to "Old Maid" Snell. I knew that Brackett Sykes wasn't the man to start it, hard as his face was when he looked at her. More than one batch of her cookies had come home to him in the aprons of his young ones the last six months. If he hadn't stood up and pointed out a chair to her and used good manners, I'd have gone in and choked him till he did. But I could see that he was polite—I'll say that much for him.

She began to talk then. We couldn't hear the words, Almira and I couldn't. I never asked what they were. It would spoil 'em if I should try to tell 'em. But I knew too well the sweetness, the honesty, the earnestness, the angel goodness of that woman not to know that Brack Sykes was getting the gospel of human kindness right from the fountain head.

Yes, Almira and I stood outside there, like lost souls looking into the promised land.

And at last, while she talked, I saw Tryphosy slip her hand under her shawl and then there was one thing that the poor wife and I could hear. It was the music-box playing "Home, Sweet Home." Now wasn't that an idea for you? Yes, I cried myself when Almira broke down and leaned against me. Ashamed of myself, but I couldn't help it. And I wasn't thinking of the troubles of the Sykes fam-

Brock grabbed her hand and put his head on the table.

ily at all. I was thinking of what a blamenation, dismal, lonesome, old bach's place I'd got to go back to that Christmas Eve. Yes, blubbering over my own selfish thoughts, just as though that "Home, Sweet Home" tune was any of my business. I saw Tryphosy go along and pat that tousled head of Sykes and smooth her hand along on his shoulder. Her lips were still going. She called the children to come around. And at last, when Brack grabbed her hand and put his head on the table, she beckoned with her finger, for she knew I was looking for the signal.

We went in on tip-toe, 'Mira and I. And the children came into her arms, and I knew by the way she clutched 'em that the saints of Shiloh couldn't depend on one woman I knew about if they wanted an errand done to the uttermost parts of the earth.

I was going to blunder up and shake hands with Brackett and slap his back—and probably start a row again, but Tryphosy pushed me out ahead of her and shut the door behind us. You don't catch her spoiling a thing when it's good enough already.

I felt the snowflakes kissing my cheeks outdoors. I looked up and the sky was turning its feather tick inside out. Where the light streamed from Sykes' window the flakes were dancing like mad, the same as happy little children.

"Tryphosy," said I, "I had been reckonin' that Santy wouldn't come out with his hitch to-night but the—the sleighin' is goin' to be good after all."

"He's gettin' to this house early," said she.

Almira and Brackett were leaning their heads on the old table side by side, their arms over each other's neck. But now she got up and took the ragged stockings the little ones brought to her, and when we went out of the gate she was beginning to darn them over a wooden goose-egg. It had been just as I told her. Not a stocking in the house whole enough to hold presents.

The snow was all dusted over Tryphosy's hair above her forehead when we came to her door—snow sprinkled on like powder, and all so sparkly. And the wind had flushed her cheeks and her eyes were bright with happy tears.

"Such things as that back there sort o' softens up the feelin's, don't they, Tryphosy?" said I.

"Yes, Phineas," said she, "and I want to tell you that you have a tender heart that doesn't need much softening. It's what I like to see in a man—what you have done this day."

"Another home that was all broken up, glued together again," said I. "Nobody could do it but you."

"We did it together, Phineas," said she. "It's good to share blessings like that."

"Seems Christmassy and—and heartwarmin' to see homes—real homes, where there are two to love and cherish each other, don't it?" I hinted.

"Yes," said she, very softly and smilingly.

"Tryphosy," said I then, holding her right by the arm, "ain't it about now that you can find time to talk over our matters with me—after all these years of waitin' I've stood one side for every one and everything. I ain't much, I know. But I've loved you so long that I've got so that I'm pretty decent as a man, so those as know me says. I reckon that both of our hearts are pretty tender to-night—about ripe for the pickin', as you might say. It doesn't seem good and—and Christmassy to live alone as we are doin'. I ain't goin' to tell you again how much I love you, for you know it. Now haven't you got as much pity for me, a poor, lonesome, old bach, as you have for your neighbors?"

"Phineas," said she, and oh, how her eyes sparkled! "won't you come in out of the snow and listen to the music box and have a sup o' tea with me? And be sure to knock the snow balls off your boot heels for they melt and traipse a carpet up dretfully."

She patted my cheek—yes, sir, she did it! Patted my rough old cheek.

"If you're going to be underfoot for me to take care of the rest of my days," she said, "you've got to learn to be neat in the house." And she run in laughing.

Whilst I was knocking off the snow I slipped my hand into my pants' pocket, took out my fig o' chewing tobacco and slung it as far as I could pelt it—and I threw all my old bach notions along with it.

"Such things don't belong in Phin Look's own private heaven," I said to myself,—"not where Tryphosy is." And then, spangled with white snowflakes, I went blinking into glory.

THE "ARTISTIC GIRL'S" LOVE STORY

By George Hibbard

WITH DRAWINGS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

CHARLEY McAULEY viewed the first manifestations of my new departure with distinct disfavor. When he came down from the Hills and found that he was obliged to sit on a divan in the corner under a tent-like canopy supported by a pole, on which was suspended a brass tray from the "Streets of Cairo," while a piece of "stuff" trailed carelessly over a chair, he frowned his disapproval.

"I see," he said, "that you've got all the incriminating circumstances—not to say the contributory negligence!"

"I can't bear ugly surroundings," I informed him. "A discordant line or tone jars on me."

"I'm in the rough about this art business," he admitted. "My idea being that art was something pretty. However, I seem to be mistaken."

"Can't you feel the more hidden beauties?" I remonstrated. "Don't you realize the deeper significance?"

"I think," he said, "I must rub your finer feelings the wrong way just about every minute. No, I can't go into a panic about the light falling on a yellow jar, and if that's the standard set I'm not up to it. You know I love you, and have been turning all my attention to inducing you to marry me. I'm getting on pretty well and can make you pretty comfortable. You could paint your own chromos for the parlor—"

I shuddered. The expression, if nothing else, was enough to disclose to me his Philistine point of view—show his absolute lack of artistic development. And yet he was so distinctly alive and alert, and looked so manly and well as he sat there.

"I see," he said, "that I have again jangled the sweet bells out of tune. Still, has a Whistler etching got to part us? Can't we meet on some common ground where Sargent's portraits cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?"

"Oh, if you only knew what such things meant to me," I exclaimed. "If you knew what your not being able to feel with me about them means to me. How could I go on with such a barrier as that between us? No," I said firmly, "I must lead my life. I must go away."

"Go away!" he exclaimed in consternation.

"Boonville is too narrow for me. I must go where there is an artistic atmosphere. Where I can feast on the beautiful things of the world. I shall spend my life tending the Flame before the Shrine of Art. Could you help me in that?"

"No," Charley answered decidedly.

"Then we must part," I moaned.

"All right," he said and paused. "This can't last. When you return to consciousness I'll be there,—the first object which meets your opening eyes. And I'll have a diamond ring sparkling before them so big and bright that it'll make the Flame before the Shrine of Art look like thirty cents."

I first knew that I had the artistic temperament because I felt so superior to everybody else. I rather think that I may have been led to encourage it and cultivate it by reason of the satisfaction I naturally had in such a superiority. Then, as I was not popularly pretty like the other girls with regular features and bright eyes and round cheeks, the discovery that there was another kind of beauty came as a joyful and surprising discovery. To be sure, the kind of beauty which I learned from books and pictures was not much prized in Boonville. In fact the Mona Lisa was voted fat and heavy, and a Botticelli angel unqualifiedly condemned for just the opposite reason as being too thin and scrawny.

As I gazed in the glass I readily convinced myself that my thin face was interesting, that my large eyes were mysterious. I found consolation in this for the triumphs of Fanny Brown and Clara Buxley. Moreover, having been recognized as artistic, I enjoyed the exceptionality of my situation. I liked the wonder,—not without a little pitying tolerance,—with which the community looked up to me.

Art was a new thing in Boonville, welcomed with a fine Western enthusiasm, and I was its prophetess. In school I had always won all the drawing prizes. Afterward, one summer, I had "taken in oils" for three months from an art teacher who was visiting her relations in the place. The dear, little, shiny tubes of paint had always had the greatest fascination and no terror for me. I plunged in unhesitatingly, and was at once covered with Prussian blue and glory. I do not know which was the more pervasive. I rubbed the Prussian blue off with great difficulty, but the glory stuck. My portrait of "Rover," the collie, was shown to every one who came to the house. My picture of "Boonville Creek Bridge at Sunset" was hung in the window of the dry goods store and praised in the local papers.

Of course, the flattery went to my head. The notice told upon me. I began to act the part—and dress it. By instinct, assisted by pictures and the descriptions of several heroines in artistic novels,—I became as limp and trailing and diaphanous and queer as if I had lived in studios all my life. I began to be superior. I found that Boonville existence was "crude and unfinished." I learned—and stated—that it lacked "atmosphere and color."

All this, as may be imagined, did not tend to render me popular. But I argued that the artistic nature was different, and could not naturally exist on the lowly level of everyday life. Like all exalted spirits, I was destined to be lonely. After a picnic had been arranged without me, I decided that I would exist solely for my art.

This would have been all right without Charley McAuley. I'd known him when I was six and he was twelve, and he had met me with my sled and raced to school with me on it. Then I had been ten and he sixteen. I had thrown snowballs at him, and he had turned red and pretended not to see me. And again there was the time when I was sixteen and he twenty-two, and conversely I had turned red and run away when he came to ask me to go to the circus.

Then more years had passed. He went away as the superintendent of the great Anaconda mines up in the Hills. Each time he came back he looked older and handsomer, and the other girls were more wild about him. And he always remembered me. Indeed, the hardest requirement of my artistic position was my necessary attitude toward Charley McAuley. I could not forget him, and yet—what sympathy could one of my exacting taste be supposed to have with one who frankly declared that the lithograph of a rosy child looking at a nest of little birds was "pretty"; who did not hesitate to assert that the picture in an advertisement in a magazine of a girl leading a bear dancing in rubber boots was "funny." Charley McAuley declared that a flaming sunset was "grand," but he could pass without an emotion the loveliest duck pond with an entrancing gray sky above it. I have known a whole field of silvery green cabbages 'gainst the brown mould to leave him absolutely unmoved. How could I believe that we should be anything than far apart when the more subtle beauties of nature lay before us? How could I expect to stand with him entranced before the masterpieces of the past and spell out reverently and falteringly with him the "message" sent to us from earlier and greater times?

I went to New York. I had made up my mind to go from the first. I felt I should find there all I longed to have. At school Molly Simpkins had been my dearest friend. Her soul longed for music as mine for art. She had visions of applauding audiences in grand opera, while salon medals dangled before my eyes. She had already chosen her name. As she was born in Denver, she was going to call herself Coloradi. I wrote to her at once, and we joined forces in the prettiest little apartment, with her Aunt Matilda for chaperon. There was no trouble about money, for papa was Boonville's "leading citizen," and always gave me everything I wanted. I was set on a comfortable Bohemia, or rather, a mild girl-bachelorhood. No canned thing cooked in a chafing dish or washing my own handkerchiefs for me. I did

not need to do it, and I could help Molly.

We settled and set to work. I never shall forget the first day when I found myself in a big, dusty room with casts looking like ghosts of departed *chef d'œuvres* glimmering in all the dark corners. There were heads and arms and feet everywhere. One might have thought there had been a horrible plaster of Paris accident, and the unfortunate victims had been thrown all over the place. Of course, I had to begin with one of the scattered members. The glories of the Milo or the Discobolus were not for me. I was obliged to put in my time with a bony hand clasping what might have been the rod of empire or a section of clothes-line. My days I divided between that and a foot with the heel raised for some unknown reason on a block that would put the highest *talon* of a French shoe to shame. This, however, did not last. I made unequaled progress. I was, I believe, the admiration and wonder of the place. I broke the record in getting into the "Portrait Class," and there—I came on Julian Melrose.

I convinced myself that my large eyes were mysterious.

The result for my young affections was in no way unprecedented. There was not one girl in the class who was not "interested" in him. Nine-tenths of us were in love with him. Any one who was not would have been thought to show a culpable disregard of popular opinion—would have been regarded as something of an outsider not evincing a proper fellow spirit. I had never seen anything like him before, and the effect was instantaneous. He was very large, no one thought of saying that he was fat. His pointed beard and short hair were perfectly black—none even whispered that he was slightly bald. When his tall figure lounged into the room with his hands in the pockets of his very baggy trousers I stood entranced. His somberness of expression impressed me at once. His melancholy, far-off gaze attracted me. I felt immediately that he was the living, walking embodiment of the Spirit of Art which I had sought. I knew the reverence in which he was held for his work. I had seen some of it, and pretended so hard that I understood it that I finished by satisfying myself that I truly did.

As he strode forward and stood frowning down on a girl's easel I almost held my breath waiting to seize the precious words. Casting up his eyes and his hands to Heaven he drew a long breath. Then he shuddered slightly.

"Horrible!" he murmured, "horrible!"

I saw the girl shrink. I could tell from her face that she was ready to cry.

"Did you ever try shoe polishing?" he asked glancing down at her brilliant, neat little tan footwear.

"No," the girl half sobbed.

"You had better practise that form of art," he sneered leaving the girl openly weeping. "You will make more of a success of it."

I thought this horribly impertinent and was most uncomfortable but no one seemed to notice it.

With the next student his method was different. Pausing he cast himself into an attitude of affected admiration. I noticed the corners of her mouth began to tremble.

"Ah!" he cried, "what breadth, what color! Notice the drawing—so accurate. I do not observe that one side of the models' face is half the size of the other. Undoubtedly some fault of my vision. I cannot see that the sitter is broken out with small-pox. Something must be the matter with my sight. Ah! We must look to our laurels—"

One may imagine the state in which the girl was by this time with all the others listening and giggling in the most flattering manner at his humor. She was crying too and indeed, in his progress he left a train of weeping maidens behind him.

I felt that he was near me. My heart stood still. I would not make a spectacle of myself like the others.

"Indeed," he said deliberately over my shoulder. "Mademoiselle is founding a new school. She affects originality. And *such* originality. Certainly nothing was ever seen like it at all!"

I could not help it. The biting tone—the utter contempt of the words—the strangeness of being addressed in such a manner were too much for me. I could feel my throat tightening. The hot tears were pushing behind *my* lids.

The performance of that morning I witnessed again and again. When he did smile—when he dropped the faintest word of praise or even encouragement—the recipient was in a seventh heaven. I have seen girls flushed and radiant with pride simply because he did not find fault. I have known girls almost swoon with joy at a single word of approval.

Molly Simpkins and I talked over the matter frequently. Her music teacher, Herr Leszczynski, was even a more formidable person than Julian Melrose. The names he called the girls in horrifying German and even in intelligible English were really quite awful. He had what is known as a "Jove-like head," and all the young women in his class were in love with him too. I believe really that the more abusive those two men were the more the young women adored them. In fact Molly and I had not been students long before they formed the one ever engrossing subject for our conversation. I think I had my doubts as to whether it was all quite right but Molly was as infatuated as the rest and would have no questioning.

"Don't you see?" she said, "it's the artistic nature that suffers from anything unartistic or unmusical. I suppose we have no idea of the way our crude attempts jar on their nerves."

"But why should men have nerves?" I asked rebelliously.

"The artistic soul is sensitive though strong," argued Molly. "Don't you understand the shock is so great that they simply forget themselves—are carried away. I think it is grand to be so strong that one can be carried away. They are superior beings with their genius and of course, cannot be like others. They only think of their art and they cannot bear to see it desecrated."

"If they are geniuses they might still remember to be gentlemen," I declared. "I believe that you would let Herr Leszczynski wipe off his arctics on you."

"I would do a great deal in the service of music," said Molly proudly.

"You know," I added, "you told me the other day with pride that he gave you his umbrella to open and dry—"

"Well!" she retorted, "you remember that you were pleased when Julian Melrose sent you down stairs to get some thumb tacks out of his overcoat pocket."

I objected—I struggled. I must confess though, that like all the others I lost my head and, as I firmly believed, my heart. I got worse as the months went on and I fell under the influence more and more. I know that I wrote less often to Charley and thought of him less often. He and all with which he was connected in my mind seemed far away. I began to wonder how I had ever endured his jokes. Julian Melrose always took himself with a portentous seriousness. There was nothing funny in art. Charley's "jollying" appeared sacrilegious.

The spring came on. I was drifting, sailing further from my Charley and his world every day. I was working myself to a frazzle. To have Julian Melrose look approval appeared to me the one thing most desirable in this world,—surely worth any sacrifice. Sacrifice! I gloried in each hour devoted to painting. How much came from a desire for Julian Melrose's praise and how much from a real interest in what I was doing I cannot tell. Molly practised as I painted. In the evening we compared what our "masters" had said—dwelling on every look—weighing every tone.

I remember the day very well. From the scowl on Julian Melrose's dark face as he entered, each girl learned what she might expect. All quailed; some actually cowering at their easels. He had often been scathing before. That morning he was withering,—annihilating. The first to whom he gave a "criticism" was a small, shrinking woman who had no more talent than a hen. Her determination and enthusiasm created a certain sympathy for her with the class. Not so with Julian Melrose. He seemed to take particular satisfaction in abusing her because she was so helpless. On that occasion her "head" was even worse than usual. With a few bitter sentences he left her sobbing audibly. One by one he reviewed the rank of workers, leaving much gnashing of teeth and almost wailing and tearing of hair behind him. He was in a furious humor, and he poured out the vials of his wrath even more generously and liberally than he ever had before.

I knew that my turn was coming. I had been working hard. The result was not satisfactory even to myself. What it might appear in Julian Melrose's eyes I could not tell. What he might say I could only fear.

At last he reached me and stood behind my high stool. Without a word he reached down. He picked up a palette knife lying on a chair. With two scrapes he had swept away every vestige of the head upon the canvas.

"You came from Boonville?" he demanded.

"Yes," I faltered.

"Go back there. Go back there," he commanded. "There is where you belong."

I grew red. I felt the humiliation of such disgrace before the class covertly watching with all eyes—listening with all ears. I was also furious. I think my anger as much as my sorrow brought the tears.

"You don't think I can do anything?" I faltered.

"Not in art," he declared. "Perhaps in Boonville, that is where you belong. You are out of place in any studio."

I was indignant. I think the sense of my own powerlessness—the feeling of the false position as much as anything made the tears overflow my eyes. I was too proud to wipe them away. There I stood with the drops running down my cheeks—Julian Melrose glowering before me. I was so bewildered that I did not hear or

"Washington Crossing the Delaware" in five minutes.

notice anything. A step sounded briskly on the wood floor. I turned with the rest of the class.

There—I saw him mistily so that the dreamlike impression was greater—there stood Charley McAuley smiling grimly.

"Beg pardon," he said sharply. "Thought I'd step directly up, as I was here. Seems just as well that I did."

He glanced along the line of sniffling damsels and finally let his eyes rest on my countenance.

"I dropped in. I just happened to hear a few words and learned how things were going."

"You are an intruder here," thundered Julian Melrose. "Get out."

"Not just yet," Charley answered

amiably. "Not quite just yet. I've heard and seen some things that rather surprised me. I know I'm not on an intimate footing with the ways of artistic circles, but I'm learning fast, and I don't fancy what I'm finding."

"You are an interloper," vociferated Julian Melrose.

"I didn't say as I wasn't. I know they tried to stop me on the way up. I wanted to find a young lady, and I thought I'd come right on. Now," he continued with a different ring in his voice, "I'm going to see about this."

He stepped back to the door. The key was in the lock. He turned this and drew it out and put it in his pocket. Then he came forward again.

"There's one thing we don't stand for and don't understand out West," he said quickly, "and that's making women cry. When we see that, we feel we've got a call to speak out in meeting. Look at all these beautiful young ladies in tears. I've heard some of your talk to 'em, and you may be artistic all right, but in Dead Man's Gulch we'd call you a low down, white-hearted cur, bullying women!"

Julian Melrose started and took a step toward the speaker.

"I don't think I'm going to have any trouble with you," Charley went on. "I can always tell when I look a man in the eye,—and I've looked in a good many,—what kind of a fight or bluff he's going to put up. I don't mind telling you that I think you're easy. Still—"

He put his hand behind him and drew out a pistol—no pretty, shiny thing—but a grim, black terror that made me shudder to look at it.

"I brought my gun along," he said. "Not that I expected I'd have a use for it, but just from habit. However, seems it comes handy."

"What do you mean?" stammered Julian Melrose paling visibly.

There are those who are constitutional cowards—whom the mere sight of a weapon will intimidate though their reason may tell them that there is no chance for its use. Julian Melrose was, I am afraid, one of these.

"I'm just going to conduct a little art class of my own," Charley said. "I'm just going to give a little instruction and criticism myself." He looked straight at Julian Melrose. "Pick up that board with the paints on it—and those brushes."

Melrose stood defiantly.

"Pick—quick," Charley said deliberately as he raised his "gun."

I stood motionless, like all the rest of the girls, intent upon what was happening. I felt that any one must know that Charley would not fire; but I did not stand there before that black muzzle with Charley McAuley's eyes looking along it. With an apprehensive glance at the pistol, Melrose did as he was bid.

"Now," said Charley pointing to my canvas, "there's a nice frame that you've just most thoughtfully cleaned off. I guess we'll have you make a little cartoon for us on that. An' you've got to do it good, 'cause I'm bossing this job, an' my artistic judgment is most severe. Understand?"

Julian Melrose stood holding the brushes and palette through which he had instinctively put his thumb. I never saw such incarnate fury as showed in his white face. He seemed unable to speak, almost unable to move.

"Now," said Charley seating himself on a stool. "We'll begin. I'll just give you ten minutes to turn out a masterpiece."

"This outrage—" Melrose stuttered.

"Hush!" said Charlie very gently. "You're not talking to these beautiful young ladies any more. To be strictly accurate I'm talking to you. I'll tell you, therefore, that you've got so accustomed to being around among women and having 'em bow down to you and flatter you that you've forgot what's becoming in a man. Because you've been allowed to terrorize a class of girls you've got to think a lot too much of yourself—too little of what is due the ladies. I'm just here and now going to rectify that little error on your part an' teach you a lesson. Now we'll come down to what's doing. I said I'd give you ten minutes. I saw a fellow at a fair once make a picture with colored chalks of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" in five minutes—ice and flags and surrounding scenery in full. If you're what you're cracked up to be I guess you can slap us out something in ten. You don't need to do any thinking; I'll furnish the subject. Ladies," he said turning to the class, "we are now going to have an interesting exhibition of this renowned painter giving

us his idea of the way the Father of his Country looked on that historic winter night when he surprised the British."

"A picture," cried Julian Melrose, "without models?"

"Do you need something to paint from?" said Charley. "Why, haven't you got far enough to do without copying?"

"A picture," gasped Melrose "with a subject—"

"Well," said Charley, "hasn't a picture got to be of something. Now you paint an' I'll do the talking."

Charley looked at him steadily and for a minute did not speak. Paint Julian Melrose did. I could hardly believe what I saw. Under the compelling gaze, Julian Melrose turned toward the canvas. He glanced over his shoulder. Charley's look seemed to impel him and he raised his brush.

One by one—step by step—the girls drew forward. Their eyes were round with staring. Their mouths open with wonder. Was it true? Still there was Charley sitting and smiling and Melrose painting away for dear life—every now and again looking about only to return hastily to what he was doing. Painting! The wonderful daub he was making—as was only to be expected—looked like the work of a child.

"Three minutes up," announced Charley. "You're falling behind the record. And as for quality. Drawing! Why you'd better be drawing an apple cart than trying to be an artist! Color—the House Painter's Union wouldn't admit you. However, don't shoot the musician, he's done the best he can. Still if I might advise, I think a little more foreshortening and perspective and chiaroscuro, not to say breadth and width,—and technique and savoir faire,—and handling and catch as catch can would help—"

Suddenly I laughed: a nervous little laugh of excitement. A titter ran round the ranks of girls. The air cleared. The surcharged atmosphere grew more peaceful. All crowded about, giggling and whispering—and watching. The ogre had been overthrown. Charley had destroyed the dragon. From before my eyes a veil seemed to drop. I think every girl in the place saw differently. Charley had brought it about. I looked at him sitting there calm and alert, looking very strong and manly—though he did have on a red necktie—which, however, was something I could have changed as soon as—

I heaved a sigh. The sigh was one of relief—of joy. I felt a little as if waking from a trance.

"Oh! Charley," I said, "if you could only interview Herr Leszczynski."

"Who's he?" Charley asked.

"Molly's music teacher," I answered. "He calls the girls the most awful names."

"Perhaps I'll drop in on him to-morrow. I've an idea that I'd like to have him play 'rag time' for me and show those young women how he'd do it."

The idea of the "Jove-like" Leszczynski playing "rag time" caused me intense delight.

"Now," said Charley to Julian Melrose, "I want you to sign that effort."

Melrose hesitated—looked and did as he was told.

"I want it," Charley continued, "but I'm not going to rob you on this hold up. What's your usual asking price for your works of art?"

"Money would not pay—" Melrose spluttered.

"Well," said Charley, "I'll find out your market value and give you twice. The fun was worth it—and," he added turning to me, "I've come to tell you that I've got something of my own that beats even the Anaconda and the world is ours."

That Julian Melrose kept Charley's cheque was the last straw.

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

The Land of Disasters

WHEN the thousand corpses from the *Slocum* wreck had been buried, a vast open-air meeting was held in one of the squares of New York City to do honor to the dead. In the very center of the park stood a great catafalque draped in black, and as the mourners marched past to the music of Chopin's funeral march, they could read the inscription on its face:—

"MAY WE NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN."

Have they died in vain? And the fifty thousand passengers and employees who were maimed last year on the railroads, and the four thousand more who were killed outright—have they suffered and died in vain? And those five thousand others whose deaths came suddenly on American railroads last year, lightly passed over in the reports as "trespassers" because they were not working on the railroads nor traveling upon them—what of them? And what of that other and larger army, burned, maimed and crushed in other accidents directly traceable to American negligence, American recklessness and American money-making?

Too often we rail at what seems to our shortsighted eyes the wicked recklessness of the suffering Providence commands. But here is a condition, awful in its consequences, infinitely terrible in its possibilities, which we neglect as idly as though the power to correct it did not lie in the hollow of our palms.

I have before me the copy of a letter, touching as the heart can make it, addressed to the President of the United States. Since it is the people, not the President, upon whom the responsibility of answering such an appeal must lie, I quote it with the author's permission:—

"*To His Excellency,*
The President of the United States,
Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

"HONORED SIR:—

"In the hope that this letter may reach you personally, I take the liberty of stating at once that I am asking for no political or financial favors whatever—I appeal to you on purely humanitarian grounds.

"Oh, Mr. President, I implore you, during your next term—(for we all hope and believe you will be the people's choice)—to turn your attention to remedying the fearful loss of life that is daily caused by those legalized national American massacre institutions—American Railways. I have traveled extensively, and I know that in no other country would such wholesale murders on Railroads be tolerated.

"You, Mr. President, have put down Postal Frauds—you have shown yourself in all matters so great, so capable—will you not appoint a Commission of humane and intelligent men to investigate the causes of those awful accidents?—accidents which are filling our cemeteries, and caused solely by the fiendish carelessness of railroad officials.

"Mr. President, you have a family, and children of whom you may be well proud. You know a parent's love. I stand by a grave in which all my hopes and joys and happiness are buried, where lie the mangled remains of a noble, bright, beautiful boy—his joyous, young life crushed out in a horrible accident on a Nebraska road; for he had gone on a visit to the West, fired with enthusiasm after reading your books. And, Mr. President, since he was so cruelly and needlessly massacred, my agony and suffering has been so awful, so intense, and my existence without him so desolate and dreary, that I would gladly consecrate my ruined life in trying to induce this apathetic American public to protest *en masse* against those wholesale murders. I am but a weak and unknown woman, and in my helplessness I appeal to you, the head of our nation, to redress these

wrongs; and if my feeble words and efforts can influence you to help our cause, thus preventing other mothers from suffering as I suffer, then my precious boy's life may not have been sacrificed in vain—for, Mr. President, in this broad land there are many who also suffer through the damnable carelessness of railroad superintendents and officials. Who can say that your son may escape?

"Let our Government examine into these railroad horrors and bring the guilty officials to justice; for they are criminally negligent of the human lives committed to their care.

"Most respectfully yours,
"FLORENCE STUART OLDERSHAW,
"501 E. Washington Street,
"Pontiac, Ill."

What have we citizens of the United States to answer to this letter? Is that boy, too, to die in vain? Shall we also rest content to know that a switchman or engineer has lost his job, or that justice has been served by sending a conductor to the penitentiary?

Switchmen, engineers and conductors are to blame. Of course they are. I have a friend who served his apprenticeship as a fireman on a Western railroad. More than once, he says, he and his engineer leaned side by side against the wall of the cab, asleep on duty, both of them. Criminal? Yes; but the crime occurred after twenty hours of continuous and exhausting labor demanded by the road. How many of my readers could shovel coal into a furnace for a day and a night without real rest, and feel his responsibilities as he does when he is fresh and strong? Better give up the job, you say, if you are not equal to it. True, but the answer is: No man is equal to it, and the officials of a railroad which expects the impossible from its servants are far more criminal than the exhausted and nerveless man through whom the offense comes.

The people will think so, even though the courts disagree. Last month Judge Swartz, of Montgomery County, Pa., rendered a decision interesting to every man and woman who boards a railroad train. The case was this: One John F. Fleischutt, a freight engineer, ran his engine into a passenger train. The wreck was commonplace enough—two people killed and a dozen or so injured. Anyhow, it seemed right to do something, and Fleischutt was put on trial. His fireman was the principal witness. This man testified that the freight train had been ordered to wait on a siding until four successive trains had passed. This took time. The crew had been on duty for above twenty-two hours, and during this period of idleness both men fell asleep. Waking suddenly, they noticed that time had elapsed and supposed that the last train must have passed. The engineer started his train and the wreck occurred.

If Fleischutt increased his wages by working more hours than nature allows, and thereby put lives in deadly peril, we cannot hold him guiltless. Of course, it was wrong, horribly wrong. But was it not the Railroad which compounded the crime by allowing Fleischutt to toil beyond the limit of human endurance? The Pennsylvania is in the forefront of progress among American railroads, and where it sins few others are blameless. Here lies the awful significance of the case. Think of it—trusting the safety of the train to a man whose hand has been on the throttle for twenty-two consecutive hours! The judge, however, was not thinking of this. His job, for instance, is considerably pleasanter than Fleischutt's, but possibly had the evidence kept his honor sitting in his comfortable chair for twenty-two consecutive hours, and had he feared that any protest might chop off a year's comfortable salary, he might have allowed his eyes to close and the scales of justice to waver just a little. However, these considerations did not temper justice. Fleischutt was plainly guilty and the judge overruled a point of law raised by the prisoner's counsel that in case of a wreck, physical exhaustion may excuse an engineer on duty, affirming forcibly that no man has a right to work on a railroad unless he is in fine physical condition.

Thus was justice served. Just how far Fleischutt's imprisonment will protect travelers in the future remains to be seen.

What are we going to do about it?

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

XI. ABOUT CHRISTMAS

THERE was once a family who had a guest staying with them; and when they found out that he was to have a birthday during his visit, they were all delighted at the idea of celebrating it. Days before —almost weeks before—they began to prepare for the celebration. They cooked and stored a large quantity of good things to eat, and layed in a stock of good things to be cooked and prepared on the happy day. They planned and arranged the most beautiful decorations. They even thought over and made, or selected, little gifts for one another; and the whole house was in hurry and confusion for weeks before the birthday came. Everything else that was to be done was postponed until after the birthday; and, indeed, many important things were neglected.

Finally the birthday came, the rooms were all decorated, the table set, all the little gifts arranged, and the guests from outside of the house had all arrived. Just after the festivities had begun a little child said to its mother: "Mamma, where is the man whose birthday it is—"

"Hush, hush," the mother said; "don't ask questions."

But the child persisted, until finally the mother said: "Well, I am sure I do not know, my dear, but I will ask."

She asked her neighbor, and the neighbor looked surprised and a little puzzled.

"Why," she said, "it is a celebration, we are celebrating his birthday, and he is a guest in the house."

Then the mother got interested and curious herself.

"But where is the guest? Where is the man whose birthday it is?" And this time she asked one of the family. He looked startled at first, and then inquired of the rest of the family.

"Where is the guest whose birthday it is?" Alas! nobody knew. There they were, all excited and trying to enjoy themselves by celebrating his birthday, and he,—some of them did not even know who he was! He was left out and forgotten!

When they had wondered for a little while they immediately forgot again, and went on with their celebrations,—all except the little child. He slipped out of the room and made up his mind to find the man whose birthday it was, and, finally, after a hard search, he found him upstairs in the attic,—lonely and sick.

He had been asked to leave the guest-room, which he had occupied, and to move upstairs, so as to be out of the way of the preparations for his birthday. Here he had fallen ill, and no one had had time to think of him, excepting one of the humbler servants and this little child. They had all been so busy preparing for his birthday festival that they had forgotten him entirely.

This is the way it is with most of us at Christmas time.

Whenever we think of a friend, or even an acquaintance, we think of his various qualities,—not always in detail, but as forming a general impression which we associate with his name. If it is a friend whom we love and admire, we love, especially on his birthday, to dwell on all that is good and true in his character; and at such times, though he may be miles away in body, we find ourselves living with him every hour of the day, and feel his presence; and, from that feeling, do our daily tasks with the greater satisfaction and joy.

Every one in this part of the world, of course, knows whose birthday we celebrate

on the twenty-fifth of December. If we imagine that such a man never really existed, that he was simply an ideal character, and nothing more,—if we were to take Christmas Day, as the festival of a noble myth,—the ideal which it represents is so clear, so true, so absolutely practical in the way it is recorded in the book of his life, that it would be a most helpful joy to reflect upon it, and to try and apply its beautiful lessons on the day which would especially recall it to our minds.

Or, let us suppose that such a man really did exist,—a man whose character was transcendantly clear and true, quiet, steady and strong,—a man who was full of warm and tender love for all,—who was constantly doing good to others without the slightest display or self-assertion,—a man who was simple and humble,—who looked the whole world in the face and did what was right,—even though the whole respectable world of his day disapproved of him, and even though this same world attested in the most emphatic manner that he was doing what was dangerous and wicked,—a man with spiritual sight so keen that it was far above and beyond any mere intellectual power,—a sight compared to which, what is commonly known as intellectual keenness is, indeed, as darkness unto light; a man with a loving consideration for others so true and tender that its life was felt by those who merely touched the hem of his garment. Suppose we knew that such a man really did live in this world, and that the record of his life and teachings constitute the most valuable heritage of our race,—what new life it would give us to think of him, especially on his birthday,—to live over, so far as we were able, his qualities as we knew them; and to gain, as a result, new clearness for our own everyday lives. The better we knew the man the more clearly we could think of him, and the more full our thoughts would be of living, practical suggestions for daily work.

But now just think what it would mean to us, if we really knew that this humble, loving man were the Creator of the universe—the very God—who took upon Himself our human nature, with all its hereditary imperfections: and, in that human nature, met and conquered every temptation that ever was, or ever could be, possible to man; thus,—by self-conquest—receiving all the divine qualities into his human nature, and bringing them into this world within reach of the hearts and minds of all men, to give light and warmth to their lives, and to enable them to serve each other;—if we could take this view of the man's life and work,—with what quiet reverence and joy should we celebrate the twenty-fifth of December, as a day set apart to celebrate His birth into the world!

If we ourselves loved a truthful, quiet, way of living better than any other way, how would we feel to see our friends preparing to celebrate our birthday with strain, anxiety and confusion? If we valued a loving consideration for others more than anything else in the world, how would it affect us to see our friends preparing for the festival with a forced sense of the conventional necessity for giving?

"Who gives himself with his gift feeds three,—
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."

That spirit should be in every Christmas gift throughout Christendom. The most thoughtless man or woman would recognize the truth, if they could look at it quietly with due regard for the real meaning of the day. But, after having heard and assented to the truth, the thoughtless people would, from force of habit, go on with the same rush and strain.

It is comparatively easy to recognize the truth, but it is quite another thing to habitually recognize your own disobedience to it, and compel yourself to shun that disobedience, and so habitually to obey,—and to obey it is our only means of treating the truth with real respect. When you ask a man, about holiday time, how his wife is, not uncommonly he will say,—

"Oh! she is all tired out getting ready for Christmas."

And how often we hear the boast,

"I had one hundred Christmas presents to buy, and I am completely worn out with the work of it."

And these very women who are tired and strained with the Christmas work, "put on an expression" and talk with emotion of the beauty of Christmas, and the joy there is in the "Christmas feeling."

Just so every one at the birthday party of the absent guest exclaimed with delight at all the pleasures provided, although

the essential spirit of the occasion contradicted directly the qualities of the man whose birthday it was supposed to honor.

How often we may hear women in the railway cars talking over their Christmas shopping :—

"I got so and so for James,—that will do for him, don't you think so?"

And, when her companion answers in the affirmative, she gives a sigh of relief as if to say, now he is off my mind! Poor woman,—she does not know what it means to give herself with her gift. She is missing one of the essentials of the true joy of Christmas Day. Indeed, if all her gifts are given in that spirit, she is directly contradicting the true spirit of the day. How many of us are unconsciously doing the same thing because of our habit of regarding Christmas gifts as a matter of conventional obligation.

If we get the spirit of giving because of Him whose birthday it is, we shall love to give, and our hearts will go out with our gifts,—and every gift, whether great or small, will be a thoughtful message of love from one to another. There are now many people, of course, who have this true spirit of Christmas giving; and they are the people who most earnestly wish that they had more. Then there are many more who do not know the spirit of a truly thoughtful gift, but would be glad to know it, if it could once be brought to their attention.

We cannot give in a truly loving spirit if we give in order that we may receive.

We cannot give truly in the spirit of Christmas if we rush and hurry, and feel strained and anxious about our gifts.

We cannot give truly if we give more than we can afford.

People have been known to give nothing, because they could not give something expensive; they have been known to give nothing in order to avoid the trouble of careful and appropriate selection; but to refrain from giving for such reasons is as much against the true spirit of Christmas as is the hurried, excited gift-making of conventionality.

Even now there is joy in the Christmas time, in spite of the rush and hurry and selfishness; and the spirit of those who keep the joy alive by remembering whose birthday it is, serves as leaven all over the world.

First let us remember what Christmas stands for, and then let us try to realize the qualities of the great personality which gave the day its meaning and significance,—let us honor them truly in all our celebrations. If we do this we shall, at the same time, be truly honoring the qualities, and respecting the needs of every friend to whom we give, and our gifts, whether great or small, will be full of the spirit of discriminating affection. Let us realize that, in order to give truly, we must give soberly and quietly, and let us take an hour or more by ourselves to think over our gifts, before we begin to buy or to make them. If we do that, the helpful thoughts are sure to come, and new life will come with them.

A wise man has described the difference between heaven and hell by saying that, in heaven, every one wants to give all that he has to every one else, and that in hell, every one wants to take away. It is the spirit of heaven that belongs to Christmas.

MARGINALIA

THE PREHISTORIC PLAY

By Elsie Casseigne King

YOU make your dolls speak soulfully, immorally, profanely;
It is just the same old twaddle done in a different way!
The things are staged divinely, but we're after more than scenery,
Give us something that is novel—say a Prehistoric Play!

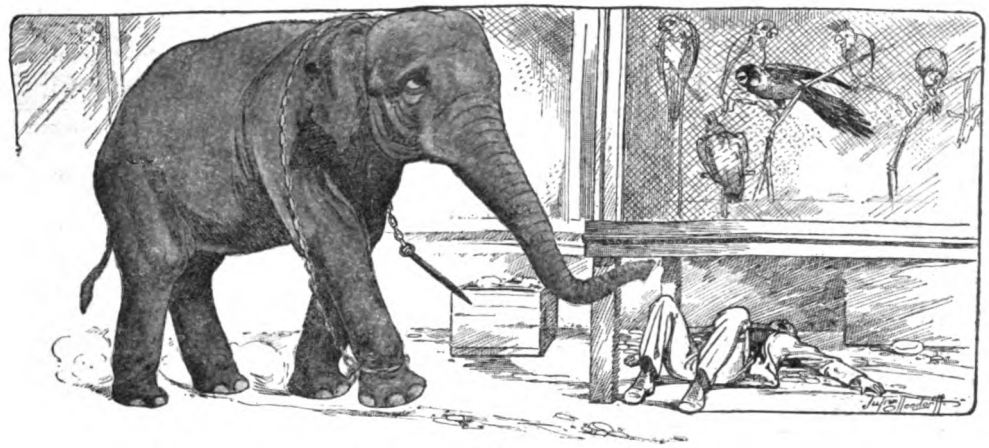
You could have a stirring drama of the Stone Age, or the Bronze one,
With a sword-toothed tiger roaring, or a cave-bear brought to bay;
It might wake up Richard Mansfield to a little old-time ranting,
For he couldn't quite Beau Brummelize a Prehistoric Play.

'Twould be a joy delirious to have the greater Saurians
Depicted on the posters of our sober old Broadway;
Jimmie Powers' "Pterodactyl" would reform the worst Kentuckian!
We'd have no need of Keelys, with a Prehistoric Play.

Imagine Billy Faversham in costume Neolithic,
Without his Cockney accent, and with mastodons to slay;
Or our dainty, big-eyed Anna, as a Paleozoic dam-sel,—
There'd be many contradictions in a Prehistoric Play.

What splendid opportunities for Nethersole or Carter
To appear in just a bearskin, hung exceeding negligee;
It would cut out the Du Barry, and the stair-a-scending Sappho
From their hearts, if they might figure in a Prehistoric Play!

O our Masters! Doubting Thomas! Brave Belasco! Wily Frohman!
We, your all submissive Public, come, our little prayer to pray!
We have tired of romances, comic operas, farces rural,—
Give to us, to speed our ennui, one Prehistoric Play!



She felt as squeamish as a small boy in a strange watermelon patch.

NELLIE'S NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By Norman H. Crowell

WITH DRAWINGS BY JULIAN OLLENDORFF

THE "circuit" was completed. The long months of hustle and bustle were mercifully at an end. In winter quarters Nellie was trying to forget the din and glare, the rush and rumble of her summer's life. The cozy, homelike quarters were soothing to Nellie's frayed nerves, and now, after a month's rest, the soft, peachy bloom was again visible on her cheek and her eye sparkled with her old-time, girlish enthusiasm.

The short, winter's day was ending. The soft, silky rustle of straw and the gentle swishing of Little Pete's trunk, as he delved ravenously into his quota of hay, made a dreamy harmony in the semi-darkness. Nellie stood motionless, wrapped in thought. Occasionally recalling herself, she would toy irresolutely with the succulent food before her, only to speedily resume her abstracted gaze into the gathering darkness.

Nellie's eyes were staring straight ahead out over the sleek, polished hump of a little Hottentot cow's spinal column. They were apparently deep in perusal of the belligerent whiskers that dangled from the chin of a certain corkscrew-horned gentleman from the far mountain crags.

But Nellie saw neither hump nor whiskers —she was pondering too deeply for that. Near by the silky swish-swish of the perambulating panther crept into her keen ear. From farther away the delicate, yet unsought, odor of live hyena struck in upon her nostrils and the harrowing vision of their ghoulish countenances grinning at her fled through her brain.

Upon her left, Old Spot, the seal, maintained his never-ending schedule of appear, wheeze and disappear. Old Spot's white moustache was very fascinating to Nellie and she could pick the exact spot where it would rise to the surface with unfailing regularity.

The group of dejected dromedaries next drifted within the range of Nellie's attention. She felt a trifle resentful as she noted their reverent attitude, sad features and despairing mien. She wondered what they were feeling so terribly about, and secretly wished they might get a taste of the real agony of being deserted by Jenkins, which calamity was even now racking the foundations of her being.

Only an hour previously Jenkins had bustled in excitedly with a white collar on. Nellie had given the collar critical inspection, and finding that it interfered but little with her prerogative of breathing down Jenkins' vertebræ, she decided to let it stay.

Nellie had noticed the uncommonly brisk and chipper deportment of her guardian, and now she recalled quite distinctly having overheard him remark that he expected to see a

man by the name of Old Santy. Old Santy. Who was Old Santy, anyway?

Alone with her fears, Nellie could not shake them off as she did when she had Jenkins' inspiring nearness to cheer her, and the hours had dragged most wearily.

From the outside world came the gladsome ching-ching-ching of dashing bells, and Nellie wondered how it would seem to be a horse and pull a sleigh rapidly up a snowy street. On second thoughts, perhaps she could do it herself if she only had a chance. She realized that her weight was a trifle against her, but then—what was her weight anyway? Modesty had kept her from going down to the butcher's to be weighed, but Nellie positively knew that her waist was smaller—much smaller than last season.

Little Pete, becoming drowsy, floundered down among the crinkly straw and awoke Nellie from her revery. She drew a deep, shuddery breath and blinked rapidly.

Away off in the dark the hoarse snoring of the ferocious, man-eating, death-defying vlack-vark grated on Nellie's nerves, and the unendurable whining of the leopard triplets next door were painfully audible. From the little cow's direction came a slow, methodical "munch-munch" that was indescribably soporific, but Nellie was now too wide awake to be taken unawares by Sir Morpheus.

Her drumstick of a tail beat about restlessly in a manner indicative of annoyance. Nellie disliked that tail—it was so wholly purposeless. Often had she sighed for a tail like that possessed by the Bengal tiger so that she could effectually lash herself into a fury. She felt that she could never attain real anger under the soothing influence of that despicable caricature of a tail.

But envy had always been Nellie's besetting sin. In her early life she had once actually shed tears because she was not a squirrel climbing trees by her toenails and sitting up on her haunches eating hickory-nuts from between her front paws. The old longing flitted into her brain and Nellie sighed for a hickory-nut, feeling fully equal to the feat of eating it *a la* squirrel in the forest.

At this moment a deep-toned bell clanged out far uptown and brought Nellie swiftly back from her second trip to Nodland. She felt chagrined to discover that she had actually forgotten the recreant Jenkins so long a time. Something must be done, and Nellie believed now was the time, and she the man to do it. Pursuant to this idea, she quietly and humorously pulled up the non-pull-upable stake that held her securely pinned to Mother Earth and hung it over her broad shoulders by its chain. The operation made her feel as squeamish as a small boy suddenly finding himself in a strange watermelon patch.

Nellie lost no time, however, in idle longings nor vain regrets—having the iron hot, or, at least, lukewarm, she decided to strike. To her great surprise she found an unlocked side-door. The keeper lay snoring comfortably beneath the parrot's cage, and Nellie felt an insane desire to give him a fat, blubbery smack on the shiniest part of his bald head as she edged by. From the cage an inquiring chatter was now emanating, amid which Nellie discerned the guttural tones of Bluefoot, the pride of the flock, as he wisely bade her to—

"Hurry! Hurry! You'll have to hurry!"

Nellie hurried, for the atmosphere was uncomfortably chilly and her unprotected knees were soon blue with cold. But she forged ahead heroically, sternly resolved to find Jenkins or perish miserably in the attempt. The fast going warmed her blood, and she presently slackened her pace as the clang of deep-lunged bells burst out alarmingly near at hand. Nellie faded silently into the deeper shadow of a huge building close by and watched nervously till the deafening noise ended.

She was rapidly regaining her equilibrium when a long-drawn, musical wail leaped forth from a row of colored windows, slightly raised, and sent cold beads of perspiration to her brow. Being succeeded by another and more agreeable outburst of harmony, Nellie was able to resist her impulse to stampede to the jungle and actually stole nearer the very structure that concealed the strange sounds.

Nearer she crept, her eyes sparkling with the light of discovery.

At the first window she paused and cautiously peeped in—then hastily drew back. A tall man with a phenomenally high forehead was gazing directly at her, she thought. She glanced in again. The man was waving a book frantically and seemed to be excited about something.

"Seven fifty-five," he was saying in a loud tone of voice.

For a moment Nellie wondered if it was really that late in the morning, but she could hardly believe it, so she looked in again.

The people were all standing up now, and Nellie judged that the show must be about over. High up over the ringmaster's head she saw a long row of tall letters in some green sort of stuff that looked like tree limbs—a new wrinkle in signs, thought Nellie. Over on the side where the dressing-rooms ought to be she espied the band. She was considerably chagrined to see a band dressed in black, but she reflected that this particular band might be in mourning, and had only temporarily discarded their red suits.

Right in the center—where the trapezes were always hung, Nellie beheld a wide-

spreading tree. She studied it minutely, wondering how intelligent men and women had ever allowed a tree to grow to that size in a house. Of a sudden she noticed that it was thickly studded with small lighted candles—evidently a belated attempt to destroy it, she mused. Nellie wished they would give her a chance to pull it up, root and branch. She felt that she had a trunk full of muscle that might be used to good advantage.

A profusion of inexplainable boxes, bales and bundles strewn indiscriminately beneath the tree next caught Nellie's eye. Her spine prickled excitedly as she surveyed the evident debris of some recent wreck and she cogitated on the mystery of the affair.

Just over the window's sill a diminutive girl in taffy-colored curls danced excitedly up and down and pointed to the front. All the people were looking steadily up front and Nellie judged that the show must in reality be

Jenkins glowered savagely at his right hand neighbor.

something good, although she herself failed to observe the entrancing details of it.

Upon a casual survey of the faces, Nellie was gratified to recognize the beaming countenances of several of her boy friends. In a far corner she saw the little spindle-legged Simpkins boy who had once slipped down off her broad back and she remembered how he had yelled when she had tried so earnestly to put him back again.

She also espied the freckled features of the unrestrained Jones youth, who had incurred her deep-rooted dislike by connecting her unsuspecting tail to a wheel of the incomparable, mastodonic Behemoth's den by a stout cord, greatly to her subsequent embarrassment.

The people had settled down in their places by now and Nellie crowded close to see what was transpiring in front. After a short wait, she saw a straggly row of very small girls in remarkably scant and puffy white dresses, file languidly upon the platform. They came to a halt, after some indecision, and Nellie took occasion to scan their variously bent and bulgy legs with the eye of a connoisseur. A leaden silence ensued, punctuated by numerous deft urgings and *sotto voce* signals from all along the firing line, after which the girls sang in a quiet, harmless manner two noncommittal verses that wearied Nellie to the verge of exhaustion. To Nellie's amusement the people appeared to like it hugely.

She hoped the next act would be either the ladder balancers or the "Leap for Life." She wanted something that thrilled and warmed —particularly the latter. Songs never had charms for Nellie anyway.

A portly man with a wealth of rich chestnut whiskers was now holding sway and Nellie pricked up her ears, expecting a treat. But when she listened to a talk to "boys and girls" that was entirely unintelligible to her, she felt a dark brown shade of disgust creeping over her.

"And now, children, Old Santy is on the way and is due at this place very shortly. I expect him any minute. In fact, he—"

Nellie turned away from the window with a bored look in her eyes. Then suddenly she brightened up. He had said Old Santy was coming. Perhaps Jenkins also? Nellie's heart leaped at the thought and she looked in again eagerly.

The chestnut whiskers were not in sight now and Nellie was decidedly taken aback to observe the obnoxious Jones offspring forging pompously to the front. He was up to something, thought she. Arrived at the center of the platform, the Jones scion wheeled about and began a rapid delivery of something in a very loud, clear, ringing voice. Nellie regarded him sourly. Presently the speaker paused, started again, then stopped permanently. He sagged wearily over to his

left leg in a dejected manner and rested. The little taffy-haired maid over the window's sill giggled. The Jones boy thrust his tongue into his cheek and sagged to his right leg. Then a woman came, took him by the arm and led him quietly away, amid subdued laughter. Nellie felt strangely elated, though she knew not why.

In the lull following this incident, Nellie fell to conjuring up dismal fears as to the nature of Little Pete's comments upon learning of his sweetheart's nocturnal escapade. She was beginning to think she could love Little Pete and hoped he would forgive her in case it came to his ears. The airy nothings that Little Pete had breathed into her ears of late had greatly pleased her and she felt quite proud of the fact that she had maintained a dignified and maidenly reserve in the face of his wooing.

She recalled, however, that Little Pete was the proud and happy possessor of two particularly shiny gold teeth upon which Jenkins—her own Jenkins—spent much time with a lump of magnesia and his coat sleeve, and she considered this a bond of friendship that could not be lightly broken for the more serious affairs of love. Those teeth, too, she considered a full and equitable offset to the loss of the tassel on Little Pete's tail, although ever since she missed that tassel Nellie had had dire suspicions of Little Pete's age.

Up in front something was happening. Nellie beheld a group of little girls in white nighties engaged in hanging vari-colored hosiery along a very artificial looking fireplace. Nellie's skepticism as to the fireplace and her cogitation as to the propriety of the whole proceeding kept her busy for a full minute. She then fell to musing on the hardness of the fate that prevented her from indulging in the delights of hosiery. The idea, thought Nellie, of a miss of sixteen summers, having ankles the size and texture of pickle-kegs—it was most inhuman, to say the least.

Just then the little girl inside the window jumped up and announced in a penetrating whisper that Santy had actually made his appearance. Sure enough, a funny little, white-haired man was bowing and scraping busily up in front and Nellie took it for granted that here, at last, was the missing party known as Old Santy. She glanced quickly about in search of Jenkins. Down the far side of the room and up the center she looked. No Jenkins rewarded her gaze. Back again, half despairingly—what? A white collar, red whiskers—it was her Jenkins. Nellie's heart bounded at the sight.

Pandemonium seemed cut loose up front by now but Nellie was too happy to take notice of it. Confusedly she saw youthful figures bob up here and there, heard names called excitedly, and saw a squad of active fellows dashing hither and thither with arms full of packages. It was all Greek to Nellie—and she watched Jenkins closely.

Presently she espied the door—it was very close behind Jenkins. She edged around to where the steps were and saw the door. It was closed but when she tried the knob, it turned easily. Slowly it came open and—joy of joys—there was Jenkins' back right in front of her.

She reached in and nipped him in the small of the back. Jenkins glowered savagely upon his right hand neighbor. Then she reached in farther and blew her sultry breath down his startlingly clean-shaven neck. Jenkins turned a rosy red and glanced over his shoulder.

Nellie's eyes were beaming and she nodded her head up and down in ecstacy. Jenkins bit his tongue in two places but he escaped without saying anything. He slipped quietly out of the door.

"Nell—you—you—ug-g—" Nellie was choking him with love.

Jenkins presently grasped her throbbing trunk and led her back to the cozy quarters, where he made a pretense of driving in the stake unusually hard. Nellie pressed a tropical kiss upon his features and melted his hardened heart. After awhile Jenkins delved in a trunk near by and exhumed amazing quantities of suspiciously fresh-roasted peanuts!

"There, Nell, take 'em. Ye couldn't wait for 'em could ye?"

He sat and watched her munch them and took manfully the big, earnest, peanut flavored kisses that Nellie bestowed upon him at divers times and occasions.

After a long time she grew weary—the day had been long and tiresome. The last she knew Jenkins was holding her trunk and talking to her. Then she slept, peacefully, as a child.

ACHIEVEMENT

By Melville Henry Cane

A THING of beauty and a joy
Forever is a certain Nancy;
How she can fail to charm a boy
I can't see.

Incomparably sweet her air,
Her years just trembling over twenty,
With wit and tenderness to spare
Aplenty.

Too human far to be a saint,—
No saint could do things quite so handsome!
My! she can sketch and golf and sing
And dance some!

Her heart, which some say can't be won,
Is quite in keeping with her beauty.
(It's in *my* keeping. This is on
The Q. T.)

And is the future gaily hued?
Am I an optimist? Well, rather.
Last night I utterly subdued
Her father.

EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS

THERE are some people who have to make a business of Christmas, but it is not every one who can make a Christmas of business.

People who have to make a business of Christmas.

If I understand it right, Christmas is not so much a date as it is a state of mind. The feeling which attacks one in the neighborhood of the 25th of December is one of expansiveness and good will—a desire to do something for some one.

There is no reason why this feeling should not animate a group of men building a magazine just as much as it animates the father of a group of likely children. Neither is there any reason why Christmas should be confined to the twelfth month of the year. The desire to do something for some one, to give a little bit more than is asked, or demanded, or expected, is a good policy for a publication to follow all of the twelve months in the year. It is a good policy, because the man or woman who is pleasantly disappointed entertains a kindly feeling toward the one who has been generous.

In a way the makers of LESLIE'S are trying to do this very thing. They are trying to give with their magazine more than is expected, more than is really paid for. They are trying to make each of the twelve numbers of any given year a little bit more worth while than the subscriber expected when he paid his dollar at the beginning of the year for those twelve numbers.

An upward tendency.

To just as great an extent as we succeed in doing this, to so great an extent will LESLIE'S be successful. A year's subscription will leave that pleasant taste which creates a desire for another year of the same magazine.

LESLIE'S is an optimistic magazine. The difference between an optimistic magazine and a pessimistic magazine is very wide. The difference in the effect upon the minds of the readers is important even to the advertiser.

The genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has pointed out that a day which is warming up to forty-five degrees seems warmer than one that is cooling down to the same figure upon the thermometer, and he applies by analogy the fact that a loosening conservative is a pleasanter companion than a tightening liberal; so the upward tendency of mind which comes from cheerful, inspiring, helpful reading is a finer thing to stimulate in an ethical way, and makes a better audience to which to appeal in a business way than the mind which has been filled with reading stories and articles which show up the sordid, mean, contemptible or dishonest side of human nature.

Father of a group of likely children.

All this has been considered in making LESLIE'S MAGAZINE. We believe it may be called a cheerful magazine. We believe that people who read LESLIE'S feel better about different things, are gladder they are alive, find the world a pleasanter place and, therefore, are more disposed to be liberal, to entertain new ideas and suggestions with a large mind, to get right down to business and to be certainly more approachable by the advertising contained in its pages than the readers

EVERY DAY IS CHRISTMAS

of a magazine of which the contrary is true.

Theatrical managers find it better to give people pleasant plays. Often the logical conclusion of a play is interrupted in order that it may have a happy ending and leave a pleasant remembrance.

The theory is that people go to the theater to be amused, not to be harrowed, and the same theory applies to a magazine, only *more* fully.

Entertaining new ideas.

There are a lot of things in the world that are unpleasant, even though true. It is often necessary to write and speak about these things. Not all men are honest, or fine, or noble; not all women are good, and true, and beautiful, but there are enough fine, noble and honest men, and enough good, true and beautiful women to fill a number of magazines with stories or articles about them, and as long as such stories can be had, and as long as they are interesting, LESLIE'S will consider this fact in making up its programme.

This policy on the part of LESLIE'S is not due to a desire, however laudable, to make LESLIE'S a profitable advertising medium. But since it *is* the policy of LESLIE'S to make what may be called a pleasant magazine, it is just as well for advertisers to bear in mind that a happy constituency is a better one to appeal to than a misanthropic one, and that three hundred thousand cheerful readers are constantly thumbing the advertising pages as well as the reading matter in LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

So without a very wide stretch of imagination we can insist that LESLIE'S is a Christmas magazine, Christmas all the year round, because there is considerable good feeling, not only on the part of LESLIE'S publishers, but also on the part of LESLIE'S readers, and naturally some of it splashes over on LESLIE'S advertisers.

Read LESLIE'S MAGAZINE when you are sour and see whether it doesn't take a little of the verjuice out of your mood. Read it when you are cheerful and see how it keeps the edge on your good temper.

The widest stretch of imagination on the part of the old darkey who attempted to describe the Garden of Eden was that every day was Christmas, and Christmas every day in every month is part and parcel of the policy of LESLIE'S.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

Every day is Christmas.

A BALLADE OF BOOK-MAKING

A VOLUME on psychology,
And two or three on liquid air,
The many phases of the sea,
The aspects that the planets wear
By busy authors are laid bare;
Some write upon the social trend
And how the poorer classes fare,—
Of making books there is no end.

Thick volumes here of history,
So many sets of poems there,
How good at figures you must be
To count the novels (surely ne'er
Could we so many novels spare),
And works of travel ever tend
To make a mortal tear his hair,—
Of making books there is no end.

The scientists work busily,
The poets give us quite a scare
They rhyme with such facility,
The fiction-writers do not care
If we, long suffering, declare
Their works no great enchantment lend,
We *have* to stand a certain share,—
Of making books there is no end.

ENVOY

Prince, when the subjects grow quite rare
This project then they recommend:
"About a book a book prepare,"—
Of making books there is no end!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"THE GRAFTERS," by Francis Lynde.

A most vivid but discouraging picture of politics and business in a Western town. The story is told with almost brutal force and without any relief, comic or otherwise, from the fierceness of the plot, but it holds the interest remarkably and leaves a strong if rather unpleasant impression. (The Bobbs, Merrill Co.)

"THE PILLAR OF LIGHT," by Louis Tracy.

A tale of a lighthouse and a wreck with a number of complicated love stories woven into the plot. Conventional fiction of a popular kind. (Clode.)

"MORE CHEERFUL AMERICANS," by Charles Battell Loomis.

Short, amusing stories and sketches about our friends and enemies. Bright, well done and really funny. (Henry Holt & Co.)

"THE MADIGANS," by Miriam Michelson.

Scenes from the life of an extraordinary family of children who never lack either for ideas or for temper. Realistic and amusing, and both well written and well illustrated. (The Century Co.)

"SEQUIL," by Henry A. Shute.

"Plupy" Shute's old friends will hail these further selections from the "Real Diary of a Real Boy." The stories are breezy as boyhood itself. (The Everett Press.)

"THE QUEEN'S QUAIR," by Maurice Hewlett.

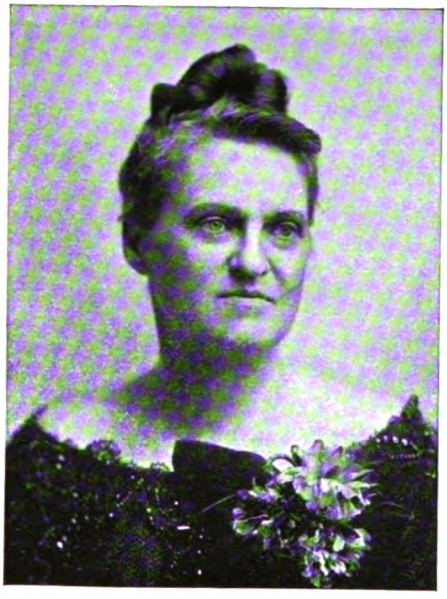
Lovers of old romance on whom Mary, Queen of Scots, still exercises charm, should avoid Mr. Hewlett's latest book. His Queen Mary is intelligible but not charming, his narrative is interesting but too near the line of indelicacy. (The Macmillan Co.)

"THE SINGULAR MISS SMITH," by Florence Morse Kingsley.

She was an open-minded heiress who wanted to understand the lives of domestic servants, so she went out to service herself. Her experiences were instructive and are highly interesting to read about. (The Macmillan Co.)

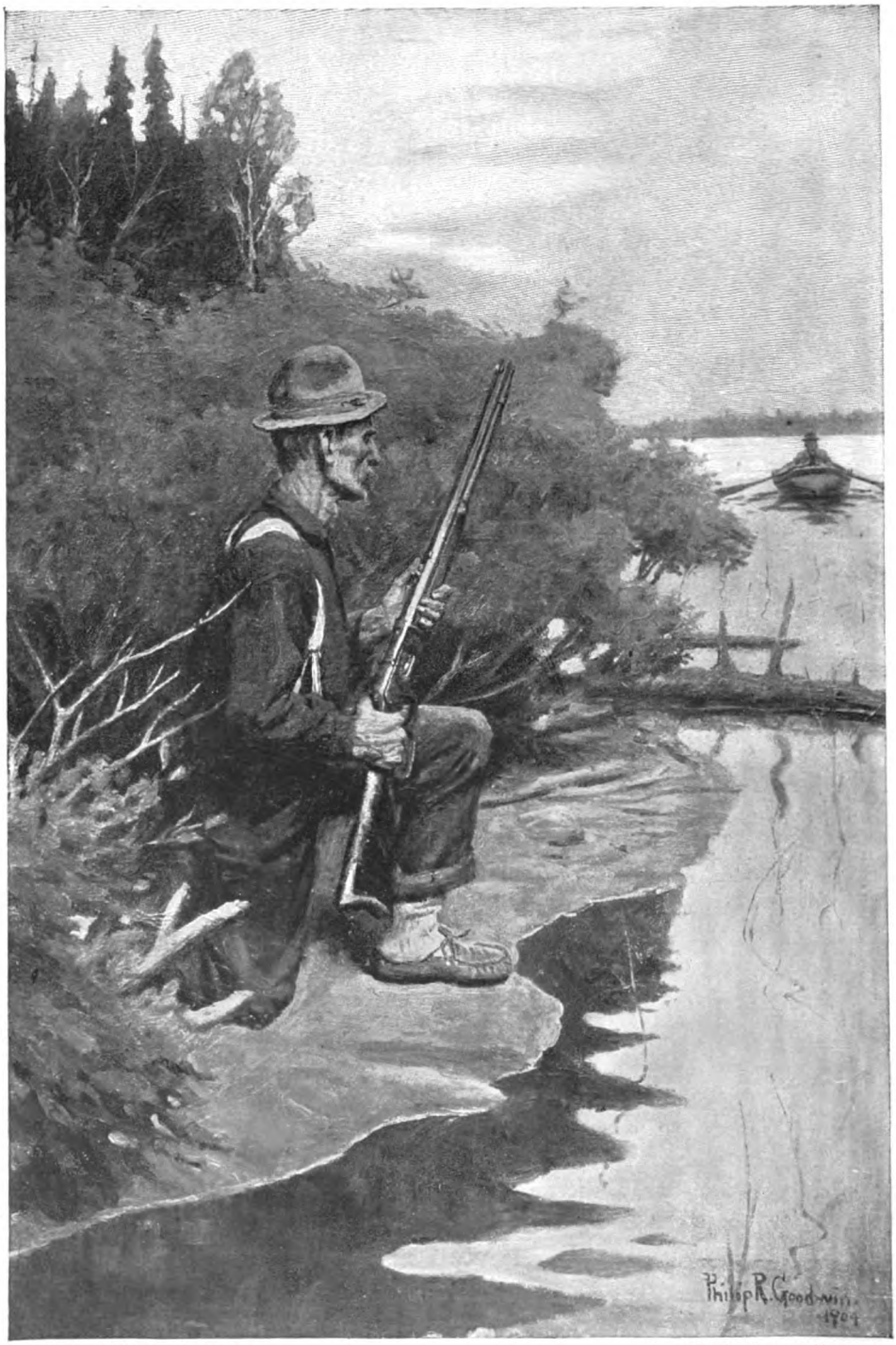
"THE AFFAIR AT THE INN."

This story, written by four authors, of whom Kate Douglas Wiggin is the best known, is a light, pretty little tale of automobiles, chaperones, love-making and English country scenery. It is entertaining, well done and perfectly harmless. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)



Anna Katharine Green

The most distinguished American writer of detective stories, author of "The Leavenworth Case," "The Amethyst Box," etc., contributes to this number of the magazine the first chapter of an astonishing story, "The Woman in the Alcove."



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

See "In the Honest Woods."

"'Twas too big for me—the problem."

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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GRAND OPERA IN AMERICA

By Heinrich Conried
DIRECTOR METROPOLITAN OPERA COMPANY

THE first question asked by the average American opera-goer on the approach of a new season is, "What singers have been engaged this year?" After that he may express curiosity as to the works which the singers are likely to interpret. It would be absurd for the director of an institution like the Metropolitan Opera House to affect ignorance of the popular attitude towards lyric drama. In the interest of art, he may regret it. Or, if he be only a man of business, he may accept the facts dispassionately, as part of an existing order of things which must be recognized. Let it suffice for the moment that, rightly or wrongly, the American opera-goer is still more concerned about the singers than about the operas which are presented to him. And having admitted this much, with due philosophy, let us see in what particulars my second season at the Metropolitan Opera House will differ from my first.

A glance at the names of the chief artists in the Metropolitan company this year and last will enable one to perceive considerable changes. Circumstances of various kinds have prevented the re-engagement of several distinguished singers who were here last season. On the other hand, famous artists, hitherto strange to America, have been added to the company, together with several old favorites.

Last year, for reasons which need not be gone into, it was not possible to secure the co-operation of some artists who have since been added to the company. Nor, in a first and in a way experimental season, could one demand of me the smoothness, finish and general excellence which will, I trust, gradually become noticeable in performances at the Metropolitan Opera House. On assuming the direction of that theater, I at once perceived the necessity not only of rebuilding the stage, which was pitiably lacking in mechanical and electrical resources, but also of renovating the auditorium. When I remind the reader that the work of reconstructing the stage was not completed till the twenty-first of November last year—*two days* before the opening of the season with "Rigoletto"—the difficulties which beset my path may be imagined. One of the worst difficulties was the fact that, under the system which obtained at the time when my immediate forerunner withdrew from the cares of management, the stage hands and technicians, including "property men,"

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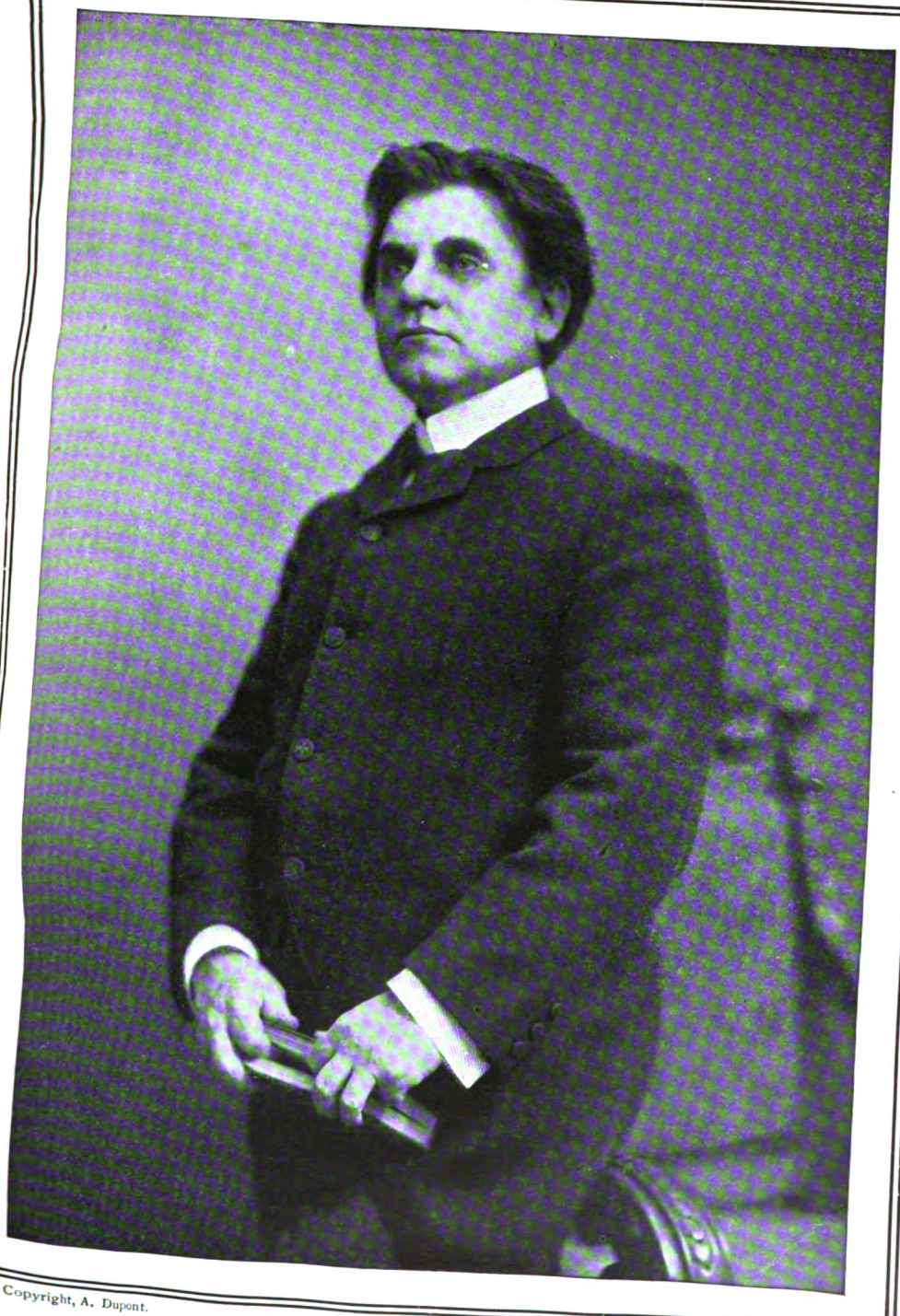
scene-shifters, electricians, carpenters and wardrobe men, were engaged only for the season. During the rest of the year they had to provide for themselves as best they could. One result of this system may, indeed, have been a diminution of expense. But another was a lamentable loss of general efficiency, which was evident in the Metropolitan productions. This season, the heads of the technical departments, and all the stage hands, have been engaged by the year. As a consequence the interest of the workmen in their duties has naturally quickened. I may add, too, that I have engaged a special staff of stage-hands to work from midnight, after the performances, till morning. This, also, I found indispensable, as, owing to the smallness of the Metropolitan Opera House stage, as compared with the stages of the great lyric theaters of Europe, it was necessary to remove the scenery each night to neighboring storehouses to make way for other scenery. In Paris, Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Prague, Milan, Naples and other centers of musical art, each opera house is provided with a back-stage, almost and some times quite as large as the one seen by the public. On this back-stage the scenes used in the various productions can be built and prepared for each successive act, much to the benefit of the performances. Nothing of the kind is possible at the Metropolitan. The annual increase in the cost of the productions made here since the introduction of the reforms just mentioned is about fifteen thousand dollars.

The abuses of the old methods which have now been definitely reformed were often heartbreaking. Here is an example. Before the production of "Die Walküre," a year ago, with Mr. Fuchs and Mr. Lautenschlaeger I devoted two whole afternoons to special rehearsals of the calcium light men. Having at last taught them exactly what were their respective duties, as a measure of precaution I gave all of the men a written set of instructions, imploring them to see that they obeyed them strictly. To my amazement I then learned for the first time that the men whom I had so laboriously drilled were not operators, but mere helpers, and that, though they had rehearsed in the afternoon, they would be replaced by a new set of workmen at the actual performance. Is it strange if, when evening came, there were flaws and hitches in the lighting of "Die Walküre"? This season the public should have less cause to complain of imperfect lighting at all events. Probably, too, thanks to the superior skill and discipline of the Metropolitan stage-hands, I shall be able to shorten the entr'actes.

Other improvements will, I hope, be apparent in the chorus, the "supers" and the *corps de ballet* of the theater. I have largely recruited the male "supers" from the ranks of educated applicants, including college men, and men who have had military training. On the Continent, it is customary for the directors of important opera houses to draw freely on the local garrisons for the "supers" they require. All they need to do is to notify the commanding officers, who at once place at their disposal ten, fifty or a hundred of their subordinates. I may be permitted also, to call attention to my efforts to abolish the old, stupid, traditions which made the Metropolitan chorus a laughing stock. For generations the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus had been accustomed, regardless of dramatic proprieties or plausibilities, to stand in certain places on the stage, to make certain conventional gestures, and to form certain groups. It was common for them, when they should have been welcoming someone arriving from the back of the stage, to address their invocation, and express their enthusiasm, not to the arrivals but—to the family circle. Little by little, these inconsistencies, and many other absurdities, will disappear. But I dare not promise that they will vanish suddenly or utterly in one season.

American opera-goers, I am convinced, have but a vague idea of the responsibilities, the labors and the difficulties of the director of the New York opera house. His fortunate brethren in the cities of the Old World have enormous advantages. They are not hurried in the task of preparing new productions. They have permanent companies made up of artists engaged at annual salaries, and required by their contracts to appear in any parts, whether they be large or small, for which they are fitted. They receive subsidies, which relieve them of the fears of financial failure. They are not expected to secure the services of sensationally fine singers. Their orchestras, like their singers, are engaged for an extended time and devote themselves ex-



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Heinrich Conried.

Long known as the manager of the admirable German Theatrical Company of New York, and now entering on his second season as director of the Metropolitan Opera Company, the most difficult theatrical position in the world.

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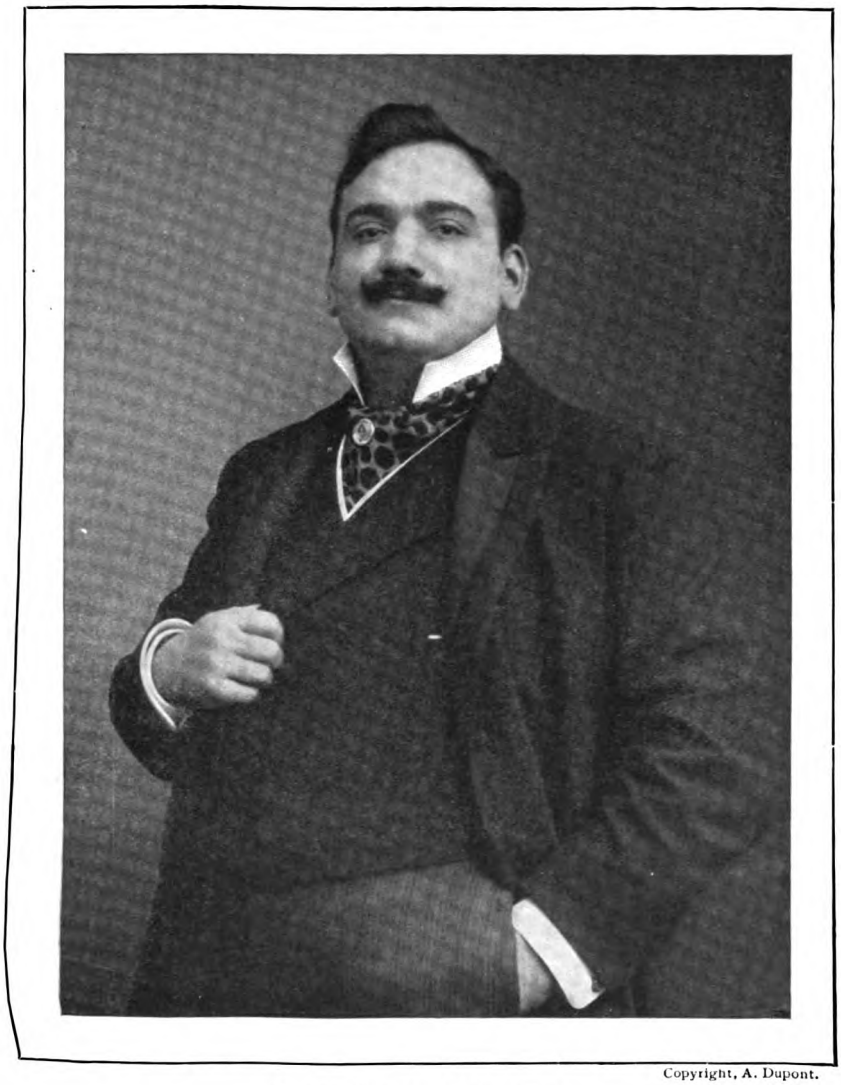
Marcella Sembrich, Soprano.

clusively to opera. Conditions here are very different. The shortness of the season forbids the director of the Metropolitan Opera House to engage his vocal artists, musicians, chorus, "supers" and ballet permanently, and therefore it is out of the question to give ideal performances. In many ways, no doubt, grand opera, as we know it here, is infinitely finer, more brilliant and more satisfying to our own public than anything to be found in Europe might be. But, except as to the singing, it is not ideal, in the same sense as grand opera in Vienna, under the direction of Mahler, may be called ideal. No European management would ever dream of spending the fortunes that are paid yearly in New York for the salaries of singers (to mention only one and the chief item in the grand opera budget). To illustrate the difference between the American and European systems, I may recall that, rather than pay Faure—the greatest of all French barytones—about three hundred dollars a performance, the then management of the Paris Opera House allowed that wonderful artist to retire from the stage. Everything in America, so far as opera is concerned, costs vastly more than it does abroad.

Then, again (and this brings me back to



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Enrico Caruso, Italian Tenor.

a point on which I have just touched), the director of the Metropolitan is hampered at every turn by being compelled to guarantee the chief singers in his company a stipulated number of appearances within stipulated times, and on stipulated terms which, to the non-initiate, might seem incredible. The difficulty is further complicated by the fact that certain artists are paid so much for each performance, not so much for the season. Imagine the ingenuity needed to so vary and select the repertory as to allow the talent of each singer to be fully utilized and in exactly the way called for by each contract. Madame A is to appear twice a week and to receive so and so many hundreds or thousands of dollars on each occasion. Mr. B is to sing so many times a month. Mlle. C is assured so and so many opportunities in a season. And, somehow or other, the exigencies of these artists have to be reconciled with the moral necessity of producing such and such operas, music-dramas and ballets during the brief space of about four months.

In the existing circumstances the repertory itself, to some extent, depends on the composition of the company and the agreements which the chief singers have signed

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Anton van Rooy, as "Wotan."

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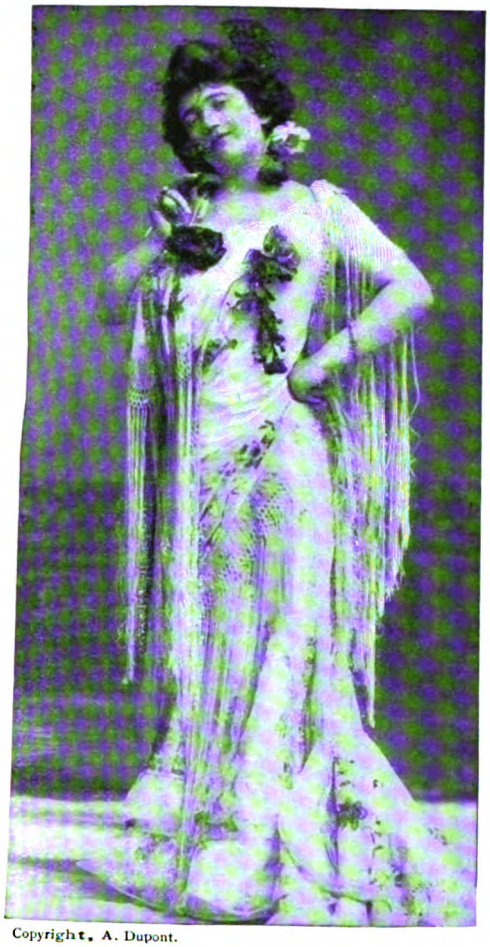
Albert Saléza as "Matho" in Salammbo.

with the management. Still more does it depend on conditions of time and space. Each week I am compelled to give at least six performances of grand opera. On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturday afternoons there are "subscription" performances; Thursdays are reserved for "Parsifal," and Saturday nights are devoted to what are called "performances at popular prices." On Sundays, too, there are the concerts. All these performances involve rehearsals, and I have but one stage at my disposal. Months were exceptionally devoted to preparing the production of "Parsifal." As a rule, however, one week is the utmost that can be spared for rehearsing a new work, whereas in Europe it is quite usual to give up a year to getting an important work ready. The marvel, perhaps, is—not that new works are so seldom seen there, but that they are seen so often. A single production like that of "Aida" demands the services of close upon four hundred persons, exclusive of the musicians in the orchestra and the stage-hands. The "casting" of an opera is in itself no trifle. Enormous "cachets" (or "fees") cannot be paid in exchange for small services. It would, therefore, be folly to allot a minor part to a great singer, as Mahler can afford to do in Vienna, where the artists, as I have already explained, have annual salaries and appear in whatever parts may be allotted to them. Besides, even if the director of the Metropolitan were willing to squander money to attain a standard of ideal excellence, he would have to contend with personal vanity, artistic jealousy and abnormal sensitiveness. Mme. A, whose remunera-



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Emma Calvé and Olive Fremstad—two types of "Carmen."

tion for one night would keep many a large family for a whole year, would decline to sing any but the most conspicuous feminine rôle. Mr. B would be equally refractory if his dignity were slighted by the offer of anything less than the leading barytone part. Mr. C, the tenor, would probably risk losing his whole season's emoluments rather than interpret anything but the hero of the opera in which he was to appear. Even the bassos (who are usually more amiable and easy to live with than the sopranos and tenors, or some barytones) would have objections to being cast for parts less portentous than those of the kings, landgraves and high-priests of grand opera. The preferences, prejudices and peculiarities of five or six prima-donnas, as many tenors and about the same number of barytones and bassos, have to be considered throughout the season at the Metropolitan, or—as things stand—grand opera, on the scale to which Americans have grown used, could not be given. Abroad, directors are less fettered and it is much easier to deal with artists. Another stumbling-block that renders it hard to enlarge the repertory is the unwillingness of the "stars" to learn new parts, which they may never be able to sing outside of America. So long as these "stars" are conspicuous in the operatic firmament, so long is the repertory at the Metropolitan likely to be limited. Despite drawbacks, I still hope to present about forty operas and two ballets this season, including half a dozen semi-novelties and elaborate revivals. "Gioconda," "Lucrezia Borgia" and "La Favorita," which are among the revivals, will be virtually new to a majority

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Edyth Walker, an American Prima Donna.

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Antonio Scotti, Barytone.

of our opera-goers. "Der Fliegende Holländer," though to most familiar, has been neglected for some years. And it is safe to say that, in the new setting which I have had made for it in Vienna, "Die Meistersinger" will, at least pictorially, seem a revelation.

Those Wagner-lovers, who last season occasionally reproached me for reviving the old Italian operas, will doubtless find fault with me again this year, notwithstanding my production of "Parsifal," for resuscitating "Lucrezia Borgia" and "La Favorita." I shall not attempt an apology for being more liberal in my ideas with regard to opera than my hostile critics. There is room for all good music at the Metropolitan; for "Fidelio" and for "Un Ballo in Maschera;" for "Carmen" and for "Tristan;" for "Pagliacci" and for "Parsifal."

So much, then, for the past and present of grand opera at the Metropolitan. As to its future, it lies with the public rather than with the director to decide whether it shall flourish, more or less, on the lines with which we are familiar, or whether it shall be modified by the addition of the vernacular to the other languages in which it is now interpreted. Permanent grand opera, as it is understood in Vienna, Paris or Berlin, we can hardly hope to see established here. But by degrees something may be accomplished toward the interpretation of grand opera by English-speaking and English-singing artists of international importance in the idiom of our own land. This would, of course, seem the ideal. Unhappily, the obstacles in the way of its realization are serious and, in the near future, perhaps insuperable. Not because there is not material enough awaiting development in America—I have convinced myself that, so far at all events as female voices are concerned, there is more and finer material to draw on in this country than even in Italy—but because opportunities are lacking for that steady, patient and gradual training of opera singers which can be had in Europe. I have been astonished to find that, of the many hundreds

of young singers who have applied for admission to the School of Opera which I have founded at the Metropolitan, and of those who have come to me for engagements in the chorus, almost all could read music at sight easily, while most were able, if desired, to sit down at the piano and play their own accompaniments. Musical culture of this kind among operatic aspirants is rare, even in Germany.

Where, however, is our budding operatic talent to be trained? Where is it to be developed? Where is it to have opportunities of maturing and of fitting itself for eventually shining at the Metropolitan?

In France and Germany, which have opera houses in all the great cities and in many a small center, similar problems are solved easily. Here, with the exception of one French company in New Orleans and one English company without a home, there had hitherto been no operatic organizations in which beginners gradually cultivate their voices and acquire dramatic

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Aïno Ackté, as "Marguerite" in Faust.

art till they were ready to brave criticism in the metropolis.

Within a measurably short time, maybe, I shall venture on some special performances—at very "popular" prices—with the pupils of my School of Opera. I am not particularly optimistic, though, as to the practical results that will come of the experiment, so far as American engagements are concerned. Possibly, the success of my School of Opera pupils will lead to their securing engagements abroad. I have discussed the subject lately with various European directors, and many of them seem willing to co-operate with me in my plan for the encouragement and assistance of the young American opera singers.

As far as the singers of established reputation are concerned, the company at the Metropolitan Opera House challenges comparison with any that has been known here, while it is enormously superior to the rival organizations of Europe. The twelve sopranos Ackté, Alten, Bauermeister, Senger-Bettaque, Eames, Lemon, Macchi, Melba, Nordica, Ralph, Sembrich and Weed, the six mezzos and contraltos Fremstad, Homer, Jacoby, Mulford, Powell and Walker, the ten tenors Bars, Burgstaller, Caruso, Dippel, Giordani, Knote, Nuibo, Pollock, Reiss and Saléza, the eight barytones Bégué, Dufriche, Giraldoni, Goritz, Mühlmann, Parvis, Scotti and Van Rooy, and the bassos Blass, Journet, Plançon and Rossi, make a list unequaled at any opera house in the world.

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Albert Reiss as "Mime," in "Siegfried."

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE

A Masterpiece Among Detective Stories

By Anna Katharine Green

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE AMETHYST BOX," ETC.

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

I

THE LADY WITH THE DIAMOND

WAS, perhaps, the plainest girl in the room that night. I was also the happiest—up to one o'clock. Then my whole world crumbled, or, at least, suffered an eclipse. Why and how, I am about to relate.

Anson Durand had been the man of my preference from the day of our first meeting, but I had never allowed myself to consider the possibility of his returning my admiration. I was too small and much too unbeautiful for expectations of that nature. Indeed, love had never entered into my plan of life, as was evinced by the nurse's diploma I had just gained after three years of study and severe training.

When, therefore, at an early hour of that eventful evening this man of marked gifts and striking personality drew me from the dance and, amid the intoxicating perfumes and opalescent lights of Mr. Ramsdell's conservatory, whispered ardent vows and begged me to be his wife, my surprise was so great and the event so wonderful that I made no attempt to express my joy, but stood quite still, searching his face to see if this Paradise whose gates I was thus passionately entreated to enter, was indeed a verity or only a dream born of the excitement of the dance and the charm of a scene exceptional in its splendor and picturesque qualities even for so luxurious a city.

But it was no mere dream. Truth and earnestness were in his manner, and his words were neither feverish nor forced. He honestly loved me, and for very substantial reasons (or so he said), and I, in my willingness to listen and believe, soon found the plans and purposes of years disappearing in the glamour of this new hope which filled my whole woman's heart with the ecstatic joy of living.

Perhaps I was too happy. The glimpse I caught of myself in a mirror we chanced to pass as we sauntered back into the hall startled me into thinking so for a moment. For had it not been for the odd color of my gown and the unique way in which my hair was dressed that night, I should not have recognized the beaming girl who faced me so naïvely from the depths of that responsive glass.

Can one be too happy? I do not know. I know that one can be too perplexed, too burdened and too sad.

Thus far I have spoken only of myself in connection with the evening's elaborate function. But though entitled by my old Dutch blood to a certain social consideration, which I am happy to say never failed me, I even in this hour of supreme satisfaction, attracted little attention and awoke small comment. There was another woman present better calculated to do this. A fair woman, large and of a bountiful presence, accustomed to conquest, and gifted with the power of carrying it off with a certain lazy grace irresistibly fascinating to the ordinary man; a gorgeously appareled woman, with a diamond on her breast

too vivid for most women, almost too vivid for her. I noticed this diamond early in the evening, and then I noticed her. She was not as fine as the diamond, but she was very fine, and had I been in a less ecstatic frame of mind, I might have envied the homage she received from all the male sex, not excepting him who walked with my hand on his arm. Later, there was no one in the world I envied less.

The ball was a private and very elegant one. There were some notable guests. One gentleman in particular was pointed out to me as an Englishman of great distinction and political importance. I thought him a very interesting man for his years, but odd and a trifle self-centered. Though greatly courted, he seemed strangely restless under the fire of eyes to which he was constantly subjected, and only happy when free to use his own in contemplation of the scene about him. Had I been less absorbed in my own happiness I might have noted sooner than I did that this contemplation was confined to such groups as gathered about the lady with the diamond. But this I failed to observe at the time, and consequently was much surprised to come upon him, at the end of one of the dances, talking with this lady in an animated and courtly manner totally opposed to the apathy, amounting to boredom, with which he had hitherto met all advances.

Yet it was not admiration for her person which he openly displayed. During the whole time he stood there his eyes seldom rose to her face; they lingered mainly—and this was what aroused my curiosity so that I continued to watch him—on the great fan of ostrich plumes which the beauty held against her breast. Was he desirous of seeing the great diamond she thus unconsciously (or was it consciously) shielded from his gaze? It was very possible, for, as I continued to note him, he suddenly bent toward her and as quickly raised himself again with a look which was quite inexplicable to me. The lady had shifted her fan a moment and his eyes had fallen on the gem.

The next thing I recall with any definiteness was a *tête-à-tête* conversation which I held with my lover on a certain yellow divan at the end of one of the halls.

To the right of this divan rose a curtained recess, highly suggestive of romance, called "The Alcove." As this alcove figures prominently in my story, I will pause right here to describe it.

It was originally intended to contain a large group of statuary which Mr. Ramsdell, the host, had ordered from Italy to adorn his new house. He is a man of original ideas in regard to such matters, and in this instance had gone so far as to have this end of the house constructed with a special view to an advantageous display of this promised work of art. Fearing the ponderous effect of a pedestal large enough to hold such a considerable group, he had planned to raise it to the level of the eye by causing the alcove floor to be built a few feet higher than the main one. A flight of low, wide steps connected the two, which, following the curve of the wall, added much to the beauty of that portion of the hall.

The group was a failure and was never shipped; but the alcove remained, and, possessing as it did all the advantages of a room in the way of heat and light, had been turned into a miniature retreat of exceptional beauty.

The seclusion it offered extended, or so we were happy to think, to the solitary divan at its base on which Mr. Durand and myself were seated and, taking advantage of our position, we were discussing a subject interesting only to ourselves, when Mr. Durand interrupted himself to declare:—"You are the woman I want, you and you only. And I want you soon. When do you think you can marry me? Within a week—if—if—"

Did my look stop him? I was startled. I had heard no incoherent phrase from him before.

"A week!" I remonstrated. "We take more time than that to fit ourselves for a journey or some transient pleasure. I hardly realize my engagement yet."

"You have not been thinking of it for these last two months as I have."

"No," I replied demurely, forgetting everything else in my delight at this admission.

"Nor are you a nomad among clubs and restaurants."

"No, I have a home."

"Nor do you love me as deeply as I do you."

This I thought open to argument.

"The home you speak of is a luxurious

"A striking woman,—and what a diamond!"

one, " he continued. "I cannot offer you its e ual. Did you expect me to?"

I was indignant.

"You know that I didn't. Shall I, who delib rately chose a nurse's life when I migh have had wealth, because wealth witho t work is hateful to me, shrink from bravi g poverty with the man I love? We w ll begin as simply as you please—"

"N o," he peremptorily put in, yet with certain hesitancy which seemed to speak of doubts he hardly acknowledged to himself, "I will not marry you if I must expose you to privation or to the genteel poverty I hate. I love you more than you realize and wish to make your life a happy one. I cannot give you all you have been accustomed to in your rich uncle's house, but if matters prosper with me, if any chance I have built on succeeds—and it will fail or succeed to-night—you will have those comforts which love will heighten

See page 259.

"*Lock the doors!*"

into luxuries and—and—''

He was becoming incoherent again and this time with his eyes fixed elsewhere than on my face. Following his gaze, I saw what had distracted his attention. The lady with the diamond was approaching us on her way to the alcove. She was accompanied by two gentlemen both strangers to me, and her head, all alive with brilliants, was turning from one to the other with an indolent grace. I was not surprised that the man at my side quivered and made a start as if to rise. She was a gorgeous image. In comparison with her imposing figure in its trailing robe of rich pink velvet, my diminutive frame in its sea-green gown must have looked as faded and colorless as a half obliterated pastel.

"A striking woman," I remarked as I saw he was not likely to resume the conversation which her presence had interrupted. "And what a diamond!"

The glance he cast me was peculiar.

"Did you notice it particularly?" he asked.

Astonished, for there was something very uneasy in his manner so that I half expected to see him rise again and join the group he was so eagerly watching and before my lips could frame a response, I quickly replied:—

"It would be difficult not to notice what one would naturally expect to see only on the breast of a queen. But perhaps she is a queen. I should judge so from the homage which follows her."

His eyes sought mine. There was inquiry in them but it was an inquiry I did not understand.

"What can you know about diamonds?" he presently demanded. "Nothing but their glitter, and glitter is not all, the gem she wears may be a very tawdry one."

I flushed with humiliation. He was a dealer in gems—that was his business—and the check which he had put upon my enthusiasm certainly made me conscious of my own presumption. Yet I was not disposed to take back my words. I had had a better opportunity for seeing this remarkable jewel than he, and with the perversity of a somewhat ruffled mood, I burst forth, as soon as the color had subsided from my cheeks:—

"No, no. It is glorious, magnificent. I never saw its like. I doubt if you ever have, for all your daily acquaintance with jewels. It's value must be enormous. Who is she? You seem to know her."

It was a direct question but I received no reply. Mr. Durand's eyes had followed the lady who had lingered somewhat ostentatiously on the top step, and did not return to me till she had vanished with her companions behind the long plush curtains which partly veiled the entrance. By this time he had forgotten my words if he had ever heard them and it was with the forced animation of one whose thoughts are elsewhere that he finally returned to the old plea.

When would I marry him? If he could offer me a home in a month—and he would know this to-morrow—would I come to him then? He would not say in a week; that was perhaps too soon; but in a month? Would I not promise to be his in a month?

What I answered I scarcely recall. His eyes had stolen back to the alcove and mine had followed them. The gentlemen who had accompanied the lady inside were coming out again, but others were advancing to take their places and soon she was holding a regular court in this favored retreat.

Why should this interest me? Why should I notice her or look that way at all? Because Mr. Durand did? Possibly. I remember that for all his ardent love-making, I felt a little piqued that he should divide his attentions in this way. Perhaps I thought he might have been blind to such a coquette's fascinations for this one evening at least.

I was then thus doubly engaged in listening to my lover's words and in watching the various gentlemen who went up and down the steps, when a former partner advanced and reminded me that I had promised him a waltz. Loth to leave Mr. Durand, yet seeing no way of excusing myself to Mr. Fox, I cast an appealing glance at the former and was greatly chagrined to find him already on his feet.

"Enjoy your dance," he cried, "I have a word to say to Mrs. Fairbrother," and was gone before my new partner had taken me on his arm.

Was Mrs. Fairbrother the lady with the diamond? Yes, as I turned to enter the parlor with my partner, I caught a glimpse of Mr. Durand's tall figure just disap-

pearing from the step behind the sage green curtains.

"Who is Mrs. Fairbrother?" I inquired of Mr. Fox, at the end of the dance.

Mr. Fox, who is one of society's perennial beaux, knows everybody.

"She is—well she *was* Abner Fairbrother's wife. You know Fairbrother, the millionaire who built that curious structure on Eighty-sixth Street. At present they are living apart—an amicable understanding I believe. Her diamond makes her conspicuous. It is one of the most remarkable stones in New York, perhaps in the United States. Have you observed it?"

"Yes—that is at a distance. Do you think her very handsome?"

"Mrs. Fairbrother? She's called so, but she's not my style." Here he gave me a killing glance. "I admire women who think and feel. They do not need to wear jewels worth an ordinary man's fortune."

I looked about for an excuse to leave this none too desirable partner.

"Let us go back into the long hall," I urged. "The ceaseless whirl of these dancers is making me dizzy."

With the ease of a gallant man he took me on his arm and soon we were promenading again in the direction of the alcove. A passing glimpse of its interior was afforded me as we turned to retrace our steps in front of the yellow divan. The lady with the diamond was still there. A fold of the superb pink velvet she wore protruded across the gap made by the half drawn curtains just as it had done a half hour before. But it was impossible to see her face or who was with her. What I could see, however, and did, was the figure of a man leaning against the wall at the foot of the steps. At first I thought his person unknown to me, then I perceived that he was no other than the chief guest of the evening, the Englishman of whom I have previously spoken.

His expression had altered. He looked now both anxious and absorbed, particularly anxious and particularly absorbed; so much so that I was not surprised that no one ventured to approach him. Again I wondered and again I asked myself for whom or for what he was waiting. For Mr. Durand to leave this lady's presence? No, no, I would not believe that. Mr. Durand could not be there still, yet some women make it difficult for a man to leave them and I could not forbear casting a parting glance that way before entering the supper-room. It showed me the Englishman in the act of lifting two cups of coffee from a small table standing near the reception-room door. As his manner plainly betokened whither he was bound with this refreshment, I felt all my uneasiness vanish, and was able to take my seat at one of the small tables with which the supper-room was filled and for some few minutes, at least, lend an ear to Mr. Fox's vapid compliments and trite opinions. Then my attention wandered. I had not moved nor had I shifted my gaze from the scene before me—the ordinary scene of a gay and well filled supper-room, yet I found myself looking, as through a mist I had not even seen develop, upon something strange, unusual, and remote as any phantasm, yet distinct enough in the outlines for me to get a decided impression of a square of light surrounding the figure of a man in a peculiar pose not easily imagined and not easily described. It all passed in an instant and I sat staring at the window opposite me with the feeling of one who had just seen a vision. Yet almost immediately I forgot the whole occurrence in my anxiety as to Mr. Durand's whereabouts. Certainly he was amusing himself very much elsewhere or he would have found an opportunity of joining me long before this. He was not even in sight and I grew weary of the endless menu and the senseless chit-chat of my companion, and finding him amenable to my whims, rose from my seat at table and made my way to a group of acquaintances standing just outside the door. As I listened to their greetings some impulse led me to cast another glance down the hall towards the alcove. A man—a waiter—was issuing from it in a rush. Bad news was in his face and as his eyes encountered those of Mr. Ramsdell advancing hurriedly to meet him, he plunged down the steps with a cry which drew a crowd about the two in an instant.

What was it? What had happened?

Mad with an anxiety I did not stop to define, I rushed towards this group now swaying from side to side in irrepressible excitement, when suddenly everything swam before me and I fell in a faint to the floor.

Some one had shouted aloud:—

"Mrs. Fairbrother has been murdered and her diamond stolen. Lock the doors!"

II

THE GLOVES

I must have remained insensible for many minutes, for when I returned to full consciousness the supper-room was empty and the two hundred guests I had left seated at table were gathered in agitated groups about the hall. This was what I first noted; not till afterwards did I realize my own situation. I was lying on a couch in a remote corner of this same hall and beside me, but not looking at me, stood my lover, Mr. Durand.

How he came to know my state and find me in the general hubbub I did not stop to inquire. It was enough for me at that moment to look up and see him so near. Indeed, the relief was so great, the sense of his protection so comforting that I involuntarily stretched out my hand in gratitude towards him, but failing to attract his attention, slipped to the floor and took my stand at his side. This roused him and he gave me a look which steadied me notwithstanding the thrill of surprise with which I recognized his extreme pallor and a certain peculiar hesitation in his manner not at all natural to him.

Meanwhile, some words uttered near us were slowly making their way into my benumbed brain. The waiter who had raised the first alarm was endeavoring to describe to an importunate group in advance of us what he had come upon in that murderous alcove.

"I was carrying about a tray of ices," he was saying, "and seeing the lady sitting there, went up. I had expected to find the place full of gentlemen, but she was all alone, and did not move as I picked my way over her long train. The next moment I had dropped ices, tray and all. I had come face to face with her and seen that she was dead. She had been stabbed and robbed. There was no diamond on her breast, but there *was* blood."

A hubbub of disordered sentences seasoned with horrified cries followed this simple description. Then a general movement took place in the direction of the alcove, during which Mr. Durand stooped to my ear and whispered:—

"We must get out of this. You are not strong enough to stand such excitement. Don't you think we can escape by the window over there?"

"What, without wraps and in such a snowstorm?" I protested. "Besides, uncle will be looking for me. He came with me, you know."

An expression of annoyance, or was it perplexity, crossed Mr. Durand's face, and he made a movement as if to leave me.

"I must go," he began, but stopped at my glance of surprise and assumed a different air, and one which became him very much better. "Pardon me, dear, I will take you to your uncle. This—this dreadful tragedy, interrupting so gay a scene, has quite upset me. I was always sensitive to the sight, the smell, even to the very mention of the word *blood*."

So was I, but not to the point of cowardice. But then I had not just come from an interview with the murdered woman. Her glances, her smiles, the lift of her eyebrows were not fresh memories to me. Some consideration was certainly due him for the shock he must be laboring under. Yet I did not know how to keep back the vital question.

"Who did it? You must have heard some one say."

"I have heard nothing," was his somewhat fierce rejoinder. Then, as I made a move, "What! You do not wish to follow the crowd *there?*"

"I wish to find my uncle, and he is in that crowd."

Mr. Durand said nothing further, and together we passed down the hall. A strange mood pervaded my mind. Instead of wishing to fly a scene which under ordinary conditions would have filled me with invincible repugnance, I felt a desire to see and hear everything. Not from curiosity, such as moved most of the people about me, but because of some strong inner drawing I could not understand; as if it were *my* heart which had been struck, and *my* fate which was trembling in the balance.

We were consequently among the first to hear such further details as were allowed to circulate among the now well-nigh frenzied guests. No one knew the perpetrator of the deed nor did there appear to be any direct evidence calculated to fix his identity. Indeed, the sudden death of this

beautiful woman in the midst of festivity might have been looked upon as suicide, if the jewel had not been found lacking from her breast and the instrument of death removed from the wound. So far, the casual search which had been instituted had failed to produce this weapon; but the police would be here soon and then something would be done. As to the means of entrance employed by the assassin there seemed to be but one opinion. The alcove contained a window opening upon a small balcony. By this he had doubtless both entered and escaped. The long, plush curtains which, during the early part of the evening, had remained looped back on either side of the casement, were found at the moment of the crime's discovery closely drawn together. Certainly a suspicious circumstance. However, the question was one easily settled. If any one had approached by the balcony there would be marks in the snow to show it. Mr. Ramsdell had gone out to see. He would be coming back soon.

"Do you think this a probable explanation of the crime?" I demanded of Mr. Durand at this juncture. "If this window overlooks the carriage drive, as it must from its location, then it is within plain sight of the door through which some three hundred guests have passed to-night. How could any one climb to such a height, lift the window and step in without being seen?"

"You forget the awning." He spoke quickly and with unexpected vivacity. "The awning runs up very near this window and quite shuts it off from the sight of arriving guests. The drivers of departing carriages could see it if they chanced to glance back. But their eyes are usually on their horses in such a crowd. The probabilities are against any of them having looked up." His brow had cleared; a weight seemed removed from his mind. "When I went into the alcove to see Mrs. Fairbrother, she was sitting in a chair near this window, looking out. I remember the effect of her splendor against the snow sifting down in a steady stream behind her. The pink velvet—the soft green of the curtain on each side—her brilliants—and the snow for a background! Yes, the murderer came in that way. Her figure would be plain to any one outside, and if she moved, and the diamond shone—. Don't you see what a possible theory it is? There must be ways by which a desperate man might reach that balcony. I believe—"

How eager he was and with what a look he turned away when the word came filtering through the crowd that while footsteps had been found in the snow pointing directly towards the balcony, there were none on the balcony itself, proving, as any one could see, that the attack had not come from without, since no one could enter the alcove by the window without stepping on to the balcony.

"Mr. Durand has suspicions of his own," I explained determinedly to myself. "He met some one going in as he stepped out. Shall I ask him to name this person?" No, I did not have the courage. We had approached very close in our talk in the conservatory, but not near enough for that, at least not while his face wore so stern a look and was so resolutely turned away.

The next excitement was a request from Mr. Ramsdell that we should all go into the drawing-room. This led to various cries from hysterical lips, such as, "We are going to be searched!" "He believes the thief and murderer to be still in the house!" "Do you see the diamond on me?" "Have I the look of an assassin?" "Why don't they confine their suspicions to such as were seen to enter the alcove?"

"They will," remarked some one close to my ear.

But quickly as I turned I could not guess from whom the comment came. Possibly from a much beflowered, bejeweled, elderly dame, whose eyes I perceived were fixed on Mr. Durand's averted face. If so, she received a defiant look from mine, which I do not believe she forgot in a hurry.

Alas! it was not the only curious, I might say searching, glance I surprised directed against him as we made our way to where I could see my uncle struggling to reach us from a short side hall. The whisper seemed to have gone about that Mr. Durand had been the last one to talk with Mrs. Fairbrother prior to the tragedy.

In time I had the satisfaction of coming upon my uncle. He betrayed great relief at the sight of me, and, encouraged by his kindly smile, I introduced Mr. Durand. My conscious air must have produced its

impression, for he turned a startled and inquiring look upon my companion, then took me resolutely on his own arm, saying :—

"There is likely to be some unpleasantness ahead for all of us. I do not think the police will allow any one to go till that diamond has been looked for. This is a very serious matter, dear. So many think the murderer was one of the guests."

"I think so, too," said I. But why I thought so or why I should say so with such vehemence, I do not know even now.

My uncle looked surprised.

"You had better not advance any opinions," he advised. "A lady like yourself should have none on a subject so gruesome. I shall never cease regretting bringing you here to-night. I shall seize upon the first opportunity to take you home. At present we are supposed to await the action of our host."

"He cannot keep all these people here long," I ventured.

"No; most of us will be relieved soon. Had you not better get your wraps so as to be ready to go as soon as he gives the word?"

"I should prefer to have a peep at the people in the drawing-room first," was my perverse reply. "I don't know why I want to see them, but I do; and, uncle, I might as well tell you now that I engaged myself to Mr. Durand this evening—the gentleman who was with me when you first came up."

"You have engaged yourself to—to this man—to marry him, do you mean?"

I nodded, with a sly look behind to see if Mr. Durand were near enough to hear. He was not, and I allowed my enthusiasm to escape in a few quick words.

"He has chosen *me*," I said. "The plainest, most uninteresting puss in the whole city." My uncle smiled. "And I believe he loves me; at all events, I know that I love him."

My uncle sighed, while giving me the most affectionate of glances.

"It's a pity you should have come to this understanding *to-night*," said he. "He's an acquaintance of the murdered woman, and it is only right for you to know that you will have to leave him behind when you start for home. All who have been seen entering that alcove this evening will necessarily be detained here till the coroner arrives."

My uncle and I strolled toward the drawing-room and as we did so we passed the library. It held but one occupant, the Englishman. He was seated before a table, and his appearance was such as precluded any attempt at intrusion, even if one had been so disposed. There was a fixity in his gaze and a frown on his powerful forehead which bespoke a mind greatly agitated. It was not for me to read that mind, much as it interested me, and I passed on, chatting, as if I had not had the least desire to stop.

I cannot say how much time elapsed before my uncle touched me on the arm with the remark:—

"The police are here in full force. I saw a detective in plain clothes look in here a minute ago. He seemed to have his eye on you. There he is again! What can he want? No, don't turn; he's gone away now."

Frightened as I had never been in all my life, I managed to keep my head up and retain an indifferent aspect. What, as my uncle said, could he want? I had had nothing to do with the crime, not in the remotest way could I be said to be connected with it, why, then, had I caught the attention of the police? Looking about I sought Mr. Durand. He had left me on my uncle's coming up but had remained as I supposed within sight. But at this moment he was nowhere to be seen. Was I afraid on his account? Impossible; yet—

Happily just then the word was passed about that the police had given orders that with the exception of such as had been requested to remain to answer questions, the guests generally should feel themselves at liberty to depart.

The time had now come to take a stand and I informed my uncle to his evident chagrin that I should not leave as long as any excuse could be found for staying.

He said nothing at the time but as the noise of departing carriages gradually lessened and the great hall and drawing-rooms began to wear a look of desertion he ventured upon this gentle protest:—

"You have more pluck, Rita, than I supposed. Do you think it wise to stay on here? Will not people imagine that you have been requested to do so? Look at those waiters hanging about in the different doorways. Run up and put on your

wraps. Mr. Durand will come to the house fast enough as soon as he is released from here. I give you leave to sit up for him if you will; only let us leave this place behind. Before that impertinent little man dares to come round again," he artfully added.

But I stood firm though somewhat moved by his final suggestion; and being a small tyrant in my way, at least with him, I carried my point.

Suddenly my anxiety became poignant. A party of men, among whom I saw Mr. Durand, appeared at the end of the hall, led by a very small but self-important personage whom my uncle immediately pointed out as the detective who had twice come to the door near which I stood. As this man looked up and saw me still there, a look of relief crossed his face and after a word or two with another stranger of seeming authority, he detached himself from the group he had ushered upon the scene, and approaching me respectfully enough, said with a deprecatory glance at my uncle whose frown he doubtless understood:—

"Miss Van Arsdale, I believe?"

I nodded, too choked to speak.

"I am sorry, madam, if you were expecting to go. Inspector Dalzell has arrived and would like to speak to you. Will you step into one of these rooms? Not the library, but any other. He will come to you as quickly as he can."

I tried to carry it off bravely and as if I saw nothing in this summons which was unique or alarming. But I only succeeded in dividing a wavering glance between him and the group of men of which he had just formed a part. In the latter were several gentlemen whom I had noted in Mrs. Fairbrother's train early in the evening and a few strangers, two of whom were officials. Mr. Durand was with the former and his expression did not encourage me.

"The affair is very serious," commented the detective on leaving me. "That's our excuse for any trouble we may be putting you to."

I clutched my uncle's arm.

"Where shall we go?" I asked. "The drawing-room is too large. In this hall my eyes are forever traveling in the direction of the alcove. Don't you know some little room? O what, what can he want of me!"

"Nothing serious, nothing important," blustered my good uncle. "Some triviality such as you can answer in a moment. A little room? Yes I know one; there, under the stairs. Come, I will find the door for you. Why did we ever come to this wretched ball?"

I had no answer for this. Why, indeed!

My uncle, who is a very patient man, steered me to the place he had picked out, without adding a word to the ejaculation in which he had just allowed his impatience to expend itself. But once seated within and out of the range of peering eyes and listening ears he allowed a sigh to escape him which expressed the full trouble of his agitated heart.

"My dear," he began and stopped. "I feel—" here he again came to a pause —"that you should know."

"What?" I managed to ask.

"That I do not like Mr. Durand and —that others do not like him."

"Is it because of something you knew about him before to-night?"

He made no answer.

"Or because he was seen, like many other gentlemen, talking with that woman some time before—a long time before—she was attacked for her diamond and murdered?"

"Pardon me, my dear, *he* was the last one seen talking to her. Some one may yet be found who went in after he came out, but as yet he is considered the last. Mr. Ramsdell himself told me so."

"It makes no difference," I exclaimed in all the heat of my long suppressed agitation. "I am willing to stake my life on his integrity and honor. No man could talk to me as he did early this evening with any vile intentions at heart. He was interested no doubt, like many others, in one who had the name of being a captivating woman, but—"

I paused in sudden alarm. A look had crossed my uncle's face which assured me that we were no longer alone. Who could have entered so silently? In some trepidation I turned to see. A gentleman was standing in the doorway, who smiled as I met his eye.

"Is this Miss Van Arsdale?" he asked.

Instantly my courage, which had threatened to leave me, returned and I smiled.

"I am," said I. "Are you the Inspector?"

"Inspector Dalzell," he explained with a bow, which included my uncle.

Then he closed the door.

"I hope I have not frightened you," he went on, approaching me with a gentlemanly air. "A little matter has come up concerning which I mean to be perfectly frank with you. It may prove to be of trivial importance, if so, you will pardon my disturbing you. Mr. Durand—you know him?"

"I am engaged to him," I declared before poor uncle could raise his hand.

"You are engaged to him. Well, that makes it difficult, and yet, in some respects, easier for me to ask a certain question."

It must have made it more difficult than easy, for he did not proceed to put this question immediately, but went on:—

"You know that Mr. Durand visited Mrs. Fairbrother in the alcove a little while before her death?"

"I have been told so."

"He was seen to go in, but I have not yet found any one who saw him come out; consequently we have been unable to fix the exact minute when he did so. What is it? You want to say something?"

"No, no," I protested, reconsidering my first impulse. Then, as I met his look, "He can probably tell you that himself. I am sure he would not hesitate."

"We will ask him later," was the Inspector's response. "Meanwhile, are you ready to assure me that since that time he has not entrusted you with a little article to keep— No, no, I do not mean the diamond," he broke in, in very evident dismay, as I fell back from him in irrepressible indignation and alarm. "The diamond—well, we will look for that later; it is another article we are in search of now, one which Mr. Durand might very well have taken in his hand without realizing just what he was doing. As it is important for us to find this article, and as it is one he might very naturally have passed over to you when he found himself in the hall with it in his hand, I have ventured to ask you if this surmise is correct."

"It is not," I retorted fiercely, glad that I could speak from my very heart. "He has given me nothing to keep for him. He would not—"

Why that peculiar look in the Inspector's eye? Why did he reach out for a chair and seat me in it before he took up my interrupted sentence and finished it?

"Would not give you anything to hold which had belonged to another woman? Miss Van Arsdale, you do not know men. They do many things which a young, trusting girl like yourself would hardly expect from them."

"Not Mr. Durand," I maintained stoutly.

"Perhaps not; let us hope not." Then, with a quick change of manner, he bent towards me, with a sidelong look at uncle, and pointing to my gloves, remarked, "You wear gloves. Did you feel the need of two pairs that you carry another in that pretty bag hanging from your arm?"

I started, looked down, and then slowly drew up into my hand the bag he had mentioned. The white finger of a glove was protruding from the top. Any one could see it; many probably had. What did it mean? I had brought no extra pair with me.

"This is not mine," I began, faltering into silence as I perceived my uncle turn and walk a step or two away.

"The article we are looking for," pursued the inspector, "is a pair of long, white gloves, supposed to have been worn by Mrs. Fairbrother when she entered the alcove. Do you mind showing me those, a finger of which I see?"

I dropped the bag into his hand. The room and everything in it was whirling around me. But when I noted what trouble it was to his clumsy fingers to open it, my senses returned and, reaching for the bag, I pulled it open and snatched out the gloves. They had been hastily rolled up and some of the fingers were showing.

"Let us have them," said he.

With quaking heart and shaking fingers I handed over the gloves.

"Mrs. Fairbrother's hand was not a small one," he observed as he slowly unrolled them. "Yours is. We can soon tell—"

But that sentence was never finished. As the gloves fell open in his grasp he uttered a sudden, sharp ejaculation and I a smothered shriek. An object of superlative brilliancy had rolled from their midst. *The* diamond! the gem which men said was worth a king's ransom, and which we all knew had just cost a life.

[*To be continued.*]

"Gee, but she's dressed up!"

THE RECLAIMING OF PETER

A Tale of the Bargain Counter

By Clara E. Laughlin

WITH DRAWINGS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

IT is almost impossible to make a call unannounced in Henry Street. The outposts are legion, some of them are bound to be even beyond the confines of Henry Street itself, in a group of marble players on Waller Street, or among a flying squadron of car flippers on Blue Island Avenue. On sight of any stranger, whose destination they know, these lookouts will either communicate the news to the nearest member of the household to be visited, or dive down some alley short cut and deliver the announcement, *avant courier* fashion, in kitchen door or window.

It was a sweltering July day when Micky Finnegan shouted at Johnny Casey.

"Yer aunt's comin'!" and then spieled the fence near the kitchen window to watch the arrival. It was no secret to any one in Henry Street, not even to the clannish Russian Jews, that Mrs. Casey's sister seldom visited her, and by the time she reached the top of the stairs leading down to the Casey's passageway, Mrs. Foley had a large and unabashed following.

Johnny was watering his garden when the word came, and the poor, soggy bit of ground must have been glad of the rival interest which withdrew Johnny for a brief space and gave the yard square of oozy earth a respite from anxious waterings.

Mrs. Casey thanked her stars that she didn't happen to be washing. She is usually washing,—not having any special

day for it, but doing a little whenever necessity urges and her feeble strength allows.

To-day the kitchen was fairly clean and clear of litter. Nellie, the spotted mongrel who was dethroned from first place in Johnny's heart when the garden fever set in, was sleeping under the cold stove and trying, no doubt, to believe it as delectable a spot as the cool, miry one whence Johnny had routed her with a scantling.

The children, even to the baby sixteen months old, were playing in the street when Mickey shouted his announcement, but they were in Mrs. Foley's wake, every one, before she reached her sister's door.

"Come in, Kate! Sure I'm glad to see ye," said Mrs. Casey. "An' how are ye."

"I'm bad, Mollie, I'm awful bad. My stum'ck won't work at all."

At this interesting beginning the followers came closer. They included five Caseys, three Conleys from across the street, and an indefinite number of Russian Jews from upstairs and next door and everywhere. The small kitchen was crowded to suffocation, the Jews waxing so bold as to stand under Mrs. Foley's very nose and to handle her garments with appraising fingers.

"Fer th' love af Hivin, sind off some o' these sheenies, can't ye?" Mrs. Foley cried, irritably.

With no little difficulty Mrs. Casey chased them out, but she had to shut the door to keep them at bay. In a moment the heat became unbearable and the door had to be open again, with Johnny and Midget stationed at the threshold to defy invaders,—a situation of command of which they made the most, Johnny enforcing his orders with a battered broom.

"Are they always after doin' this waay?" asked Mrs. Foley, shooting disdainful glances at the undisturbed Hebrews.

"Mostly," confessed Mrs. Casey, apologetically. "Thim Jews has no behavior an' ye can't do nothin' wid 'em."

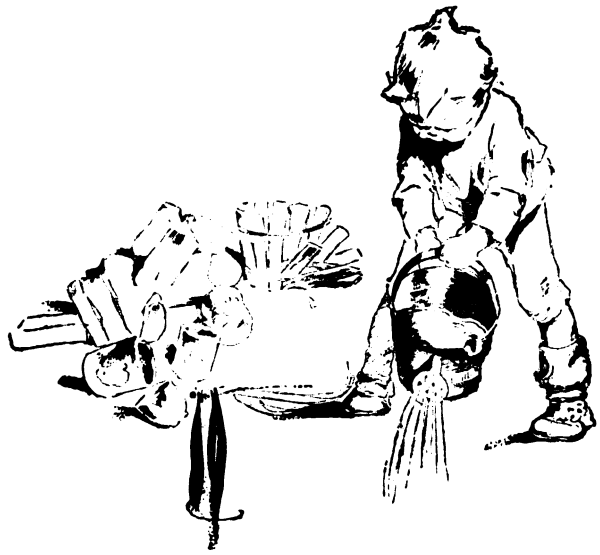
"It's a foine day whin a Christian body can't call on her own sister an' till her troubles widout bein' run over wid a pack o' sheenies," observed Mrs. Foley, who lives beyond the confines of the Ghetto and feels frank commiseration for her poor relations. And just to spite the curious beyond the thresholds, Mrs. Foley entered upon no discussion of her "stum'ck" and its woes, but plied her sister with questions about the welfare of the Caseys until Mollie, who had been dispatched for beer, returned with her pitcher and hospitality began in earnest.

"Is he workin'?" inquired the guest.

"Off'n'on. He do be havin' a day now'n'agin, but not stiddy. Stone cuttin' be a bad bizness, winter 'tis too cold to worrk, an' summers 'tis too warrm. I'm after tellin' Johnny, here, whin he goes to worrk to take up wid a trade that's indoors so he kin git on in all withers."

"Is he drinkin' much?"

"Not much. He do be havin' his drinks ivry day, and avenin's he bring his min in here to play and have their beer. But sure y' can't expict otherwise. I nivir see the man yit that was dif'runt, they all have th' failin'. But it's not th' drink I'd mind if he was joost stiddy. I tell ye, Kate, ye can stand most annythin' if they're stiddy an' got ambition t' git on. That's what he ain't niver had,—ambition t' git on. Look at Donahue! Whin Maggie married him he hadn't the learnin' o' Johnny, here, but he goes to night-school and makes a 'lectrician out o' himself, and do be



When the garden fever set in.

gittin' his eighteen dollars a week stiddy."

The moral tone of Mrs. Casey's reflections was a disappointment to the Jews. They hearkened to a little of it, then melted reluctantly away. Even the Caseys found it familiarly dull and straggled off, one by one, to other pursuits,—Johnny to carry another dipper of water to his drenched garden, in the hope of accelerating the peach crop expected from five stones now a week planted with no visible results in spite of zealous watering.

"Whin it's not wan thing 'tis another," observed Mrs. Foley, sententiously. "Ye think if yer man'd be stiddy, y'd be all right, but my man's stiddy, yit I'm goin' to be outs wid him."

"Fer th' love at Hivin!" cried Mrs. Casey, "why?"

"'Count o' my bein' sick so much. He says he's tired o't. 'It's 'hidache' here, an' 'me stum'ck' there, an' 'midicine an' docther bills ivrywhere,' he says, 'An' I'm toired av it,' he says, 'an' I wish y'd doie an' be done wid it.'"

Mrs. Foley's tears fell as she concluded,—big, briny drops that rolled slowly down her shrunken cheeks and splashed on the scrawny hands folded passively in her lap.

Mollie and the baby stared, wide-eyed, even the baby sensing the scene as unusual, and Mollie quite wisely aware that it was no ordinary day when her Aunt Kate came to their kitchen to cry. For Aunt Kate's husband was a stationary engineer who earned his sixty-five dollars a month and held his head very high. They lived in a flat on West Lake Street, and had a front parlor with a "stuffed suit" and a patent rocker and a mantel-shelf shrouded in a voluminous purple "drape" and burdened with innumerable fancy cups and vases secured with trading-stamps or given with pounds of tea.

A situation of command.

On rare occasions the Casey children had been taken to call at this swell establishment, but it could not truthfully be said that they were ever encouraged to make free with their rich relations. There were no children in the Foley flat,—only highly-colored "enlargements" of children's photographs,—little girls in much Hamburg edging and wide sashes, and little boys in enormous Fauntleroy collars and queer, little, round, Derby hats. The children were all in Calvary, whither most of them (there had been ten) had gone before even the days of sashes and stiff hats.

Perhaps it was because she had nothing else to do that Mrs. Foley found so much time to be sick. Mrs. Casey, with her seven children alive and four dead, and Casey lacking "ambition t' git on," was not less broken down and ailing, but had far less time to remember the fact. If Casey had wished her dead, she would have thought nothing of it. In fact, Casey had more than once tried to assist her out of the world, but she laid the offense, with all his others, to that fatal lack of ambition which was the curse of their lives.

But that Foley should show this hardness of heart toward his wife's sufferings was a terrible shock to Mrs. Casey, who had always envied her sister, Foley's "stiddyness," while sympathizing with her in the loss of one after another of her children.

"Well, now!" she ejaculated as Mrs. Foley told her tale. "What dy'e think o' that? Me always lookin' up t' ye, 'count o' you havin' yer nice house an' plinty o' iverythin', an' no worry o' bein' set out or havin' the stove took for paymints or yer word refused at th' grocer's. It do go t' show that all has their troubles, now don't it, Kate?"

Kate nodded a forlorn assent. She had none of Mrs. Casey's

"Fer all the worrld like Mis' Patter Palmer."

interest in the philosophy of trouble in general; she could only remember that Foley had wished she'd die and have done with her sickly wails.

"And whin I'm gon','' she cried, shrill anger taking the place of despair, "I'll bet I'll not be cold before he's found him some strappin' huzzy that's not wore out wid his tin children all in Calvary,—God rist their sowls!"

"Sure!" Mrs. Casey's dull, tired eyes blazed at the thought of this injustice. "That'd be just Pete Foley an' no mistake. But I'd fool 'im, Kate. I'd git aven wid 'im! It's a husky guy he wants, is it? I'd fix 'im!"

A gleam of interest shone in Mrs. Foley's wet eyes, and her sister went on.

"Now, you taake my worrd, Kate Foley, an' stop doin' yer washin'. He's well-to-do, let 'im pay fer a washwoman! An' you lay down an' taake it aisy. Git ye a couple o' beers a day an' fat up. An' you buy yersilf some nice dressin' sacks an' spunk up. Taake a cyar ride," counseled Mrs. Casey getting more and more excited as her fancy soared, "taake cyar rides, an' see if th' air don't be helpin' ye. An' if it don't, let on like it did. Stop tellin' 'bout yer stum'ck an' yer hid, an' brag 'bout yer new sacks an' what ye seen and where yer goin' next. That'll interest Pete Foley, I'll bet ye."

Mrs. Foley dried her eyes and "took notice." "I b'lieve I will," she said, with a self-conscious little giggle.

Mrs. Casey was deliciously excited. "Got anny money?" she said.

Yes, Mrs. Foley had six dollars, but it was "agin th' rint."

"Nivir moind th' rint," commanded her sister. "Pete Foley ain't goin' t' git set out fer no six dollars. You come right out wid me an' I'll help ye spind it. Thin, whin my Ang'la Ann comes from worrk, she'll learn ye a swell new way o' doin' yer hair, and agin ye go home Pete Foley 'll think yer some husky guy come t' flirt wid him an' be a-taakin' ye to shoot th' chutes."

All Kate Foley's doubts fled before this picture conjured by persuasive eloquence, and she actually allowed Mollie and Midget to walk hand in hand with her to Klein's Emporium, Mrs. Casey leading the way with the baby in her arms.

It was so long since the sickly, broken-spirited, little dyspeptic had taken any interest in personal adornment that she was far behind Mrs. Casey in enthusiasm for "style," though Mrs. Casey had not bought herself a stitch of clothes in unnumbered years, but wore the grotesque motley of people's careless charity.

True to feminine nature, the first purchase was a hat. Mrs. Foley's rusty, black straw sailor was laid on a counter and the two women and three children abandoned themselves to the deliciousness of the moment. Mollie and Midget ran far down the aisles collecting every imaginable kind of headgear, which their aunt and mother successively tried on, then handed back for the small girls to perch at rakish angles on their own unkempt heads while they smirked delightedly at themselves in the mirrors. Even the baby made the most of this "trying" opportunity,—or the others did for her,—and dimpled and smiled under the brims of hats deemed "swell" for babies in the Ghetto.

At length Mrs. Foley and her admiring train agreed upon a confection of pale blue tarletan, much frilled and shirred, with a drooping effect of coarse, yellow lace over the brim and a spray of solferino pink roses about the crown.

"Ooh!" breathed Midget and Mollie ecstatically, caressing it with tender but dirty fingers.

"Me!" screamed the baby lurching toward it, entranced, and yelling loudly when it was snatched from under her grasp and carried off to the wrapping desk to be done up in a paper bag.

The next purchases were on the same floor, one was a white shirt waist, very "peekaboo," and the other was a kimona sack of gay-colored lawn, with bands of turkey red.

"He do love rid," Mrs. Foley murmured as she chose this.

On the main floor they bought a red neck ribbon and a red tulle bow. Then Mrs. Foley was for stopping, but Mary Casey was intoxicated and there was no stopping her till the six dollars were gone. Not since she was married had she assisted at the spending of so much money "at wan lick."

She stopped at the jewelry counter, transfixed with delight, a queer, pathetic figure with her stained, bedrabbled brown skirt six inches too short in front and nearly as much sundered from her bulging gray flannel waist at the belt behind. She was bareheaded, with her wisp of dark hair screwed into a hard little knot like a butternut and "skewered" with a huge spike of a steel hairpin from which the blacking had long since worn off. She was only thirty-nine, but hollow-cheeked and hollow-chested, a wreck of the slums, with their devastating record written large all over her.

"Look!" she cried, joyously, holding out a long chain of blue beads. "Thim's swell, Kate," she tempted, "thim's awful swell. I'm after seein' all the high-steppers wearin' 'em, wid a fan 'tached to th' ind! Ye got to stip high for Pete Foley,—if ye don't, some wan ilse will."

So the beads were bought,—also a fan made of cloth roses that closed to simulate a bouquet. It seemed to Kate Foley then that there was nothing more for money to buy, but Mary Casey was not so minded. The crowning extravagance, marking the "swell" that was to be, was near the door, on their way out. Mrs. Foley balked, this was going too far. But Mrs. Casey held out, her eyes shining with excitement.

"They all do," she whispered, "th' min are great after it." And a bottle of cheap but powerful perfume was added to the pile of purchases. Then the homeward march began.

It was half-past five when they reached Henry Street where their appearance, bundle-laden, was the signal for the gathering of a crowd.

Down the long flight of rickety stairs they went single file, and along the dark, narrow passageway between their tenement and the next, the procession following. The Caseys had disdain for the rabble, as became persons so splendidly "connected," but they had no wish to disperse it, for what's the value of splendor if there's no one by to envy you?

One by one the things were unwrapped and spread in overpowering array on the kitchen table.

"Ye must go home in 'em,'' Mrs. Casey commanded. "Agin Ang'la Ann come she'll be showin' ye a lot. She's ter'ble quick at styles, an' she sees lots, for thim gyurls where she works is dretful dressy."

Angela Ann came in at half-past six.

Mrs. Casey showed tact in the explanation she gave her daughter for all these wild purchases.

"Yer aunt's been frettin' herself sick over the children bein' took,'' she said, "an' her stum'ck actin' so quare-like, an' I told her what she wants is t' spunk up 'n' enjoy life and lave off grievin'. So she've bought some new things fer t' spruce hersilf an' surprise yer Uncle Peter wid.''

"Sure,'' Angela agreed, comprehendingly. "Ain't I always told ye I b'lieve pa would get a hustle on him if you spruced up an' made 'im?''

Mrs. Casey sighed. "'Tain't the saame,'' she said. "It's nothin' t' yer pa how I look. That ain't his trouble. It's a playsure fer yer aunt Kate to give her man this nice surprise, because he's a stiddy man an' 'll appreciate it. But yer pa ain't like 'im. He ain't got no ambition t' git on. You mark my words, Ang'la Ann, and don't taake up wid no slouch whin yer turn comes.''

Angela took down her aunt's coarse, oily hair and built her a pompadour of huge dimensions which came far down over her left eye. Then the peekaboo waist was donned and the scarlet neck ribbon tied in front, the tulle bow pinned on behind. Beads and fan were adjusted, and Mrs. Foley's handkerchief soaked in cologne.

"Ye look fer all the worrld like Mis' Patter Palmer in th' Soonday paaper,'' cried Mrs. Casey, proudly.

"Be sure ye wear yer kimony in the mornin's,'' she reminded. "An' don't fergit th' beer,—it's awful fatenin', and I've noticed,'' lowering her voice, "they're ter'ble soft on husky guys. I nivir see the man that could abide bones.''

"Pete wants me t' look loike th' bist whin I go out wid him."

Mrs. Foley promised,—promised everything—and set out for Blue Island Avenue.

"Let me know how it worrks,'' was Mrs. Casey's final admonition.

It was two weeks before Mrs. Casey's curiosity was satisfied. Then it was Mickey Finnegan who shouted at Johnny:—

"Yer aunt's comin', and Gee! but she's dressed up.''

In a moment Mrs. Foley appeared, a dingy tribe at her heels.

"Here, you!" Johnny shouted, menacingly, "you git, every doggone wan o' ye!" and he charged the intruders with a pointed lath, not fearing to goad the slow or the unwilling.

In the Casey kitchen, Mrs. Foley was the center of a worshipful group. She wore, in addition to the finery in which she had departed after her last visit, a bead bag, and slippers with large gilt buckles, and she carried a white parasol with a very full if somewhat draggled chiffon ruffle.

"An' how are ye?" inquired Mrs. Casey.

"Oh," with a jaunty air of indifference to those ills the flesh is heir to, "I'm fine, but kind o' tired. Me an' Pete was to the Chutes las' night till twilve. An to-morrow we're goin' t' Milwaukee in th' Christopher C'lumbus. I come to see would ye care to go wid me while I buy me wan o' these here sailor suits and a yachtin' cap. Pete's after sayin' he wants me t' look loike th' bist whin I go out wid him."

"What'd I tell ye?" cried Mrs. Casey, half in anguish and all in triumph. "Y'kin do annythin' wid a man that's got ambition t' git on!"

DOES IT PAY TO BE A TEACHER?

By Arthur Goodrich

The following letter to the author of this article from President Hadley, of Yale University, demonstrating the importance of this subject, will interest our readers.—THE EDITORS.

MY DEAR MR. GOODRICH:—

I have read with great interest and pleasure your article, "Does it Pay to be a School Teacher?" It seems to me that you have been unusually successful in showing in their proper proportion the factors which enter into this question on opposite sides.

A difficulty that we have to deal with is that in our whole school system, public and private, the pressure to increase the quantity of teaching is greater than the pressure to increase the quality; and this tendency, so far as it exists, makes for the increased employment of second-rate teachers rather than for the rapid discovery and promotion of first-rate ones. I believe that there are already some signs of a reaction against this tendency. If this reaction goes far it will greatly increase the attractions of the teaching profession for first-rate men.

Faithfully yours, ARTHUR T. HADLEY.

"NO," said one teacher decisively in answer to the question, "it does not pay to be a school-teacher. Any man who has brains enough to earn twelve hundred dollars teaching can make twelve thousand dollars doing something else." Another—a High School principal—answered evasively until I asked him whether, if he were to choose now in the light of his experience, he would select school-teaching as a life work. "No," he said quickly. "Not because salaries are small, but for other reasons.

For one thing, a man likes respect and reputation among men, and few men respect a school-teacher." "It isn't an active enough life to suit me," said a third frankly. "It's just unceasing drudgery on one level, with no risks to take and no heights to reach. I'd do something else in a minute if I could, but I'm getting too old to make a new start, and I've a wife and three children to support." I quoted some of these answers to another moderately successful teacher. "Perhaps they're right," he said. "As for me, I make enough money. In fact, I'm not at all certain that I could make as much in a factory or in a law office. Regarding reputation—I imagine that the majority of the people I know respect me as much as I respect the majority of the people. I find a great deal of satisfaction in my work, and even wealthy men seldom have as long a vacation as I do. It pays me to be a school-teacher." He was the only man among eleven teachers of various grades who gave me an affirmative reply to the question; the others were negative or doubtful. Perhaps this is significant, and perhaps it is merely another indication of American unrest.

A doctor must study his profession four years, get his degree, pass his state examinations and, if he can, do two or more years of hospital work in addition before he opens his office; but there are so many doctors that the vast majority merely make a living. A lawyer must prepare himself by years of study and work in law schools or law offices, and he must pass his bar examinations before he can practise; but there is probably no profession so overcrowded as the law. Hundreds of capable young men in every large city are being refused business positions daily because others have come before them, and the agencies that know of business openings are crowded. No professional course of study and no rigid examinations are required of a man who is to teach. The qualifications, as outlined by a well-known superintendent, are merely: "First, character; second, scholarship—a university education if possible; third, physical health; fourth, aptitude for teaching." And yet it is difficult to find enough good men for teaching positions each year, according to the statements of superintendents, and it is difficult to keep these men once they are obtained. Evidently young men do not consider that school-teaching pays as well as other kinds of work, for there are fewer men teaching than there are doctors or lawyers in the country.

A college education is looked upon as practically necessary to a man's success in teaching. How many college men look forward to teaching as a life work? An official of last year's graduating class at Princeton writes that "twelve men out of a class of two hundred and eighty-three have expressed their intention of taking up teaching as a profession." But he adds: "It is highly probable that a number of men will teach for a few years." A study of the classes who graduated from ten to fifteen years ago from another well-known Eastern university shows that of those who taught during the first year after their graduation only thirty-five per cent. in one class are teaching now, thirty-eight per cent. in another, fifty-three per cent. in another, seventy-six per cent. in another, and eighty per cent. in the fifth. A few men leave every profession and business, but probably not in the proportion represented by even the largest of these percentages. A number, also, as suggested in the Princeton man's letter, start teaching with the definite intention of doing something else. They can make more money easily during the first years of teaching than in any other work. To be doctors or lawyers they must spend money for a number of years before their earning period can begin. A minister is fortunate if his first year's salary is five hundred dollars, and he is still more fortunate if he collects all of that amount. A young man must ordinarily start his business career at six or eight dollars a week. But it is not difficult for a young man fresh from college to obtain in cash, or its equivalent, eight hundred dollars or one thousand dollars or even twelve hundred dollars for his first year of teaching. As a matter of fact, however, many of these men, after teaching for three or four years, find it harder than before to begin at the bottom in some other work, and in many cases they are married and have, therefore, added responsibilities. They keep to their teaching, and, like the third man with whom I talked, decide reluctantly and with considerable disappointment that they are too old to make a change. Some, also, find quickly pleasant

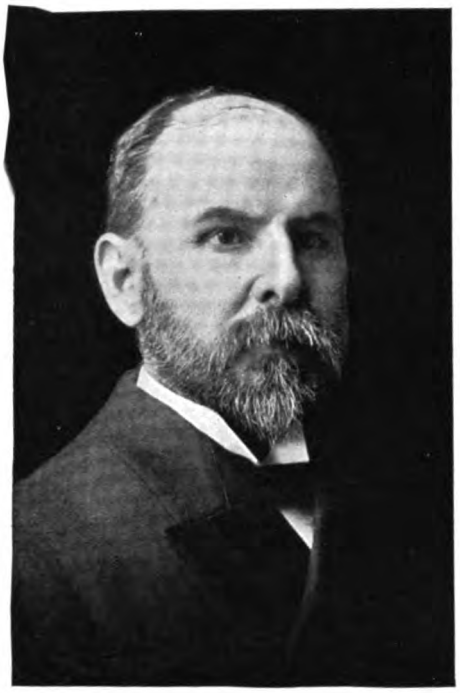
surroundings and agreeable work, and remain teachers from choice for the remainder of their lives. Besides those, then, who are teaching merely as a stop-gap, a means of paying college debts or of putting aside a little money for a start in the world, there is probably a larger percentage in teaching than in any other profession of those who leave their chosen work after practising it for a number of years.

Looking over the records of these same classes for some hint of comparative progress, I chose men who left college with approximately the same promise of success. The results follow :—

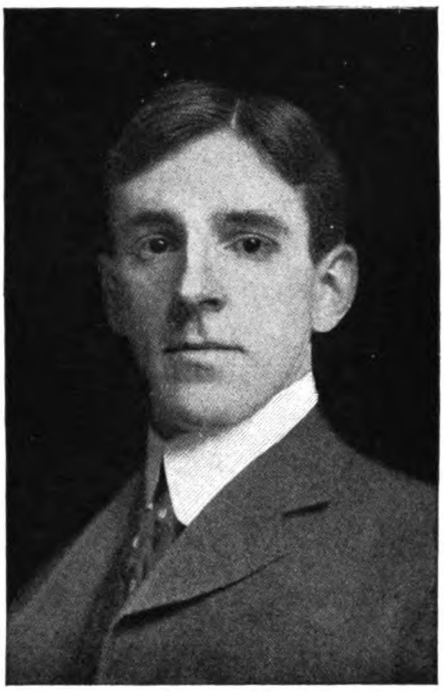
Class graduating fourteen years ago	*Approximate Salary*
Superintendent of a city's schools	$3,500
College instructor	1,800
Lawyer	6,000
Business man	5,000
Class graduating thirteen years ago	
College instructor	$2,000
Principal Preparatory School	2,500
Doctor	12,000
Business man	5,000
Class graduating twelve years ago	
High School Principal	$1,500
Teacher Private school	2,000
Lawyer	10,000
Lawyer	5,000
Minister	3,000
Class graduating eleven years ago	
High School Principal	$2,700
Teacher Private School	1,500
Business man	Failure
Journalist	2,500
Class graduating ten years ago	
High School Teacher	$1,500
College Professor	2,500
Lawyer	3,000
Business man	6,000

A young man, fresh from college, who decides to become a school-teacher, has many things to consider. The profession, if it can be called a profession, is still unorganized. No standard of excellence, no diploma certifying ability is required. Methods of teaching in public schools in New York State are very different from those in Colorado, and those in Utica are different from those in Buffalo. There are private schools with individual theories of teaching, boarding schools working under the auspices of various national churches, preparatory schools modeled after Eton and Harrow, and preparatory schools which aim merely to make their students pass college entrance examinations. There are almost as many methods of teaching arithmetic as there are of teaching vocal music. College positions the young graduate must ignore temporarily, at least, for at present the colleges are choosing men with doctor's degrees, preferably from abroad, scholars who may never have taught, to the practical exclusion of men who have studied and practised teaching in secondary schools. To obtain his first position he ordinarily joins an agency—and one teacher remarked to me that the agencies and the school book publishers are the only people who become rich from school teaching. He takes to the agency his record at college, supplemented by as many pleasant recommendations from his professors as possible, pays his yearly fee, and promises the agency a certain percentage, five per cent. usually, of his first year's salary. He will be sent on many a wild goose chase before he finds a school that he likes and which likes him. Occasionally his college will find a place for him in one of the schools that prepare directly for it. At any rate, he will find without great difficulty a position that will support him. Perhaps it will be in a little denominational boarding school where he will teach thirteen different subjects during his first year, as one man I know did. Perhaps he will find an opening at some old and well organized preparatory school, or perhaps in the graded schools of some thriving city. Certainly, he will spend a good part of the summer trying blindly to prepare himself for work about which he knows little or nothing.

A man probably learns more than any one of his pupils during his first year. He has five hours of active work five days in a week, but he usually works night and day and Saturdays as well. He finds that his supposed authority is an illusion; that he has none except that of personality and strategy. He must study every student in his classes, hold them to work which they will shirk if they can, and so plan his teaching that it serves the dullest and the



Dr. Harlan P. Amen.
Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy.



Alfred Stearns.
Principal of Phillips Andover Academy.

brightest and the most restless equally well. If he is too strict, his pupils will dislike him and they will hamper him and themselves as much as they can; if he is too lenient, they will play with him as they would with a toy. His nerves are at a strain every minute of time in school meeting emergencies, and every minute of time out of school planning to meet emergencies. He must show no favoritism. He must be dignified, but flexibly so, for most children see through a sham exterior more quickly than their elders. If he is in a public school, he meets inquisitive mothers and softens irate fathers on one side, and explains to pompous principals and busy superintendents on the other side. If he is in a private school, the gloves with which he handles his pupils must be doubly thick and soft, for the pupils are the school's source of income. If he is in a boarding school, a certain proportion of the boys are under his care until they are in bed, and often afterward when he quells surreptitious pillow fights, and stops hazing episodes, and sleeps himself with one ear alert to hear tip-toeing feet in the hall or on the stairs. He is by turns teacher, preacher, general, politician, and executive, with his senses vigilant and his temper under control. And if he survives his first year successfully and with some measure of content in the work, he is likely to be a teacher for the rest of his life.

What is his future? In many of the public schools he finds that the lower grades are being consolidated and systematized. Many cities already have their grammar schools under one executive head, with broad responsibilities and with a commensurate salary. Even in rural schools the tendency toward consolidation is evident. Mr. Cotton, the superintendent of Indiana schools, says: "With our present tendency toward the centralization of rural schools, which is being hastened by better roads and by better modes of travel, we hope at no distant day to extend the term and to make the minimum salary six hundred dollars." Perhaps he works his way gradually into a High School principalship. He finds many difficulties, real or imagined, to contend with during his progress. His life is often as itinerant as that of the old-time Methodist preacher. He goes from school to school, and from city to city, making friends and losing

Upon these two men devolves the administration of the

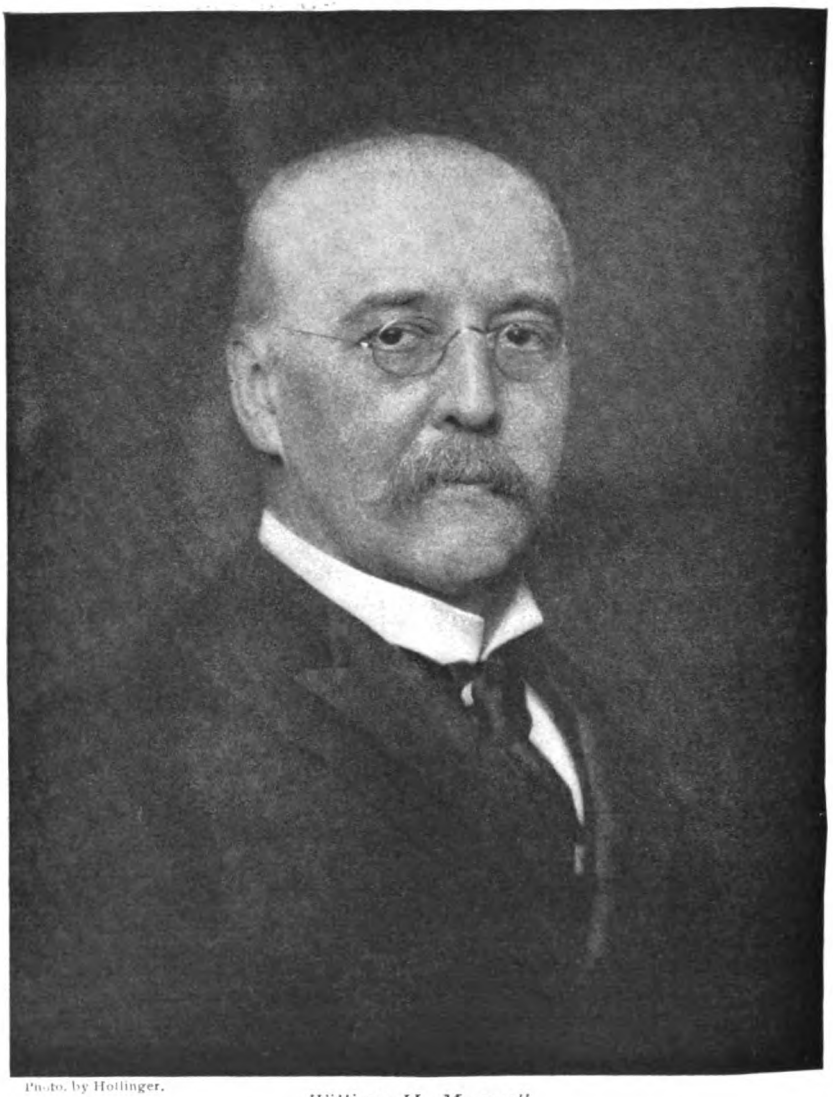


Photo. by Hollinger.

William H. Maxwell.

Superintendent of the Public Schools of Greater New York.

them, and making new friends. Many of his college mates whom he distanced so easily at the beginning are making twice the money he receives. He finds that there is some truth in a trite remark he has heard: "A man needs the spur of brighter and more mature minds than his own; a teacher grows stale from dealing constantly with people younger than himself." He will hear other teachers say that men in other professions and especially in business do not respect them because, there being more women teaching than men, teaching becomes women's work, or because they do not make money. And perhaps he will half believe them for a time, although his own good sense will show him that women's men will be considered women's men and men's men will be considered men's men, whatever their daily work, and that no man whose respect is worth having judges his acquaintances by the money they make, if only they live within their income. If his common-sense guides him, he will understand that a fresh point of view, hard-headed practicality, aggressiveness and keen judgment are as necessary to a teacher as to a business man, and he will know, also,

two greatest municipal school systems in the country.

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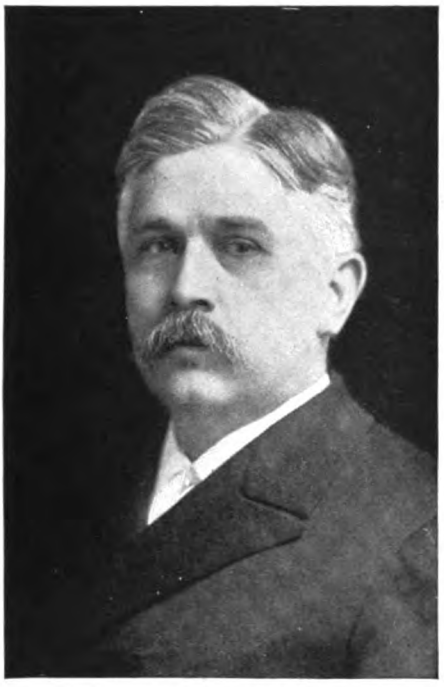
Edwin G. Cooley.

Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago.

why many teachers fall short of careers they might have made for themselves. And all the time he is watching the movements in educational centers, studying the work of other large schools, getting new ideas from college presidents and professors of pedagogy, dropping antiquated methods that are no longer useful, adding to his equipment the sensible features of the experimental fads of some private schools, getting into close touch with keener minds than his own, watching and sifting the results of his own experience with the eyes of a scientist. Then there are the superintendent and the board of education; he must meet them on their own ground and he must convince them of his work and his needs, or he moves to some other school at the end of the year. And there is a power back of the board; the people, parents and relatives and friends of the boys and girls he teaches. A friendly majority of these is the best he can expect.

There is no certainty about a public school-teacher's position except in cities like San Francisco, where a system of life tenure is in force. But a safe place



Dr. Simon J. McPherson.
Headmaster of Lawrenceville School.

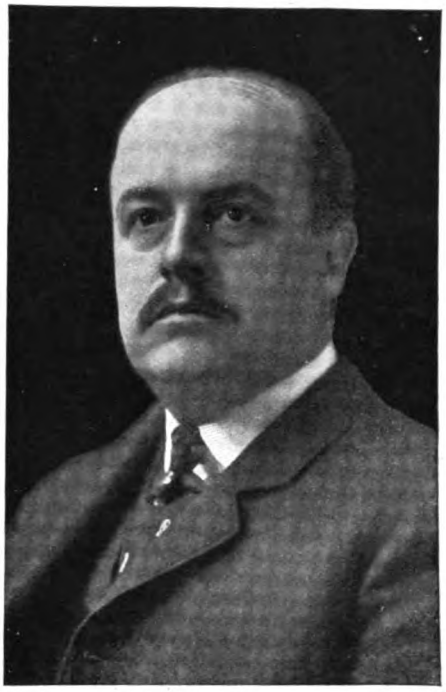
is seldom at the front, and the uncertainty gives the able, ambitious man greater opportunity. A principal of one of New York's most notable schools started in a small country school. Only a few years ago he was the assistant principal of a high school in a small New England city. He was progressive, independent, a student and at the same time a man among men. His former chief is still going through the old-time routine, while he has gone forward rapidly. And his career is only one sample among hundreds.

Perhaps in the end the young man who starts teaching in the graded schools will be made the superintendent of some city's centralizing system. If so, he will hold the highest place the public schools offer; he will receive a salary of from four thousand to five thousand dollars; and he will have an opportunity to create and mould the city's educational development. It is all very business-like. The principals are his heads of departments; his board of education is his board of directors; he is the executive head. He must know all theories of teaching and practical teaching as well; he must be a keen judge of men and of women; he must give every ounce of his strength and every particle of his ability to his schools, for they will represent him in methods and in personality. Like a progressive business man, he has no real vacation. In the larger and more centralized systems, politics enter to harass him. On his school board, for example, is a lawyer who has a client with a daughter. The lawyer suggests that his client's daughter be given a position in the schools. The superintendent looks into her record and finds that she is not as capable as a number of other women he can obtain, and he does not employ her. Almost inevitably he has created an enemy on the school board, where he needs nothing but friends. If he employs the less efficient woman on the other hand, he creates a precedent that will lead to the lowering of the standard throughout his entire system. There are two neighboring cities not far from New York where the effects of the two policies can be seen. In one the superintendent is disliked and the schools are strong; in the other the superintendent is tolerated, but the schools are probably the poorest in the State. Only a little while ago the superintendent of schools in a Massachusetts city discharged a ward politician who had been put in his office, and at the end of the year the town had been so influenced against him that the school board was allowed to dismiss him, although he is recognized as one of the most capable school superintendents in the country. This political interference extends often beyond superintendents. The principal of a Connecticut high school was turned out of his position after years of service, some time ago, by political means. When he left it, the school's certificate admitted men to all colleges where certificates were received, and its standing was as high as that of any school in the State. Since that time there have been almost as many new principals as there have been years, and in spite of infinitely better equipment and support than he was given, the school's certificates are not accredited and its graduates find great difficulty in passing college examinations.

"Once a private school-teacher, always a private school-teacher," is a common adaptation of the old saying. In a private school the young teacher often finds a

more sheltered life and pleasanter surroundings than do those who are cogs in a large city school machine. He is allowed more initiative and he is usually on confidential terms with the school master. His salary approximates those of his friends in public schools, but he seldom has the rough and tumble experience that ought to make them broader and more resourceful. He obtains a training, however, that may lead him in time to open a school of his own, in which, if he is successful, he will gain a considerably larger income and he will have, in addition, an opportunity to prove himself, to make a school that reflects his ideas and ideals. And most teachers whom I know find more pleasure in this, the creating of a concrete achievement, than in large incomes. An example of this fact is a man who until lately managed under a board of trustees, a well-known private school. Some differences arose in regard to which he felt that he could not yield with any satisfaction to himself. He is now a teacher in a much more important school at nearly double the income, but he would prefer to be again in his old place, making a school, carrying twice the responsibility at half his present salary. The joy of the work meant more to him than his bank account.

What shall be said of the young man who starts teaching in one of the little, strict, in many cases poverty-ridden boarding schools which are often under denominational control. It is not strange that he often is discouraged at the end of one or two grinding years of varied endeavor, especially when he sees older and perhaps abler men toiling mechanically beside him, hopeless of any better future. And yet many notable men have begun their work in similar schools, and at a time when these schools were not as progressive as they are now. Abram W. Harris began his career in a small boarding school after he had graduated from Wesleyan. He returned to Wesleyan, after a year, as a tutor, studied abroad for a time, and came back to an instructorship. From this position he went into the office of the Experiment Station at Washington and became in a short time its director, exhibiting unusual and unexpected abilities as an executive. The trustees of what is now the University of Maine heard of him, and he was called to the presidency of that then practically



Abram W. Harris.
Head of the Jacob Tome Institute.

unknown institution. In a few years the University of Maine had grown to its present size and was famous, and with it the man who had made it. He left Orono three years ago to take the directorship of the Jacob Tome Institute, the richest secondary school in the country, with an endowment of three million dollars. There are few educators in America who receive so large a salary as Mr. Harris or who work under as favorable conditions, and those who know him best—and he is scarcely yet at middle age—believe that infinitely larger achievements lie before him.

Young men who find successful places in such noted secondary schools as Lawrenceville, Hill School, Horace Mann, Groton, St. Paul's, Andover, Exeter and others of similar standing, can look forward to long lives of progressive teaching under the best conditions, with sufficiently large incomes and in the midst of what is, in its essence, a large, congenial family of endeavor, from the head-master to the last pupil in the lowest form. Does it pay to be a school-teacher? Ask Dr. Peabody, of Groton School. When he graduated from an English university and went into

George Albert Wentworth.

Author of many familiar text-books on Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry. For a generation the best-selling and least-loved of writers for children.

a banking office, everybody who knew him expected that he, like many of his relatives, would be rich. One day he surprised them by leaving his office and entering a theological school. When he had finished his course, he surprised them still more by accepting a call to a parish in Tombstone, Arizona, where he found distinctly new and varied experience. From the beginning he had had plans for a school, and they had been maturing in his brain. When he was twenty-eight years old he opened Groton School. That was not a very long time ago, but the school is proud of its history. There are only one hundred and fifty boys in attendance, but that is because Mr. Peabody does not wish more. It is self-supporting, and that is all that is necessary, aside from the large gifts it has received and is receiving for increased facilities. No college alumni are more loyal than Groton graduates, and when they come back, as they do at the end of the year, or at anniversary times, and fill the apartments that are always ready to receive them, they are boys again at Groton, feeling near them once more the gentle, dominating spirit of the man who has put his impress on the entire community and whose influence will go with them throughout their lives. It is given to comparatively few men to be paid for any work as Dr. Peabody is paid for school-teaching.

A wise business man once said that three considerations of practically equal importance make up the value of a position: the pleasure one finds in the work, the congeniality of the people with whom one works, and the salary one receives. It is doubtful if the average doctor or lawyer or business man finds more pleasure in his work than the average school-teacher while he

Rev. Endicott Peabody.

Founder and headmaster of Groton School.

works. It is doubtful, also, if any profession shelters those who practise it from uncongenial people as school-teaching shelters teachers. As to salaries—while they range ordinarily for women and men from two hundred dollars to five thousand dollars, the average salary men receive from public school teaching in New Jersey, which can be taken as a fairly typical State, is eighty-seven dollars a month, while the average income of the doctors of the United States has been estimated at less than seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. Certainly, also, the average salary in private schools throughout the country is higher than in the public schools. And there is a reward for the school-teacher which the wise business man did not consider. The lawyer can point to a case he has won, and show how he has obtained justice. A doctor may single out men and women whose lives he has saved and whose bodies he has healed. A business man can furnish evidences of his contribution to progress. But the successful teacher has an army of witnesses, themselves doctors and lawyers and business men, whose hearts and minds he has moulded, whose impulses he has steadied, whose ambitions he has encouraged. If you were to read the heart history of most of our successful men, you would be likely to find a teacher there, and perhaps at the turning point that meant success or failure. Each new class is an added heritage. The success of every man and woman who has been as boy or girl under his care is, indefinitely perhaps, but certainly, his success. As the years go by they are his real reward, and when he is old they come back to him in the flesh or in memory to make him glad that he has lived and that he has taught. After all, that which really pays, pays in the heart rather than in the pocketbook.

She sang foolish little love songs.

CARMENCITA OF THE "EARLY MORNING"

By Edwin Lawrence Gibson

WITH A DRAWING BY MARTIN JUSTICE

CARMENCITA was barmaid at the "Early Morning," a small "cantina" in the sleepy old mining town of Loreta, in northern Mexico. You will find it at the end of the Calle de Aldama, just within the shadow of the old cathedral of Santa Rosalia. It is a cool, dark place with whitewashed walls and a stone floor. There are a few roughly made tables and chairs on one side of the room; along the other side is the bar, above which hangs a gaudily colored print of the Madonna. They are good Catholics at the "Early Morning."

This cantina is the favorite resort of the miners of Loreta, particularly the Americans. It is here they used to gather to play at cards and dice and to drink to Carmencita, who was generally acknowledged—in Loreta, at least—as the "prettiest barmaid in all Mexico."

But I must describe to you this Carmencita. She was a mere child in years—not more than sixteen—but a woman grown for all that. She had a small, shapely figure, and a sweet, dark face, with laughing eyes and a red mouth. Her mother was dead. She lived with her father, Gabriel Rodriquez, a Spaniard by birth, and an old Indian woman who had been her nurse. They occupied rooms above the cantina. She had been educated at the convent of San Martinez. "The Sisters," she would say, "they were very kind to me, but, ah, Señor," and she would shrug her shoulders, "they were so devout. And there were no men at San Martinez save Padre Francisco, and he was fat and stupid. Here," and she would sigh contentedly, "everything is quite different, is it not so, Señor?" And you would probably have agreed with her that here everything was, indeed, quite different.

She had picked up a little English from the miners, and knew many of the coarse songs of the border. These she sang in a quaintly broken fashion and in an excellent voice, which made her very blunders agreeable. She liked Americans. "Ah, los Americanos," she used to say, "I love them; they are so strong, so honest, so—impolite." And then in English, "They are deleecious." It was her favorite word.

Larry Bentley, junior partner of the firm of Harford & Bentley, American Mining Engineers, wandered down the Calle de Aldama toward the cathedral of Santa Rosalia. More than one of the passers-by turned to look at him as he passed down the narrow, crooked street. And indeed, he was good to look at, this tall, clean-built American in riding boots and sombrero. He wished to examine a stone set in the masonry of the old church, which, he had been told, was curiously carved with strange inscriptions, and was supposed to have been fashioned in the time of Montezuma.

He paused before the open door of the "Early Morning." Some one was singing within. Bentley had been in Loreta but a short time, and had frequented the cantina but once or twice, but he needed no one to tell him that it was Carmencita who was singing. The coolness and the voice tempted him; carved stones and cathedrals lost their interest; he entered the cantina. A couple of Americans in boots and flannel shirts were lounging along the bar. Five or six Mexicans were sprawled over chairs or leaning against the

wall. Carmencita was perched on the edge of a table, her pretty head bent toward the strings of her guitar, her little foot beating time in the air.

"Oh, Jonah went a-fishin',
For to catch a whale,
But the whale he swallowed Jonah,
And thereby hangs a tale."

The Americans laughed uproariously. "Jonah" was a prime favorite on the frontier. The Mexicans, who did not understand, smiled at the enthusiasm of their neighbors and puffed lazily at their cigarettes. Carmencita laid aside her guitar and approached Bentley.

"Buenos dias, Señor," she said, extending her hand. "It is long since we last saw you. Let me see, one—two—three days," counting on her fingers.

"It seems like three months," he replied gallantly, in Spanish almost as perfect as her own.

"Ah, Señor, you are kind," she said for want of something better to say, for she was not accustomed to such polite Americans. Then, assuming an air of innocence, she added: "Do you then find the wine of the 'Early Morning' so—tempting?"

"Not so—tempting as the barmaid of the 'Early Morning'," he replied, for he was a gentleman and knew his duty.

"Señor, you are silly," she said disdainfully. She pouted her red lips and puckered her pretty brows in an attempt to frown, but her eyes laughed out at him. Her make-believe displeasure was more charming than convincing.

"You would have me believe that?" she continued. "It would be difficult." Then, changing her mood, she added coaxingly, "Now confess, Señor, it was not I that drew you here. It was the wine. You came to drink; is it not so?"

"To drink to you, Señorita," he said, bowing like a Spanish cavalier.

"Señor, you are ridiculous," she cried, affecting great scorn. Then a sudden thought occurred to her. She laughed merrily. "But it shall be as you wish," she added. She turned to those about her. "Oyez, Señors," she cried gaily, "our friend here wishes to drink to my health. Surely you will not permit him to drink it alone?"

"No, no," they protested, laughing. "We all drink to Carmencita; it is our custom." They crowded about Bentley good-naturedly. He was fairly caught; he could but yield as gracefully as he was able. The glasses were filled.

"And now a toast, Señor," said Carmencita, laughing. A chair was dragged forward. Bentley mounted it. It is a custom at the "Early Morning."

"Drink, then," said he, holding up his glass, "to Carmencita, whose lips are rosier than this red wine of Matanzas, and whose eyes are more sparkling; may she never lack lovers."

The glasses clinked; the toast was drunk. Carmencita stood smiling behind the bar, not at all embarrassed by this ovation.

"It is an excellent toast," she cried, when the glasses were set down. "It is deleecious. A thousand thanks, Señors, and may the blessed Santa Maria never send me other lovers than yourselves."

The men went laughing back to the tables, to their cards and dice, their cigarettes and "tequilla." Bentley was left alone with Carmencita. She came quite close to him.

"Señor, you are kind," she said teasingly.

"I am silly."

"You are ridiculous," and she laughed.

He was silent. She put her elbows on the bar, and, resting her chin in her hands, looked up at him.

"The wine of Matanzas," she asked, "it is quite red?"

"Yes," he answered, shortly.

"As red as my lips?"

"Almost," relenting a little.

"And as—sweet?"

"Lastima, bonita," he exclaimed, beginning to understand. "How should I know, having never tasted of your lips?"

"Surely," she said, softly, "'tis a thing soon proven."

He needed no more coaxing, but bent and kissed her.

"And now, Señor, which is the sweeter?"

He smacked his lips reflectively; then laughing, "the red wine of Matanzas," he said, "is not half so sweet as the lips of Carmencita. They are deleecious."

And he kissed her again.

All this did not escape the two Americans.

"Carmencita hev got another sucker a

nibblin' at her hook," said Shorty Dobbs to his companion.

"Na, 'tis more like a whale he is," replied MacKenzie. "He's fearsome big for sic a leetle fisher-lass. Ye know, Shorty, what happened to Jonah."

Wherewith they both started down the street arm in arm, and singing,

"Oh Jonah went a fishin',
For to catch a whale,
But the whale, he swallowed Jonah,
And thereby hangs a tale."

Back of the "Early Morning" there is a delightful bit of old garden, which had once been a part of the Cathedral grounds. There was an old fountain, no longer in repair, and a stone bench under a pomegranate tree. Near by was an image of the Virgin, green with age, on whose breast two birds had built their nest. When the birds had first built, Don Gabriel had wished to tear down the nest, but Carmencita had begged her father to let it stay. So it had remained, and each year the birds had brought forth their brood safely on the sheltering bosom of the stone Virgin.

It was into this delightful old garden that Bentley came the next day to meet Carmencita. It was during the hour of the Siesta, when, as Don Gabriel used to say, all Mexico slept except Americans and mosquitoes. She brought her guitar and sang to him, not the coarse songs she sang in the cantina, but old Spanish ballads with endless verses and foolish little love songs. Bentley sat beside her, rolling innumerable cigarettes, and making love to her between the verses. And when she tired of singing, she too lighted a cigarette and they blew smoke in one another's face, kissing each other in the clouds which enveloped them. They were very happy, sitting there on the stone bench, under the pomegranate tree.

Meanwhile Don Gabriel slept, or cursed the mosquitoes for disturbing him. Had he known what was going on in his garden, he might have cursed the American as well.

After that, Bentley came often to the old garden back of the "Early Morning," and at the end of the summer Carmencita had promised to be his wife. They were to be married at Christmas time.

It was on an afternoon late in August that Bentley, coming into the garden, found Carmencita bending over the old fountain. He approached her unawares, and, looking over her shoulder, into the water, misquoted :—

"Thy mirror says thy face is fair,
And well I know thy mirror tells thee true."

"Ah, how pretty," she said, attempting to laugh. Then she became downcast. "But the mirror speaks falsely this time, my dear, for see, my eyes are red with weeping."

"Then you are trying to see if your tears will not turn to pearls as in the song of the mermaid you sang to me yesterday."

But she only shook her head. "How can you jest so?" she asked reproachfully, "I but stooped to bathe my eyes."

He took her in his arms. "Tell me," he said, "what has happened to change my little Felicia into my Lady Dolores."

"Ah, my dear, I am very unhappy. One of my birds has broken a wing. You know, it lived with its mate on the breast of the Virgin, and although I have prayed her to save it, I fear it will die. And to think that but yesterday it could fly so high and sing—ah, so sweetly. And now it can but lie on the ground and flutter its poor wing. And that is not all, my dear. 'Tis an evil omen ; I feel it. The Virgin would never let it be hurt were it not for a warning." She began to tremble. "My dear," she said, "I am afraid."

Bentley pressed her to him and kissed away the tears, calling her all the endearing names he could think of, and when she had calmed herself a little, he asked her to sing "Carmela." It was his favorite song and she always liked to sing it for him. After a while she forgot all her fears and laughed and chatted as merrily as ever. But after he had left her that afternoon she went to look at the crippled bird in the soft nest she had made for it on the ground, and a little sigh escaped her. "The Virgin would never let it be hurt were it not for a warning," she said.

Bentley had scarcely reached his hotel when an Indian boy crossed the court-yard holding a yellow envelope in his hand.

"Una telegrama para el Señor," he said.

It was a telegram from his uncle an-

nouncing his father's death and urging his return home at once.

The next day he started for the United States. Carmencita watched him from the top of the trail until he disappeared in the valley below. He had promised to be back before Christmas. "After all, it was only a few months."

Carmencita walked slowly back to the cantina. But first she went into the garden to see the little bird with the broken wing. It was dead.

Bentley's letters came regularly and Carmencita always took them out to the garden to read them under the pomegranate tree. They were the first letters she had ever received. How she cherished them! But Christmas time came and went and Bentley had not returned. Then for a month Carmencita came empty-handed from the postoffice. Then a letter came and that was the last. Carmencita took it out to the garden and there, seated on the stone bench, she read it through.

"The time I spent in Mexico," it ran, "is like a pleasant dream. I sometimes wished I had never wakened. I confess you had me bewitched. The wine I drank at the 'Early Morning'; was it wine or was it a potion? After I drank of it, I remember I went into an enchanted garden, and there I saw a beautiful fairy sitting on a stone bench, who played a guitar and smoked cigarettes. I looked about me, and what I had once thought were mountains were only heaps of sand. Then I woke up. I see things differently now; from the American point of view, so to speak, in which neither love nor witchcraft plays an important part. What we had intended, of course, can never be. The mountains are no longer heaps of sand. Nevertheless, my little summer in Arcadia shall always be a sweet remembrance to me."

As Carmencita read, her face paled, and when she had finished it she let it fall into her lap and stared at the ground in front of her. She knew she was hurt, dreadfully hurt, but as yet she felt no pain. But it would come, she knew it would come. She waited for it. The breeze lifted the letter from her lap and it fluttered to the ground. She looked at it and smiled pitifully. "Poor little letter," she said. "So small a thing to carry so much of pain."

And then as the full realization of her sorrow came upon her and she felt the dull unending heart-ache, she cried out in her grief, and ran and threw herself at the foot of the stone Virgin. "Oh, Merciful Mother of Jesus," she cried, "let me die, let me die like the bird with the broken wing."

That evening there was a dance in Loreta. The long hall was dimly lighted with smoking lamps hung about the wall. In one corner the orchestra, composed of a violin and a guitar, were trying to make themselves heard above the shuffling of many feet. There were American miners in flannel shirts with their hair still wet from the brush. There were the dark-skinned Mexicans in their elaborate, tight fitting trousers. There were the shapeless forms of the Mexican mountain women. And flitting about among them, like a bird on the wing, was Carmencita.

After the first paroxysms of grief had passed, her pride had come to her aid. She was the daughter of Gabriel Rodriquez, and had the proud blood of Spain in her veins. No one must know that she had been slighted by an American. So she had dressed and come to the dance, and now she laughed and chatted and no one knew that her heart was heavy within her —no one except her old nurse, who sat in one corner and watched her with anxious eyes. She had found her at the Statue of the Virgin that afternoon.

After a time Carmencita was asked to sing. Laughingly she took the guitar that was proffered her and lightly touched the strings. "What is your pleasure, my friends?" she asked merrily.

"Sing 'Carmela'," suggested some one. It was a woman's voice. Carmencita was startled. It was the song that Bentley liked so well. A second she hesitated. It was his favorite, but she would sing it—she would show them that she did not care, that she was not afraid. Then with brave eyes fixed on the opposite wall, and with lips that always smiled, she sang the words of the foolish little song:—

"Perla preciosa de mis amores,
Que son las flores junto de ti?
Yo las contemplo una por una,
Y no hay ninguna iguali a ti.

Everybody was listening. They had all

heard Carmencita sing before, but never like this. There was an uncomfortable quiet in the room, as soft and piercing sweet came the words:—

"Recuerda, Carmen encantadora,
A toda hora siempre de mi—"

Then something arose in the throat of Carmencita which choked her further utterance. Her voice broke. Quick as thought, but not too quick to escape detection, she snapped one of the cords of the guitar.

"Lastima!" she exclaimed. "See, I have broken a string. Is it not unfortunate, Señors, and the song but half completed?"

A woman laughed spitefully. It was the same woman who had asked her to sing "Carmela." Carmencita laid her guitar on the chair beside her and stood up. She was very pale.

"I cannot sing any more for you tonight, my friends," she said. "It is late, and I am not well. It is the heat. Another time and I will sing for you all the songs I know—all except 'Carmela'," she faltered. "Do not ask me to sing that—'tis such a foolish little song," and she smiled pitifully. Then calling her old nurse to her, she bade them good night.

At the door two Americans stood aside to let her pass. "The cussed sucker hev quit his nibbling at Carmencita's hook," said Shorty Dobbs sadly to his companion.

"Aye, the whale were too big for sic a tiny fisher lass," replied MacKenzie, and swore softly to himself.

It was again a hot day in August. Ten years had passed since Carmencita had said good-by to her American lover. She had never married. Her father had died and she no longer acted as barmaid; there was another girl behind the bar at the "Early Morning." Carmencita only came in when it pleased her, to speak to her old friends.

Dr. Hartman looked worried as he entered the cantina and asked the girl to call her mistress. He sat down at his accustomed table in the corner with a frown on his usually pleasant face. He had a delicate mission to perform, and he knew not how to go about it. He looked up as she came across the room. Ten years had changed her but little. Her eyes were soft, a little sad perhaps, but beautiful, and her teeth were as white as the orange blossoms in the patio. She was still a very beautiful woman.

"Buenos dias, Señor Doctor," she said giving him her hand. "How did you pass the siesta, it was so warm?"

"Very well, thank you, I dreamed of you."

"Señor, you are too old to be so silly. It is only permitted to the young to be so foolish. But listen, I have a new wine which I wish you to try; it came but yesterday." She turned round. "Juanita," she said, "bring the Señor Doctor some of the new wine of Oswego." And when it was brought, "I have been told, Juanita," she said, still addressing the girl, "that if there is anything that the doctor loves more than a case of fever or a broken bone, 'tis a glass of good wine."

"Or a beautiful woman," supplemented the doctor.

Carmencita affected not to hear. "And what is more, Juanita, I have heard it said that he was a connoisseur and a most excellent judge."

"Of beauty," said the doctor.

But apparently Carmencita had not heard. She had taken the glass from the tray and was holding it up to the light. "Is it not pretty?" she asked.

"Lovely," said the doctor, but he was looking at her eyes instead of at the glass.

"Such a beautiful color," she mused as she turned the glass so that the sunlight might fall upon it, making it look like melted rubies.

"Yes," said the doctor, thoughtfully, whose eyes were not on the glass. "A beautiful color, indeed, yet one hard to describe. Sometimes I think it is brown, and at other times, black, and then again, I would swear it was violet."

Carmencita sat the glass down on the table. "Tell me, Señor, what is the trouble. When you jest so badly I know there is something wrong."

"There is something wrong," the doctor replied, gravely. "It concerns a friend of yours. He met with an accident."

"A friend of mine?" she asked. "Who?"

"His name is Bentley," said the Doctor, turning away his eyes. He expected a scene, which he dreaded. There was none. He looked at the woman again.

Her face was a little pale, perhaps, but that was all.

"Bentley," she repeated, thoughtfully. "Ah yes, I remember now. You say he was hurt, Señor?" Her tone only implied casual interest.

The Doctor stared at her for a minute, then continued, anxious to finish what he had so dreaded to begin. "Yes," he said, "he was found only a mile or two from town. He had evidently mistaken the trail and followed one of the cow-paths. In attempting to turn round his horse had fallen with him." The Doctor was watching her face, intently. "He wishes to see you, Carmencita."

Her eyes narrowed to mere slits, out of which the fire seemed to leap, but her voice was quite calm. "It is so warm," she complained. "Do not ask me to visit the sick to-day, Señor. Perhaps to-morrow,—but no, to-morrow is a saint's day and I must help the children sing a mass, and the next day—"

"There will be no next day," broke in the doctor, impatiently. "He can scarcely live more than two or three hours." He turned his head away. "And may the Lord forgive me this one falsehood," he said to himself.

The color went from Carmencita's face. For a moment she sat perfectly still. Then she got up. "I will go with you, Señor Doctor," she said, softly. "Come, let us make haste."

Together and without many words they went to the doctor's home where Bentley had been taken after the accident. The doctor showed her the room, then waited outside.

It was true Bentley was a very sick man, but it had not taken the doctor long to discover that it was not the broken bones that were causing all the trouble. Little by little he learned the whole story: how his father had died, how he had returned home and found his mother prostrated with grief, how he, the only son, was left to look after his invalid mother. He had kept his engagement a secret at first; then when his mother became stronger, he told her of his plans to marry Carmencita Rodriquez. She would not listen to it. He persisted. She begged him to put the girl out of his thoughts. He refused. Then she became ill and he promised to give her up. So he had written her that last letter. He could not ask her to wait for him, for he did not know when he would be free. He knew his mother would never relent. So he, in his letter, treated the matter lightly. He thought she would forget him. He even hoped he might forget her. But he could not. Ten years passed and his mother died. Then he wrote again to Carmencita. The letter was returned unopened. Was she dead? Was she married? Or was she merely indifferent? He came to find out. And now he knew that she was neither dead nor married. Then it must be that she did not care for him any longer. It was this thought that was making him grow weaker when he should be getting stronger. And so the Doctor had undertaken his mission to the "Early Morning" in search of a restorative not in his medicine chest. And he had not come away empty-handed.

Now he went and looked in at the open door of the room which Bentley occupied. Carmencita was seated on the bed bending over the sick man and holding his hand. They did not see the Doctor at the door.

"I wonder if she will forgive me for deceiving her," he asked himself. Then he went quietly down stairs. In the hall he met Maria, his housekeeper, on her knees scrubbing the stone door-step.

"Maria," he said, "I have just told a lie. Is it wrong to lie, Maria?"

"Undoubtedly, Señor," she said gravely. "It is a grievous sin."

"But I have lied for a good cause," pleaded the Doctor. "Surely it is not wrong to lie when it brings happiness?"

"Nothing justifies a lie, Señor. It is an odious thing." The righteous Maria was becoming indignant. The Doctor looked down on her, slightly amused.

"Well I'll be damned," he muttered.

"Most assuredly, Señor."

"No, I'll be damned if I will," exclaimed the Doctor. Then he calmed himself. "Listen, Maria," he said. "It is my firm belief that it is better to tell a bushel of lies than to cause a peck of trouble." He smiled at the shocked face of his servant, then stepped over the door-step into the garden.

But Maria dropped her brush, her hands flew to her breast, her uplifted eyes were tight shut, while her lips muttered, inarticulately. She was praying for the soul of her master.

MR. PICKLE'S GO-CARTS

A Tale of Business and Babies

By H. S. Harrison

WITH A DRAWING BY E. R. GRUGER

THE proprietor of the Brownville Bargain House regarded his buyer, Mr. Pickle, with a malignant eye.

"Now, however, Pickle," he was inquiring for perhaps the tenth time, "did you come to lay in such a almighty stock of them go-carts and baby-kerridges?"

The subject had long ago become a touchy one with Mr. Pickle. "How could I figure on just such and such a number of babies?" he demanded, exasperated. "I ain't no mind-reader, and I say it ain't in reason to ask it."

"What do I pay you big wages for then—wages that eats up all my profit, and leaves me needy? I'd a been easy on you if it was only two or three sticking by us, *but*—" he paused eloquently. "Dick, go down stairs and count up careful them go-carts that Mr. Pickle so kindly laid in for us."

Dick did not move from the stack of tin-pails he was, at least nominally, dusting. "There's eleven of 'em," he asserted, in the manner of a member of the firm, "I was countin' of 'em for Mr. Pick this morning."

Mr. Pickle frowned at this betrayal of confidence. "We can move 'em easy enough with a special sale," he said hastily. "Cut the price kind of tempting, get up an ad, and we can clean 'em out in half an hour."

Mr. Bingley cut a moderate-sized quid from a very large plug indeed, tilted his chair still further back against the battered desk, rested his foot delicately upon the glass show-case, and ruminated.

"The only thing to do with them go-carts of yourn, Pickle," he said at length, as though he were the author of the idea, "is to make a special of 'em. Eleven left, and the baby-carriage season dead and buried! Kindly get up something tasty in the way of a dodger, and we'll talk later about who stands the cost of the printing."

Mr. Pickle retired to the far end of the counter, and stuck the pen-holder into his fast thinning hair. It was his fancy to strike this attitude when in meditative vein. After an hour Dick was dispatched to the *Bugle* office, with the glowing copy.

Late that afternoon the *Bugle* boy (who was, however, no bugler) brought up the completed job, with bill. It was an elegant dodger, all red ink and heavy-faced type. Mr. Pickle read himself in print with conscious pride, and even the habitually unappreciative Mr. Bingley could find no word of criticism.

TREMENDOUS DRIVE IN GO-CARTS!!!

Go! Go! Go!

Our Go-Carts must go, and go they must. Immense Stock of Go-Carts, Perambulators, and Baby-Carriages Slaughtered To-Morrow.

ALL FOR BROWNVILLE'S CITIZENS:

WE KEEP BACK NOTHING.

Reason: We Need the Room for our $10,000 HOLIDAY STOCK!!!

Buy whether you need one NOW or not. Look to the future.

Sale begins at 8 sharp, to-morrow.

BROWNVILLE BARGAIN HOUSE.

Dick was then bidden to take to the street, and thrust one or more dodgers into every palm, willing or unwilling, that swung across his line of vision. This mission, he afterwards swore, was faithfully discharged.

Nobody came to the sale, however. The

hours wore away, and Brownville went about its business. Little the town appeared to reckon that up at the Bargain House, go-cart prices were waiting to have their throats cut. At about eleven o'clock, Mr. Bingley addressed Mr. Pickle with a voice full of sarcasm.

"'Pears like the public won't have 'em at any price," he said bitterly. "If we was to offer to give the whole lot away, and throw in a velocipede and a sojer suit, there wouldn't be no takers. Brownville has taken a kind of a hate for them carts, and they ain't no good for nothing but firewood."

"There's ways and ways of selling stuff," rejoined Mr. Pickle, at length. "Some sells best by a sale, and some sells best by other ways. I been in the business twenty-three years, and I ought to know."

"What's your idea now?" inquired Mr. Bingley.

"Human nature *is* human nature," said Mr. Pickle, philosophically. "People is people everywhere. I been studyin' 'em twenty-three years, going about my business. They hates trouble, and they hates to take trouble."

"Go on," said Mr. Bingley, interestedly.

"Oh, I'm going on," retorted Mr. Pickle. "If we was to deliver these go-carts, now, about the town, misunderstanding they was ordered—neat, elegant articles like them—people would be liable to keep 'em, just to save explaining it was all a mistake. Not all would, mebbe, but here and there we'd catch one, and in the town we'd easy get eleven."

"It might be worked," said Mr. Bingley, thoughtfully. "It might put the notion into the heads of some that reely needs go-carts."

Mr. Pickle started up triumphantly. "Where's Dick?"

"It might be worked," repeated Mr. Bingley, "but mighty tactful. I wouldn't trust a delicate job like that to Dick- him no better than a child. The only reel diplomat in the establishment is—yourself, Pickle."

Mr. Pickle started. "I ain't no errand boy," he stated, positively.

"I'm aware of that, Pickle. You're only a unfortunit buyer of go-carts. Of go-carts that don't go—not they."

Mr. Pickle was cut to the heart. Deeply regretting his boomerang-like suggestion, but seeing no way of avoiding the issue, he took his hat from the nail, stepped to the rear of the store where the carriages had been drawn up in solid phalanx for easy inspection during the sale, selected one of catholic style and price, and wheeled it unhappily toward the door.

"Don't you bring that 'ere thing back, Pickle," Mr. Bingley called after him, "if you have to throw it away. And all the time you go strolling along, taking the nice, cool air, I want you to be saying over and over: 'If I had only—ONLY—put that money into tumblers.'"

Mr. Pickle was too depressed to make any reply. A bachelor of long standing, he faced his prospective promenade with a feeling of real uneasiness. Sure enough, he had scarcely walked a block when a friend halted in front of him and blocked the way.

"Well, Pick! That's a *good* one! What you doin' withat 'ere kid?"

"What kid?" demanded Mr. Pickle, cautiously.

"What kid? Any kid. That kid in that 'ere carriage."

"There ain't no kid in it. Can't you see? I'm delivering it to a customer, expecting it every minute. I ain't got time to talk."

"What customer?" his friend called after him.

Mr. Pickle, who had not quite settled this point, ignored the question. Finally, after some deliberation, and a good deal of walking back and forth before the gate, he turned into the neat bricked walk of the Tattle residence. Mrs. Tattle herself opened the door for him, with face somewhat flushed from the heat of the Tattle cook-stove.

"Good-mornin', m'm," observed Mr. Pickle, affecting the sprightly. "Hope you are well, m'm. I've brought up your go-cart, m'm."

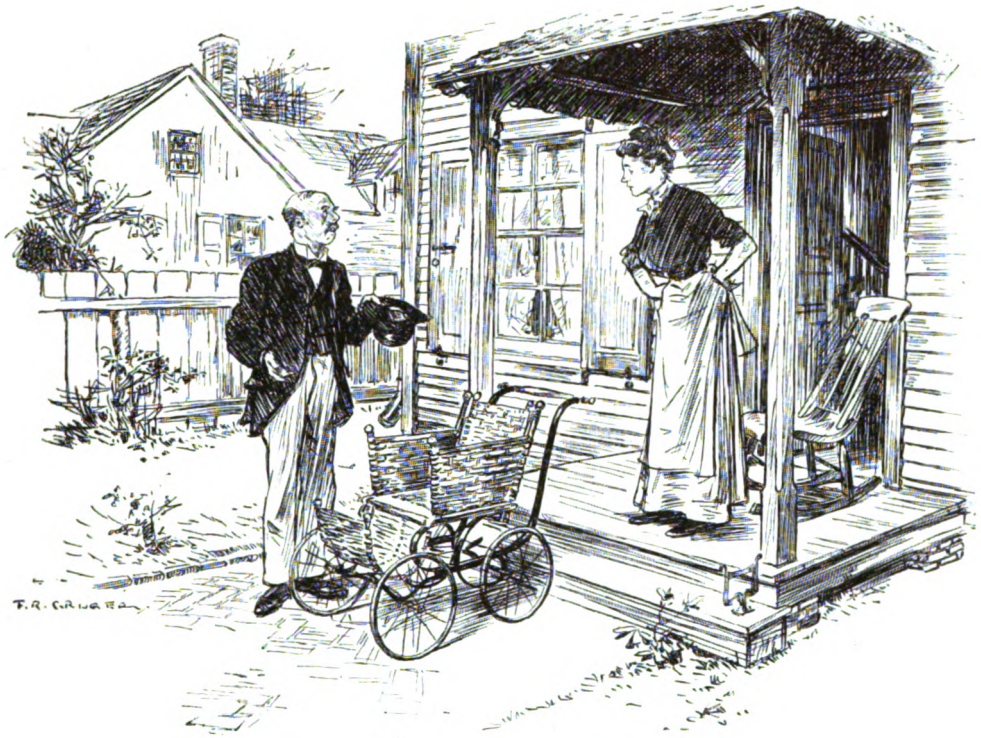
"What go-cart?" she asked, surprised.

"Your's, m'm. The one your husband picked out for you at the sale, this morning. And a tip-top choice he made, the very pick of the lot, at a reely ridickerlous figure."

"What! Ed back and me not know it!"

It was now Mr. Pickle's turn to be astonished. "Ed back? Back from where?"

"Back from Smithsburg. He was over



"The very pick of the lot, at a reely redickerlous figure."

there all week, seeing his mother."

Mr. Pickle hesitated. "I won't say positive it was Ed," he admitted, guardedly. "I c'n only say that in the excitement of the sale and everything, we took him for Ed. But what with the crowds and all, o' course we might have made a mistake."

"Well," said Mrs. Tattle, finally, "I ain't no use for a go-cart, anyway. So I'll thank you kindly to wheel it back to the store, and gimme credit. And this afternoon, I'll step down and get some tumblers and a mouth-organ, and some things I reely need up to what Ed give you for the go-cart."

Mr. Pickle saw at a glance that this would never do. "Come to think of it," he said, laughing a little nervously, "that man warn't Ed at all. I c'n see now, looking back, that he was different. He had a kind of a droopy look to his shoulder that Ed never had. Thinking it over, he was a different looking man altogether."

With a feeling that he had known all along just how it would be, Mr. Pickle made his escape as best he might, and proceeded on his unhappy ramble. He tramped street after street, ringing strange bells by the score. Though more than ready to deliver the goods, he everywhere encountered opposition, now vituperative, now jocose. Finally, late in the afternoon, he at last succeeded in abandoning the cart, under a good deal of protest, with an unknown family down a side street.

Having done this, Mr. Pickle felt that he could now face the carping Mr. Bingley with an unflinching eye. Conscious that he was well worthy of some internal refreshment, he stopped at Sam's, and absorbed several schooners with friends whom he found there on the same pleasant mission. He reached Brownville's leading bazaar, a half hour later, in a far more genial frame of mind than had been his that morning.

So briskly did he push open the door that he stumbled over, and barked his shins painfully upon, some heavy object that had been set just inside the door. It now rolled slightly away from him. Looking at it more closely, Mr. Pickle perceived that it was a go-cart. About its general nature and design there

was indeed something deadly familiar.

Mr. Bingley, who was leaning over the counter, regarding his lieutenant silently, at length spoke.

"Oh, it's *it*, all right," he said witheringly. "They won't have it at no price. Hired a special messenger, so's to get the danged thing off the premises right away. And what may your next brilliant idee be, *Mister* Pickle?"

Mr. Pickle had only one idea at that miserable moment, and that was a feeling of dumb, brooding pain. He removed his hat, and mopped his head dully with a darksome handkerchief.

"Where *is* all the babies gone to?" he asked, of the universe.

"Mebbe," said Mr. Bingley, the next day, "you'd now have no objections to my operatin' a trifling plan of my own, Mr. Pickle."

Mr. Pickle admitted that he would not.

"The way to get the retail trade," continued Mr. Bingley, "is to put your finger on the demand, and let them particklar people know what you got. D'ye get a glimmer of an idee? The foundation of the baby-carriage trade, Mr. Pickle, is the human baby. The go-cart business would be non-existent without there was infants born into the world. The notion is—just to find out where there's a new baby, and hustle around and sell 'em a carriage while they ain't fit to think on account of the gratification and all. In a word, Mr. Pickle, to make the motto of this house henceforward: 'Follow the Stork!'"

The ingenuity and feasibility of this plan Mr. Pickle at once perceived, but he instinctively shrank from the part which he foresaw that he was destined to play in it. He did not meet Mr. Bingley's eye. "I think it would be a'most—indelicate," he announced.

"Indelicate!" almost screamed Mr. Bingley. "Don't you go a-indelicatin' me. When you think about them—hateful go-carts, you'd ought to *want* to be indelicate. Now you get to work right away collecting materials for working on the minds of young fathers, and don't give me no more of that foolishness. I'll make it my business to study through the tejus paper, locatin' babies, doing everything to make things easy and pleasant for you as usual."

Mr. Bingley, of course, was the proprietor, and what he said naturally went. He now retired to his desk and eagerly searched for new arrivals in the columns of the *Bugle*, leaving Mr. Pickle to his own morose reflection.

Mr. Bingley's plan was put into operation at the earliest opportunity, and proved to be all he had dared hope for it. His system, like everything truly great, was simplicity itself. When, in his now rigorous perusal of the daily paper, he ran across an item bearing on the subject in hand, he jotted down the address on a bit of paper for Mr. Pickle. The latter gentleman would then mount his bicycle with a full equipment of circulars, catalogues, prices and small talk, and go after the indicated trade. Often before the proud father had realized it, the wily Mr. Pickle, by pleasant flattery and skilful exploitation of reduced prices and easy pay-terms, had landed the order.

For a month the perambulator business boomed in the Bargain House. Cart after cart, speeded by looks and words of real thanksgiving, rolled out of the door, under the manipulation of the willing Dick, to return no more. Then apathy suddenly settled upon the trade. One week, two weeks, passed without a single sale. In vain did Mr. Bingley pore and re-pore over the eye-racking print of the *Bugle*. It looked as if the stork, that fickle bird whose itinerary he had fondly fancied to follow, had quietly flitted away to other climes. Relations between Messrs. Pickle and Bingley were again noticeably strained.

"Dick," said Mr. Bingley, entering the store one morning, "go count them go-carts."

"There's three of them," said Dick. "I was countin' of 'em for Mr. Pick this morning."

"Three left!" sighed Mr. Bingley. "And nobody wants 'em at half the price."

He picked up the *Bugle*, but not with his old, hopeful spirit. He knew in advance nowadays that nothing would come of it. Roving his eye over the first page, he suddenly halted with a cry of amazement. Mr. Pickle, seeing his chief open-mouthed, with staring eyes glued to the page, sprinted towards him.

"Read that, Mr. Pickle," he ordered excitedly. "And think of them three go-carts setting downstairs just a-waiting for

to carry babies, and be thankful you've got a boss to keep his eyes open and his brain a-working to protect your interests."

Mr. Pickle read :—

"The many friends of Will Reddy, the popular and genial brakeman on the P. Q. and R. R. R., will be pleased to learn that he became last night the father of three bouncing boys. Mother and triplets are doing well."

"Triplets!" cried Mr. Pickle.

"It looks like a stroke of Providence," said Mr. Bingley devoutly.

"There'd ought to be a likely chance to sell a go-cart in that quarter," suggested Mr. Pickle, pleased to be again on speaking terms.

"*A!* *A* go-cart! Are you feelin' indisposed, Mr. Pickle, or am I correct in assuming that it's customary to have a carriage for each individual infant?"

"Triplets," said Mr. Pickle, "goes in one carriage."

"How if they was big triplets? It wouldn't be possible. You can see it wouldn't." Seeing Mr. Pickle still unconvinced, he added, irritated: "I can tell you how to prove you ain't right. Call up the horspital and ask the doc."

"I ain't going to do no such ridickerlous thing," said Mr. Pickle.

"Then I will," said Mr. Bingley very haughtily. Applying the receiver to his left ear, he spoke as follows: "Three-one-four. *Hello!* St. Mary's Horspital? That you, doc? This is Bingley. Bingley. You know—Jim Bingley, down at the Bargain House. Yes. How are you, doc? I only wanted just to have a little talk with you. No, not a walk. I didn't say a walk. I said *talk*. Yes, a little talk. About triplets. Triplets, I said—three of a kind! A little talk about triplets. No, I ain't got 'em. Not yet, that is. Ha! Ha! About their carriages. About the number of their carriages. No, I mean the quantity of carriages they take. We was having a little dispute—just arguing it over. I say they takes three, and Pickle he says one. What? 'Pends on the size of the triplets, hey? And the carriage? There ain't no fixed rule, then. Some does one thing and some another, hey? All right. Thank you, doc. Much obliged."

Mr. Bingley rehung the receiver and faced Mr. Pickle energetically. "There ain't no fixed rule," he explained. "The doc just told me. Well, I'm going to fix one. They goes in three, do you understand, Mr. Pickle? Now, roll out your wheel and gather up your packet o' circlers and hike down the pike quick, afore Will gets away. And you lay it on strong—do you hear me?—that it wouldn't be safe—fine little fellows like them—to be squoze into one little mite of a carriage."

After Mr. Pickle's departure, Mr. Bingley determined to take an optimistic view of the situation, had the three carriages brought out and made ready for instant delivery. They had been setting about collecting dust and chance knocks for some months now, and began to show plainly the ravages of time. With rag and duster, Dick worked carefully over them under the proprietor's own direction, improving them so greatly that they were unanimously admitted to be better than new.

Mr. Bingley then drew his chair well into the front door, that he might catch Mr. Pickle's tidings at the earliest possible moment. After an hour that trusted gentleman suddenly pedalled into view, dismounted at the curb, and strode buoyantly into the store.

"Well?" cried Mr. Bingley, nearly bursting with anxiety.

"I done it all right," said Mr. Pickle, his rather ragged face oozing exultation no less than perspiration. "They was extry large triplets, and I done it easy."

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

XII—PERSONAL INDEPENDENCE

IN proportion as every organ of the human body is free to perform its own functions, unimpeded by any other, the body is perfectly healthy and vigorous; and, in proportion as every organ of the body is receiving its proper support from every other, the body as a whole is vigorous, and in the full use of its powers.

These are two self-evident axioms, and, if we think of them quietly for a little while, they will lead us to a clear realization of true personal independence.

The lungs cannot do the work of the heart, but must do their own work, independently and freely; and yet, if the lungs should suddenly say to themselves:

"This is all nonsense,—our depending upon the heart in this way; we must be independent! It is weak to depend upon the other organs of the body!" And if they should repel the blood which the heart pumped into them, with the idea that they could manage the body by themselves, and were not going to be weakly dependent upon the heart, the stomach, or any other organ,—if the lungs should insist upon taking this independent stand, they would very soon stop breathing, the heart would stop beating, the stomach would stop digesting, and the body would die. Or, suppose that the heart should refuse to supply the lungs with the blood necessary to provide oxygen; the same fatal result would of course follow. Or, even let us imagine all the organs of the body agreeing that it is weak to be dependent, and asserting their independence of each other. At the very instant that such an agreement was carried into effect, the body would perish.

Then, on the other hand,—to reverse the illustration,—if the lungs should feel that they could help the heart's work, by attending to the circulation of the blood, if the heart should insist that it could inhale and exhale better than the lungs, and should neglect its own work in order to advise and assist the lungs in the breathing, the machinery of the body would be in sad confusion for a time, and would very soon cease altogether.

This imaginary want of real independence in the working of the different organs of the body can be illustrated by the actual action of the muscles. How often we see a man working with his mouth while writing, when he should be only using his hands; or, working uselessly with his left hand, when what he has to do only needs the right! How often we see people trying to listen with their arms and shoulders! Such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, and, in all cases, the false sympathy of contraction in the parts of the body which are not needed for the work in hand comes from a wrong dependence,—from the fact that the parts of the body that are not needed, are officiously dependent upon those that are properly active, instead of minding their own affairs, and saving energy for their own work.

The wholesome working of the human organism is so perfect in its analogy to the healthy relations of members of a community, that no reader should pass it by without very careful thought.

John says:—

"I am not going to be dependent upon any man. I am going to live my own life, in my own way, as I expect other men to live theirs. If they will leave me alone, I will leave them alone," and John flatters himself that he is asserting his own strength of personality, that he is emphasizing his

individuality. The truth is, that John is warping himself every day by his weak dependence upon his own prejudices. He is unwilling to look fairly at another man's opinion, for fear of being dependent upon it. He is not only warping himself by his "independence," which is puffed up with the false appearance of strength, but he is robbing his fellow men; for he cannot refuse to receive from others without putting it out of his own power to give to others. Real giving and receiving must be reciprocal in spirit, and absolutely dependent upon each other.

It is a curious and a sad study to watch the growing slavery of such "independent" people.

James, on the other hand, thinks he cannot do anything without asking another man's advice, or getting another man's help; sometimes it is always the same man, sometimes it is one of twenty different men. And so, James is steadily losing the power of looking life in the face, and of judging for himself whether or not to take the advice of others from a rational principle, and of his own free will, and he is gradually becoming a parasite,—an animal which finally loses all its organs from lack of use, so that only its stomach remains,—and has, of course, no intelligence at all. The examples of such men as James are much more numerous than might be supposed. We seldom see them in such flabby dependence upon the will of an individual as would make them conspicuous, but they are about us every day, and in large numbers, in their weak dependence upon public opinion,—their bondage to the desire that other men should think well of them. The human parasites that are daily feeding on social recognition are unconsciously in the process of losing their individuality and their intelligence; and it would be a sad surprise to them if they could see themselves clearly as they really are.

Public opinion is a necessary and true protection to the world as it is, because, if it were not for public opinion, many men and women would dare to be more wicked than they are. But that is no reason why intelligent men should order their lives on certain lines just because their neighbors do,—just because it is the custom. If the custom is a good custom, it can be followed intelligently, and because we recognize it as good, but it should not be followed only because our neighbors follow it. Then, if our neighbors follow the custom for the same intelligent reason, it will bring us and them into free and happy sympathy.

Neither should a man hesitate to do right, positively and fearlessly, in the face of the public assertion that he is doing wrong. He should, of course, look himself over many times to be sure that he is doing right, according to his own best light, and he should be willing to change his course of action just as fearlessly if he finds he has made a mistake; but, having once decided, he will respect public opinion much more truly by acting quietly against it with an open mind, than he would if he refused to do right, because he was afraid of what others would think of him. To defy carelessly the opinion of others is false independence, and has in it the elements of fear, however fearless it may seem; but to respectfully ignore it for the sake of what is true, and good, and useful, is sure to enlarge the public heart and to help it eventually to a clearer charity. Individual dependence and individual independence are absolutely necessary to a well-adjusted balance. It is just as necessary to the individual men of a community as to the individual organs of the body.

It is not uncommon for a person to say:—

"I must give up so and so,—I must not see so much of him,—I am getting so dependent upon him."

If the apparent dependence on a friend is due to the fact that he has valuable principles to teach, which may take time to learn, but which lead in the end, to greater freedom, then to give up such companionship out of regard for the criticism of others would, of course, be weakness and folly itself. It is often our lot to incur the severest blame for the very weaknesses which we have most entirely overcome.

Many people will say:—

"I should rather be independently wrong than dependently right," and others will admire them for the assertion. But the truth is, that whenever one is wrong one is necessarily dependent, either upon man or devil; but it is impossible to be dependently right, excepting for the comparatively short time that we may need for a definite, useful purpose. If a man is

right in his mental and moral attitude merely because his friend is right, and not because he wants the right himself, it will only be a matter of time before his prop is taken away and he will fall back into his own moral weakness. Of course, a man can begin to be right because his friend is right;—but it is because there is something in him which responds to the good in his friend. Strong men are true to their friendships and convictions, in spite of appearances and the clamor of their critics.

True independence is never afraid of appearing dependent; and true dependence leads always to the most perfect independence.

We cannot really enjoy our own freedom without the growing desire and power to help other people to theirs. Our own love of independence will bring with it an equal love for the independence of our neighbor; and our own love of true dependence—that is, of receiving wise help from any one through whom it may be sent—will give us an equal love for giving help wherever it will be welcome. Our respect for our own independence will make it impossible that we should insist upon trying to give help to others where it is not wanted; and our own respect for true dependence will give us a loving charity, a true respect for those who are necessarily and temporarily dependent, and teach us to help them to their true balance.

We should learn to keep a margin of reserve for ourselves, and to give the same margin to others. Not to come too near, but to be far enough away from every one to give us a true perspective. There is a sort of familiarity that arises sometimes between friends, or even mere acquaintances, which closes the door to true friendship or to real acquaintance. It does not bring people near to one another, but keeps them apart. It is as if men thought that they could be better friends by bumping their heads together.

Our freedom comes in realizing that all the energy of life should come primarily from a love of principles and not of persons, excepting as persons relate to principles. If one man finds another living on principles that are higher than his own, it means strength and freedom for him to cling to his friend until he has learned to understand and live on those principles himself. Then, if he finds his own power for usefulness and his own enjoyment of life increased by his friendship, it would indeed be weak of him to refuse such companionship from fear of being dependent. The surest and strongest basis of freedom in friendship is a common devotion to the same fundamental principles of life; and this insures reciprocal usefulness as well as personal independence. We must remember that the very worst and weakest dependence is not a dependence upon persons, but upon a sin,—whether the sin be fear of public opinion or some other more or less serious form of bondage.

The only true independence is in obedience to law, and if, to gain the habit of such obedience, we need a helping hand, it is truly independent for us to take it.

We all came into the world alone, and we must go out of the world alone, and yet we are exquisitely and beautifully dependent upon one another.

A great German philosopher has said that there should be as much space between the atoms of the body, in relation to its size, as there is between the stars in relation to the size of the universe,—and yet every star is dependent upon every other star,—as every atom in the body is dependent upon every other atom for its true life and action. This principle of balance in the macrocosm and the microcosm is equally applicable to any community of people, whether large or small. The quiet study and appreciation of it will enable us to realize the strength of free dependence and dependent freedom in the relation of persons to one another. The more truly we can help one another in freedom toward the dependence upon law, which is the axis of the universe, the more wholesome and perfect will be all our human relations.

FRANK HEDLEY

The Man Directly Responsible for the Safety of Three Hundred and Twenty-five Million People

By Burton J. Hendrick

THERE are no opportunities for ambitious young men in America to-day. The era of individual competition is closed. The growth of great corporations, of trusts and of influential families with sons and relations who must be provided for, —all this has practically ended the poor man's chance. Astor, Vanderbilt, Mackay, Rockefeller, Carnegie,—there is no particular encouragement in these careers for young men now, for under present conditions there could be no duplication of their success.

That's the theory, now for the facts. You find them in the cases of the men who are forging ahead to-day. A conspicuous instance comes from New York. On October 27th was opened the finest system of underground transit in the world. Its cost was thirty-five million dollars, and it will carry some one hundred and twenty-five million passengers a year. Its management evidently called for a man of exceptional talent; and, ordinarily, the place would have seemed a difficult one to fill. The selection, however, proved no serious problem. In all the employees of the Interborough Company, one, Mr. Frank Hedley, was unmistakably indicated for the place. In making him general manager, with full charge of the operation of all the elevated and subway lines, Mr. August Belmont violated the rules referred to above. Mr. Hedley was not a poor relation, neither was he backed by important social connections. In fact he was entirely without influential friends, except such as he had made by twenty years' hard devotion to his work. His only qualifications were his knowledge of railroading, his technical information in several branches of engineering, his mastery of detail, his skill in handling men, his forceful but unassuming personality and his honest enthusiasm for toil. Twenty years ago, indeed, the present executive head of the Interborough Railroad was a machinist, at two dollars and forty cents a day, in the Erie Railroad shops in Jersey City. His career strikingly resembles that of his only rival in the same field,—Herbert H. Vreeland, who, now the President of the New York City Railway Company controlling all the surface lines, was, a few years ago, a common laborer on the Long Island Railroad. Thus, whether you ride on the subsurface, surface or elevated railroads in New York to-day, you must place your-

self in the hands of a self-made man.

How did Mr. Hedley accomplish this remarkable feat? The man who has had this old-fashioned American career is only forty-two years of age and an Englishman by birth. In England he received his common school education, and learned his machinist's trade. He reached the land of opportunity in 1882. When he arrived at Castle Garden his only capital was a little spare baggage, a few shillings, and an intense longing for a job—which, as already said, he obtained in the shop of the Erie Railroad. It seemed a humble beginning, but it gave Hedley a good start towards his goal.

For from the first he had a definite purpose in view. For generations his family had been associated with railroading; and an important place in the railroad world he determined to have. His first obstacle was the lack of a scientific education. Unlike many workmen, he did not despise the theoretical side of his work; but early discovered that detailed knowledge was essential to success. In the evenings, therefore, while his associates collected in the Jersey City bar rooms to discuss the tyranny of capital and the impossibility of getting on in the world, Hedley, fortified by many bulky volumes, pored over certain abstruse questions of mechanics and engineering. Later he became enrolled at a Cooper Union night school. Regularly every night for four years, after ten hours' hard labor in the machine shop, Hedley dropped his tools and jumper, clad himself in citizen's clothes, and crossed the ferry to the old brown stone building at the Bowery and Third Avenue. When he finished there was little about machinery that he did not understand.

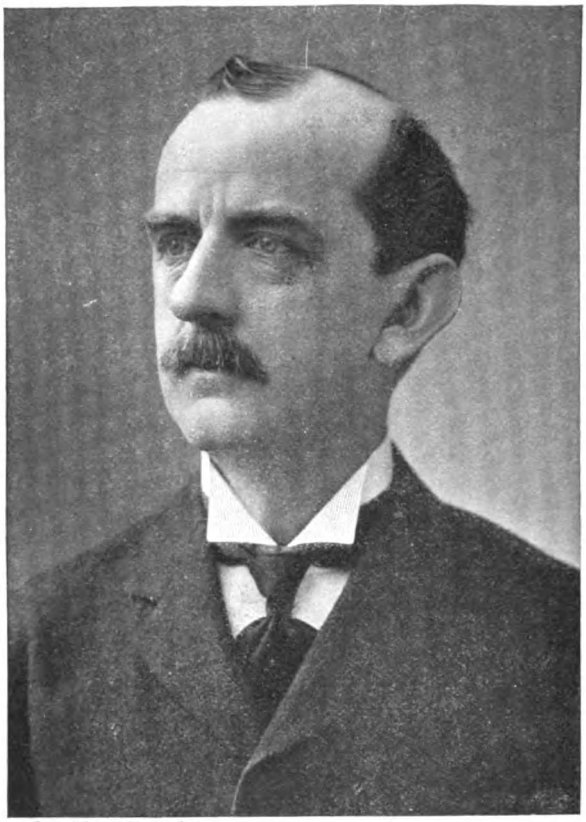
Soon afterward he left Jersey City and took a position with the Manhattan Elevated Railroad. Here he again devoted himself to mastering detail; and in a year or two the elevated system, already the most intricate rapid transit line in the country, ceased to be a mystery. In five years the Kings County road in Brooklyn made a successful bid for his services and he became its master mechanic. From there his fame penetrated to Chicago. Charles T. Yerkes began his traction exploits in the early nineties, and asked Hedley's co-operation on the practical side. By this time there had been remarkable developments in the traction line; electricity suddenly supplanted horses and cables and steam. Hedley, a practical railroad man and an expert mechanical engineer, found that an almost overnight revolution in traction had made him a back number. An entirely new branch, electrical engineering, must be learned if further progress was to be made. There was no Cooper Union in Chicago, and so Hedley was forced to his books and a private tutor. For five years he thus spent all his evenings and became one of the most learned electrical engineers of his day. Thus he was thoroughly equipped for the very work Mr. Yerkes wished done. In making these wholesale changes of motive power Hedley was a pioneer. The Lake Street Elevated Railroad, under his supervision, was the first overhead system to discard the locomotive for the third rail. He superintended the building of other elevated lines; and was given charge of their operation. About three years ago he was called back to New York and made Superintendent of the Manhattan Elevated road. His work since then has been arduous. The growth of New York had taxed the elevated system almost to the breaking point. The new spirit which has come over the Manhattan in the last three years, has been frequently commented on. Few people know, however, that it was Mr. Hedley who injected the new life into this body of death.

Thus it was that Frank Hedley was the one man in the United States superbly equipped for the operation of the Subway. He was a practical workman and an educated mechanical and electrical engineer of abundantly tested ability in handling new transportation problems. No man in the world has so many human lives in charge. The elevated railroads carry some two hundred million passengers a year. The estimated capacity of the Subway is one hundred and twenty-five millions. The direct responsibility for the safety of these three hundred and twenty-five million people rests upon Mr. Hedley. If there are accidents, such as that in the Paris underground, he will be held to blame. Most men would turn gray at the very thought of this responsibility. The Subway manager, however, carries it lightly. Individually he has solved the thousands of problems incidental to opening the road;

Frank Hedley.

The man in control of the great Subway just opened in New York City.

has assigned to his twelve thousand subordinates—engineers, superintendents, motormen, guards, ticket sellers, ticket choppers and what not—their appointed tasks; has co-ordinated all branches into a smoothly running organism;—all without any fuss, or any outward manifestation that he was doing the unusual. More than this he is a broad-minded man; is interested in other things than subways; has emerged from the ranks of working men and left most of his native roughness behind; and, among other things, speaks excellent English. According to the newspapers his salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Thus he has no fault to find with the competitive system as now established in the United States.



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Winthrop Murray Crane.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

By Charles Ferris Gettemy

THE appearance of Winthrop Murray Crane in the Senate of the United States as the successor of the late George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, typifies the changing spirit of the times,—the spirit that exalts the man of deeds above the man of mere precept, that prefers that the plans for running the great business of the government shall be laid down by the man of affairs and not, exclusively at least, by the man of the study. For Senator Crane is not a bookman. He is probably as unfamiliar with the great currents of world history as his illustrious predecessor was at home among them. Nor can he, as could that other captain of industry, who was also without much book-learning, the late Senator Hanna, make a good speech.

The new Senator did not make an appearance in politics until 1892, when he was chosen a delegate to the Republican National Convention, and also the Massachusetts member of the National Committee. In 1896 he was again a delegate-at-

large to the Republican National Convention at St. Louis, and it was his quiet but firm insistence on that occasion that the Massachusetts delegation must be entertained without distinction of color, that compelled, greatly to his chagrin, the keeper of the hotel where the delegation had engaged its quarters to furnish a negro delegate from Boston with accommodations. In the fall of the same year Mr. Crane was nominated and elected Lieutenant-Governor, serving in that capacity for three terms, when he was elected Governor; and he was re-elected in 1900 and 1901 by large majorities.

During his three campaigns for the governorship Mr. Crane did not make a political speech nor write a political document. His first inaugural address was the shortest ever penned in Massachusetts— at any rate in recent years—and, like succeeding ones, was absolutely devoid of rhetoric or any attempt at literary quality, except utmost simplicity and directness of statement. It was a business man's straightforward presentation of the financial condition of the State, which the new Governor conceived to be such as to call loudly for retrenchment, and a demand for certain other long-needed reforms. No greater testimony to the man's power of achieving results could be cited than the fact that every one of these and subsequent recommendations were placed upon the statute book, though it was inevitable that State boards and departments should protest when they saw themselves stripped of time-honored prerogatives.

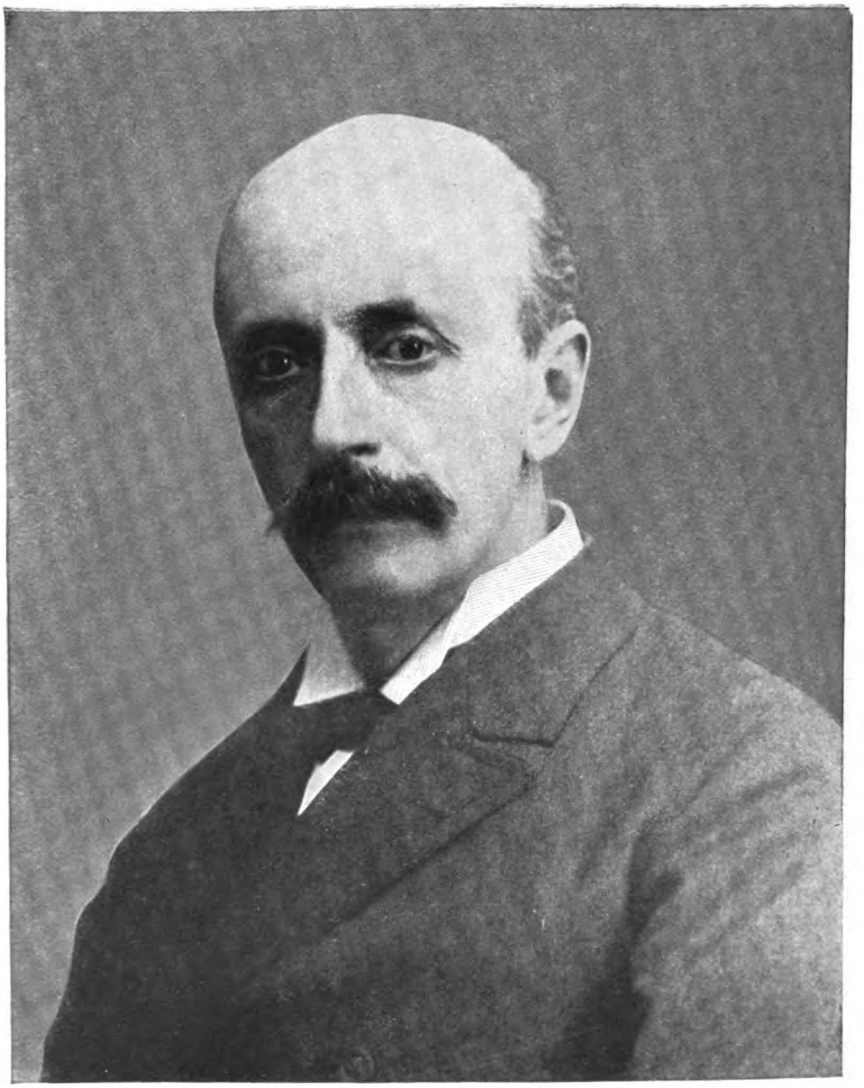
One might search the record of Governor Crane's official acts and examine his addresses and messages to the legislature in vain for a clue that would indicate to what political party he bore allegiance. Criticism and disagreement there were, of course, but they were not partisan criticisms, and the Democratic press extolled some of his deeds even more heartily than the organs of his own party. Yet he is pre-eminently the one man in Massachusetts whose privately uttered word is almost equivalent to law in the councils of the Republican party, and to whose suggestions and advice Senator Lodge and all others defer. He is not given to interposing in small affairs nor to dictating nominations for the sake of showing his power; but in important matters of policy, in the direction of campaigns where it is desirable that the guiding force be not seen and advertised to the world, and in the handling of delicate questions his counsel is invariably sought and is as invariably given with wisdom.

The foundations of Mr. Crane's wealth were laid by his grandfather and father, in the making of paper, in the little Berkshire town of Dalton. For a hundred years the Cranes did a paying business. But the real prosperity of the establishment dates from the advent into its active management twenty-five years ago of the young man who has just been made a United States Senator. Born April 23, 1853, he was sent to Williston Academy, at Easthampton, and, at the age of seventeen, entered the paper mills, donning overalls and learning every detail of the business.

In 1879, Mr. Crane became convinced that a newly-discovered process of running silk threads through paper could be utilized to advantage in the making of paper money, since it would increase the difficulties of successful counterfeiting. He made a trip to Washington in the hope of impressing upon the treasury officials the value of the invention, and, after weeks of discouraging, but also of persistent endeavor, he finally succeeded in making a contract which the Cranes have had ever since. The mills at Dalton now make all the paper used by the Government in the printing of the currency, and every United States bond is printed upon Crane paper. The paper-making industry is, however, but one source of Senator Crane's wealth.

The Crane brothers hold to-day the largest block of stock in the American Bell Telephone Company, the senator being actively interested as a director. Mr. Crane also has holdings in other large corporations and banking institutions.

But, Senator Crane has other and finer traits of character than are involved in the mere possession of the money-making talent. By his modest life and generous, human heart, he has secured and retained the affection of the people he represents. Senator Crane, while deficient in certain classic and forensic qualifications for the office laid down by Massachusetts traditions, will bring to it what Senator Hoar lacked,—a resourcefulness in dealing with men, and an ability to bring about the accomplishment of visible results.



Earl Grey.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

By Cy Warman

TO the American people, the putting in the saddle of a new Canadian Governor-General, who is likely to prove a wise statesman, is of much importance, for the people of the republic desire that their relations with the young nation of the North shall be of the most amiable character.

The political head of Canada in this new era is the magnetic Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a splendid type of French-Canadian manhood, who not only possesses the confidence of his compatriots in Quebec Province, but enjoys to a marvelous extent the warm approbation of the people in every section of the Dominion. As for Earl Grey, the new diplomatic chief of the Canadian

Countess Grey.

executive, he is an untried man so far as the Dominion is concerned, for when he sets foot on Canadian soil next month it will be for the first time ; but he is nevertheless a statesman of considerable experience. He is Sir Albert Henry George Grey, Viscount Howick and Baron Grey of Howick, Northumberland, and a Baronet, as well as His Majesty's lieutenant and *custos rotulorum*, Northumberland. From this description it will be gathered that the new Viceroy of Canada is an Englishman, and it is interesting to note that he succeeds the Earl of Minto, who is a Scottish laird, with a seat just over the line from the northern English county of which Earl Grey was at the head for a number of years.

The family of Grey is of great antiquity in the north of England. We find that the first nobleman of that name was Sir John Grey, a native of North Berwick, who was a man of much prominence in English life as early as 1372. Succeeding generations of the House of Grey took an active part in the making of English history as statesmen—one was the Reform Bill Premier in 1832—as church dignitaries, as warriors and as confidants of kings and queens. The

first earl of the name was Sir Charles Grey, K. B., who was a general in the British force which was sent to battle with the American colonies in the War of Independence, and for services then rendered, as well as for his meritorious record as a commanding officer in the succeeding war with the French Republic, he was elevated to the peerage in 1801, and five years afterwards he was advanced to a viscountcy and earldom.

Additional interest is lent to the career of the new Canadian Governor-General from the fact that he spent his boyhood days in the Royal Palace of Windsor, where he was a playmate of princes and princesses. He was born on the 28th of November, 1851, so that he is in the prime of life. His father was the second son of the second Earl Grey, and was a general of some standing in the British army, who was chosen by the late Prince Consort to be his private secretary. Subsequently he was commanded by Her Majesty Queen Victoria to act as her equerry and private secretary. Thus it was that the new Governor-General spent his boyhood days in the royal palaces, in which also his mother was a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert and an extra bedchamber woman of her late majesty.

The new Governor-General was educated at the great English public school of Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was senior in Law and History Tripos in 1873, and of which he is an M. A. and L. L. M. From 1880 to 1885 he was a member of the British House of Commons for South Northumberland, and the following year he represented the Tyneside division. In 1894, his uncle having died without issue, he succeeded to the family estates of seventeen thousand acres, with the splendid mansion of Howick House, Lesbury, the arms of which, are a lion rampant and the crest, a scaling ladder.

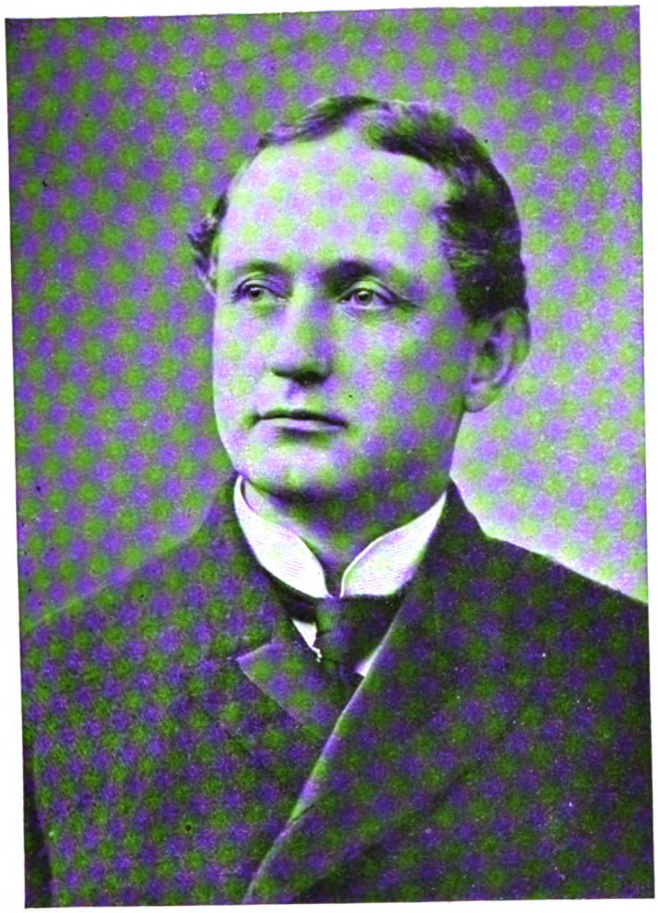
Earl Grey went out to South Africa, where he had speculative interests, in 1896, and was for two years Administrator of Rhodesia. His government proved most satisfactory at a critical time in the history of that territory. Since 1898, he has been a director of the British South Africa Company. In certain quarters he has been credited with somewhat strong military and advanced imperialistic tendencies, but if he will take counsel with Lord Minto he may probably learn that, however popular that kind of doctrine might be in a semi-crown colony, like Rhodesia, the great mass of Canadians are opposed to it.

After all, the chief functions of the Governor-General are of a social character. He simply represents the British sovereign in Canada. He may advise his Cabinet, he may freely ask for explanations; but, like the King in Great Britain, if he is to act constitutionally, he must follow the advice of Ministers having the confidence of Parliament.

To enable him to maintain an establishment in accordance with the dignity of his office, Canada provides her Governor-General with a residence and fifty thousand dollars a year, which is as much as the President of the United States is paid. This salary is the only contribution which Canada makes to the support of imperial institutions. I am informed, however, that, though Canada pays for the staff of secretaries and other officers required by the Governor-General, and though it places at his disposal a special palace car in which to travel, no recent incumbent of the office has been able to make ends meet, and each has in turn been out of pocket from fifteen thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The reason is, that the social demands are too great for the income. The Governor-General's retinue embraces between forty and fifty servants and the expense of giving entertainments at the capital, and at leading centers of population, is heavy.

Earl Grey was married on June 9, 1877, to Alice, third daughter of Robert Staynor Holford, M. P., of Westonbirt, County Gloucester, and Dorchester House, Park Lane, London. Their only son and heir, Viscount Howick, follows the profession of arms, like so many of his ancestors, and is an officer of the First Life Guards. The eldest daughter, Victoria Sybil, for whom, by the way, the late Queen Victoria stood sponsor, is married and settled in England, and the remaining daughters, Sybil Evelyn Alice and Lilian Winifred, will accompany their parents to Canada.

The Countess of Grey is a typical English nobleman's wife. She has always quietly and unostentatiously aided her husband in whatever duties he has been called to undertake, and has interested herself in promoting social and charitable work.



Henry W. Savage.

A STRICTLY AMERICAN MANAGER

By A. E. Thomas

HENRY W. SAVAGE occupies an unique position among the theatrical managers of America. In the first place, he is an *American* theatrical manager, born in New Hampshire and graduated from Harvard, a classmate of President Roosevelt. His ancestors fought for American independence, and his father fell defending the Union. Mr. Savage himself wears in his buttonhole the red, white and blue rosette, and preaches by practise that America and Americans should be the first considerations of a theatrical manager in this country, that plays about America by Americans should be produced before all others, and that grand opera should be sung here in the English tongue.

His second claim to uniqueness is his success in two widely differing fields of management, the dramatic and the operatic. As a dramatic manager, Mr. Savage has nine attractions on the stage, including George Ade's "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman," Mr. Ade's three musical comedies, and "The Prince of Pilsen" and "The Yankee Consul."

He also controls theaters in New York and Chicago. As an operatic manager, or impressario, only Heinrich Conried bulks larger in this country. Mr. Savage has had a large company on tour for some years in a repertoire of grand opera sung entirely in English, at moderate prices, and he has still further invaded this field this winter by making the first production on any stage, in English, of the mystical "Parsifal," thus storming the very citadel of what Philip Hale calls "Beyreuth Barnumism," and capturing its prize attraction.

His career explains in no small degree why many people look to him to lead this country out of the wilderness of British dramas and French adaptations into the promised land of the Great American Play. He fitted for Harvard at the famous old Boston Latin School, earning his way by working in a drug store afternoons, where he kept his Virgil under the soda fountain. During his college vacations he turned his hand to surveying and building. Then he went into the real estate business in Boston, gradually becoming one of the leading men in his line in the city.

Nine years ago Mr. Savage built the Castle Square Theater in Boston. It did not pay. He inquired into the causes, decided that he could do better than the local manager, took hold himself, and organized the Castle Square Opera Company, which sang chiefly opera comique. This was at once a success, and gradually Mr. Savage extended its field, sent it to other cities, and finally to New York.

At this time the failure of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau had left the Metropolitan Opera House without a tenant, and Mr. Savage ambitiously took his company into that great auditorium and attempted to give a season of grand opera in English. The attempt failed; his company was not first-class, nor was fashionable New York ready for grand opera in English under any conditions perhaps. But he was not discouraged. Still nursing his dream, already formed, of grand opera sung here ultimately in English with native born singers, he went on improving his road company and branching out at the same time into the field of musical comedy, then into that of the legitimate drama.

Mr. Savage keeps a grasp on every detail of his vast enterprises. When, the night before "The College Widow" was produced, it was discovered that the football bleachers were too high, he ordered loads of lumber, pulled off his coat and became a builder again. The new bleachers were completed on time. When he first saw the transformation scenes in "Parsifal" run across the stage by hand, with some difficulty in keeping the relative rates of speed adjusted, Mr. Savage invented a graduated drum-head to carry them over by machinery with mathematical precision. In one rehearsal twenty-five years of Beyreuth stage management were thus improved upon.

Mr. Savage's ambition to bring out American plays and develop native playwrights, and his reasons for confidence in his efforts, are praiseworthy and based on sound judgment of men and finance, as well. There is nothing quixotic about his patriotism.

We are eighty millions of people, and we are reputed to have the keenest sense of humor in the world. We laugh at ourselves and our own foibles as readily as at our neighbors. Under these circumstances, it is fair that our comedies should be written by those among us who are keen enough to appreciate our little weaknesses, whether in the abstract or the concrete, rather than that we should depend upon German farces whose main claim to humor consists in soda-water bottles and umbrellas, or French comedies which have to be emasculated to fit them for family use.

In the matter of interpretation, too, American actors and actresses are more at home in American characters; they can play with more subtlety, finish and truth. The appeal of the stage will be worthier, because truer; the effect of the play greater, because more life-like. The best in art must always be born of intimate knowledge, and the ultimate example of plays and playing in America must eventually come from native sources.

This Mr. Savage realizes, and, to the advancement of the native drama, he is working, not, of course, without a shrewd sense that the American play is a good business proposition, and doubtless with better chances of success because he is a good business man whose capital keeps step with his ambitions.

IN THE HONEST WOODS

By Holman F. Day

WITH A DRAWING AS FRONTISPIECE TO THIS MAGAZINE BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

This remarkable story seems to the Editors so essentially right-minded that it is published in spite of natural objections rising from the possibility of perverting the writer's attitude into one of criticism toward our most respected profession.

ON the summit of the Ambejejus horseback the party divided and the Reverend Doctor Ransom Wallace went away by himself. Doctor Wallace enjoyed solitude on his hunting trips. To be sure, the Jo Mary section was new in his experience, but he had informed a rather skeptical guide that "there was no losing him."

"I have a sort of innate sense of locality," boasted he blandly, yet with smooth obstinacy, to his friends. "You keep the guide and I will steal away by myself. Don't mind me. I'll show up at the camp for tea."

Doctor Wallace called his solitary tramps "revels with Nature." The hunting companions who knew him well hinted that he liked to "shake the crowd," because he was a skilful hunter and abominated the tagging along of twig-cracking bunglers. It was certainly worthy of remark that Doctor Wallace always shot his "quota of game" promptly and privately, as favorite members of his fashionable congregation could annually testify.

When the last murmurings of voices had died away behind him in the forest aisles, Doctor Wallace gleefully brandished his rifle like a dumb-bell, snuffed the crisp mellowness of the autumn woods and gurgled.

"Ah, it's good to be alive—and alone!"

Ten hours later it wasn't as good to be alone. It was dark. The wind volleyed down the rocky valley and the spruces "boo-ed" lonesomely. Doctor Wallace arose from his knees, but not from devotions. He had been trying to blow into life the little blaze his last match had ignited in the painfully collected pile of dry-kye. But the wind had puffed against him victoriously. It had blackened his face, scorched his eyebrows and singed his neat puffs of side-whiskers, and finally, aided by a wet drizzle, had doused the last flicker of blaze. Doctor Wallace looked away into the mystic gloom, harked to the weird voices of the woods, and sat down and groaned between his shiverings.

He was lost—lost!

As he sat and discontentedly plipped apart his fingers, pitchy from his clambering of sentinel trees, he pondered remorsefully that all his misfortune had come from leaving the straight and narrow path of the horseback. A broad and easy way leading to the valley had tempted him astray. He reflected with mournful wistfulness that his experience would make admirable illustration for a sermon. But would he ever stand again before his urban congregation? Solemn thought! Lost men were like lost needles in that wilderness. He, tattered and scratched and unkempt and aching after his mad scamperings in his lost man's panic, had he ever been well-garbed and calm and eloquent in a pulpit? This cowering wretch, shivering under the great trees, seemed to be some one else.

Then, growing philosophic, he reflected more bitterly that he had not always in this life kept on through the difficulties of the high and narrow path. Away back there in the old days he had gone down into the valley. He had since made himself believe sometimes that he was back on the heights

again, but now, face to face with himself, and with elemental and naked Nature talking its truths about him, he realized the futility of his self-deception.

A loon on some far mountain-locked pond halleloo-ed its almost human cry like a wail of regret. And nearer still a black bear barked in threatening staccato. The trees voiced melancholy rebuke that his soul in its new sensitiveness translated for him. Nature's loneliness in the sunshine had always been a welcome release from the life in which he moved with almost the artificiality of an actor. Not that the Reverend Doctor Ransom Wallace was a corrupt man. His daily life—since—had been clean. But he himself knew that his manners, his comings and goings at home, with the gaze of the world on him, even the bland and unctuous intonations of his voice, were part of the assumption that a city pastor must carry to his rôle.

In his canvas coat, bob-tailed to a luxurious degree, in his knickerbockers, with his rifle slung into the hollow of his arm and the glory of sunlit outdoors about him, he was again himself, the actor behind the scenes, relaxing the spiritual and physical muscles that ached—allowing himself the rare delight of hating the squirming mob of city schemers for a day—unpastoral indulgence, but none the less comforting. But now, with the sun gone, the night brooding, the cold numbing his body and fear chilling his soul, he met himself—and hated himself. And he put aside all specious excuses, and knew why!

When at last the dawn came—he watching toward what his somewhat obstinate judgment declared to be east—the sun as though in malicious jest rose through watery clouds in the south-west.

For a half hour Doctor Wallace sat there on his hillock and with mental fractiousness tried to browbeat the sun into egregious error. When the doctor had reluctantly admitted to himself that the luminary probably knew its business, he found that under the new conditions east or west or south meant nothing helpful for him. Points of compass suggested nothing. All the world seemed ske-wowed. He got up and staggered away into the woods, impelled to keep on his wanderings, firing his rifle occasionally, hark ening breathlessly for a reply, sustained only by the dim hope that somewhere in those vast tracts were other human beings to whom chance might lead him.

Late that afternoon, spent and tortured by hunger, he came across a small stream roaring in zigzag course through a deep gully. He numbly realized that the brook might lead to a lake, and there might be a camp on the lake.

Just as the dusk deepened he dragged his feet out upon the moist and mossy level of a pond's shore. A prayer of thanksgiving—the most honest prayer that ever burst from the lips of the Reverend Doctor Wallace—greeted the sight of a small log cabin across the cove.

A trail of smoke from the funnel tossed across the little clearing on the breeze, and the glimmer of an out-doors cook fire winked cheerily through the trees. When a voice answered his shout and a canoe came bobbing across the cove, the clergyman sat down on a convenient tussock and wept weakly, the tears trailing through the soot on his face. The man in the canoe was roughly garbed and unshaven, and the man on the shore was a miserable spectacle, but each with the masonry of the huntsman, recognized the other as city-bred.

Ten minutes later Doctor Wallace was telling his story in the camp to two sympathizing New Yorkers. Outside, the guide was stooping his grizzled head over the spider and the teapot steaming on the coals. The frizzle of meat sounded pleasantly appetizing and the odor of bacon was wafted to the nostrils of a clergyman who had never before in his life fully realized that hunger can so wholly dominate spirituality. He made the mental resolution that thereafter he would entertain more compassion for hungry people in the cities. He even found himself framing the introduction to a sermon on the subject—and then the guide brought in the pannikins and set the food on the rough table.

At first the clergyman, occupied with his eager story and enjoying the savor of the arriving dishes, did nothing but glance idly at the man who pad-padded here and there so lightly in his moccasins. And the low camp had many shadows. But when the guide moved the lamp from its shelf to the table and quietly announced that the meal was ready, Doctor Wallace raised his careless gaze to the brown face that appeared for a moment in the yellow

flare. He had been rising with hungry alacrity. He fell back upon the "deacon-seat" and sat clutching its edge. The man looked at him a moment and quietly went out, saying at the door:—

"I am going to fry some more meat. Pull up, gentlemen, while the supper is hot." There was not a quiver in the low, even voice.

"I—I think my hunger must have made me a bit faint," the clergyman stammered to the alarmed hosts who were questioning him solicitously. He stared apprehensively through the camp's little window as though he feared some ruse behind those placid words of the guide. The grizzled head was bent over the fire again.

After Doctor Wallace had staggered to his bench at table he noted that the New Yorkers, made aware by his early self-introduction that he was a minister, were waiting decorously for grace. Conscious now whose hands had prepared the food that awaited his blessing and his starved appetite, the perfunctory words almost choked him. Then he ate without sense of taste, face blanched, hands shaking and gulping the gobbets of deer's flesh with a hungry avidity that had no relish.

Once the guide came in with newly fried meat. The clergyman felt his gray hair bristle from neck to crown at sound of the moccasin's soft thud behind him. The man quietly poured a pannikin of tea from the pot on the table, carried it out of doors and through the little window the reverend guest saw him eating beside the fire.

Doctor Wallace declined tobacco. The sportsmen puffed their pipes comfortably and buzzed conversation with the languid calm of those enjoying digestion. The quiet man in moccasins cleared the table, soused the pans at the pond's side and replenished his fire from time to time. Doctor Wallace, clasping and unclasping his fat fingers, watched him with side-long glances and endeavored to continue his chat, but his inapposite replies, his embarrassment, his incoherency at least became apparent even to their rather careless attention.

"Why, Jim," cried one, "here is Doctor Wallace, dead tired, and we not putting him to bed where he belongs. Two weeks here have given us woods' manners in earnest," he observed jocosely. "Now, sir, to your bunk, and a dreamless—"

The guide had stepped into the low doorway.

"Excuse me, Mr. Manning, and you, Mr. Ballou," he said courteously, "for interrupting the party. But I have a little business with this visiting gentleman here, and he will oblige me if he will step outside." He had the low, soft voice of the veteran woodsman. Forest dwellers never speak loudly.

Dr. Wallace half rose, choked with an audible rattle, and sat down. The New York men stared a bit, for even in the unconventional woods such a request from a guide was not usual.

"What is it, Tom?" one of them demanded.

"This gentleman knows," the man replied quietly. "It is something that we need to talk over alone—with all respect to you and Mr. Ballou."

With mystification wrinkling their faces, the hosts turned to the clergyman. Perspiration was beaded on his forehead. His lips moved wordlessly. He raked his trembling fingers through his whisker tufts. As he did not speak, Manning said brusquely.

"Doctor Wallace is tired and played out to-night, Tom. Whatever your business is it must wait till morning. After a good sleep he—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Manning, but my business cannot wait, and as for sleeping, this man cannot sleep under my roof, humble as it is. This is my roof, you understand, the only one I have. He has slept under my roof before and—" The man broke off, for his voice was growing hard. He concluded in his ordinary repressed voice, "It's all a matter between us two. Will you step outside, sir?"

"I—I don't think I will," stuttered the doctor, after a despairing glance at his new friends.

"Say, look here, Tom," blurted Manning, "Ballou and I have been coming here a good many years, and I never knew you to rear up and butt in after this fashion before. You'd better go out by the pond and cool off. Doctor Wallace will probably give you a few moments in the morning for your—your business." The New Yorker spoke with the acerbity of one rebuking the presumption of an inferior.

"Will you come out?" persisted the guide gazing straight at the clergyman.

The man's eyes flamed now in the dusk.

"No," gasped Dr. Wallace.

Manning and Ballou, with an angry grunt in unison, started toward the importunate woodsman. But he straightened his shoulders, bent by many years of duffle toting, and faced them unflinchingly.

"Don't touch me," he said, and there was a grim menace in his low tones that checked them more effectually than a shout or an oath could have done. "Mr. Manning and you, Mr. Ballou, I call you to witness that I have given this man the chance to talk our business privately. It is for his good as well as for my own pride and peace of mind that I have asked it. I still say he must talk with me. Will you come outside, sir?" His calm persistence in the same query began to seem dark and ominous.

"No," mumbled the clergyman, huddling with the obstinacy of a trapped creature. He shuddered as he looked into the blackness framed at the door. He edged toward the light on the table.

"Then I appeal to you as gentlemen I have known in these woods year by year for a long time," said the guide, turning to his employers. He realized how his presumption must have angered them. "You have never before seen in me anything except patience and courtesy, have you? Thank you, sirs. I don't blame you for the stand you are taking against me now, but it is because you do not know. I would not have told you, but a coward forces me. When I was three years married and just getting together our first little home—awful poor, sirs—we thought to help out on housekeeping expense by taking a boarder, my wife and I. He was a theological student. And—well, sirs, all there is to tell, he took my wife away from me—my wife, gentlemen—" For the first time in their knowledge of him Manning and Ballou heard Tom Ballard's voice break into a cry, a wail of sudden woe. "All I was working and struggling for on God's earth. Took her away—I never saw her again. That's all! I never saw her again—and the bonds that I was fool enough to think God tied they cut asunder, and I knew nothing of it until it had been done. The godless of the lawyers may be blind, gentlemen, but those with long ladders may whisper in her ear. And this," he swept his hand around his little cabin —"this is all I've got for a home, and you know how many years I've been here. Shut your eyes, you gentlemen, and think of your own. And that's why I want to talk to this man privately.—God forgive me for saying so much here, but I had to, to make you understand. Will you come, sir?" His voice in the query had the same calm, ominous evenness.

"No, I will not," screamed the clergyman. Physical exhaustion accentuated his natural timidity. This remorseless insistence was maddening.

"You'd better wait, Tom," urged Manning, stammering in his sudden agitation. This unveiling of a tragedy shocked him. This stern call to the night outside made him apprehensive of consequences. "In the morning—"

"I cannot sleep," broke in Ballard, "and he shall not sleep until we talk. You two have known me. I am not a thug. I am not an assassin. I am not a butcher of sheep. But I say to you—and all here take warning—that man must now this night go out with me and talk with me man fashion on my ground, under God's stars and in God's open, where he is not a frocked parson nor I a moccasined guide, but just two men with business to settle. Rans Wallace, walk out."

He reached behind him, lifted a rifle that had been standing against the log wall, swung it into the hollow of his arm, stepped to one side and grimly waited near the door. The New York men stared at each other, blinking in their uncertainty, and were silent.

Doctor Wallace broke the hush. He hastened toward his hosts, his hands outspread in the gesture of ingenuousness familiar to him.

"I am a clergyman," he panted. "I cannot talk with that man. I fear he means to murder me. I cannot fight with him. I am a clergyman." He iterated the plea as though it were convincing argument. "I—"

"Is he telling the truth?" asked Ballou.

"It was the mistake of my youth," the doctor stammered; "an error of the heart, a—I loved her very much. It is Mrs. Wallace of whom we are speaking," he added with a pitiful attempt at dignity. "After she got her divorce I married her. We loved each other very much, and being

young I—But I have expiated in daily prayer and constant repentance and in penitential sackcloth. Don't you see, gentlemen, that it will do no good for me to go out with him?"

The New Yorkers were grave and silent. They looked on the guide's face, hard as carved wood, and on this stuttering coward, vibrating his arms as he appealed to them.

"And there is much that you do not understand," went on the doctor with an eagerness almost maudlin. "Her longing for a higher and better life—her seeking for intellectual companionship and her—"

"I am waiting, Rans Wallace," broke in Ballard.

The doctor came closer to his hosts. His teeth chattered. "I am a clergyman," he began again in tones which he endeavored to make confidential.

"It appears to me that you were a man before that," interrupted Ballou with grim significance. Doctor Wallace stared at the faces of his new friends and seemed to read hostility there. There was bluff sincerity as well.

"You don't mean to let this man force me out into the woods, do you?" he gasped. His paltering was becoming tedious and piteous. "We—we three are men of the city—of the world together—I look to you—"

Manning gave a grunt that seemed to resent this grouping.

"We are in the woods now," he said. "We're on the level of Nature where a man sizes things differently in spite of himself. I've known Tom Ballard a good many years. I never saw yellow in him. My opinion is only that of a layman, parson, but as long as the white tie and frock coat are off you just now you'd better be merely plain man and settle your man's business in private. Ballou and I don't care to listen or to meddle. Really, we don't."

The frankness of the elemental was in the hearts of the twain. The sympathy of the woods had stripped away their urban prejudices and artificial affinities. The man at the door seemed for the moment the superior of the man who cowered.

"But I—" began the clergyman passionately.

"Don't make us say it," interrupted Ballou coldly. "He's waiting for you."

He and Manning turned their backs.

Stung to desperation, a flush replacing his pallor, the Reverend Doctor Wallace stumbled toward the door.

"Here's your rifle," said Ballard, poking the weapon into the minister's unwilling grasp. "You'd better take it along, for you won't be coming back this way."

When they were outside, the guide lifted a canoe that was overturned on the shore, dropped it like a feather upon the water and waved his hand.

"Take the bow paddle," he said. The minister sagged his shaking bulk under the forward thwart. Ballard carefully stood his own rifle beside him in the stern and pushed away. The canoe slipped into the shadows as it clove its noiseless way up the lake along the tree-bordered shore.

Ballou and Manning slept after a time, but it was only nervous rest that the soft clatter of pans outside startled into alarmed wakefulness. The dawn was there wide-eyed, the early catbirds were yawling.

The guide was moving about through the volleying smoke from the newly kindled fire. He greeted them quietly when they came out and placidly kept on at his work. The food that he set before them went down chokingly and their tea pannikins wavered in their grasp, but with true woods' reserve they respected his calm reticence.

However, when they had lighted their pipes and ventured a few limping attempts at general conversation, he came and stood leaning against a tree near them.

For a while he whittled at a chip and gazed thoughtfully down at the woods' carpet of pine needles. Then he clicked his big knife shut and looked them straight in the face.

"It's bad business, all of it, gentlemen," he began, "sorrowful business, and I'm ashamed that you have been troubled with it—when all the rest of your stay had been so pleasant. I wouldn't say anything more to bother you with my affairs, but I'd sort of hate to have you go away not knowing just how it was settled. For we've been good friends, and—and I'll kind of look for you next year as usual."

Both men tried to say something, but he checked their embarrassed stammerings.

"Oh, I know! You wouldn't want to come if you thought that—well, so you see I've got to square myself, but it will never

be mentioned by me again, Mr. Ballou and Mr. Manning, if you'll only let yourselves be bothered a minute now. You were men to me last night. I'll never forget it." His voice shook. "You put me where a man belongs. You put a man into my hands without aye, yes or no. It's all bad business, though. You see, when I married her she was only sixteen, and I was a hostler and her folks weren't willing. I shouldn't 'a' done it. I was wrong. I had to nail burlap in a horse stall to make a place for us to live. Awful, wasn't it? And she used to wake in the night and say that a bright spirit seemed to be calling to her to come to better things. She wasn't for me. And I don't have to tell you the rest. And it hurts me. I was most to blame, I reckon. But I'm human, gentlemen, and when I saw him last night, and saw what he was, and remembered what I have had to be, my—my," he choked, walked away and then came back. His voice was calm again. "You put him in my hands. I ain't going to bother you with what I thought I'd do. Sometimes a man isn't responsible for what he thinks or does, is he? I took him down the lake, and there wasn't anything said. His back was towards me. He shivered all the time. There are crust hunters that can snow-shoe up to a slumping deer and cut its throat while the creature looks up and bleats and rolls those great eyes. Did you ever hear of Tom Ballard doing that?"

He threw up his arms and stood before them, straightening his pack-bowed shoulders. His paddle-calloused hands vibrated. He was evidently about to burst into passionate speech, but once more the iron self-restraint of the woods closed his square jaws resolutely. To the astonishment of both men, who were hanging breathlessly on his words, he abruptly changed the subject and said with a half smile:—

"Mr. Ballou, I reckon I can't send those fresh-water pearls out by you to your friend, the jeweler."

"Why, Tom," cried Ballou, his mind for the moment jarred off the tragedy, "you can clean up nigh a thousand dollars if I take them."

"Maybe so, Mr. Ballou, but they're gone on ahead," said she'd never got done sorrowing for the way she'd used me. I'd hate to leave to stay here alone, as I do, thinking of a woman grieving all the time over what's past and done for. So I told him how many years and how many bushels of clams those pearls stood for, and I've been pondering that she'll know that such a present to her means forgiveness and good will for what little of life that's left to us."

The New Yorkers were on their feet gasping at him.

"You mean—," they began in unison.

"I mean I took him across the carry to the Pamedumcook shore, waited till the first streak o' light, lent him my rowboat, and started him across to his own camp. That seemed to be the only way. I looked at him and he looked at me there when we could see each other, and it came to me that 'twas a bigger thing than I had thought—this meeting of the man I had been hankering to meet, even though I had him face to face, just as I wanted him, after all the years I have been alone and pondering on it. 'Twas too big for me—the problem. And I said so to him when I pushed the boat off the shore, and I said, too, 'I ain't one of those that hold God's commission to meddle.' But I'd forgot then that he is a minister, and I'm afraid he'll think I meant to twit him. For he bowed his head and rowed off. But I didn't mean it that way. And it's all between us right here, ain't it, Mr. Ballou and Mr. Manning? Ministers are an example to them that sit under them and look to them, and women have tender feelings. I should feel bad to have you speak of it outside."

Tears ran down Ballou's sun-reddened nose. "Tom," he said with futile attempt to make his voice bluff, "you don't look it outside, but inside you've developed symptoms of being a saint."

"No," returned the guide humbly, "a saint would not have kneeled there in the alders when he rowed away, jacked a shell into the chamber and taken aim the whilst he growled, 'Damn ye, I can't let ye go!' No, that wasn't saint-like. Why, gentlemen, if I hadn't had the sense to ram that rifle-butt down into the lake and hold it there, I'd have bored him as I would a buck deer."

"I insist, old Tom Ballard, that you're one of God's elect," choked Manning, blinking back his tears.

"I wish you wouldn't say such things —and I knowing what's inside me all the

time," pleaded the guide ingenuously. "If anything I did was square, it's only that the old woods, the great, wide, honest, open woods, have been talking to me all these years, Mr. Manning and Mr. Ballou. I've been alone with them a long time, and it's done me a mighty heap of good. And to-day I'm hot and bitter and swearing and cursing inside—wishing now that I'd put a forty-four between those whisker tufts—sorry I let him go. I'm an awful man, gentlemen, inside me. I figure 'twas only accident I let him go, after all. But if you'll hunt alone to-day, I reckon I'll go out and let the woods talk to me—the big, generous, soothing, crooning, honest woods. And then I'll come back all right to-night, gentlemen,—all right to-night!"

PETER POTTER: BUSINESS PRIVATEER

The Case of the Senator's Daughter

By Henry M. Hyde

WITH DRAWINGS BY W. J. ENRIGHT

JOHN WILSON was the name on the card which old black Tom laid on his master's desk. It bore no descriptive title, and it needed none. Peter Potter knew Wilson for the keenest and most successful organizer and manipulator in the whole field of high finance—a fine, aristocratic, masterly man, who had raised the gold brick industry to the level of a fine art—who had scientifically hoodwinked two whole nations, who used other great financiers as pawns in the game.

Peter Potter was sensible of the compliment to his powers, which was expressed in this first call of the hitherto entirely self-sufficient Wilson.

"I've come to you for advice, Mr. Potter," said Wilson a moment later. He was sitting in a chair which Peter had placed so that the light from the open window fell full on the face of his caller, while he himself sat with his back to the light.

"I don't sell advice, Mr. Wilson. I don't take a case unless my client is willing to put it absolutely into my hands, without reserve and without question."

There was silence for a moment, while the two men fought a battle with their eyes. Finally Wilson spoke:—

"On that basis, then. All the franchises of the Consolidated Street Car Companies expire in 1910. I intend to dispose of all my interests in this field. I can't get my price for them unless the franchises are extended. It is necessary that the legislature give me the right to occupy the streets of the city for an additional fifty years."

"The legislature adjourns in ten days," said Peter Potter. "No traction legislation has been introduced up to this time."

"I've not been idle. Here's a copy of house bill four thousand and twenty-six. It is an omnibus bill, carrying a lot of minor amendments to traction legislation throughout the state. When the bill was printed for distribution among the members of the legislature, before its first reading, one of its paragraphs was omitted—through an unfortunate typographical error."

There was not even the shadow of a smile on John Wilson's face as he spoke.

"The omitted paragraph reads as fol-

lows: 'It is further enacted that the figures 10 in line seven, paragraph thirty-five, of the act entitled "An act authorizing the construction of a horse and dummy railroads in the city of Chicago," etc., passed in 1860, be stricken out and that the figures 60 be inserted in their place.' "

"I see," said Peter Potter, "that will give your franchises fifty years more life."

"Exactly. Of course, the omission of this paragraph was almost immediately discovered by the clerk of the house. He had it corrected at once, and new and complete copies of the bill printed and distributed. But the bill was a long and complicated one, and, unfortunately, after the members of the legislature had once carefully read the bill in the mutilated form in which it first reached them, they could hardly be expected to give an equally careful reading to the corrected copies, especially since the clerk did not feel it necessary to call their attention to the fact that the first copies were not complete. Consequently the bill passed its second reading without any notice being taken of the change. It comes up for final passage in the Senate on a week from next Friday—the day set for the final adjournment of the legislature."

"The Governor?" questioned Peter Potter.

"Will sign the bill the minute it is passed!"

"Possible reconsideration and repeal?"

"That has been provided for. A New York syndicate will take title to all my holdings of stock and bonds the minute the bill becomes a law. Twenty millions of dollars are involved."

"The plan is worthy of you, sir."

"I fancied so. It avoids a lot of nasty publicity and scandal. It involves dealing with a few men instead of with enough to make up a safe majority of the legislature. It is less expensive—though that is a minor consideration. But it has its faults—else I should not be here."

Wilson stopped and waited, but Peter Potter said nothing. He was sitting, with half closed eyes, his chin resting on his right hand, one foot twisted about the leg of the chair.

"The scheme had leaked out," went on Wilson. "The addition of the missing paragraph has been discovered. Unless something is done we shall be defeated—the paragraph in which we are interested will be stricken from the bill before it is passed."

"Nothing has been printed about the discovery?"

"Not yet. It was made by Wilkins, Springfield correspondent of the *Herald*. When his sharp eyes fell on the little joker in the bill he said nothing, but took the first train to Chicago to consult with his chief. Together they have arranged a clever coup.

"You know old Senator Hartshorn? He has been taken into the plot—and he alone. He's too rich to be interested in a financial proposition. He's too ambitious for political preferment to be reached by any other influence that I know of. He expects to go to the United States Senate next year—he's the *Herald's* candidate for the place.

"Our bill comes up for final passage—as I tell you—on a week from next Friday. It has been made the special order of business for two o'clock on the afternoon of that day.

"Neither the *Herald* nor Hartshorn is to say a word about the discovery until the bill is called up. Then corrected copies, containing the missing paragraph in black type, are to be distributed, and old Hartshorn is to get up in his seat and rip the thing to pieces. You know him and you know what the effect of his speech will be. If he stammered and stuttered—instead of being the most effective speaker in the Senate—it would still be just the same. The boys in the combine will be so sore at us for trying to deceive them that they will vote solidly against the bill in a spasm of affected virtue.

"Then the next morning the *Herald* will come out with a broadside showing how it has 'saved the streets for the people,' and, a few months later, old man Hartshorn will go to the Senate on a tidal wave of popular favor.

"I want you to make it impossible for either Hartshorn or young Wilkins to be in the Senate chamber when our bill comes up."

Peter Potter rose to his feet and stood looking out of the open window over the black jungle of roofs to the blue lake in the distance. He was slowly rocking back and forth from heels to toes.

"What have you done?" he asked.

"Nothing. I have carefully considered every plan which occurred to me. Money won't do; personal influence, social influence—they won't any of them reach him. But I tell you something must be done. It's a desperate case. I've even thought—you remember Dr. Cronin, Potter. Twenty millions is a lot of money."

"Assassination is a little out of my line, Wilson," said Peter Potter. "How did you find out what you've been telling me?"

"Young Wilkins told his wife of his discovery and of the plan for upsetting us; she told her mother; she, in turn—I've my own ways of getting important information."

"It's fortunate you've done nothing. I have no liking for repair work on botched jobs."

"Then you will undertake—"

"I will undertake nothing. I will do what I can on certain conditions. In the first place you must go to New York and stay there until the fight is over. You must keep what you have told me an absolute secret. You must take your informant east with you and keep him under your eye. If the fact that you have knowledge of the intended *Herald*-Hartshorn coup leaks out I shall hold you responsible for it. And—win or lose—my fee shall be five per cent. of the amount involved—which will be one million dollars. Preliminary to everything else I shall ask you to deposit that sum to my credit in the Twentieth National Bank."

The man whose pickings are the great cities of two continents hesitated only a minute. In the game he played a million dollars was no more than a white chip.

"The matter is absolutely in your hands, Potter," he said finally. "I shall leave for New York to-night."

That evening after dinner in his apartment on the North Side, Peter Potter sat down with his scrap books and read everything which had been printed about Senator Hartshorn and his career.

Born the son of a farm-laborer, he had been first a farm-hand himself; then a country school teacher, self-educated; a lawyer in a small village; county attorney; county judge; the leader of the bar in all the southern end of the State.

He had earned large fees, and, aided by his wife, a hard-working and thrifty country woman, he had saved and invested his money. Judged by country standards he was a very rich man.

He had served two terms in the lower house of the State Legislature. There his eloquence, his force and his blunt honesty had attracted wider attention. He, himself, had been inoculated with the virus of senatorial ambition. His wife had died. There was left of his family only one daughter, a girl of twenty

Three years before he had moved to Chicago and bought a house on the North side in a district which had immediately sent him to represent it in the State Senate. His ambition to become a United States Senator had long been favored by the

"Banzai!" cried Peter Potter.

Herald, the leading organ of his party in the State.

He was rich, aggressively honest, blunt, straightforward, not to be reached by any of the influences which move most men. It was a hard problem.

Peter Potter closed his books and sat staring into space out of the window. His pipe went out in his mouth. Presently he called to Yama San, his Japanese butler, and said something to him in his native language. The little brown man smiled in a pleased and knowing way.

Quickly he pulled the curtains on the library windows and lit a little red-shaded lamp. Then he threw open the doors of a low, carved teak-wood, Japanese cabinet, which stood in one corner of the room. The cabinet was divided by shelves into three compartments. On the top shelf stood some scores of little manikins, carved ivory and wooden dolls; below, on little pegs, hung a great collection of tiny garments; the lowest shelf was filled with curious mechanical toys.

Yama San lifted a stool or low table, with a flat, black top, and put it down close to the front of the cabinet. Then he sat down, cross-legged, on the floor in front of the open doors, and looked over his shoulder at his master.

Peter Potter spoke a few words in Japanese. The butler smiled knowingly and took from the upper shelf a manikin with brown, wrinkled face and white chin-beard. With deft fingers he quickly clothed the little figure, tossing its thick mane of white hair into careless waves, thrusting its right hand into the bosom of the black frock-coat, and raising the left arm in a high gesture. Then he stood the completed creation on the top of the stool.

"The statesman," said Peter Potter, with an ironical inclination of the head. He added a sentence in Japanese. A moment later the butler stood a second figure beside the first. It represented a young girl, smiling and carrying a crimson umbrella over her head.

"The statesman's daughter," said Peter bowing once more.

Half a dozen other figures were quickly dressed and put on the stage. Last of all was a manikin representing a young man dressed in the height of fashion. The Japanese placed it in the attitude of lifting its hat to the girl.

"The Smart Set and the Beautiful Daughter of the Incorruptible Statesman," said Peter Potter, and closed his eyes.

Yama San, looking over his shoulder, saw that his master's eyes were shut. With a quick motion he reached to the lower shelf of the cabinet and took from it an automobile. There was the look of a spoiled child on his face. He wound the spring which controlled the operation of the little machine, put the girl and the young man on the seat, and started the thing running on the top of the stool.

Peter Potter opened his eyes and, with a look of annoyance on his face, started to speak to the half frightened Japanese. Then, suddenly, he stopped short.

The automobile, running in widening circles, had reached the edge of the stool and fell thence to the floor with an ominous buzzing of wheels.

"Banzai!" cried Peter Potter springing to his feet.

The Japanese, who had started to pick up the wreck, looked up smiling at his master.

"That will do," said Peter Potter. "You may put the things away."

Next morning early he called Clarence Darling to his office. Young Darling was a man of good family and fine social connections. For ten years or more he had been a professional society man. Just how he made a living was a mystery to all but the initiated.

"Clarence," said Peter Potter, "I've a little job for you, if you have nothing important on hand for the next ten days. If you follow instructions, it will mean five thousand dollars to you."

The matter was quickly arranged. That night Clarence Darling took a train for a city within twenty miles of the State capital. With him went a new forty horse-power touring car. On the following day at noon he drew up his car in front of the Leland Hotel in Springfield. He had his machine taken care of, walked into the hotel office and looked over the register. After dinner that evening he sent up his card to Miss Mabel Hartshorn, who was living at the hotel with her father during the session of the legislature.

Darling—who went everywhere—had casually met the senator's daughter at one or two unimportant houses in Chicago. She was pleased and flattered that he—

who had the key which unlocked all the great stone castles on the Lake Shore Drive,—should remember her. He explained that he had reached Springfield that morning in his touring car, and could not resist the wish to see her again before he resumed his trip. When he bade Miss Hartshorn good-by that evening he had made an engagement to take her for a ride in his car next day.

Old Senator Hartshorn had never met the young idler before. He knew him by reputation as a member of the smart set and shared his daughter's evident pleasure in receiving such fastidious attention. He welcomed Darling cordially and gave a flattered consent to the proposed ride.

The automobile excursion was a delightful one—at least to Miss Hartshorn. Darling knew well how to be fascinating to a young girl who was hungry for attention.

"I shall continue my trip to-morrow, Miss Mabel," he said, "but I'll be back in Springfield again on my way home next Thursday. On Friday—if you'll go—I'll take you on a long ride in the country."

The girl promised, and there was a ring of keenest pleasure in her voice when she told her father that Clarence Darling was coming back to seek her the next week.

"Where did Senator Hartshorn go?"

As for Darling, on the following morning he ran his car back to the town at which he had originally left the train, and from there sent a telegram to an address previously arranged with Peter Potter.

"Machine working beautifully," he wired. "Everything properly set."

On receipt of that message Peter Potter took the train for New York to give his final instructions to John Wilson, the president of the Consolidated Street Car Companies.

"If we succeed in checkmating the *Herald* and Hartshorn," he said, "there will be an awful howl. The minute the bill is signed you must do something to make it binding. You and the syndicate had better both send trusted representatives to Springfield. They can be stationed in the governor's office, and, acting on their joint telegraphic approval of the bill, the syndicate can take title to your securities and pay over the money. The completion of this transaction, in which the extension of time granted by the bill is the most important consideration, will make the subsequent repeal of the bill difficult, if not impossible. The courts will protect the interests of the innocent third party in the transaction—which is the syndicate."

At eleven o'clock on the morning of the Friday when the *Herald*-Hartshorn coup was to be sprung, Clarence Darling trundled his big machine up to the Leland hotel and went in to remind Miss Hartshorn of her engagement to ride with him. He found her ready and waiting. But, first, he accepted an invitation to eat luncheon with the old man and his daughter.

Senator Hartshorn was absent-minded and distraught. All his faculties were concentrated on the great exposure he was to make that afternoon at two o'clock. Shortly after one o'clock Miss Mabel and Darling left the hotel in the big motor car.

At half past one o'clock the Senate was called to order. At the same moment a stranger drove up the hill and hitched a big white horse, harnessed to a light buggy, to a post directly in front of the grand stairway leading up to the main entrance of the capitol.

Inside the Senate chamber the air was tense. The members seemed to feel the imminence of a coming sensation. Only Senator Hartshorn sat cool and determined in his place, grimly waiting the call of

"Swiftly along the level Salem road."

house bill 4026. Up at the reporter's desks young Wilkins squirmed with painfully suppressed excitement. His eyes glistened with anticipation and a bright spot glowed on each cheek. The big clock over the high platform of the Lieutenant Governor marked five minutes of the appointed hour—two o'clock.

Suddenly a little page hurried down the aisle and stopped at the desk of Senator Hartshorn. He whispered excitedly to the old man. Senators sitting close by heard the boy say "Your daughter" and "both of 'em badly hurt" Then, without stopping to ask permission, Senator Hartshorn sprang up and almost ran up the aisle to an ante-room. Wilkins saw him go and sprang to his feet, a cry of warning trembling on his lips.

In the ante-room Senator Hartshorn lifted the receiver of the telephone to his ear.

"Hello," he cried, excitedly. "This is Senator Hartshorn."

"This is the Jackson farm, eight miles out on the Salem road," sounded a clear voice. "An automobile went into the ditch here a few minutes ago. There was a man and a woman in it. Both of 'em are badly hurt. Your daughter is—"

"I'll be there with a doctor in a few minutes," broke in the old man, agony in his voice. Without stopping to visit the cloak room Senator Hartshorn rushed out into the corridor and down the wide marble steps. At the bottom—as by special favor of Providence—a white horse was tied. The old man untied the animal, jumped into the light buggy and lashed the horse into a gallop down the steep hill.

Wilkins waited for a moment at his desk in the Senate chamber. Down below the sing-song voice of the clerk of the Senate began to read house bill 4026. There was not an instant to lose. Wilkins jumped over the railing which cut off the reporters' desks from the floor of the Senate and rushed wildly down the aisle.

"Where did Senator Hartshorn go?" he shrieked at a frightened page.

"In there to the telephone room," was the answer.

He found the receiver still hanging down as the old man had dropped it.

"Hello!" he shrieked, and waited for an answer. There was no response. He rushed across to the coat room.

"Senator Hartshorn hasn't been here," said the attendant. "There's his hat and coat."

Visions of abduction—of possible murder—came into the excited mind of Wilkins. He ran breathlessly down the stairs into the big basement of the building.

"Senator Hartshorn!" he called.

He opened the door of the first room at the foot of the stairs and rushed in. The door closed behind him with a sharp click. When he tried it again he found it locked on the outside.

Senator Hartshorn drove like mad down Capitol Hill and turned his frantic horse into Sangamon street. He saw Dr. Emmons standing at the foot of the stairs which lead up to his office.

"Get in!" he cried. "I'll tell you on the way."

But the doctor insisted on first getting his emergency satchel. That delayed matters only a moment. Quickly the white horse was running swiftly out along the level Salem road. In half an hour the white buildings of the Jackson farm came into sight. The farmer and his family heard the sound of hurrying hoofs and came running out to the road.

"Where are they?" cried Senator Hartshorn.

"They wan't hurt, after all," stammered the farmer.

"The automobile ran into the ditch here and the people was throwed out, but they never even got scratched. They went on in a few minutes."

"The telephone?" gasped Hartshorn, white and trembling with the reaction.

"They was a stranger come running in and asked to use our phone," said the farmer. "I guess it looked pretty nasty at first. Must be quite a relief to you, sir."

"By God!" broke out Senator Hartshorn, suddenly, springing from the buggy. "I want to use your phone myself!"

He hurried into the house, called the capitol, and presently got the Senate anteroom on the wire.

"The legislature has adjourned without day," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "Everybody's gone."

"Don't tell me," said Peter Potter to himself, when he heard that the Wilson deal had been consummated, "don't tell me that the automobile is only a pleasure vehicle!"

That evening he gave Yama, his Japanese butler, two thousand dollars in crisp bills.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel of the Northwest

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED

IN an instant Shock sprang into the fray. With a single jerk he tore Smiley from his victim and flung him on the floor. Reaching for the stranger, who was choking the Kid, he caught his wrist and gave it a slight turn. With a yell of pain, the stranger turned upon him and aimed a blow at Shock's face. Catching the blow on his arm, Shock seized his assailant by the shoulder, jerked him clear off his feet, and flung him far into the corner of the room. At this the policeman immediately gave back.

For a few seconds the Kid stood swaying unsteadily. Then after he recovered his breath he turned to Shock and said: "I hardly expected to feel grateful to you, but I assure you I appreciate your timely help."

Then turning to the others, and regaining his wonted smile and easy manner, he continued: "Gentlemen, you are somewhat insistent in your hospitality. It is always instructive, and sometimes pleasant to extend our knowledge of our friends, and now let me say that a more blackguardly lot of thieves I have never met, and if this gentleman, who has dropped in so opportunely, will kindly stand at my back for a few minutes, I shall be delighted to make good my words by slapping your faces." The Kid's tone was low and gentle, even sweet.

"Mr. Macfarren, your venerable beard prevents me. Simmons, your general sliminess protects you, but as for you, Inspec-

tor Haynes, it gives me great pleasure to express my opinion of you thus—" His open hand flashed out as he spoke, and caught Haynes on the cheek a stinging blow.

With an oath the Inspector jerked out his pistol and sprang at him. "I arrest you, sir, in the name of the Queen. Move your hand and you are a dead man."

"So be you, Mr. Inspector," drawled a quiet voice in the door.

Shock turned, and to his unspeakable amazement, saw his sick friend standing with his gun covering the Inspector.

"One step back, please, Mr. Inspector. Quick! This trigger goes mighty easy. Now, right wheel!" The Inspector hesitated a second. "Quick!" cried Ike sharply. "Don't you fool too long obeyin' orders. I ain't used to it. I'm here exercisin' a public function, preventin' murder, in short, and I'll drop you in your tracks if you don't move at the next word. You hear me? Now then, back up to that table and put down that gun. Correct. Very nice indeed."

Ike stepped to the table, took up the pistol, and returned to his place at the door saying:—

"Say, boss, this prayer meetin's over. Let's go home."

"Not until the Inspector says so," said the Kid, who had recovered himself, and was now quite sober. "He has the word now, Ikey, so don't interfere." Then, turning to the Inspector he continued in a voice of gentle consideration. "There is something on your cheek, Inspector Haynes. You have not observed it. Allow me to point it out to you."

He moved forward as he spoke, but Shock interposed.

"I think that is enough, Mr. Stanton," he said. "Let the matter drop now."

"Mr. Macgregor, you are a stranger. In this country, in a matter of this kind we never allow interference."

"And yet," said Shock, in a voice equally quiet, "interference is not unwelcome at times."

"What you say is quite true," replied [illegible] "and, as I have said, I am not [illegible] for your timely assistance."

[illegible] as this [illegible] king of Ike," said Shock [illegible] surely you will let this [illegible] the [illegible] "blank your impudence! He has called me a thief, and he has slapped my face while doing my duty. I will have the lot of you arrested for interference with justice. And as for you, Stanton, we shall settle this again."

So saying, the Inspector made for the door.

"Now Ikey," said the Kid, coolly, "stand aside, for there is a cur here that nad the audacity to throttle me."

With these words he sprang past Shock, seized the stranger by the throat, cuffed him with his open hand, and dragging him to the door, sent him forth with a parting kick and an imprecation.

"Now, Macfarren," he said, turning to that gentleman, who still sat by the table, "you have some money not belonging to you. Put it on the table."

Without a moment's hesitation, Macfarren hastily poured forth from his pocket poker chips, gold pieces and bills.

"I assure you, Mr. Stanton," he hurried to say, "I was simply holding them till the—ah—trouble should be over."

"That was most kind," replied Stanton. "I have no very clear remembrance, but I was under the impression that it was your suggestion to lock the door." As he spoke he swept the money into his pocket. "You were unfortunate in your company, Mr. Macfarren. Come on, Ike. We are done with this gang. Lucky I was not quite slewed, or my creditors would have been in mourning to-morrow. Mr. Macgregor, where do you put up?"

"He's with me to-night," said Ike, "and a mighty fortunate circumstance it was for us all. This here business had got beyond my capabilities."

Without further conversation they made their way through the dark streets till they reached Ike's shack. The doctor lay still asleep in the corner.

"He kidnapped him," was Ike's explanation to the Kid, nodding his head toward Shock. "So I'd advise that you hitch on to the preacher here for a period. Give him the job of windin' you up."

For some time Shock sat in silence, looking at the fire. His heart was sore. He felt his helplessness.

"Well, guess we'd better turn in," suggested Ike. "Can you two bunk together? That bed 'll hold you both, I guess."

"Not this time," said Shock firmly.

"I am thankful enough for shelter, without taking a man's bed. Besides," he added, suddenly remembering, "Ike needs his bed to-night, after his sick turn."

"Yes, by Jove! By the way," exclaimed Stanton, "what happened, Ike?"

"A sudden and unexpected predisposition which takes me now and then," turning his back upon Shock and solemnly winking at the Kid, "but I recover just as quickly, and when I do I'm as slick as ever and slicker. These here turns work off a lot of bad blood, I guess. All the same, boss," Ike went on, "you want to keep an eye on that outfit. They'll get even."

"They cannot hurt me, Ike," said the Kid lightly, "and I think they will be afraid to try. But Mr. Macgregor here has got into trouble. Is not Macfarren a church warden, or something, in your church?"

"He is a manager, I think," said Shock. "Pretty much the same thing."

"Well, he is a man to look out for. I can get along without him, but you cannot, can you? I mean he can hurt you."

"No," said Shock quietly, "he cannot hurt me. The only man that can hurt me is myself. No other man can. And besides," he added, pulling a little Bible out of his pocket, "I have a Keeper, as Ike said."

As Shock opened the little Bible he became conscious of a sense of mastery. His opportunity had come.

"Listen to this," he said, and he read in a voice of assured conviction:—

"The Lord is thy keeper.

"The Lord shall keep thee from all evil.

"He shall keep thy soul.

"The Lord shall keep thy going out and thy coming in.

"From this time forth and forevermore."

He closed the book and put it in his pocket.

"No," he said, "no man can hurt me." Then, turning to Ike, he said quietly, "I always say my prayers. My mother started me twenty-five years ago, and I have never seen any reason to quit."

While his tone was gentle and his manner simple, there was almost a challenge in his eyes. The fair face of young Stanton flushed through the tan.

"You do your mother honor," he said with quiet dignity.

"I say," said Ike slowly, "if you kin do it just as well convenient, perhaps you'd say 'em out. Wouldn't do us no harm, eh, Kiddie?"

"No, I should be pleased."

"Thank you," said Shock. Then for a moment he stood looking first at Ike's grave face, and then at the Kid, out of whose blue eyes all the gay, reckless defiance had vanished.

So the three kneeled together in Ike's shack, each wondering how it had come about that it should seem so natural and easy for him to be in that attitude.

In a voice steady and controlled, Shock made his prayer. Humility and gratitude for all that had been done for him in his life, an overwhelming sense of need for the life demanded in this God-forgetting country, and a great love and compassion for the two men with whom he had so strangely been brought into such close relation, swelled in his heart and vibrated through his prayer.

Ike's face never lost its impassive gravity. Whatever may have been his feelings he gave no sign of emotion. But the lad that kneeled on the other side of Shock pressed his face down hard into his hands, while his frame shook with choking, silent sobs. All that was holiest and tenderest in his past came crowding in upon him, in sad and terrible contrast to his present.

Immediately after the prayer Shock slipped out of the shack.

"I say, boss," said Ike as he poked the fire, "he's a winner, ain't he? Guess he hits the sky all right, when he gets onto his knees. By the livin' gimmini! when that feller gits a-goin' he raises considerable of a promotion."

"Commotion, Ikey," said the Kid gently. "Yes, I believe he hits the sky—and he says he needs a Keeper."

"Well," said Ike solemnly, "I have a lingerin' suspicion that you're correct, but if he needs a Keeper, what about us?"

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRESIDENT OF GUY'S, LOND

Dr. Burton was never quite c
how he had found himself
morning on the Loon Lak
man whom he had never s
deed, he did not come
sciousness of

to be in readiness with a basin, sponge and anything else that might be demanded.

"We shall not give you much to do," said the doctor, "but what you have to do must be done promptly and well. Now, then," he continued, lifting his scissors with a flourish which did not fail to impress Carroll, who was seated near by, "we shall proceed."

"Will it hurt, doctor?" groaned Carroll, gazing upon the row of instruments with fascinated eyes.

"Before we are finished it is quite possible the patient may be conscious of nervous disturbance, accompanied by sensations more or less painful."

"Will it hurt, blank you!" replied Carroll, whose hoarse voice showed the intensity of his repressed emotion.

"Mr. Carroll, we must be calm. We must be entirely calm," observed the doctor. "Now," continuing his monologue, "we shall remove the hair from the field of operation. Cleanliness in an operation of this kind is of prime importance. Then we shall bathe with this weak solution of carbolic,—three per cent. will be quite sufficient, quite sufficient,—the injured parts and the surrounding area, and then we shall examine the extent of the wound. If the *dura mater* be penetrated, and the arachnoid cavity be opened, then there will be in all probability a very considerable extravasation of blood, and by this time, doubtless, serious inflammation of all the surrounding tissues. The aperture being very small, and the depression somewhat extensive, it will be necessary to remove,—to saw out, in short,—a portion of the skull," lifting up a fierce looking instrument.

Carroll groaned.

"Let me out!" he whispered hoarsely, rising and feeling his way with outstretched hand to the door. "I can't stand this bloody divil!"

Ike opened the door, while Shock sprang to support the groping man.

"Lave me be!" he said fiercely, with a curse, and, pushing Shock back, he stumbled out.

"Ah," said the doctor, with evident satisfaction, "there are various methods of removing obstructions, as I have said. We shall no longer delay." And he proceeded to clip away the golden curls from about the wound. "These," he said, holding them up in his fingers and looking at them admiringly, "we had better preserve. These beautiful locks may be priceless to the mother, priceless indeed. Poor, bonnie laddie! Now we shall prepare, we shall aseptically prepare, the whole field of operation. A sponge,—that's it. That will do. Now, let us examine the extent of the injury," feeling with dexterous fingers about the edge of the slight wound, and over all the depressed surface.

"Ah! as I feared. The internal table is widely comminuted, and there is possibly injury to the *dura mater*. We must excise a small portion of the bone. The scalpel, please." Then, after laying back with a few swift, dexterous movements, the scalp from about the wounded parts: "The saw. Yes, the saw. The removal of a section," he continued, in his gentle monotone, beginning to saw, "will allow examination of the internal table. A sponge, please. Thank you. And if the *dura mater*—" Here the stillness of the room was broken by a sound from Ike. The doctor glanced at him.

"This is a very simple part of the operation," he explained, "a very simple part, indeed, and attended with absolutely no pain. A sponge, please. Thank you. Now the forceps. Yes."

He snipped off a section of the bone. Ike winced.

"Ah, as I feared. There is considerable comminution and extravasation. Yes, and owing to the long delay, and doubtless to the wet applications which the uninitiated invariably apply, pus. Now, the carbolic solution," to Ike, who was standing with white face and set teeth.

"You are doing remarkably well," said the doctor, encouragingly to him, "remarkably well. To a novice this at times presents a shocking aspect. Now we shall attack this depression. The elevator, please. No, the elevator, Mr. Macgregor. There it lies. Yes. Now gently, gently. Just hold that in position," offering Shock the end of the instrument which he was using as a lever to raise the depressed portion of the skull. "The other scalpel, please. Now, a slight pressure. Gently, gently. We must be extremely careful of the edges. No, that will not do. Then we must have recourse to the trephine."

He lifted the instrument as he spoke,

and gazed at it with every mark of affection.

"This is one of the most beautiful of all the instruments of modern surgery. A lovely instrument, a lovely instrument, indeed. Let us secure our firm surface. That seems satisfactory," beginning to bore.

This was too much for Ike. He hastily set down the basin and sponge on a chair, then straightened up in a vain effort to regain mastery of himself.

"Ah," said the doctor. "Poor Ike! The spirit is willing, but the sympathetic nerve is evidently seriously disturbed, thereby affecting the *basal motor*, and will likely produce complete syncope. Lay him down on his back immediately."

"No," said Ike, "I ain't no good. I'm going out."

"Now," said the doctor, calmly, when Shock and he had been left alone, "I hope there will be no more interruption. We must proceed with the trephining. Ah, beautiful, beautiful!" his quick moving, deft fingers keeping pace with his monologue.

"There now," after a few minutes' work with the trephine, "the depression is lifted. We shall soon be finished."

With supple, firm fingers he sewed the scalp, dressed the wound, and was done.

"Thank God!" said Shock with a long breath. "Will he live?"

"It is a question now of strength and vitality. If the inflammation is not too widely extended, the child may recover. Young life is very tenacious."

The doctor washed his hands, wiped his instruments, put them carefully away in their case, and sat down.

"Doctor," said Shock, "that is a great work. Even to a layman that operation seems wonderful."

Under the stimulus of his professional work the doctor's face, which but two days before had been soft and flabby, seemed to have taken on a firmer, harder appearance, and his whole manner, which had been shuffling and slovenly, had become alert and self-reliant.

"A man who can do that, doctor, can do great things."

A shadow fell on his face. The look of keen intelligence became clouded. His very frame lost its erect poise, and seemed to fall together. His professional air of jaunty cheerfulness forsook him. He huddled himself down into his chair, put his face in his hands and shuddered.

"My dear sir," he said, lifting up his face, "it is quite useless, quite hopeless."

"No," said Shock eagerly, "do not say that. Surely the Almighty God—"

The doctor put up his hand.

"I know all you would say. How often have I heard it! The fault is not with the Almighty, but with myself. I am still honest with myself, and yet—" Here he paused for some moments. "I have tried—and I have failed. I am a wreck. I have prayed—prayed with tears and groans. I have done my best. But I am beyond help."

For a full minute Shock stood gazing sadly at the noble head, the face so marred, the huddling form.

"Dr. Burton," said Shock, with the air of a man who has formed a purpose, "you are not telling the truth, sir."

The doctor looked up with a flash of indignation in his eyes.

"You are misrepresenting facts in two important particulars. You have just said that you have done your best, and that you are beyond all help. The simple truth is you have neither done your best, nor are you beyond help."

"Beyond help!" cried the doctor, starting up and beginning to pace the floor, casting aside his usual gentle manner. "You use plain speech, sir, but your evident sincerity forbids resentment. If you knew my history you would agree with me that I state the simple truth when I declare that I am beyond help. You see before you, sir, the sometime President of the Faculty of Guy's, London, a man with a reputation second to none in the Metropolis. But neither reputation, nor fortune, nor friends could avail to save me from this curse. I came to this country in desperation. It was a prohibition country. Cursed be those who perpetrated that fraud upon the British public! If London be bad, this country, with its isolation, its monotony of life, and this damnable permit system, is a thousand times worse. I came to this God-forsaken, homeless country with some hope of recovery in my heart. That hope has long since vanished. I am now beyond all help."

"No," said Shock in a quiet, firm voice, "you have told me nothing to prove that

you are beyond help. In fact," he continued almost brusquely, "no man of sense and honesty has a right to say that. Yes," he continued in answer to the doctor's astonished look, "salvation, as it is called, is a matter of common sense and honesty."

"Oh, Lord God Almighty!" said the doctor, throwing up his hands in the intensity of his emotion. "You almost make me think there is some hope."

"Don't be a fool, doctor," said Shock in a matter of fact voice. "You are going to recover your manhood and your reputation. I know it. But, as I said before, remember I expect common sense and honesty."

"Common sense and honesty," said the doctor as if to himself. "No religion."

"There you are," said Shock. "I did not say that. I did say common sense and honesty. But now, do go and find poor Carroll. He will be in agony."

"Oh, a little of it won't hurt him. He is rather an undeveloped specimen," said the doctor, resuming his professional tone.

In a few minutes he returned with Carroll, whose face was contorted with his efforts to seem calm.

"Tell me," he said to Shock. "Will the lad live?"

"The operation is entirely successful, thanks to the skill of Dr. Burton there."

"Will he live?" said Carroll to the doctor in a husky tone.

"Well, he has a chance—a chance now which before he had not; and if he does, you owe it to Mr. Macgregor there."

"And if he doesn't, I shall owe that to him," hissed Carroll through his clenched teeth.

For this Shock had no reply.

"Carroll," said the doctor, with a stern deliberation, "I have always known you to be a bully, but never before that you were a brute. This man saved your child's life at very considerable danger to his own. And a second time: if the child recovers, he has saved his life, for had the operation not been performed to-day your child would have died, and you would have been arrested for manslaughter."

"Doctor," said Carroll, turning upon him, and standing nervous and shaking, "it is that man or me. The country won't hold us both."

"Dad." The weak voice seemed to pierce through Carroll's growls like a shaft of light through a dark room.

Carroll dropped on his knees by the bedside in a rush of tears.

"Ah, Patsy, my Patsy! Is it your own voice I'm hearin'?"

"Dad, darlin', ye didn't mane it, did ye, dad?"

"What, Patsy?"

"To hit me."

"Ah, may God forgive me! but it's meself would sooner die than strike ye."

The little lad drew a deep breath of content.

"And the big man," he said. "He put out his hand over me. Ye didn't hurt him, dad, did ye?"

"No, no, Patsy, darlin'," said the big Irishman, burying his face in the pillow. "Speak to your dad again wid your lovely voice."

"Now, Carroll," said the doctor, in a stern whisper. "That is enough. Not a word more. Do you want to kill your child?"

Carroll, at once with a tremendous effort, grew still, stroking the white hand he held in his, and kissing the golden curls that streamed across the pillow, whispering over and over, "Patsy, darlin'!" till the doctor, hardened as he was to scenes like this, was forced to steal out from the room and leave them together.

CHAPTER XIV

THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S AWAKING

For six weeks the Old Prospector lay fretting his life away in his shack. Not so ill as to be in danger. The pneumonia had almost disappeared and the rheumatism had subsided, but yet such grave symptoms remained as made the doctor forbid his setting forth upon his annual quest of the Lost River. In those days his chief comfort was Shock, whose old habit of sharing his experiences in imagination with those who could not share them in reality, relieved for the Old Prospector many a monotonous hour.

But Shock's days, and most of his nights, even, were spent upon the trail rounding up "strays and mavericks," as Ike said, searching out the lonely bachelor shacks, and lonelier homes where women dwelt whose husbands' days were spent on the range, and whose nearest neighbor might be eight or ten miles away, bringing

a touch of the outer world, and leaving a gleam of the light that he carried in his own sunny, honest face.

Another result of Shock's work became apparent in the gradual development of Loon Lake, or, "The Lake," as it was most frequently named, into a center of social life. In the first place, a school had been established, in which Marion had been installed as teacher, and once the children came to the village it was easier for the parents to find their way thither.

Every week, too, the Kid and Ike found occasion to visit the lake and call for Shock, who made his home, for the most part, with the Old Prospector. Every week, too, the doctor would appear to pay a visit to his patients; but, indeed, in some way or other, the doctor was being constantly employed on cases discovered by Shock. The Macnamara's baby with the club-foot, Scrub Kettle's girl with the spinal trouble; Lawrence Delamere, the handsome young English lad up in "The Pass," whose leg, injured in a mine accident, never would heal till the doctor had scraped the bone, —these and many others owed their soundness to Shock's prospecting powers and to the doctor's skill.

"Dig 'em up, doon't he?" said Ike, one Sunday, when the second flat of Jim Ross's store was filled with men and women, who, though they had lived in the country for from two to twenty years, were still for the most part strangers to each other. "Digs 'em up like the boys digs the badgers. Got to come out of their holes when he gits after 'em."

"Dat's so," said Perault, who had become an ardent follower of Shock's. "Dat's so. All same lak ole boss."

"Prospector, eh?" said Ike.

"Oui. Prospector sure enough, by gar!" replied Perault, with the emphasis of a man who has stumbled upon a great find; and the name came at once to be recognized as so eminently suitable that from that time forth it stuck, and all the more that before many weeks there was none to dispute the title with him.

All this time the Old Prospector fretted and wasted with an inward fever that baffled the doctor's skill, and but for the visits of his friends and their constant assurances that next week would see him fit, the old man would have succumbed.

"It's my opinion," said Ike, who, with the Kid, had made a habit of dropping in for a visit to the sick man, "it's my opinion that it ain't either that rheumatism nor that there pewmonia,"—Ike had once glanced at the doctor's label, which distinguished the pneumonia medicine from that prescribed for rheumatism. "It ain't either the rheumatism nor that there pewmonia," he repeated, "that's a-killin' him."

"What then do you think it is, Ike?" said the doctor, to whom Ike had been confiding this opinion.

"It's frettin'; frettin' after the trail and the Lost River. For thirteen years he's chased that river, and he'll die a-chasin' it."

"Well, he'll certainly die if he starts after it in his present condition."

"Maybe so, doctor. I wouldn't interdict any opinion of yours. But I reckon he'd die a mighty sight easier."

"Well, Ike, my boy," said the doctor, in his gentle voice, "perhaps you are right, perhaps you're right. The suggestion is worth considering."

And the result seemed to justify Ike's opinion, for, from the day that the doctor fixed the time for the Old Prospector's departure the fever abated, his philosophic calm returned, he became daily stronger, and daily more cheerful and courageous, and, though he was troubled still with a cough, he departed one bright day, with Perault, in high spirits.

"I shall remember you all," he cried, waving his hand gaily in farewell. "Doctor, I shall build you a hospital where your skill will have opportunity and scope. Mr. Macgregor, your heart will be delighted with that church-manse-school building of yours." This was Shock's pet scheme for the present. "To all of you suitable rewards. This time I see success. Farewell."

After he had turned away he reined back his pony and addressed Shock again.

"Mr. Macgregor," he said, with almost solemn earnestness, "I give my daughter into your charge. I am sure you will watch over her. She will be comfortable with Josie, and she will be safe under your care."

His spirit of enthusiastic confidence caught all the crowd standing by, so that they gave him a hearty cheer in farewell.

"Did not say what he would give us,

eh, Carroll?'' said Crawley, who, with Carroll, stood at the back of the crowd.

"Blanked old fool!'' growled Carroll.

"And yet, he has a marvelous instinct for mines,'' said Crawley, "and this time he has got something more than usual in his head, I believe. He has been particularly secretive. I could not get anything out of him. Guess he means to euchre us out of our share of anything big, partner.''

The days that followed the Old Prospector's departure were lonely enough for his daughter. It was well for her that she had her school, which she transferred now to her father's house, for, though Shock occupied the inner room, he was very little at home.

About three weeks after the Old Prospector's departure a half-breed, on a cayuse wet and leg-weary, appeared at the Loon Lake Stopping Place, asking for the preacher.

"Blanked if I know!'' growled Carroll. "Off on some fool hunt or other.''

"Ask Ike there,'' said Crawley, who was sitting on the stoop. "You beloong to his flock, don't you, Ike? Elder, ain't you?''

"His flock?'' echoed Ike. "Wouldn't mind if I did. I'd be sure of my company, which I can't always be almost anywhere else. Wantin' the preacher, eh?'' turning to the half-breed.

"Letter from de old man.''

"Well, the preacher isn't here. It must be important,'' continued Crawley. "I suppose I might as well open it, especially as it is likely it will be something about outfit. Eh, Carroll?''

He was about to tear the letter open when Ike interposed.

"Hold up there. It strikes me you're a little rapid in your conclusions. Let's have a look at the letter.''

Crawley very unwillingly gave it up.

"One of his friends,'' read Ike with some difficulty. "You count yourself in there, do you?'' to Crawley. "You'd be mighty lucky if he agreed with you on that there point. Now I judge this ought to go to the preacher or, if he ain't round, to the young lady.''

So saying, Ike, without another glance at the disappointed Crawley, strode away with the letter to find Marion.

He found her busy in the school. She read the letter, looked at Ike with white face and wide-open eyes, read it a second time, and said, "He wants Mr. Macgregor, quick—and me. He is ill. Oh, Ike!'' she cried suddenly, "he is ill, and Mr. Macgregor is away.''

"Where did he go?'' said Ike shortly.

"I heard him say to Willow Creek, to the Martins. The doctor is with him.''

"The Martins, eh? Why, that's only eight miles, I reckon. Well, git yourself ready and your horse. I'll be back in an hour and a half.''

In an hour and a half, true to his word, Ike was back with Shock and the doctor. Before another half hour had gone past they were all on the trail, Marion riding her pony, Shock and the doctor in the buckboard, and Crawley driving Carroll's wagon, loaned at Crawley's suggestion, in which, besides mattress and bedding, were saddles for use when the trail should forbid wheels.

After long hesitation, Ike decided that he ought not to join the party.

"That there Crawley,'' he argued to himself, "ain't to be trusted, especially when he's goin' round lookin' like a blank hyena. But I guess I'll have to let him go and git back to the ranch.'' And so, with an uneasy feeling, Ike watched them set off.

Half way back to the ranch he met his boss.

"Hello, Ike,'' saluted the Kid gaily. "You're needing a powder. Off your feed, eh?''

"Well, do you know,'' said Ike, watching the Kid keenly with his half-shut eyes, "there's been a great mix-up at the Lake there. A breed, half dead with the saddle, came from the Old Prospector askin' for the preacher. Guess the old chap's about quittin' the trail.''

The Kid's hand tightened on the reins. "Hit him there, I reckon,'' grunted Ike to himself, but the other paid no attention. "So,'' continued Ike, "they've all gone off.''

"Who?''

"Why, the hull town, seemingly. There's the preacher, and the doctor, and that there Crawley with Carroll's wagon outfit.''

"What the deuce are you talking about?'' inquired the Kid. "What has Crawley got to do with this?''

"Why,'' said Ike in a surprised tone, "dunno, onless he's a friend of the old

man's. They do have a lot of business together, seemingly. Or perhaps as company for the gal."

"The girl! Steady there, Swallow," to his mare, for Swallow had given a sudden spring. "What girl?" demanded the Kid. "Why don't you talk sense? You didn't say anything about a girl."

"Why, didn't I mention about that gal? Well, I'm gettin' forgetful. Why, what gal do you think? They ain't growin' on rose bushes or old willows round here, so far as I've seen."

"Oh, blank you for an idiot!" said the Kid wrathfully. "Do you mean that the —Miss Mowbray has gone off with the rest?" In spite of his splendid self-control, as the Kid spoke the name, a red flush on his face could be suddenly seen through the brown tan.

Ike nodded gravely.

"Yes, she's gone. But she'll be all right. The preacher's there. He'll be busy with the old man, of course, but he'll find some time for her. And then there's the other chap, you know. He's been mighty kind, to-day, mighty kind, and considerable, too. Can't say as I'd just cotton to him, but when he likes he's ingraciousin' ways, mighty ingraciousin' ways."

"Oh!" roared the Kid. "Crawley. —" Then he looked at his cowboy's face. "Confound you, Ike! So you were pulling my leg a little, were you? Never mind, my day will come."

With this he turned the Swallow toward the Lake and set off.

A tail chase is a long chase, and so the Kid found it, for the speed and endurance of the Swallow were both fully tested before the advance party were overtaken.

Marion and the half-breed were riding far in front, Crawley following as closely as he could with the wagon. Some distance in the rear were Shock and the doctor in the buckboard. The Kid could hear Crawley pointing out to Marion in a loud voice the striking features of the beauty that lay around them in such a wealth and variety of profusion. The words of Ike came to his mind, "mighty ingraciousin'."

"Confound his impudence!" he growled. "I wonder if she knows the kind of snake he is? I believe I'll tell her, for her own sake. No, that won't do, either. Well, I guess I must wait my chance." But the chance seemed slow in coming.

The Kid reined up behind the buckboard, beside Shock and the doctor, waiting for an excuse to ride forward, but for miles, finding none.

"I wonder now," said Shock, at length, "if we had not better stop and have tea, and then ride till dark before we camp. If Marion is not tired, that would be the better way."

"I'll ride up and ask," said the Kid, eagerly, and before any other suggestion could be made, he was gone.

The proposition found acceptance with Marion, and, what was of more importance, with the half-breed guide.

If the Kid had any doubt of his reception by the girl, the glad, grateful look in her eyes as he drew near was enough to assure him of her welcome; and, as he took the guide's place by her side, she hastened to say, "I am glad you came, Mr. Stanton. It was very kind of you to come. It was awful riding alone, mile after mile."

"Alone!" echoed the Kid.

"Well, I mean,—you know he cannot talk much English, and—"

"Of course," promptly replied the Kid, "I am awfully glad I came, now. Wasn't sure just how you might take it. I mean, I did not like pushing myself in, you understand."

"Oh, surely one does not need to explain a kindness such as this," said the girl, simply. "You see, the doctor and Mr. Macgregor are together, and will be, and the others,—well, I hardly know them."

Far up in the Pass they camped, in a little sheltered dell all thick with jack pines, through whose wide-spread roots ran and chattered a little mountain brook. And it was only after another day's travel that they came at length to the Old Prospector's camp.

As they neared the camp the trail emerged out of the thick bushes into a wide valley, and there on the trail they met Perault in a frenzy of anxious excitement.

"Tank de Bon Dieu!" he cried brokenly, with hands uplifted. "Come wit' me, queek! queek!"

"Perault, tell us how your boss is." The doctor's voice was quiet and authoritative. "And tell us how long he has been

ill, and how it came on. Be very particular. Take plenty of time."

Perault's Gallic temperament responded to the doctor's quiet tone and manner.

"Oui. Bon," he said, settling down. "Listen to me. We come nice and slow to dis place, an' den we go up dat gulch for little prospect. Good ting, too. Good mine dere, sure. But old boss he can't stay. He must go, go, go. Den we go up 'noder gulch, t'ree, four day more, for 'noder mine. Pretty good, too. Den one night we comin back to camp, old boss feel good. Skeep along lak small sheep. By Gar, he's feel too good! He's fall in crik. Nat's noting. No! Good fire, plenty blanket make dat all right. But dat night I hear de old boss groan, an' cry, an' turn overe an' overe. Light de fire; give him one big drink wheesky. No good. He's go bad all dat night. Nex' day he's hit noting. Nex' day he's worser and worser. W'at I can do I can't tell. Den de Bon Dieu he send along dat half-breed. De ole boss he write letter, an' you come here queek."

"Thank you, Perault. A very lucid explanation indeed. Now we shall see the patient; and you, Miss Marion, had better remain here by the fire for a few moments."

The doctor passed with Shock into the Old Prospector's tent.

"Mr. Macgregor," cried the old man stretching out both hands eagerly to him, "I am glad you have come. I feared you would not be in time. But now," sinking back upon his balsam bed, "now all will be—well."

"Mr. Mowbray," said Shock, "I have brought the doctor with me. Let him examine you now, and then we shall soon have you on your feet again."

"Most certainly," said the Old Prospector in his wonted calm voice. "Let the doctor examine me. I am not a man to throw away any hope, however slight."

As the doctor proceeded with his examination his face grew more and more grave. At length he said: "It is idle for me to try to conceal the truth from you, Mr. Mowbray. You are a very sick man."

"Thank you, doctor," said the old man cheerfully. "I knew it long ago, but I am content that my quest should cease at this point. And now, if you will give me a few moments of close attention," he said, turning to Shock, "and if you will see that the privacy of this tent is absolutely secure, there is little more that I shall require of you."

The doctor stepped to the door.

"Doctor," said the Old Prospector, "I do not wish you to go. It is more than I hoped, that there should be beside me when I passed out of this life two men that I can trust, such as yourself and Mr. Macgregor. Sit down close beside me and listen."

He pulled out from beneath his pillow an oil-skin parcel, which he opened, discovering a small bag of buckskin tied with a thong.

"Open it," he said to Shock. "Take out the paper." His voice became low and eager, and his manner bespoke intense excitement.

"My dear friend," said the doctor, "this will be too much for you. You must be calm."

"Give me something to drink, doctor, something to steady me a bit, for I must convey to you the secret of my life's quest."

The doctor administered a stimulant, and then, with less excitement but with no less eagerness the old man proceeded with his story.

"Here," he said, pointing with a trembling finger to a line upon the paper Shock had spread before him, "here is the trail that leads to the Lost River. At this point we are now camped. Follow the course of this stream to this point, half a day's journey, not more; turn toward the east and cross over this low mountain ridge and you come to a valley that will strike you as one of peculiar formation. It has no apparent outlet. That valley," said the Old Prospector, lowering his voice to a whisper, "is the valley of the Lost River. This end," keeping his trembling finger at a certain point on the paper, "has been blocked up by a mountain slide. The other turns very abruptly, still to the east. Three mountain peaks, kept in perfect line, will lead you across this blockade to the source of the Lost River."

"Mr. Mowbray," said Shock, "Perault tells us you only made short excursions from this point where we are now."

"Listen," said the old man. "I made this discovery last year. I have breathed it to no one. My claim is yet unstaked,

but here," said he, taking another small buckskin bag from his breast, "here is what I found."

He tried in vain with his trembling fingers to undo the knot. Shock took the bag from him and opened it up.

"Empty it out," said the old man, his eyes glittering with fever and excitement.

Shock poured forth gold dust and nuggets.

"There," he sighed. "I found these at that spot. Empty the other bag," he said to Shock. "These are the ones given me by the Indian so many years ago. The same gold, the same rock, the same nuggets. There is my Lost River. I thought to stake my claim this summer. I ought to have staked it last year, but a terrible storm drove me out of the mountains, and I could not complete my work."

The old man ceased his tale, and lay back upon his couch with closed eyes, and breathing quickly.

"Is he quite himself?" said Shock, in a low voice to the doctor.

The old man caught the question and opened his eyes.

"Doctor, I am quite sane. You know I am quite sane. For thirteen years and more I have sought for those little pieces of metal and rock, but, thank God! I have found them, not for myself, but for my girl. And now, Mr. Macgregor, will you undertake a charge for me? Will you swear to be true, to faithfully carry out the request I am to make?"

"I promise," said Shock, solemnly.

"I want you to follow this trail, to stake out this claim, to register it in your name for my daughter, and to develop or dispose of this mine in the way that may seem best to yourself. I will die in peace because I know you will prove true, and," after a pause, "because I know God will receive a sinful, broken man like me. You promise me this, Mr. Macgregor?" The old man, in his eagerness, raised himself upon his elbow, and stretched out his hand.

"Once more," said Shock, in a broken voice, "I promise you, Mr. Mowbray. I will do my best to carry out what you desire, and so may God help me!"

The old man sank quietly back on his couch. A smile spread over his face as he lay with closed eyes, and he breathed, "Thank God! I can trust you as if you were my son."

"Hark!" he said a moment afterwards in an anxious whisper. "There is someone near the tent."

The doctor hurried out, and found Crawley in the neighborhood of the tent, gathering some sticks for the fire. He hastened back.

"It is only Mr. Crawley," he said, "getting some wood for the fire."

A spasm of fear distorted the old man's face.

"Crawley!" he whispered, "I fear him. Don't let him see,—or know. Now take these things,—away. I have done with them, I have done with them! You will give my love,—to my daughter," he said to Shock, after some moments.

"She is here," said Shock, quietly.

"Here! Now! I feared to ask. God is good. Yes, God is good."

The doctor stepped out of the tent. The old man lay with eager eyes watching the door.

Swiftly, but with a step composed and steady, his daughter came to him.

"Father, I am here," she said, dropping on her knees beside him.

"My daughter!" he cried with a sob, while his arms held her in a close embrace. "My daughter! my daughter! God is good to us."

For a long time they remained silent, with their arms about each other. The girl was the first to master her emotions.

"Father," she said quietly, "the doctor tells me you are very ill."

"Yes, my daughter," went on the old man in a clear, steady voice, "but soon I shall be well. My life has been for years a fevered dream, but the dream is past. I am about to awake. Dear child, I have spoiled your life. We have only a few precious hours left. Help me not to spoil these for you."

At once the girl sat up, wiped her eyes, and grew still.

"Yes, father, we will not lose them."

She put her hand in his.

"You make me strong, my daughter. I have much to say to you, much to say to you of my past."

She put her fingers on his lips gently.

"Is that best, father, do you think?" she said, looking lovingly into his face.

He glanced at her in quick surprise. She was a girl no longer, but a woman, wise, and strong, and brave.

"Perhaps you are right, my daughter. But you will remember that it was for you I lived my lonely life, for you I pursued my fevered quest. I feared to bring you to me. Now I know I need not have feared. Now I know what I have missed, my daughter."

There was silence for some minutes, then the old man went on, painfully, with ever shortening breath. "Now listen to me carefully." And then he told her the tale of his search for the Lost River, ending with the eager exclamation: "And last year I found it. It is a mine rich beyond my fondest hopes, and it is yours. It is yours, my daughter."

"Oh, father," cried the girl, losing herself for a moment, "I don't want the mine. It is you I want."

"Yes, my daughter, I know that well, but for the present it is not the will of God that I should be with you, and I have learned that it is good to trust to Him, and without fear I give you, my daughter, to His care."

Again the girl grew steady and calm.

"Call Mr. Macgregor and the doctor, my dear," her father said. "These gentlemen alone," he continued when they had come to him, "hold my secret. Mr. Macgregor has promised to see the claim staked. Perault will guide him to it. This paper," taking a packet from his breast, "is my will. In it a full disposal is made of all. Now I will sign it."

The paper was duly signed and witnessed. With a sigh of content the old man sank back upon his bed.

"Now all is done. I am well content."

For some time he lay with closed eyes. Then, waking suddenly, he looked at Shock and said: "Carry me out, Mr. Macgregor. Carry me out where I can see the trees and the stars."

They made a bed of boughs and skins for him before the camp-fire, and out into the dry, warm night Shock carried him.

The Old Prospector, reclining on his couch, let his eyes wander over the valley and up through the trees to the sky and the stars, while a smile of full content rested on his face.

The doctor came near, touched his wrist, listened to the beating of his heart, and whispered to his daughter: "It will not be long now."

The old man opened his eyes. "You are near, my daughter?" he said.

"Yes, father, dear, I am here," she replied, pressing his hand between hers.

"Could you sing something, do you think?"

"Yes, yes, father, I will sing. What shall I sing?"

"Sing Bernard's great hymn, 'The World is Very Evil.'"

It was a hymn she had often sung for him, selecting such of its verses as were more familiar, and as expressed more nearly the thought in their hearts.

As she began to sing the doctor passed out beyond the firelight to the side of the tent. There he found Stanton with his head bowed low between his knees.

"My boy," said the doctor, "that is very beautiful, but it is very hard to bear."

"Yes," said Stanton. "I'm a baby. I would like to help her, but I cannot."

"Well, my boy, she needs no help that either you or I can give."

Verse after verse she sang in a voice low, but clear and sweet. After she had finished the camp lay in perfect silence.

"Are you asleep, father dear?" his daughter said at length, but there was no reply. She touched his hands and his face.

"Father!" she cried in a voice of awe and fear, but still there was no reply.

The doctor came hastily into the light, looked into the old man's face, and said: "He is gone."

With a long, low, wailing cry the girl laid herself upon the ground by her father's side and put her arms around him. They all gathered about the couch, with the doctor and Shock standing nearest.

"Poor child!" said the doctor softly. "This is a sad night for her."

"Yes," said Shock in a voice quiet and steady. "For her the night is sad, but for him the day has dawned and there shall be night no more."

There, in that wide valley, where the yellow pine needles lie deep, and where morning and evening the mingling lights fall softly through the over-arching boughs, they laid the Old Prospector to rest under the pines and the stars that had been his companions for so long.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT THEATRICAL SYNDICATE

How Six Dictators Control Our Amusements

By The Editors

IV. TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

NEXT to the theater-going public at large, the greatest victims of the Theatrical Syndicate, at the present moment, are the actors and actresses themselves. Never before has the end of November found so many good artists out of employment. For the cheap actor and the school of acting graduates, these are halcyon days. To illustrate our meaning, take the present company supporting Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Sorceress." There are seventy-two rôles in this play, and, outside of the star, there are only four parts which are even indifferently well played. The balance of the cast is made up of nonentities, many of whom, for the mere *privilege* of appearing on the stage, *are willing* to act for next to nothing. The result is, that all the small rôles count for nil, and the ensemble and mob are execrable exhibitions of bad stage management and crude art. Charles Frohman's determination to engage actors only during the period of a production, and not for a season, as was his custom formerly, is really a precautionary measure, which, from a business standpoint, no one can blame him for. He and his associates in the Syndicate having killed the goose that laid the golden eggs by tying up all the foreign authors in such a manner that the output of plays has been reduced almost fifty per cent., now find themselves face to face with a horrible proposition. To fill the three hundred theaters which are now upon their hands, with paying attractions, is impossible. The managers in the Syndicate themselves cannot turn out more than fifty productions a year, and so disastrous and far-reaching has this greed of the Syndicate proved that a very large percentage of the other producing managers have already been driven out of business, and those who are still making productions are obliged to engage cheaper actors for their casts, owing to the increased percentage of the box office receipts which the Syndicate has demanded from them in the past year. Consequently, the public gets poorer plays, with inferior casts, and the really worthy and artistic branches of the profession are now reduced to poverty, and in very many cases to absolute want. The brightest ray of hope in the situation as it stands at present is the fact that the Syndicate, by its mad scheme of building theater after theater, is doing more to kill itself than any of its enemies can do to kill it. The handwriting is on the wall, and no one realizes this to-day more fully than the Syndicate men themselves. In New York, where only a year ago Klaw and Erlanger, the king pins of the Trust, threatened to drive David Belasco out of business in nine months time, the rather edifying spectacle is now presented of the two great hits of the metropolitan season, "The Music Master," and "The College Widow," drawing crowded and delighted audiences in playhouses which are outside of the Syndicate's pale. Even more interesting is the fact that within the last month contracts have been signed by managers of this city, who for a long time have been under the Syndicate's control, with that very pariah, Belasco,

whom the invulnerable Klaw and Erlanger were so soon to annihilate. From February until the end of the season, the stage of the Academy of Music will be occupied by Belasco's two great successes, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and "The Darling of the Gods," while on January first, Henry B. Sire's theater, the Bijou, passes into Mr. Belasco's control for the balance of this season. The explanation of both managers is interesting. Mr. Sire says: "The Syndicate can threaten me as much as they like, but the worst that they can do is not so bad as what they have done already. That is, they have left me entirely in the lurch for attractions at the Bijou this season, with the exception of 'Mr. Wix,' and Miss Irwin, both of whom I obtained independently. It seems to me that six months of steady business with a star like Warfield will take the curse off a great many 'K. & E.' threats." Manager E. C. Gilmore, of the Academy, a renowned old fighter of whom even the magnates of the Syndicate stand in wholesome awe, remarked: "Belasco can have all his time at my theater for the next ten years if he wants it, and so can any other independent manager who can offer so fine a line of attractions. If Klaw and Erlanger don't like it, I'm very sorry, of course, but I'm not going to cry about it."

The letters this magazine has received from all parts of the country since the publication of these articles on the Theatrical Syndicate, only go to show what a real interest there is in this situation in the smaller towns, as well as in the larger cities. In Philadelphia especially, the public seem to realize clearly what conditions are. The denunciation of the working of the Trust in their local theaters is particularly vehement.

Although Nixon and Zimmerman, who own nearly all the important Philadelphia theaters, are members of the Trust, it is a notorious fact that ever since the Trust's formation, Philadelphia has always got the "leavings," in the way of attractions. There are said to be reasons for this. There is a deadly feud of years standing between Nixon and Zimmerman and Klaw and Erlanger, and since the latter firm became the cocks of the theatrical roost they have rubbed it into the Philadelphia managers with a vengeance. Then again, Erlanger has a personal grudge against Philadelphia. A shooting scrape in which he was involved in the old Continental Hotel, a good many years ago, is said to be rarely absent from his memory, and this same shooting episode is said to be one of the excuses for the presence of the burly prize-fighter, who always accompanies this hero of theatricals in his goings-out and comings-in. Erlanger would give a good deal to obliterate all recollection of this little affair, and the fact that it was in Philadelphia that the scandal took place, has not endeared that city to him. But, if Erlanger hates Philadelphia, what words shall describe the feelings of Chicago playgoers at large for Klaw and Erlanger? Although they rather hotly disclaim all trace of responsibility for the Iroquois Theater fire, though they were part owners of the building, it was their own company, "Mr. Blue Beard," which was playing there at the time. It is a significant fact that neither manager has set foot in Chicago since that time, nor has their pet attraction, the Rogers Brothers, since played an engagement there. The feud between Nixon and Zimmerman and Klaw and Erlanger is a mild affair, however, compared to the bitter personal hatred which exists between Abe Erlanger and Charles Frohman. "Abe" resents the fact that for years Charles Frohman used to keep him waiting outside his office door while he talked to more important persons. Among his intimates, Erlanger never tires of airing his old grievance, and whenever one of Charles Frohman's companies is shoved aside for a "K. and E." production, one of his few managers who dares to speak of or to Erlanger without first crossing himself usually remarks, "Well, I guess Abe is getting even with C. F. for that long wait of his again."

The remarkable success which Charles Frohman has scored in musical comedy with "The School Girl," and "The Girl from Kays," contrasted with the terrible downfall in the receipts of The Rogers Brothers this year, and the complete failure of "A Little Bit of Everything," another Klaw and Erlanger attraction, has infuriated Erlanger more than ever. Sooner or later these personal quarrels are going to burst into flame and produce a break in the still serried ranks of the Syndicate. When that day comes, there will be enough dirty linen on hand to keep every laundry in

this country fully employed. In the meantime, the Syndicate's own indefatigable foe, Belasco, with De Lancy Nicoll and a half dozen other well-known lawyers at his back, is pushing the Warfield-Brooks case to a speedy trial. The great victory scored by Belasco late in October, when Judge Leventritt squelched the injunction to prevent Warfield from playing under Belasco's management, has driven terror into the "K. and E." camp, as now with the approach of the trial they begin to realize that both Erlanger and Brooks will have inevitably to take the witness stand. After having engaged Warfield, and paid for his entire "Auctioneer" production out of his own pocket, Belasco states that he went to Erlanger to obtain his bookings for the road, and Erlanger promptly demanded a half-interest in the show for his firm. "You take all the risk and we'll divide the profits fairly," was the substance of Erlanger's proposal, "otherwise your production can go to rot without a route." Belasco protested, but without a route he was helpless, and succumbed to the monstrous bargain. Then Erlanger spoke his mind. We quote: "I must have this partnership made out in Joseph Brooks' name," said he, so Belasco says: "They (meaning the Haymans and Charles Frohman), would raise H—l if they knew we were in on this." The contract was signed in Brooks' name, but every week half of the profits were sent by check to Klaw and Erlanger. Brooks, according to both Warfield and Belasco, has never received one penny. But, for three years, Klaw and Erlanger, it is claimed, have levied a five per cent. tax on each theater where "The Auctioneer" was booked. Belasco claims that he, being an equal partner with them in his production, should receive half of this fat nest egg. At all events, by his suit he hopes to expose a very artful way of "playing both ends against the middle."

That Klaw and Erlanger do not scruple to throw down one of their own partners when the spirit moves them, was shown when Charles Frohman was forced to move out of Daly's with "The School Girl" to make way for one of their own pet projects, "The Cingalee," which proved one of the direst failures of the new season. Last season's failure of Nat Goodwin, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was a very bitter pill for this firm to swallow, and the fact that Charles Frohman, in his production of "Much Ado About Nothing," with Sothern and Miss Marlowe, has found both a financial and artistic success at the Knickerbocker, has by no means increased the affection of "Nero" Erlanger for "Napoleon" Frohman. Mr. Frohman's own point of view with regard to his object in life was recently very cleverly set down in the *American* in an interview with Alan Dale:—

"My object in life is to give the public incessant novelty—even if it fails. I am proud to say that I have produced more failures than any other living man, because I have produced more plays.

"I don't think for one single moment that the public know what they want. I give them what I think they ought to have.

"The real trouble last season was lack of material. New York is hard to please. It is a bit spoiled, perhaps.

"I can't tear myself away from New York. If it were not for New York I'd stay here. I'm comfortable, I'm happy. They like me. But I'm crazy for New York and I can't abandon it.

"I've produced three failures in succession and six successes. And I guess I've gone up as high as any theatrical manager you can mention. What remains to be done is to stay there."

A letter recently written by a well-known dramatist to a friend in this city throws some interesting light on the influence the Syndicate has had on the foreign dramatists:—

"The dramatic field seems almost dead here. For the Paris public it is useless to write on any subject but the eternal triangle: Two men and a woman—two women and a man. Paris has lost its appetite for sweet, pure plays entirely. There are lots of our authors with admirable, clever, clean themes, but the Paris managers will not produce, and when it comes to selling an untried play to Frohman and his Syndicate, we are all at as great a disadvantage as the American dramatist himself. Even those plays to which he owns the rights, by virtue of the large advance fees he has paid, lie rotting in some of his office cupboards, unrehearsed, perhaps even unread. I myself, like Lavedan and many of the other French writers, would far rather receive no money until our play has been produced than take the big advance fee which only produces dry rot

in the author and then rarely gets him a production for his pains. Of course, the Syndicate is now so powerful in America that we cannot afford to offend it, but many of us are only awaiting a favorable opportunity to break away from the yoke."

In the interim theatrical art has gone to the dogs. So-called musical comedy has been thrust down the throat of the public until moral nausea has supervened. These men of the Syndicate, what do they care for good plays or real, light music! Noise, barbaric prodigality, silly plots, puling dialogues and flashy costumes are the top of their managerial ambition. One distinguished member of the fraternity always yells to his company at rehearsals: "Give it more H—l and ginger!" Ignorant of art, of the finer shades in literature, indeed of anything approaching good taste, they mistake their vulgar fancies as the manifestation of the public. Their idea of Shakespeare is a muddle of operetta, horse play and gorgeous scenery, flooded with the glare of electricity and calciums. Julia Marlowe has paid the penalty of her wealth by appearing in indescribably bad plays, generally adapted from cheap historical romances. Mr. Sothern fought for "Hamlet," and was given it by Daniel Frohman. Mr. Mansfield, who could rule the country as regards artistic plays, is content with his old melodramas, "A Parisian Romance," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Old Heidelberg," and stuff of the same degree.

It is absolutely the Syndicate that is to blame for such depressing conditions. Now what has the Syndicate really accomplished, in addition to lining its own pockets? Briefly, these are its accomplishments:—

It has transformed a howling wilderness into a garden of finance, and then has turned the keys of the gate leading therein. The public is permitted to peep at so many dollars a peep. The original reason for the Syndicate's system was the equalization of profits and losses. The latter have been decreased for the Syndicate. Not so the former. Profits are always to the organization. We applaud success at any hazard in this country. But is this really success? Plays are poorer; the native playwright is nil, or next to it; the theater-going public is now recruited from the lowest ranks of our nation—the cultured class prefers grand opera to the spectacles which appeal only to the baser senses; the manager who has capital and courage is debarred at the outset by a perfect thick-set hedge of obstacles; the price of seats has slowly but surely mounted in inverse rates to the quality of the play presented; the public, in the end, has to pay for this experiment, which has proved, artistically speaking, the greatest evil for the greatest number.

What will be the ultimate destiny of the Syndicate we dare not predict. It may fall apart from an engorgement of wealth or from interior jealousies. At present Hayman is the richest of his associates, though they are all rich men. They were not rich before the fall of 1896.

Does it pay to play the Juggernaut to your fellow man, because he happens to be seeking a fortune in a similar pursuit! We know that to-day business is as cruel as war, that such old-fashioned superstitions as fairness, personal honor, unselfishness, are negligible qualities in the mad rush for wealth. We have presented a truthful picture of the Theatrical Syndicate, and a history of the men who originated and control it, and of their influence in the theatrical world. We leave to our readers the search for the moral—if there be one. We leave to our readers also their conclusions as to the public benefits conferred on the drama of America by the Theatrical Syndicate. And we are as sure of their verdict as we are of our own. We love fair play in America.

After all it is with you, the public, that the final verdict rests. It is you who support both the Syndicate and the independents. If you encourage these producers of poor, cheap, unwholesome plays by paying two dollars a seat to see their productions, you will always have poor plays. People in a republic get just as good government as they deserve and just as good plays. It is for you to make a stand in the best interests of yourselves, and of the theater which can be made the most wholesome, reasonable, clean and uplifting form of amusement, or can be brought even lower than it is at present. The future of the theater in this country rests with you and with you only.

Mr De Foe, accidently mentioned in our last issue as connected with the New York "Journal" is, as many readers know, dramatic editor of the New York Morning "World."

THE MUSIC LESSON

By Frances Bent Dillingham

WITH DRAWINGS BY MARY SIGSBEE KER

I STOOD by grandfather's chair one afternoon explaining to him why I did not like to take music lessons. I remember that I wore a little, blue-and-white checked gingham, piped with dark blue; it had a slashed ruffle about the neck, which was cut low. It was short-sleeved, and I am sure my arms must have been very thin, my elbows always hurt so when they hit some unyielding substance.

Grandfather sat in an arm-chair and looked at me from under white eyebrows. Grandfather seemed very old, because he was white-haired and carried a cane and had a deep voice. I had grown quite tall before I realized that he did not tell the story of Adam and Eve from personal observation, and that something had really happened before he was born.

"It's a dreadful picture, grandpa," I said, "and it is right over the piano. There are lots of people all twisted up in a dark place, and I think one of them must be the devil."

"My dear," said grandfather, "he is a gentleman who is not mentioned in polite society. I hardly think Miss Peabody would keep a picture of him in her parlor."

"Well," I said with a sigh, "it may not be the dev—but if isn't, I should think it ought to be; I shouldn't want any one else to look like that. And—anyway, I'm afraid of him, grandpa."

Grandfather put one hand on my small shoulder. "He wouldn't hurt a good little girl, Anna."

"But I'm not as good as usual when I'm practising, grandpa. The parlor is so very long and mostly dark just but 'round the piano. And it's very quiet, except when Miss Peabody thumps on the floor. She must wear very thick boots, and I get out of time very often. I wish we had a piano, and I didn't have to practise at Miss Peabody's. I wish my mother hadn't been musical."

"Don't say that, Anna," said grandfather quickly.

I sighed. "You see, I'm not very good, grandpa, and it is so hard to keep saying, 'One, two, three, four,' all the time; so sometimes I say"—I looked around to see if grandma was in sight; she was not a person in whom to confide—"I say, 'Miss Peabody is cross,' and that goes more than four times and comes out uneven. Do you think the devil will try to catch me for that?"

"Anna, dear," said grandfather in a very low tone, "don't think about the devil; I don't believe there is one anyway."

I think grandmother's ears must have been supernaturally sharp in matters theological. She appeared in the doorway. "Zenas, what nonsense are you telling that child? Of course, there's a devil, I know there's a devil, and I, for one, am glad of it." Grandmother did not seem so very old. She had an erect, little figure, and spoke briskly, and her hair never turned gray.

After grandmother had disappeared, grandfather, a little shame-facedly, tried to make a more fitting remark.

"God will take care of you, Anna. He will not let anything hurt you."

"I wish Miss Peabody would have a picture of God over the piano," I whispered.

Grandfather gave a quick look toward the doorway. "You—you mustn't say such things, Anna," he protested weakly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because—God is everywhere."

I shook my head. "I'm afraid you never were in Miss Peabody's parlor,

grandpa; I don't think anybody as nice as God would like to stay in such a place. It's got such homely paper, and the carpet is so faded, and when Miss Peabody is there it's worse than the devil."

"You musn't say such things," said grandfather, coughing. "Miss Peabody has had a sad life. She was disappointed in—"

"Love?" I asked.

"Why, Anna, you musn't say such things." This time grandfather looked really startled.

I remember how hedged about my conversational path appeared.

"The're a good many things not to talk about: God and the devil and love—and they're some of the most interesting things. But Miss Peabody is cross, though she isn't crosser to me than she is to Miss Floribel."

"Miss Peabody is very kind at heart," said grandfather, "and she has done a great deal for Miss Floribel. She supports her by giving music lessons."

"Then I don't see what makes her so cross to Dr. Butters, because I think perhaps he'd be willing to support Miss Floribel. But the last time I went there for my lesson, she was saying to Dr. Butters, 'My niece and I do not care to receive your calls any more.' And when he went out, and I went into the parlor, there was Miss Floribel hiding behind the door, and her eyes were real red, and Miss Peabody was crosser 'n— Oh, so cross, and I like Dr. Butters, and so does Miss Flor—"

"Anna, you mustn't say such things."

I think perhaps grandfather repeated this well-worn protest because he saw a fold of grandmother's black skirt through a crack of the door, for now grandmother's voice said:—

"Zenas, it's time for that child to start for school."

Then grandfather bent down and kissed me and said, "Remember, Anna, God will take care of you." I merely said good-by to grandma.

After school I must go to Miss Peabody's for the music lesson I took twice a week. I was especially nervous about this to-day, for my fingers had been painfully rebellious of late. I was thinking so much of the music that I failed to give the proper attention to my school lessons, and when the teacher asked me who was the father of his country, I said, "The dev— I don't know."

The red-headed boy in front of me giggled, and the teacher spoke severely: "That will do, Anna; you may stay five minutes after school."

I sat down so suddenly that I knocked my bare elbow on my desk and the tears came into my eyes; not wholly because of the hurt. Those sunny afternoons when the big clock over the blackboard seemed never ready to strike the magical hour of four! Those are the longest minutes my life has ever known. And after most of the children were gone and there were only a few culprits left, the disgrace of those moments and the shamed relief, it failed to be a joy, when the teacher said:—

"You may go now."

I scurried along the street to Miss Peabody's. She would be crosser than ever now I was late. The street was a beautiful one, peaceful and wide, with graceful, affectionate elms branching above. Once I had thought so lovely a way must lead to a magical land; now I knew that it brought me to Miss Peabody's.

Miss Peabody's white, green-shuttered house came in sight, its cheerfulness without gave no sign of gloom within. I flew up the path; Miss Floribel opened the door. The angels I pictured floating above were, in my mind's eye, reproductions of Miss Floribel. But to-day Miss Floribel's eyes were red and swollen. I knew she had been crying—I knew Miss Peabody had been cross. I snatched off my sunbonnet and thrust it into Miss Floribel's hand.

"Is she waiting?" I asked breathlessly.

"No, she sent me down to tell you to begin, and she would come down directly."

"Oh, please come into the parlor with me, Miss Floribel," I pleaded, "I am so afraid."

I took her hand and pulled her in after me. The piano stool was hard and high; I seated myself on it and spread my blue checked gingham carefully around. It was stiffly starched and stood out at delightful angles. I tossed my two tight braids over my shoulder and looked at Miss Floribel.

"Why is she cross at you?" I demanded.

"Oh, Anna, dear, you mustn't talk, you must practise."

"I'm not as good as usual."

"Is it because you like Dr. Butters and she doesn't? Why doesn't she?" I struck an uncertain chord, with my eyes still on Floribel's face.

"Because she has a prejudice against all men, and she doesn't want me to leave her—" There was a thump on the ceiling. My chord had been very uncertain.

We both jumped, Floribel the more guiltily. "You must practise, Anna, and I must go upstairs."

Miss Floribel fled as Miss Peabody entered.

"You have the wrong notes, Anna; strike that chord again."

I turned my eyes slowly toward the piano, there was an uncorked ink bottle in Miss Peabody's hand. It fascinated me. "Count, Anna," she commanded.

"One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four," I said faithfully in a small, monotonous voice.

I stopped, horrified.

"You do not hold your hand steady, Anna," said Miss Peabody.

I looked at her for a moment. Her face was so long, her eyes so cold, her lips so thin, and her hair was drawn back so very tight.

"I'm going to make you practise holding your right hand steady with this ink-bottle on top of it. You must not touch it with your left hand. I shall leave you for a few moments, and while I am gone you must practise very carefully in order not to spill the ink."

"Oh, Miss Peabody!" I gasped, horrified. But she was gone, and there on my humpy, wabbly little hand, rested that black ink bottle. The room was long and shadowy, that dreadful picture was so near. When I had Miss Floribel, or Miss Peabody, to whom I might turn my eyes, I did not have to look at it. But now! How the poor people were suffering, and what a fearful creature was mocking at them! Would he catch me if I spilled the ink? I looked at the bottle. How black it was! I dared not move a finger: but I knew I must, else there would be a fearful reckoning when Miss Peabody returned.

I raised my weak little thumb. It struck the note feebly. "One." The bottle tilted. Suppose it fell. There was the dev— I dared not finish the word in my thought. A cold sweat broke out all over me. I heard footsteps behind. I could not turn. The grinning face of the picture seemed over my shoulder, but I could not look. There was the bottle and Miss Peabody. I lifted my first finger tentatively. "Two!" I said with quivering bravery. There came a thump on the ceiling. The ink bottle was slipping; I shrieked madly, my voice echoed through the room. I felt as though fiends were after me. The ink bottle rolled to the floor, I rushed out of the house screaming wildly and collided with some person passing in front of the gate.

"It's the devil," I cried, "save me."

The person obligingly put both arms about me and lifted me.

"Why, Anna," he asked, "what's the matter?"

"Oh, it's the ink," I cried, "and the devil—and the ink,—it's spilled. Come in and help me mop it up, Dr. Butters." I dragged him, an all too willing prisoner, into the house and parlor.

"Go in," I said, pushing him, "go in first. It's under the piano, on the floor, and—please see if there's anybody else there."

"Yes," he said. How strange his voice sounded! "There is somebody else there."

I stopped, horrified, and peered into the room. There stood, not a horned and fearful creature of the nether world, but the angelic Floribel, and she was holding the young man's hands, and they had both forgotten me. I crawled under the square piano in the corner to extract the ink bottle. It was while I was in this position that I heard another voice :—

"Floribel, what does this mean?"

I knew this was Miss Peabody, but I

They had both forgotten me.

could not give her my undivided attention, for here was the ink bottle : there was no ink around it, there was no ink in it, there had been no ink in it for many a day. When at last I peeped out into the room from my retreat, there stood Miss Floribel with the young man's arm about her and a shining look on her face, and she was saying :—

"You know what it means, Aunt."

"You can't send me away again, Miss Peabody," he said.

Then I said : "Maybe she just did it to scare you, like she did me. There wasn't any ink in the bottle."

Dr. Butters looked at me and smiled. Floribel said :—

"May we go into the sitting-room, Aunt?"

Miss Peabody, without a word, stood aside to let them pass. I watched them.

"It seems very nice," I said. "Did you ever do that way yourself?"

But the trailing clouds of glory I had dimly discerned, had vanished.

"We will resume our practise," said Miss Peabody. "One, two, three, four."

I looked at Miss Peabody. Her eyes seemed strange, they were warmer and brighter. I spread out my stiff little fingers on the yellow keyboard. I opened my lips to ask one of many questions. But my courage failed, I only echoed :—

"One, two, three, four."

THE IRISH MEMBER

A Story of Joseph Chamberlain

By Joseph Keating

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT

WHEN the Hon. Member for Rathkeale, County Carlow, Ireland, left the House that night he felt tired and lonely. No notion of doing anything but going to bed came into his brain—drowsy and heavy after the excitement of many "scenes in The House," which his alert intelligence had enlivened. But though as the Hon. Member for Rathkeale he might control the destiny of the British Empire by ingenious phrases in the House of Commons, as plain Denis Cavanagh—"Dinny" his colleagues called him—he could not control destiny even so far as it concerned his going to bed when he felt tired.

His party had given the Government trouble for the last thirty-six hours. In the "little war" then going on in Africa some Irish regiments—particularly the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers,—had been dazzling the Sassenach with their fighting qualities. But while secretly admiring their successes, the Irishmen deplored the injustice thus inflicted upon the virtuous natives. The war was a fine whip for lashing the "governmint." It was always handy; and Denis and his colleagues were just the boys to crack it.

Denis's share of the work would have wrecked a man of lesser build. But this was the first night he had felt so done up as to have to lean upon the parapet of the Thames Embankment for a little rest. He looked like a giant in repose.

He was so big that his frock coat looked suitable—not as with most men, like a mournful abbreviation of a dressing gown. His tall silk hat helped to make him look bigger. He had a large black beard, a fierce dark look, and a manner as mild as a maiden's; while his voice rolled out like full rich music.

Looking down at the dark running water, Denis thought with a sigh and a

smile of the little place far away in Rathkeale, where the family were always wanting to know when he was coming home, and the "childer" expecting him back every day, bringing with him an Irish Parliament in his coat-tail pocket. Perhaps there was a letter from young Denis on that same subject now waiting there for him on the table in the dark hall!

When he put his latch-key into the door he felt as if he were letting himself into a dungeon. He struck a match, to look for young Dinny's letter. Instead he found on the hall table the brown envelope of a telegram.

Denis felt uneasy.

He picked up the brown envelope, opened it, and struck a second match to read the message.

The news made Denis drop the match and crush the flimsy paper into a ball in his hand.

"Poor old people!"

His voice expressed profound sympathy.

"Sure—it can't be true at all!" he protested, and the dark passage echoed his protest.

Then he struck another match, unrolled the paper, and read the message again:—

"Cable from army headquarters, Central Africa, this morning to O'Callaghans. Their poor son Tim court-martialed and sentenced to death for mutiny. Old people heart-broken. Save their boy. BIDDY."

This was a message to try a man. For Denis's ample affection and admiration for the loving wife who signed herself "Biddy" gave everything she ever said or did extraordinary importance in his eyes; and he took it that she meant him to save the life of the unfortunate Private Tim O'Callaghan, of the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers, even if he had to fight all the laws of the British Empire, all the regulations of the imperial army; all its cavalry, guns, rifles and bayonets; and, worse than all, both Houses of the Imperial Parliament.

"Biddy wouldn't send me such terrible word as that without r'ason," said Denis. "Poor Tim!—and how the divil am I going to save him?"

He looked hard at the telegram in his hand.

"And we up at Westminster these two days and two nights fighting about this affair—and I not knowing a word about poor Tim being mixed up in it. Why did Biddy send word here—and why did she not send worrd to the House? Twenty-four hours lost—in a matther of life and death!"

Denis said this in a tone of self-accusation as deep as the pedal notes in "The Dead March in Saul." He felt as if he had murdered poor Tim O'Callaghan.

He knew Tim intimately, as "townies" in Ireland alone know one another. Well he remembered the red-haired, and red-tempered, too!—"bla'guarrd," the one despair of his decent father, old O'Callaghan, and the one hope of his mother.

"Tim was always in some divilmint," moaned Denis. "And now, begor! he's ruin'd entirely."

No sleep came to Denis that night.

The sun rose upon a definite programme.

And when Denis rose, dripping from the bath, he rose like Neptune and his trident from the sea—with three points to his one hope. First: he would learn something about the matter. Second: he would use that knowledge to ask a question in the House and force a postponement of the execution. Third: God was good and the divil not half bad; and some way of escape for Tim O'Callaghan he would surely find.

Only one little thing could stop him from saving his "misfortunate towny"—Tim might already have been shot.

The thought of this gave Denis a twist:—

"Begor! if he is—Biddy 'll never speak to me agin."

Under pressure of this awful possibility, Denis made haste to the War Office for details. Breakfastless and still unfoddered, Denis galloped to his seat below the gangway.

The one valuable time-saver he had unrolled from its mysterious wrapping of red-tape during the morning was that, for some State reason or another, the proper official target for his firing practise was not the Secretary for War, as he had supposed, but the Right Hon. Mr. Chamberlain, the Secretary for the Colonies. And for this gentleman the honorable member for Rathkeale lay in ambush.

Denis, of course, sat on the Opposition side of the House.

But a hush suddenly fell upon that quarter; and Denis—now transformed into the Hon. Member for Rathkeale—tightened his grip upon a bundle of papers in

his hand, as there came from behind the Speaker's chair, a tall, grave, faultlessly dressed personage who ambled as carelessly to his official seat as if there were never a Private Tim O'Callaghan under sentence of death and his poor old mother breaking her heart over it.

Almost before the tall personage had time to drop in his place, Denis leaped to his feet.

He requested leave, with great deference, Mr. Speaker, to put a question—somewhat, said he, out of order, but of definite and urgent importance,—to the right honorable gentleman whom he now observed on the Treasury Front Bench.

The right honorable gentleman indicated looked up with a smile.

The House audibly discussed its appetite and its health, and took no notice at all of the honorable member for Rathkeale and his question of definite and urgent importance.

"I desire, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to ask the right honorable gintleman whether his attention has been called to the proceedings of the court-martial held on the fifteenth instant at the headquarters of the army now operating against the rebels in Central Africa, when a private soldier, named Timothy O'Callaghan, of the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers was tried, and whether any information has reached the right honorable gintleman as to the nature of the charge against Private O'Callaghan and the result of the trial?"

Denis sat down, and the right honorable gentleman stood up. He read his answer from an official paper in his hand, in a cool matter-of-fact tone :—

"Private O'Callaghan was tried by court-martial, charged with mutiny in face of the enemy, and sentenced to be shot."

He sat down and forgot about it all in an affable conversation with his left-hand colleague.

Denis rose with a fear upon him. His big voice quavered as he put his first "supplementary."

"Has the sentence been carried out?"

Mr. Chamberlain whispered to the colleague on his left, who made signs to an invisible oracle behind the Speaker's chair. The signs were interpreted and answered—scarcely without a pause ; and Mr. Chamberlain rose :—

"No official information has been received that the sentence has been carried out."

Denis breathed again, and rose with his second supplementary : Was the right honorable gentleman aware of the precise nature of the charge of mutiny?

Yes. O'Callaghan, while in action had disobeyed orders and had induced other Wicklow Rangers to follow his bad example.

Were the others to be shot also?

No ; only their ring-leader—O'Callaghan.

How many had mutinied?

Perhaps a score.

This gave information to Denis ; and he rose to its value in an utterly unexpected way.

A score? Had the right honorable gentleman been informed whether any more than this one score of Wicklow Rangers were left after the hard fighting they had done that day? And was their heroism to be rewarded by a court-martial for a mere act of insubordination?

But Mr. Chamberlain had risen to reply.

"O'Callaghan had threatened to shoot the officer who had given the order."

Denis instantly rose. The Speaker rose at the same time, pulling his black robe about him, to put a stop to these endless "supplementaries."

But the last reply had given Denis a great opportunity.

"Is the right honorable gentleman aware that the order given by the officer—the order which O'Callaghan and his comrades refused to obey—was an order to retire, and run away from the inimy?"

Nothing would have surprised the honorable member for Rathkeale so much as to find there was the slightest accuracy in this insinuation; but it was good—if disorderly—debating; and it really upset the stolid attitude of the Secretary for the Colonies, who answered hesitatingly that he had "no official information on the point." "But," he graciously added, "in view of the brilliant bravery shown by the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers throughout this war, it would not be surprising to find that such was the case."

"That being so," said Denis, immediately assuming the whole thing proved, "will the right honorable gintleman consider the advisability of taking a humane course in this instance—and cable in-

"I'd desthroy the organisation of Julius Sayser to save poor Tim O' Callaghan!"

structions for O'Callaghan's reprieve?"

The right honorable gentleman shook his head. On second thoughts, he rose to say emphatically:—

"The serious nature of the offense would seem to put the question of reprieve quite beyond consideration."

Denis expected that much. But he was upon his feet with another phase:—

"I can assure the right honorable gintleman that this matter is one where a little delay and investigation would be more than justified. I meself can throw a new light altogether upon the matter. And I would, with great respect, urge upon the right honorable gintleman the imperative necessity of delay—if only for twinty-four hours—before carrying out this iniquitous sintince on a blameless Irish soldier."

Denis wanted, above all things, to lengthen Private O'Callaghan's threatened existence. He thought he could easily spare a little breath to prevent O'Callaghan running short of it prematurely. He trusted to Heaven and his ingenuity for ultimate success.

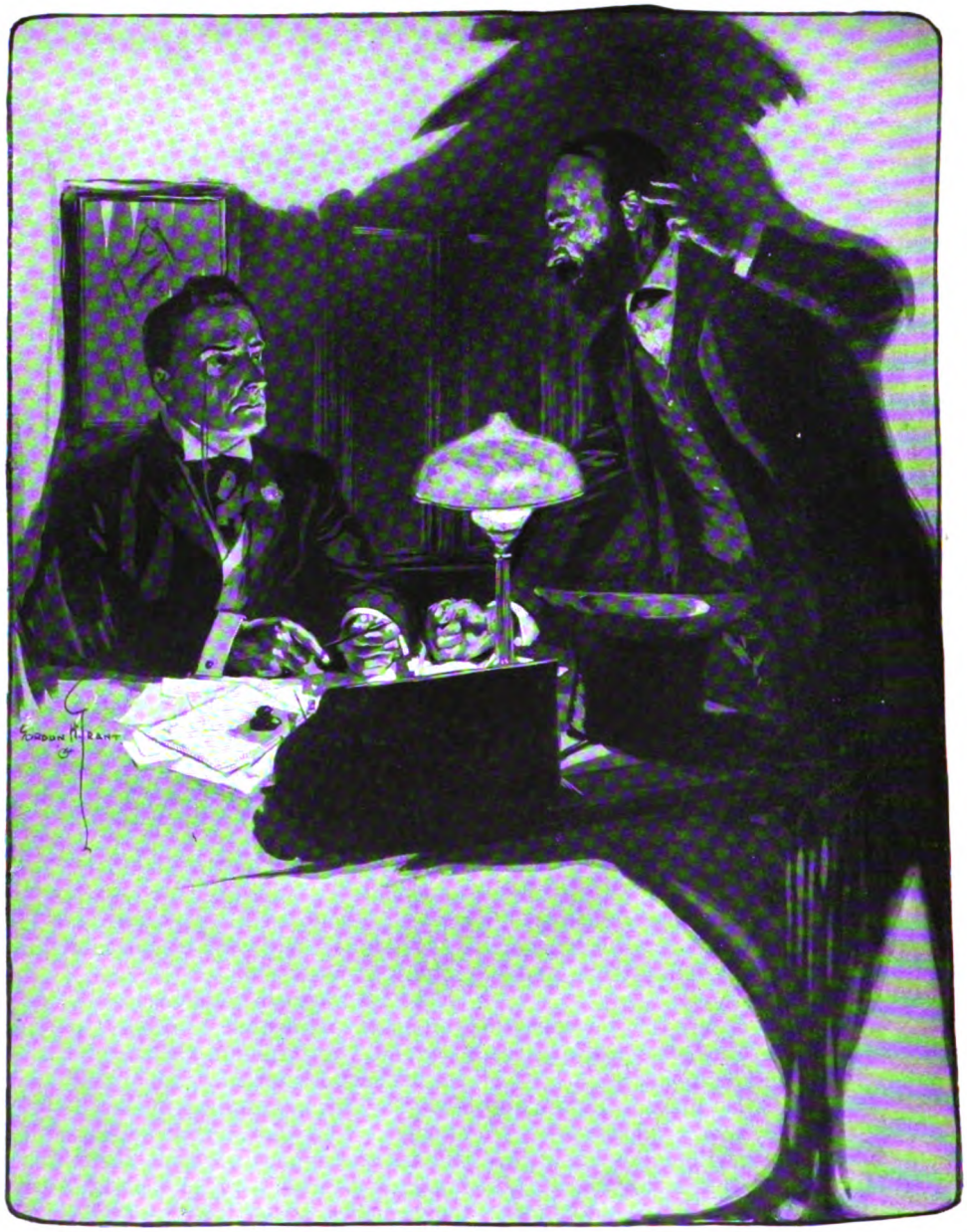
Mr. Chamberlain rose slowly:—

"As the honorable member," he replied quietly, "assures me that he is in possession of important private information regarding this unfortunate matter, I shall, of course, cable for further details, which will necessarily involve some slight delay in the final carrying out of the court-martial sentence. But," he added significantly, "I look to the honorable member to furnish valid reasons for this serious interference with regulations."

Mr. Speaker here interfered most definitively, and the House of Commons once more dropped into its rut of routine.

Denis' neighbors shook hands with him extravagantly. He was flushed with the great satisfaction he felt.

"That's firrst blood to me annyway. Bhoys—if the Lord spares me the health, I'll



"The court martial sentence must be carried out," said Mr. Chamberlain.

sind Tim O'Callaghan home to his motner in Rathkeale yet. I've shpoked me bould court-martial for this day of our Lord annyway. And now—phwat's the next thing to me hand? Ayeh !—but 'tis dead tir'd I am." And Denis yawned most apparently. "*And* famishing. Sure I'm as hungry this minute, man—"

"Ye'll be having to sind that cable, Dinny."

"Begor—I will so! I'd betther go chasing young Ludlow; or maybe the poor, overworked bhoy will be forgitting."

And, as he put it, he "made a bowlt for the doore."

Then, as he would say, he went chasing

round the lobbies looking for Mr. Chamberlain's private secretary.

He searched the corners of the parliamentary workshop; failing there, he went out to its afternoon playground.

Immediately Denis stuck his head out of the little doorway to the Terrace and groaned.

"I might guiss that. He'll fly away now, and I'll not know at all!"

He walked the other way. But, to his surprise, "Young Ludlow" immediately left the ladies and hurried down to him.

The private secretary, slender, fair and youthful, looked small with Denis staring down at him; he really had less than a man's years and more than a man's brains.

"I was looking for you in the House, Cavanagh—"

"Did ye sind that cable?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Thin that's the r'ason I couldn't find ye."

"But, I say, Cavanagh, you know—as I told you this morning—you are making an awful mess of a serious matter. The War-office people—"

"Me bhoy," said Denis grandly, putting his hands on the slender shoulders, "I'd deshtroy the organisation of Julius Sayser and all his great legions to save this same poor Tim O'Callaghan! Ye didn't know Tim?" Denis looked sideways and shook his head as if Mr. Chamberlain's private secretary had led a misspent life. "Lave it to me, me deere man. I'll interview Mr. Chamberlain—"

There came a horrified "What!"

"Sure—what else? When the reply comes to that cable—"

"But that can't happen to-night."

"That's the very r'ason! If I wait for that reply I'll be ruined entirely. I must put all me worrk into it before he gets anny reply at all."

"Do you mean that you are expecting to get the Colonial Secretary to override the whole military—"

"What else is left to me?"

Young Ludlow gasped.

"Would you mind, Cavanagh?—I can't quite grasp it—"

"Ye're no worse off than meself. But if ye tell me how I can get at the great man in a spare five minutes—"

Ludlow shook his head solemnly.

"He's up to his ears in it—he's away—he can't possibly be here again before dinner."

"Well, thin, ye might say I'll wait till afther dinner for um—eh?"

"I decline to do anything of the kind. I'm not humbugging. I tell you it isn't safe—turning the whole British Empire upside down over a rotten private soldier!"

"Ah, but, sure, an Irish soldier," Denis said, persuasively.

"I don't care. Do you know what you've done? That cable means turmoil in several camps, with despatch riders galloping all night very indignant and profane—through wild country at imminent danger to their mortal lives—merely to answer a question in the House about Private O'Callaghan!"

"And, tell me, now," said Denis, meditatively looking far away over the fair head of the private secretary. "Isn't it a misfortunate thing that this same red-headed Private Tim O'Callaghan should come through all the campaign and all the hot fighting and thin to go and get sintinced to be shot?"

"Of course he'll be shot! You can't possibly help it. But he'll be shot. And I wash my hands of it. You may risk your neck by invading his room about ten to-night. But I declare, openly, I should be afraid even to hint to himself of your frightful intention."

"He's a good lad," Denis said, wistfully, following with half-closed eyes the black-clothed youth, as he disappeared among the white and red dresses of the ladies at their strawberries and cream.

But, then, the sight of the delicious fruit changed his thoughts quizzically. It brought Denis's own hunger back to him with pain. He wondered if he might dare take a meal? He could do no more; he had postponed Private O'Callaghan's funeral for a minute or two; but the reprieve—

"Uf I don't get a mouthful to ate this blessid minute—at wance," Denis said quite loudly, interrupting his thoughts. And he saw himself tucking his napkin well under his chin in anticipation, when a House of Commons messenger came to the Terrace with a telegram for him.

Denis tore it open, and groaned as he read:—

"No news of you in *Freeman* parliamentary this morning. Have you saved Tim?"

"BIDDY."

"Did ye iver hear the like of her?" he wanted to know. "A body'd think I kept reprieves in me breast pocket like some of these fellows heere keep check-books."

Could he reply yes or no? He could not; and he dared not send a half-and-half answer. Half-way affairs would never please an Irish woman.

"I'll reply by not saying a word," he decided. But his anxiety for Tim deepened and made his restlessness violent.

He roamed from department to department seeking information and filling in the time in a most painful manner.

He did not get to the House until half-past nine, when the electric lights gleamed in all the lobbies.

His colleagues were looking for him. He took one of them into a quiet corner, and confided his intention. His colleague listened and looked scared.

"But, sure, 'tis the only way!" declared the desperate Denis. "'Tis not only Tim O'Callaghan, but his poor old father and mother over in Rathkeale whose deaths will be at me doore!"

"Well, the Lord protect ye, Denis,—annyway."

"Amin!" said Denis; and from force of habit he made the sign of the cross on himself as he started off on his perilous adventure.

He came at last, to the danger-spot,—with a vigilant constable on guard outside the ominously closed door.

The policeman cast a wary eye upon Denis as he came up. But all the same, he touched his helmet respectfully to "the honorable member."

"Is Mishter Chamberlain inside," said Denis, casually, as it were, throwing a side-nod at the closed door.

The constable grew pale in the electric light and caught his breath.

"He—is—in his room, sir."

"Would ye tell him that Mishter Denis Cavanagh, member for Rathkeale, would like a word with him?"

"I—dare, dare not, sir. Orders—must [illegible] any account. Important [illegible]"

[illegible] what I want to see him [illegible] be all right, me deere [illegible]

[illegible] difficulty became alarm- [illegible] a step nearer. The doorkeeper, in a fright, stepped between.

"Dare not allow—sir—awful consequences. Much as my place is worth, sir. I'd be dismissed from the force—at once!"

This made the thing more terrible than ever. If harm came to anyone through him—even a policeman—it would break the heart of Denis. The doorkeeper lose his place? Only one thing could be worse: Tim O'Callaghan lose his life!

The lesser evil gave way to the greater.

"I'm going in annyway," said Denis.

The policeman dared not lay hands upon a member of Parliament—even an Irish member—without the Sergeant-at-Arms beside him. But his body shrank in agony under his uniform as Denis—himself in a quiver—put his knuckles to the oak with the whisper of a knock.

A painfully silent pause followed, in which Denis and the policeman looked at each other in a horrified way. A low but penetrating "Come in!" intensified the horror of the situation.

Denis took off his hat, twisted the door-knob, and accepted the invitation.

He saw a green-shaded electric light shining mildly upon a litter of papers, blue, white and yellow, and the tall, grave statesman sitting at the half-way of the table. Mr. Chamberlain looked pale and tired. But the absence of any surprise at the intrusion gave Denis a surprise.

"Well, Cavanagh?"

"Before I say a worrd, sir, I must ask you to put no blame on that polisman outside your doore." Denis made a straight point at the shrinking uniform at the open door. "He did all he could to keep me out. 'Tisn't he's to blame for disturbing you. 'Tis *I'm* to blame entirely. And if I thought he'd be harrumed I'd go away agin without saying a worrd. Don't discharge or dismiss him. Don't put anny black mark agin him. 'Tis I'm th' offender all together."

Mr. Chamberlain smiled at the earnestness of this.

"Well, Cavanagh, I'll forgive him for opening the door, if you'll close it."

Denis went to the door, winked magnificently at the policeman, and closed the door.

"Now—what can I do for you, Cavanagh?"

Mr. Chamberlain said this in the tone of a man who can do nothing at all for the suppliant.

"Ye can do Private O'Callaghan a good turn, sir."

Denis stood at the opposite edge of the table, looking down over the green-shaded lamp anxiously at the severe expression of the great Minister.

"I will spare you five minutes, Cavanagh, but no more. Frankly, my time is mortgaged to the hilt."

"So's poorr Tim's, too, sir."

"But what can I do? The court-martial sentence must be carried out," said Mr. Chamberlain.

"Sure, ye know very well, sir, that y'rself is just the man to carry it out—and bury it dacintly."

"You over-estimate my capacity, Cavanagh, if you think I can nullify the punishment of a mutineer under such circumstances."

"Circumstances, is it? Sure, what circumstances? As far as I can discover—and *I've* been all over the place looking for the circumstances—"

"I heard of that, Cavanagh," interrupted Mr. Chamberlain, emphatically.

"Yes," admitted Denis: "I did arouse attintion. And what did I find? Poor Tim, afther the hard fighting, got dhrunk may be and made a fool of himself about the camp—"

"It was not in camp that he disobeyed orders," quietly put in Mr. Chamberlain pulling out a paper from a bundle on his left. "Look at that; and perhaps you will see, then, the hopelessness of O'Callaghan's case."

Denis took the paper. But the Minister's tone chilled his heart and almost took the sight from his eyes.

"I can't read it," said he, putting the paper down by the lamp.

Mr. Chamberlain gazed steadily at Denis. He saw how keenly the Irishman felt about this insignificant soldier. He took up the paper and said gravely:—

"The information here is precise. O'Callaghan's officer gave an order, which was openly disobeyed. When they got into camp the officer was bound to report the insubordination. But as O'Callaghan's fighting record was good, the punishment inflicted was slight,—guard-room and pack-drill. Then, in his first hour of freedom, O'Callaghan,—as you suggested,—got drunk, and went looking for the officer with his gun. As a matter of fact, he fired at the officer, but his condition interfered with his marksmanship,—usually excellent. The court-martial found the crime punishable with death."

The quiet force with which these facts were stated completely destroyed Denis' idea of debating the question. But, it did not destroy his natural hopefulness.

"Ah, sir," said he. "Ye're looking only at the facts."

"In Heaven's name, Cavanagh! what else can I look at?"

"Sure, ye know very well there's the human side to ut. Ye niver knew Tim? Sure I knew Tim when he was as big as the little green lamp that y'have there before ye. And whin he was only a bit of a red-hair'd little fox of a bhoy he'd play kyards with the skill of the divil. He wint into th' arrmy, that was the poor bhoy's misfortunate idea maybe of getting somewan to tread on the tail of his coat. Sure there never was any harrm in Tim O'Callaghan."

"That may be so. But you know, Cavanagh, you can't alter the facts and the actual circumstances."

"Do they want altering, sir. If ye look at the 'circumstances,' as ye call thim, sure, what will ye find? More to pity than blame. Isn't Tim only one av about twinty left of all the hundreds the Seventeenth Rangers were when the fighting started? Didn't they go into the fight over a thousand strong, and didn't they come out of it only twinty strong? Is it because they fought so well that ye want to shoot thim wan by wan because the inimy didn't do it? And if wan makes a poor fool of himself in a mad minute,—must all that he and his dead comrades fought for and fell for be forgot? Is there no charity due to their memory? And phwat made him disobey ordhers? Isn't it a notorious thing that the handful of the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers that day turrned a bating into a victr'y? Didn't the little off'cer want to save what was left of his brave compn'y and ordher thim off the field? And Tim wouldn't let thim go back? And sure, the off'cer himself must have had no notion of hurrting Tim whin he put him in the guard room. Thin whin Tim got a mere shmell av the canteen—he was wake with all the harrd fighting; and the divil tuk ahold av him; and in the way of no harrm, he wint waltzing round shooting at

the off'cer that put him in the guard-room for winning a great battle."

The great Minister had kept his eyes upon Denis, and Denis's look had never once went away from his.

Mr. Chamberlain said gravely :—

"You plead as if the life of this Tim O'Callaghan were a sacred cause, Cavanagh?"

"'Tis like me own flesh and blood he is to me, sir."

A smile, half humorous, half cynical, brightened the grave face at the table at the answer :—

"Universally," murmured Mr. Chamberlain : "this would be an ideal relationship between a member and his constituents."

"'Tis no laughing matter, sir."

"Indeed it's no laughing matter, Cavanagh," Mr. Chamberlain said, very quickly. "I never felt more sympathetic. So you knew Tim?"

"Know him, is it? Sure didn't I know red Tim O'Callaghan before he was borrn. And don't I know his poor ould mother and his father over in Rathkeale. And if he's shot, now, the news of it will surely kill his ould mother. And the poor ould man, his father, will be ruined in body and mind for iver—"

Mr. Chamberlain looked in silence at the green lamp-shade.

Denis felt his heart leaping within him, as the great man pulled out his watch :—

"I spared you five minutes, Cavanagh, and I find I have given you nearly an hour. I wish you'd tell the doorkeeper to come to me."

Denis went to the door and brought in the constable, who trembled as he touched his hat.

Mr. Chamberlain looked at him, and in his habitually quiet tone said :—

"You were quite right in admitting this gentleman. It shall be noted in the proper quarter. That's all."

The policeman saluted and returned to his post in a greater state of fever than he could control. He could not tell whether he had been dismissed or promoted to the

Mr. Chamberlain turned to Denis :—

"Cavanagh, I can promise I can do is use what little on the favorable side for allaghan."

"Ah, but the ould people," pleaded Denis. "They're breaking their hearts over in Rathkeale this night,—waiting for me to send the blessed worrd. And all Rathkeale at this minute, sir, is gasping with wild excitement over Tim O'Callaghan."

"I can only say I will do my best. I can promise nothing more. But you are well aware, Cavanagh, that you have made a point."

"Sure 'tis y'r own good heart, sir. Can I get worrd in the morning, thin?"

"You may see young Ludlow. Good-night, Cavanagh."

To Denis's utter amazement, the great man stood up and took his hand in a most friendly grip. This act of good will nearly brought tears to the eyes of the big Irishman. And he returned the hand-shake with the most fervent cordiality.

Begor, y've made a fighting frind of Denis Cavanagh, sir. And I'll be delighted to support anny measure y' iver bring in,—unless," he added in a hurry: "'tis inimical to the welfare of Ireland!"

Mr. Chamberlain laughed heartily: "Cavanagh, I hope," said he, "you will have a little of the feeling for me that you have for Tim O'Callaghan! I shall be glad of such eloquent advocacy."

And the honorable member for Rathkeale and the right honorable gentleman, the Secretary for the Colonies, sworn political enemies, departed sworn personal friends.

As Denis passed the constable at the door, he put a two-shilling piece into that officer's palm :—

"I'm thinking," said he: "'Tisn't a wipe, but a stripe, you'll be afther getting for this night's worrk."

But the uncertainty that still overhung Tim O'Callaghan's fate—whether he was alive or dead at that minute, Denis did not know—troubled the mind of the honorable member for Rathkeale and spoiled his rest. Though he had not slept for forty-eight hours, nor broken his fast that day, he could not bring himself to do either until he surely knew what would be the ultimate result.

That night he spent in an agony of unrest. And the next morning he walked into town, wondering vaguely where he could look for news.

He went to the War Office and he went

to the Colonial Office. He saw Ludlow, but Ludlow would only tell him that an important cable had gone the night before.

When Denis came back into the Strand he got news.

The evening papers were out. He bought them all—wondering in horror if he would find Tim had been shot the morning before!

His horror turned to a trembling weakness when he found among the war news of the *St. James* a *Reuter* telegram, from an unstated source, giving the rumor that the court-martial had quashed the sentence upon the soldier who had threatened to shoot an officer of the Wicklow Rangers.

With the paper in his hand Denis went "chasing" young Ludlow for confirmation. He failed to run him down at the Colonial Office.

At two o'clock Denis was at the House, bent on asking another "question." He sat groaning among his colleagues on the benches below the gangway, waiting for the Colonial Secretary. His eye was glued to the Treasury bench.

Honorable members on both sides of the House asked meandering questions of Ministers in unctuous tones.

Denis listened and waited in torture.

Some one touched his shoulder. He looked round, and found Ludlow bending over him.

"They told me you wanted to see me?"

"Do I not! Is this true?" whispered Denis, showing him *Reuter's* rumor.

Ludlow looked at it and shook his head.

"There's no official confirmation. Don't take any notice of it."

"But *I must* know, man! There's the poor ould people over there dying for a worrd from me."

"Well, there's nothing official."

"Is Mr. Chamberlain here?" Denis asked, rising.

"Oh, Lord! Cavanagh. You musn't interrupt him again! *I'll* do the interviewing this time. Wait here."

Mr. Chamberlain came slowly from behind the Speaker's chair. Denis, forgetting everything else, leaped to his feet.

Another honorable member had the floor, but Denis broke in:—

"With great deference, Mr. Speaker," said he, "I would like to draw the attintion of the right honorable gintleman, the Secretary for the Colonies, to a rumor in the public press—I hold the journal in me hand—stating that the coort-martial sintince upon Private O'Callaghan, of the Seventeenth Wicklow Rangers, has been raysinded."

Mr. Chamberlain rose, saying in a kindly tone:—

"There is no official confirmation—"

"But sure, is it true at all?" came the desperate question.

The minister smiled and, after a slight pause, made answer:—

"As I say, no official information has come to hand. The procedure, I think, would be to dismiss O'Callaghan from the army and send him home; and I think the honorable member may regard the rumor as being true in substance."

"Hurroo!" roared Denis, and once more he made "a bowlt for the doore" to the telegraph office.

But a House of Commons messenger stopped him and handed him a telegram.

"Biddy agin!" he roared, and pulled out the message:—

"No news. Have you saved Tim yet?
"BIDDY."

"Aha! me beauty," said Denis. He rushed to the telegraph office and wrote:—

"Yes, bad luck to ye! Tim on the way home. Tell all Rathkeale. DENIS."

"And now, glory be to God!" said Denis, "*I'm* going to have a feed. I'm as hungry this minute as a blissid saint outside Paradise!"

THE LAND OF DISASTERS 1853-1904

How to insure against railway accidents.

"*Tie a couple of directors upon every engine that starts with a train.*"—Harper's Magazine for July, 1853.

THIS cartoon was published more than fifty years ago. Change the scrapheap engine for the giant locomotive, and the picture tells the story of to-day. Fifty years of wreckage and murder! Fifty years of agitation and talk, and the real work still to be done!

Yet, here and there something has been accomplished. The Congress of the United States has twice passed legislation promoting the safety of railroad employees. In 1893 a law was made, compelling the installation of automatic couplers, and of various devices for the safety of trainmen. ast year Congress ordered the railroads quip at least fifty per cent. of the cars y train with air brakes. And that ll the direct legislation ac- revent an annual slaughter n Gettysburg.

r, has been done in other rstate Commerce Commission, with its insistence upon the observance of existing laws, and its conservative recommendations for new legislation has done much to stir and focus public interest. The publicity given to the statistics, which the railroads are now compelled to furnish concerning the killed and wounded of each month, is a potent influence. On every side you hear men talk about it.

We know that this is so. For five months this Magazine has been printing plain English about the hideous responsibility for accidents by land and water, which railroads and steamboat companies shuffle off upon their employees, and, right and left, the people are backing us up. Brotherhoods and societies, as well as good citizens, encourage us to go ahead.

Yes, the people understand the situation, and, what is more, they begin to see a way out. The last few years have taught them a good deal about corporations, and they understand more about directorates than they used to. There are just two sensitive

·1904

points about directors,—their persons and their purses. Their persons are safe The courts seem to prove it. After all our worst accidents, except the wreck of the *General Slocum*, every attempt to secure the indictment of the man at the top has been farcical or worse. And, as we write, the single apparent exception stands in abeyance. It is a temperate statement to say that the conviction of a single director for criminal negligence and his actual imprisonment for twenty-four hours would save ten thousand persons from loss of life and limb. But, reform in this way is still a day dream.

Still, the purses remain. Show directors that accidents do not pay, and it won't be long before there are retrenchments in this direction. Many of us remember the grim series of accidents which, in the era of cable street cars, gave to a certain corner in New York city the name of "Dead Man's Curve." To substitute a short section of cable for the long one, which whirled the cars around the turn at railroad speed, was expensive, and accidents came cheap,—four or five hundred dollars apiece. Things slipped along. Gradually, however, the people grew angry. Juries were roused. Damages went up to thousands a case. The traction company tabulated them. It was just a question of figures. The curve did not pay. The short cable was substituted, and the line went on making money.

So it was with the nuisance maintained for a generation by the New York Central Railroad, in the black and smoky tunnel that leads to the metropolis. The idea of electrical engines for tunnel use seemed to the directors simply farcical, until the inevitable holocaust occurred, and the jury valued a single life of the many sacrificed at a hundred thousand dollars, the highest price ever paid for an American life. From that day, electricity seemed possible.

It is a happy circumstance that on railroads you cannot crush out lives without smashing property. The property generally belongs to the railroad, and it always costs money to replace it. There is one fact which ought to be blazoned in every railroad directors' room in this country:—

During the fiscal year of 1903, the loss from collision and derailments, exclusive of litigated damages, approximated ten millions of dollars

Add the litigation, appraise human lives at their full earning capacity—five thousand dead and fifty thousand wounded—and you have a sum that would make a goodly beginning toward the installation of the block system on American railroads. That is an argument which will appeal to directors.

Cost is at the root of the matter. The costlier the accident, the nearer our salvation. For every wreck where no lives are lost, we should thank Providence.

But we must have more than arguments. There is work to be done. We need legislation. We need it at once, and we need it along certain lines. We demand:—

First.—An extension of the block system according to the gradual method which we discussed last month.

Second.—The prevention of the employment of inexperienced men or boys in responsible places by the railroads, and the absolute prohibition of excessive hours of continuous labor.

Third.—There are to-day over two hundred thousand miles of railroad track in the United States and but fifteen inspectors. This force must be greatly increased and armed with power to forbid peremptorily the use of cars and engines deficient in the equipment required by law.

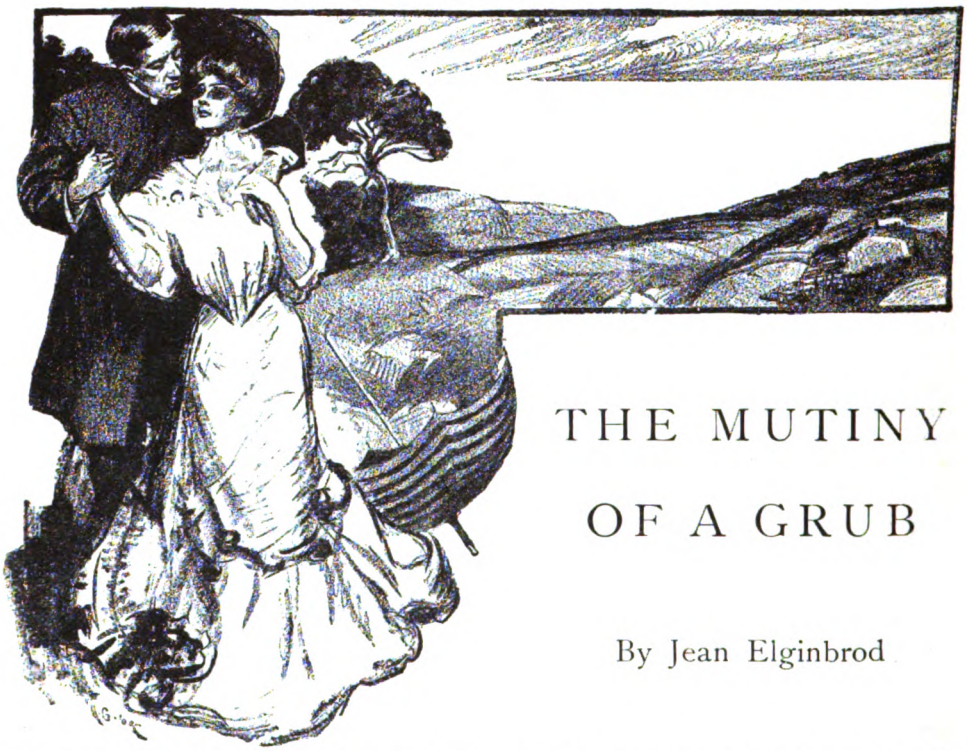
If the American people really want legislation, they can have it. There is no doubt about that. Before now we have urged our readers to write to their Congressmen, and to write to them vigorously. But apart from the duty of citizens, there is one other patriotic service which ought to be done, which we hope and which we believe will be done. The President ought to send to Congress a message demanding that transportation companies be compelled by law to regard the sacredness of human life

Fifteen years ago, at the instigation of railroad brotherhoods, President Harrison sent a message to Congress on this subject. To-day the entire American people *expect* President Roosevelt's voice to be raised for the self-same cause.

They have a right to expect it. Theodore Roosevelt has behind him to-day the individual hopes and expectations of more citizens than ever before in history deliberately expressed their confidence in a single man. The responsibility is unparalleled. The opportunity fits the responsibility. Let the President speak for us all.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

MARGINALIA



THE MUTINY OF A GRUB

By Jean Elginbrod

PENELOPE locked the little school-house door, and sank down upon the stone step, with a great sigh of relief. Three blessed months with nothing to do. No children's dirty hands to slap, no stubby pencils to sharpen, no greasy slates to wash. Oh, to do nothing forever and ever.

Then she smiled a little, and patted a folded letter that lay in her belt. Just to think of it, three hundred dollars absolutely her own, a gift from a cousin of whom she had scarcely ever heard. It lay in the bank in the next town now, awaiting her pleasure. The sensible thing was to let it stay there and draw interest, to provide snuff and other necessities for her declining years when she should be alone and dependent, no longer able to inform the infant mind.

Ah, yes, no doubt, that was the sensible to do.

With guilty feeling, she thought [illegible] hundred dollars, and of [illegible] She let her mind dwell on [illegible] underwear, delicate silks, [illegible] color, finest of white lawns and cashmeres, high heeled slippers that imperilled every step, filmy hats and parasols,—she drew a long breath.

For ten years she had been sensible, and she was tired of it. When her father and mother suddenly died, leaving her alone, Aunt Lawrence came to live with her, and she began teaching in the west district school-house. One day was just like another.

Already she had it all planned. A month of quietness first, reading and sewing there in the shade of the little garden. Then,—a dimple flashed into her cheek,—her debut as a lady of fashion at some nice, high class summer place. All the rest of her days she must be a grub; only to be a butterfly one little month.

She realized suddenly that she was still a grub, and that it was a long way past supper time.

She rose slowly and went down the worn path. She looked back, once, at the school-house. Its wooden face was stolidly impassive. She shook her fist at it gently.

"Oh, you will not know me," she said, "and I shall forget all about you. I shall go riding, and boating, and walking. I could

not conjugate a Latin verb to save my patent leather slippers, and, as for arithmetic, my, I never could abide figures."

She danced a few steps in the shadow of a willow tree, where no inquisitive farmer could see her. Then she walked sedately home.

The third week in July the house was closed. Aunt Lawrence and Penelope, three trunks, and various small boxes, boarded an east-bound train. Aunt Lawrence was to go a week earlier than Penelope, who had arranged to be manicured, and shampooed, and massaged in the interval.

"Two old fools, Pen," she wailed. "At my time of life to take to the flesh pots, or to see you do it,—what do you suppose Uncle Henry would say if he were alive,—what do you suppose—"

"Now, you promised," reminded Penelope, firmly. "You promised, and just think of all the years I've got to be good in. Don't you think you can play aunt to a butterfly for a month, tante?"

So Aunt Lawrence, with a last wringing of hands, went meekly to her doom. On her arrival she found very pleasant rooms prepared for them, and she began, at once, to pave the way for the coming personage. One would scarcely have recognized Aunt Lawrence in the elegant little lady in black silk and lace, who read and dozed, and made acquaintance with the mater-families, and pater-families. Incidently these new friends learned of the niece who was coming, and were quite prepared to be friendly to her. Of course, they had never heard of her nor her aunt, who was a charming old lady, but they were evidently of good family. So Penelope Warren came, entered in at the open gate, and opened her lovely eyes on a new world.

She appeared first at dinner. Aunt Lawrence blinked every time she looked at her. Was this young goddess in pale yellow silk, with the bare white shoulders and proud carriage, Penelope? Her dark hair was as soft and curly as a baby's. Her cheeks had a delicate pink flush. Her eyes were like stars. If she saw the many eyes upon her, she did not show it.

Outdoor amusements appealed to Penelope more than others. Gradually it came about that Archibald Knight, a rich banker's youngest son, who lived in his flannels, and kept his own horses, dogs galore, and an auto where he could get any of them at a minute's notice, sulked when Miss Penelope Warren went boating with Francis Lahern, who owned a launch. Some one else was there who might have been friendly also, but Penelope was not attracted to him in the least. In the first place, he was poor, which was a disgrace. She had come there purposely to get away from poverty for awhile. In the second place, he was a minister, which was a disadvantage, and, the third, he was too big and black. She did not like him at all, and she let him see it very plainly.

It was very evident that Archibald Knight was the favored one. Penelope thought he was a dear boy, and told him so frequently.

Aunt Lawrence grew alarmed and protested.

"Penelope, do be careful. That boy is just young and foolish enough to imagine himself in love with you."

Penelope lifted her hands in surprised horror.

"Goodness, aunt, you don't say so. I never dreamed of such a thing."

For an instant her eyes were very big and innocent. Then the dimples would show, and she laughed. Such a sudden change in her condition had gone to Penelope's head a trifle. She was intoxicated with the excitement and her own power.

Then Penelope suddenly discovered that things were happening very fast. It was late one sunny afternoon. Mr. Knight had persuaded her into his auto, and they were skimming down a smooth country road, a glorious wilderness of pine trees on either side, a glorious blue sky overhead.

Archibald was gloomy. Therefore, Penelope was merry. Archibald was silent. Therefore, Penelope was glib of tongue. Somehow, she always grew talkative when she wore that linen gown. It was pale blue, and there were bands of white wherever bands of white would be most desirable.

"Don't you like it?" she said ruefully, to her silent companion. "I only wore it because you said last week that you liked it."

Then he looked at her, his handsome face very determined.

"Yes, I like it," he said. "I like anything you wear, or say, or do, and I want you to marry me. Will you?"

Penelope gasped. It had come. So this was the way they did it. Now, what was she going to do? She wondered how his mother would like it; how much his income was. Then her own natural saneness came to the rescue. A month or so of this life was fun, a life time of it,—no, decidedly not. She did not love him, not enough to marry him. That settled the matter.

She never could remember, afterward, how she managed to make him understand that she did not care to be Mrs. Archibald Knight. He took it badly. He was but a boy, and he loved her, in his boyish way. At last she grew angry.

"There, we will say no more about it, if you please," she said. "I am very sorry, that is all I can say. Kindly take me home, Mr. Knight."

Something savage flashed into his unhappy, boyish eyes for an instant. He turned suddenly and caught her into his strong, young arms.

"You think I am a boy! Well, perhaps, but I love you, Penelope."

Then he kissed her angry face again, and again, until she was breathless, and as red as a peony. When he released her, she stood up and faced him hotly.

"You will help me out, here," she demanded. "I thought I came out with a gentleman. I find I am mistaken. I prefer to go back alone."

"Don't be foolish," he said, "we are six miles from the hotel. I am sorry. I will not offend again."

She never wavered.

"Please stop the machine. I prefer to walk back,—alone."

He stopped the machine with a suddenness that nearly threw her from her feet. Before he could alight, she had sprung out.

"You mean it?" he said. "You want me to go on and leave you here to go back alone?"

"I certainly do," retorted Penelope.

With a stiff bow he turned the lever, and shot off down the road. Penelope stood in the middle of a cloud of dust, and watched him out of sight.

She drew a long breath.

It was perfect August weather. Penelope thought it was very beautiful for awhile. Then gradually she forgot to look at the scenery. Her shoes, new and stiff and tight, began to obtrude their objectionable personality and she began to take notice. She sat down on a rock to pity herself. A big tear rolled down her face and splashed on the designing white bands on that blue linen gown.

She did not see who was coming up the road. Otherwise that tear would have been strangled in its infancy. She had expressly shown an amazing shallowness and thinly disguised rudeness for three mortal weeks, every time she met the Rev. John Hart. She had discovered that he was a city missionary, had charge of some refuge on some old, smelly, back street in the winter.

She gloried in shocking him. As he reached her she bowed stiffly, and then looked abstractedly down the road. He passed her slowly. She swung her foot and hummed a little tune. She hoped he might recognize its rag-time swing and be shocked. Perhaps he did notice it, but he had seen which changed matters a little. He stopped, turned and came back to

You waiting for some one?" he

No,—I mean, yes," she smiled

He looked uncomfortable.

"It is rather lonely here. May I not wait with you until your friend comes?"

"Oh,—certainly, if you like."

Then a sudden pain in her ankle brought the hot tears to her eyes.

"I was just waiting for a hay-wagon,—or something."

She laughed a little.

"I do not believe I can walk one step further."

Mr. Hart smiled a little, unexpectedly. He looked quite nice when he smiled. He had lovely eyes.

"I know a farmer who lives only a little way from here, across the lots, who has a team,—if you will wait for me—"

"Wait for you? Why, I will wait for you the rest of this week. I think I could wait for you, or any one else, the rest of my life, right here on this rock."

Her spirits rose wonderfully as she saw him coming down the road ten minutes later. The horse was a trifle uncertain on his legs, but the runabout was newly painted, and did not squeak, for which she was duly thankful.

The Rev. John Hart helped her in courteously.

"If you are in no especial hurry, there is still an hour until dinner time, and we might drive around by the shore road."

Penelope realized that he had been a friend in need and graciously accepted.

Aunt Lawrence gave a relieved sigh as she saw her drive up to the hotel.

"Thank goodness," she said. "Another week of this will turn my hair gray. Where have you been?"

"Mr. Archibald and I had a slight disagreement because I refused,—politely, aunt, believe me, very politely,—to be Mrs. Archibald Knight," with a dramatic gesture.

Aunt Lawrence gasped.

"Refused!"

"Um," Penelope nodded, "so I finished my afternoon with the parson and a spavined horse. He really is not half so bad, the parson I mean, as I thought him. I almost forgot to shock him sometimes."

Aunt Lawrence sighed and shook her head. That sigh was becoming chronic, but Penelope could not be depressed. Her tongue rattled on as she dressed for dinner.

Archibald scarcely took his eyes away from her, from soup to coffee. She was serenely unconscious of his gaze, yet skilfully avoided him as he waited for her afterward in the corridor, and only the Rev. John Hart found her, in one of the many secluded corners of the grounds, in a hammock, lazily swinging and watching the stars come out one by one.

She wore something white and fleecy over her shoulders. Somehow she did not seem a

society woman to him as he stood beside her. She was just a lovable girl in a quaint, violet gown, a girl whom one could love, a girl of whom one could never tire. The Rev. John Hart was conscious to the tips of his fingers of her witchery, conscious, too, that he was a fool to stay there. Yet he stayed, and the purple twilight melted into evening, and the beacon light off over the water flashed and died, and flashed anew into vivid life. Merry young folks were singing somewhere in the distance. Snatches of their songs floated in and mingled with the soft beat of the waves on the sands below.

Penelope forgot to pose. She was ashamed to be otherwise than herself with this man. They talked of many things, of worlds present and to come, of life, death, eternity, of people and manners, and customs, and love —a little, only a very little. Penelope grew strangely shy. She went in early, very quiet and subdued.

But with the daylight came again the old love of excitement and mischief. Archibald could not find her, though he hunted long and desperately. How was he to know that Aunt Lawrence and she were gone for the day with Francis Lahern in his launch.

The end was drawing near for Penelope Warren, the idler. The days went swiftly now, only four more, three more, two, one. So the last one came, dull and heavy and gray. A mist lay over the water. Sometimes a boat shot out of the fog, lingered a moment in view, then sank again into oblivion. Scarcely a breath of air stirred on the shore. The waves lapped softly on the white sands.

Penelope drew a long breath of weariness as she sat out on the rocks at the further end of the hotel grounds. She had managed to slip out unseen. She was weary, physically, mentally and spiritually. She was conscious now of the immense strain she had been under. She almost wondered if it had paid.

She had made her peace with Archibald Knight the night before. He had apologized, and she had confessed to her poverty and five weeks' pretense. He refused absolutely to believe her for a time. Then he exhausted himself in exclamations over her cleverness,—and proposed all over again.

It was a trifle difficult making him see that she really preferred teaching a school in a two-by-four country school-house to living in luxury, as Mrs. Archibald Knight. It hurt his pride and self-esteem, but, Penelope, at last, soothed him into a half resigned frame of mind. He was such a boy. Penelope almost loved him as she bade him good-by. Indeed she did pull his big blond head down and kiss him gently, once. She was sorry she had hurt him and she had not played fair.

Francis Lahern did not even know that she was going. She did not intend that he should until the last moment.

Penelope was feeling decidedly ashamed of herself and decidedly out of sorts. She shut her eyes and, leaning against the rock, listened sleepily to the croon of the waves.

Then she opened her eyes suddenly and looked up at the minister. She had not heard him, he came so quietly. Yet she had known that he was there. That was a strange thing!

"Now you woke me up," she complained.

He did not answer. She wanted to run away very badly. She wished, oh! what did she wish? She was afraid to look at him, somehow. Five weeks was a short time to know any one, and yet, in the last week—She rose suddenly.

"I must go back," she said nervously. "Was Aunt Lawrence looking for me? It takes so long to dress for dinner. I almost have to begin the day before."

He smiled a little and helped her up the steep rocks.

"Not that I mind it. I do love pretty things, pretty dresses, and laces, and slippers, and hats. Goodness, to be poor! It must be awful!"

She faced him suddenly, defiant and honest.

"It is awful," she said. "I am as poor as a church mouse. This is only a silly masquerade, Aunt and I being here this way."

She braced herself for his astonishment. He did not answer for a moment.

"I am glad you tell me yourself, but I knew about it before. You see your aunt told me a few days ago."

Penelope gasped.

"Oh," she said, "I,—I,—what a goose you must think me!"

"Does it make any difference to you what I think? To you who are going to be Mrs. Archibald Knight, and have all these things that you love?"

His tone was a trifle bitter, a trifle forced.

"Oh, but I am not," contradicted Penelope cheerfully. "I am going back to teach all the little Ruggs and Atwaters—they are all Ruggs and Atwaters in our neighborhood—that the world is round, which I never believed, and that six and six make twelve, which I can never make them believe without arduous illustrations with real apples or raisins."

They were climbing down the narrow, rocky path to the pine grove now. He stopped suddenly without releasing her hand.

"You hate to be poor, Penelope?"

Penelope nodded.

"You love pretty things, dresses, laces, hats—" He stopped. "Penelope, look at me."

But Penelope could not.

"Yes, I love them all," she whispered, "I do, truly; money and fun, and all the good things of life." Then she looked up at him. What was she saying? What would he think, this big, black man, whom she disliked? Did she dislike him? Had she ever really done so? Was not that, too, a pretense from the first? All the way through she had been Penelope, the pretender.

"Pen, I can give you none of these. All that I have is a bare living, and my love for you, Pen,—Pen,—you could not be happy poor, I know it, and yet—" his voice shook and he stopped.

Penelope put her hand to her aching throat. In a flash she knew what this man meant to her, knew how empty everything would seem without him. She would pretend no more.

"One can never tell what one can do until one tries, you know," she whispered low.

And then, somehow, she was crying like a baby, held fast in his arms, so fast that she could not get away if she had tried, and she did not want to try.

She had chosen her road, and the poverty she hated. She would be a grub now forever and ever, and she was glad of it. The mutiny was over.

THE HIRED GIRL PROBLEM

Communication by Telephone with the Intelligence Office

By William J. Lampton

HELLO; We want a servant girl.
You've got no servants,—what?
What's that? Oh, yes, I understand.
Beg pardon. I forgot.
An employé will suit as well;
Yes, black or white will do;
We're looking for a hired girl,
No matter what her hue.

What's that? A green one? Well, how much
Does she expect to get?
What? Four per week, with room and board?
Well, please don't send her yet.
The last one that we had was green;
We only paid her two;
And what she did was small compared
With what she couldn't do.

Our house is not a training-school,
With pay to any girl,
It comes along,—Speak louder. What?
You've got a pearl,
Wants three afternoons,
Work and has a beau,
Work up stairs if she has
Work below?

Well, what's the price of pearls to-day?
What? Six per week? How nice;
I didn't think that one could get
A pearl at such a price.
However, if she,—what? Oh, yes,
We always go away,
In summer time and let the help
Keep right on drawing pay.

What's that? She doesn't like the street
We live in? Well, we'll move;
We never wish to do a thing
Our help does not approve.
Pray ask her in what neighborhood
She'd rather live,—what's that?
No matter what the neighborhood,
She won't live in a flat?

You've got another? What's she like?
What's that? She's not a pearl?
Well, send her up if she is like
An old-time hired girl.
She isn't? Why? They're out of style?
Just wait a minute,—I——
Well, send her up. Perhaps we'll suit.
At least, I know we'll try.

THINGS THAT WOULDN'T SELL

WE live a life of shoddy,
Of dilution and deceit;
Our butter's made of tallow
And our coffee's made of wheat.
The times are full of "isms"
And the stores are full of "ins."
There are lots of people thinking
With a bunch of Cerebrines.
It's an age of substitution
And of "something just as good";
We want adulteration,
From religion to our food.
The up-to-datest parson
Preaches Sheoline for hell.
If it hits straight from the shoulder
It's a creed that wouldn't sell.

But in some ways we're old-fashioned,
For, as *far* as they have gone,
There are many things inventors
Haven't yet improved upon.
We'll try the latest Nervines
To straighten out our nerves;
We'll take the latest Curvines
To straighten out our curves;
We'll buy the importations
That never crossed the sea;
We'll display our swellest bonnets
And call it piety.
But Lunine for the moonlight
And a Girline for a belle,
And Osculine for kisses—
They are things that wouldn't sell.

And there are other customs
Of the good "old fogy" day
That, in the Gallic lingo,
Are still thought quite *au fait.*
And tho' lots of us are anxious
And haven't any doubt
That soon we'll all be old folks
And the race will peter out;
And tho' too many women
Think a poodle's "just as good"
And are holding to their bosoms
The husks of motherhood,
Yet after all most people
Are doing very well;
And Infantines for babies
Would be things that wouldn't sell.

MAURICE SMILEY.

THIRTY YEARS BACKWARD AND ONE FORWARD

As Leslie's Monthly Magazine enters its 30th year with this number, it seems appropriate to take a brief look backward.

In the year 1821, a son, Henry, was born to Joseph Carter, a glove manufacturer, in Ipswich, England. As time went on, the elder Carter wished his son to follow in his footsteps, but the boy, having inherited from some unknown source a talent for drawing and a taste for art, balked at the notion, and undertook to draw for a living. Carter senior was displeased, and the upshot was, that, when Carter junior's sketches appeared in the *London Punch*, and the *Illustrated London News*, they were always signed with the pseudonym of "Frank Leslie."

The year '49 came along. The gold discovery in California was a magnet for discontented English boys. Carter caught the fever, and came to America. From that time forward, he was "Frank Leslie." The gold did not pan out. "Frank Leslie" returned to New York, and got a position in a publishing house. A year or two later, he founded his first paper, the *Gazette of Fashion*.

It was, however, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, begun in 1855, which laid the foundation of his fortune. From that date to the time of his death, in 1880, Frank Leslie was easily the foremost periodical publisher of the United States. In the field of illustrated journalism, he was the true pioneer. His great success was largely attributable to his trained artistic taste; to his wonderful energy,—surmounting the many difficulties which beset the publisher of his generation, and to the fact that he not only [illegible] of his time, but was always to be [illegible] of his competitors. His [illegible] was ever alive and ready [illegible] emergencies. Finding that a fortune [illegible] work of an engraver was reduce a single double-page illus- [illegible] Leslie had the ingenuity to [illegible] block cut into thirty-two squares, and employed an engraver for each, by this means accomplishing the work in twenty-four hours. During the war, his *Illustrated Newspaper* made a great reputation. Over a score of artists and correspondents represented it in the field with the armies, both of the Union and the Confederacy.

After the war, Frank Leslie started a number of periodicals,—one of the most famous of them, and one that was destined to endure being Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, now Leslie's Monthly Magazine, founded in January, 1876, and the best fruit of his years of ripe experience. This was the first illustrated, popular-priced magazine in the United States, and in a few months the circulation jumped to one hundred thousand copies, an enormous figure for those days. It is changed from its original form, but it is published in the same spirit of enterprise and success which put Frank Leslie among the great periodical publishers of his day, and it now stands as the best monument to his memory, with a circulation in excess of 300,000 each month.

Frank Leslie bears the same relation to modern publishing that Robert Fulton bears to modern steamboat navigation, though there is just as much difference between Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly and Leslie's Monthly Magazine as there is between Fulton's side-wheel steamboat and an ocean greyhound.

What we do want to insist on, is this: That if Frank Leslie were alive to-day, and still publishing a magazine, he would be as keen to perceive the modern literary trend as he was keen in his own day to perceive it and to adapt his periodicals to it.

Had he lived during the years 1880-1898, the magazine would have followed more closely the changing needs of the reading public, and would have met the new conditions with the force behind it of his keen judgment and foresight.

The point is, that the taste of the reading public is changed. More people read magazines, they read better magazines, and they insist on literary merit in the stories and articles that are laid before them.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY would not be wonderful to-day, but it was wonderful when it was begun, in 1876.

This magazine entered the ten-cent field November, 1898, under the new and younger business management of the writer and his associates, but with many of the older editorial traditions still clinging to it by reason of the interest then held by Mrs. Frank Leslie. Early in 1900 the present management acquired by purchase a large part of Mrs. Leslie's interest, and nearly two years ago bought the remainder of her holdings. Mrs. Leslie has now, therefore, no financial or other interest in LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The past four years have witnessed a complete transformation in the literary and art policy of this magazine, and since June, 1901, the present owners have been in a position to carry out untrammeled their ideas.

Before we go any further we want to make clear another thing in regard to the policy of this magazine, about which there seems to be some confusion.

It is this: There is no relation between LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE and *Leslie's Weekly*, formerly *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. This paper was sold to the *Judge* Publishing Company, May 1, 1889, and has since that date been published by the *Judge* Company. It is as separate and distinct from this publication as *Collier's Weekly* is separate and distinct from *McClure's Magazine*.

So much for the past.

To-day LESLIE'S MAGAZINE is younger at thirty years than it was at twenty. It has taken thirty years of magazine work to bring LESLIE'S where it is to-day, but the work of the last four years is the work that has given it its present idea and its present ideals. It is proud of its traditions, but it wants to be judged by its present day achievements. It wants especially to be considered a magazine of cheerful outlook, because it is a magazine of American life. Americans are cheerful—optimistic, looking out upon life with a certain sane observation. An American is not morbid. He reads his magazine for entertainment or for inspiration. If LESLIE'S shall have given him a better reason for living, if it shall have helped him to the American life as it is lived, it will have done a good deal toward realizing its own ideals.

You can learn something about LESLIE'S plans for 1905 in three ways.

In the advertising pages of Dec. number you will find a resumé of the attractions, articles, authors and artists, which we believe best expresses our idea of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

Or, if you will write to us, we will send you an attractive little booklet, illustrated, in which we have set down these same things more fully.

The best way of the three, however, is to go right on reading LESLIE'S MAGAZINE in the safe and sure conviction that its pages from month to month will more nearly satisfy your demands as to what a magazine should be than those of any other publication.

Would you know our guarantee for this promise? Then think what LESLIE'S has been the past year, to go back no further. From month to month an increasing number of people have bought LESLIE'S MAGAZINE; and have read it without any compulsion and with no inducements other than those furnished by an attractive magazine. There has been no excitement, no startling exposures, no yellow journalism methods. We have simply produced from month to month as good a magazine as we could, and that in itself is by no means simple or easy. The growth of LESLIE'S tells us that we have reached an increasing number of magazine readers. We must have the right idea or we would not gain.

Twelve months more of LESLIE'S means twelve more months of real entertainment, of intense interest, and of that clean taste that comes from reading something which leaves you better than it found you.

This is not a catalogue of next year's work. It is merely a suggestion of what will be found in such a catalogue, and still more an expression of our position here at the beginning of the 30th year of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

FREDERIC L. COLVER, Publisher.

A BALLADE OF ENDLESS PLOTS

BLUSTERING heroes still remain
Some poor fellow's blood to spill,
Vice is beautifully slain,
Virtue seldom fares so ill,—
Busily the writers drill,
Sleep nor rest romances get
Grinding at the fiction mill,
Plots are not exhausted yet.

Tales of fashion sometimes reign,
Furbelow, and fad, and frill,
Then a constant view you gain
Of the problem novel's skill,
Then you'll find upon the bill
The detective story set,—
See the writer drive his quill,
Plots are not exhausted yet.

Incidents enough, 'tis plain,
You may pick and choose at will,
(Life is all a tangled skein,)
Secret panel, poisoned pill,
Upstart heirs, and so on, till
How your appetite they whet,
With what force your pulses thrill,
Plots are not exhausted yet.

ENVOY

You will always get your fill,
Of new fiction, never fret,
Some one's writing novels still,
Plots are not exhausted yet!

Nathan M. Levy

"DR. LUKE OF THE LABRADOR," by Norman Duncan.

This is a series of sketches of life on the Labrador coast, rather than a novel. The simple, perilous existence of the people of that region is described with humor, pathos, and, at times, great dramatic power. A book well worth reading. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

"FALAISE OF THE BLESSED VOICE," by William Stearns Davis.

An historical romance, dealing with a few days in the life of St. Louis, of France, in which (strange as it may seem) there are both actual history and true romance. It is distinctly pleasant reading. (Macmillan.)

"A LADDER OF SWORDS," by Sir Gilbert Parker.

An historical novel of the days of Queen Elizabeth, with two French Huguenots for hero and heroine, a Jersey Seigneur, and all the regular celebrities of the period for chorus. The story is as sparkling, sweet and unsubstantial as soda lemonade. (Harper & Bros.)

"ST. TIMOTHY'S," by Arthur Pier.

For boys are too rare to allow this volume of vigorous tales told with understanding of the and not without sympathy for his chers. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

"PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS," by Grover Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland writes with a trip-hammer, and his own story of the solution of the problems which confronted him as President is almost as impressive as his acts themselves. A book of national and permanent value. (The Century Co.)

"THE MAN ON THE BOX," by Harold MacGrath.

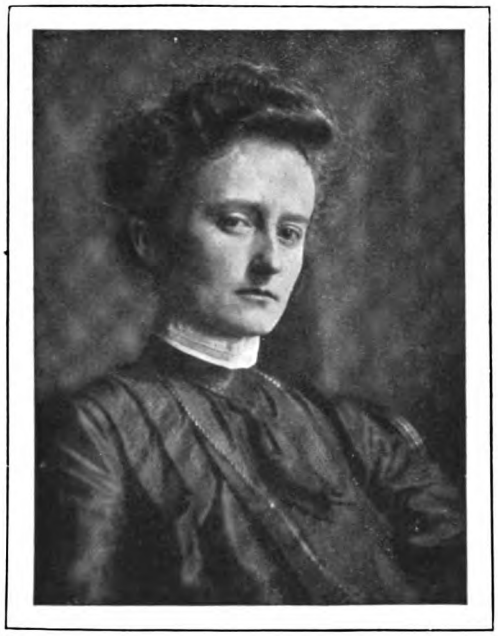
An adventurous, society love story, with an ingenious plot and amusing situations. It is unbecomingly padded with inexpensive comment on life in general, which does not, however, destroy one's interest in the tale itself. (Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

"THE WOMAN ERRANT," by The Commuter's Wife.

Again there is revealed the charming, refined personality of this author. There is little plot, but good portrayal of delightful, companionable people. A book to be enjoyed at leisure, and passed on to friends of like taste. (Macmillan.)

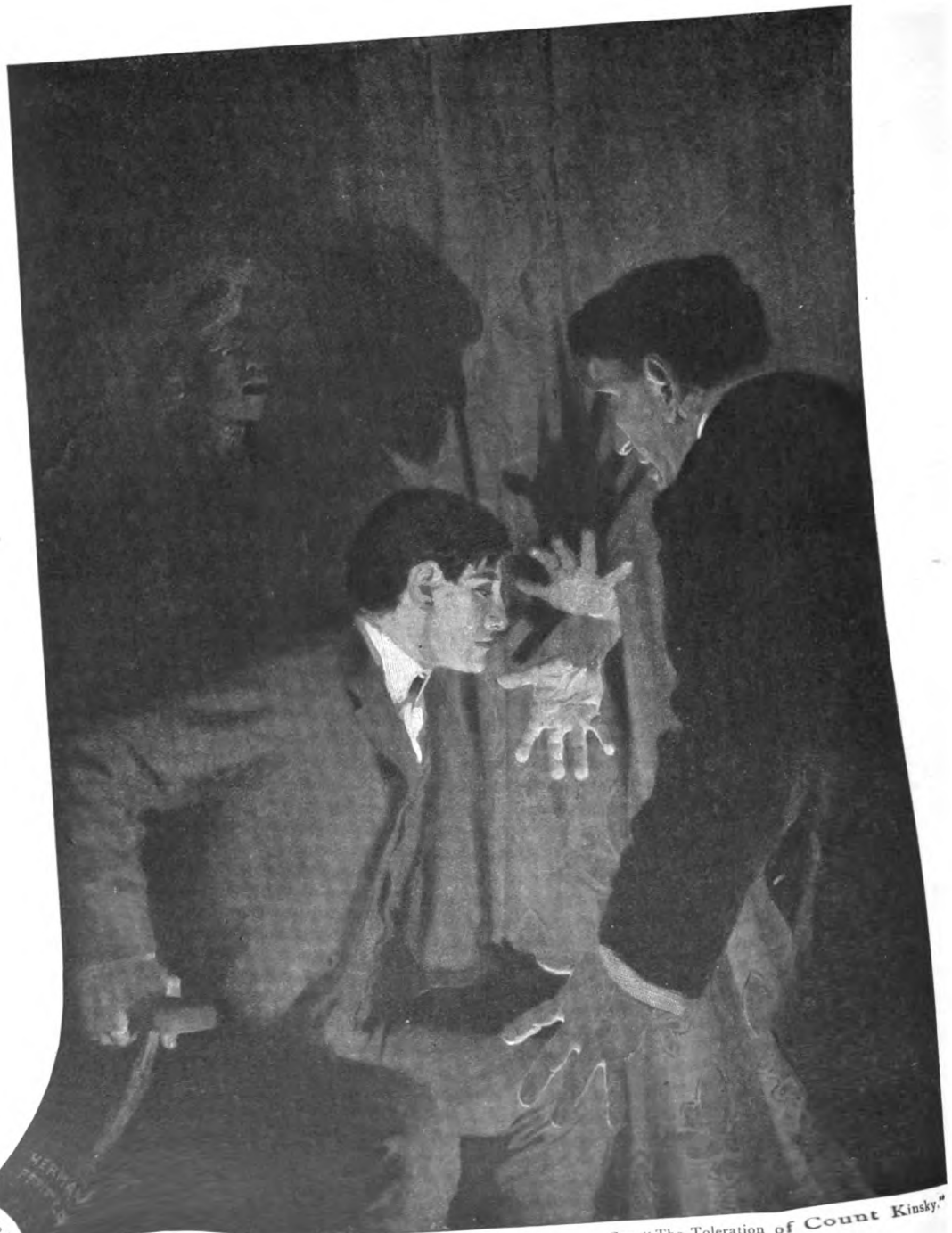
"CHRISTMAS EVE ON LONESOME," by John Fox, Jr.

An attractive little collection of short stories, both of Christmas and of other seasons of the year. Good work of a rather ephemeral kind. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)



Agnes C. Laut

Born a Canadian, Miss Laut, on account of ill health, spent years traveling among the mountains of the region she describes. Author of two successful novels, her permanent reputation is assured by such original and vigorous histories as "Pathfinders of the West," which originally appeared in this magazine. In this number begins her first chapter in a new and wonderful series, "Vikings of the Pacific," which deals with the untold stories of the great discoverers of our western coast, Bering, Cook, Gray, Vancouver and Baranoff.



Drawn by H. Pfeifer.

See "The Toleration of Count Kinsky."

It was a rare and sinister sign.

LESLIE'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE DISCOVERER OF ALASKA

The Wonderful Story of the Voyages of Vitus Bering the Dane First of the Stories of the Vikings of the Pacific

By Agnes C. Laut

THE adventures of the Vikings of the North Pacific read more like some old legend of the sea than sober truth; and the wild strain had its fountain head in the indomitable will of the most tempestuous hero and beast-like man that ever ascended the throne of the Russias. When Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, worked as a ship's carpenter at the docks of the East India Company, in Amsterdam, the seamen's tales of vast, unconquered lands beyond the seas of Japan must have acted on his imagination like pitch to flame. Already he was dreaming those imperial conquests, which Russia still dreams, of pushing his realm to the southernmost edge of Europe, and the easternmost verge of Asia, to the doorway of the Arctic on the north, and the very threshold of the Chinese capital on the south. Already his Cossacks had scoured the two Siberias like birds of prey, exacting tribute from the wandering tribes of Tartary, from the Kamchatkans on the Pacific, from the predatory races of the northeasternmost corner of Asia. These people of Eastern Siberia told the Russians of a vast land beyond the sea, of drift-wood floating across the Pacific unlike any trees growing in Asia, of dead whales thrown upon Asiatic shores with the harpoons of strange hunters in their bodies, and—most comical of all, with our modern knowledge of the Eskimo's tail-shaped fur coats—of men wrecked on the shores of Kamchatka who "had tails."

And now the seamen of the East Indian dockyards added yet more fabulous tales. They, too, told of a vast land east of Asia, west of America, called "Gamaland." One of Peter's consuming ambitions was to secure seaports for his unwieldy empire. What of this Gamaland? But as the world knows, Peter was called home to suppress an insurrection. War, statehood, domestic broils, secret assassinations, massacres that have left a bloody stain on his glory—busied his hands for the remaining twenty-eight years of his life, and January of 1725 found the palaces of all the Russias hushed; for the Hercules, who had conquered opposition like a giant, lay dying, ashamed to consult a physician, vanquished by his own vices, calling on Heaven for pity, with screams of pain that

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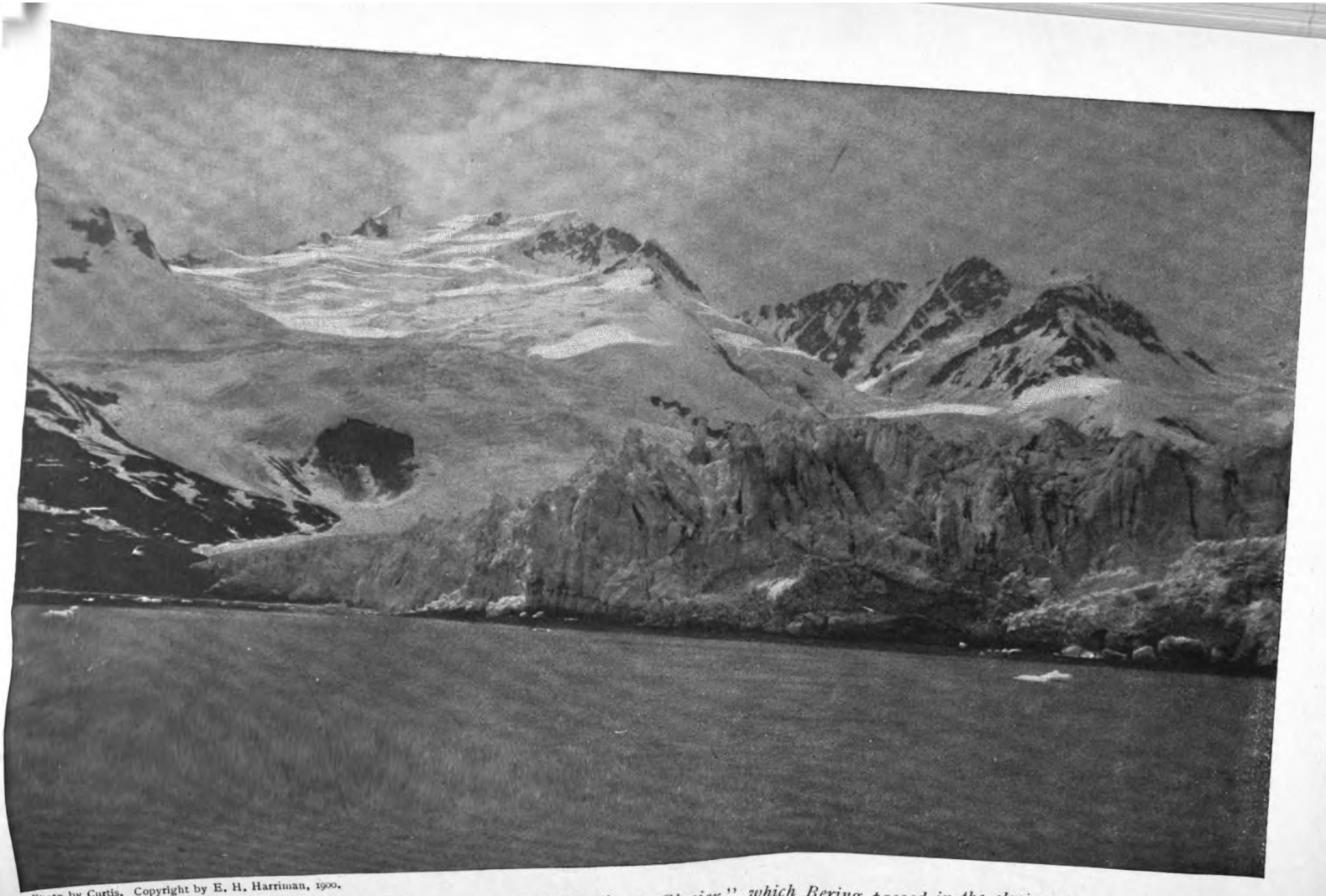


Photo by Curtis. Copyright by E. H. Harriman, 1900.

A giant glacier west of Mt. St. Elias, now called "Harriman Glacier," which Bering passed in the closing days of July.

drove physicians and attendants from the room.

Perhaps remorse for those seven thousand wretches executed at one fell swoop after the insurrection; perhaps memories of those twenty kneeling suppliants whose heads he had struck off with his own hand, drinking a bumper of quass to each stroke, perhaps the reproaches of those highway robbers whom he used to torture to slow death, two hundred at a time, by suspending them from hooks in their sides till they died; perhaps the first wife, whom he repudiated, the first son, whom he had done to death—came to haunt the darkness of that deathbed. Vows to Heaven, in all the long hour he lay convulsed battling with Death, were useless. The sins of a lifetime could not be undone by the repentance of an hour. Then, as if the Spirit must rise finally triumphant over Flesh, the dying Hercules roused himself to one last supreme effort for his empire, for his people.

Peter the Great.

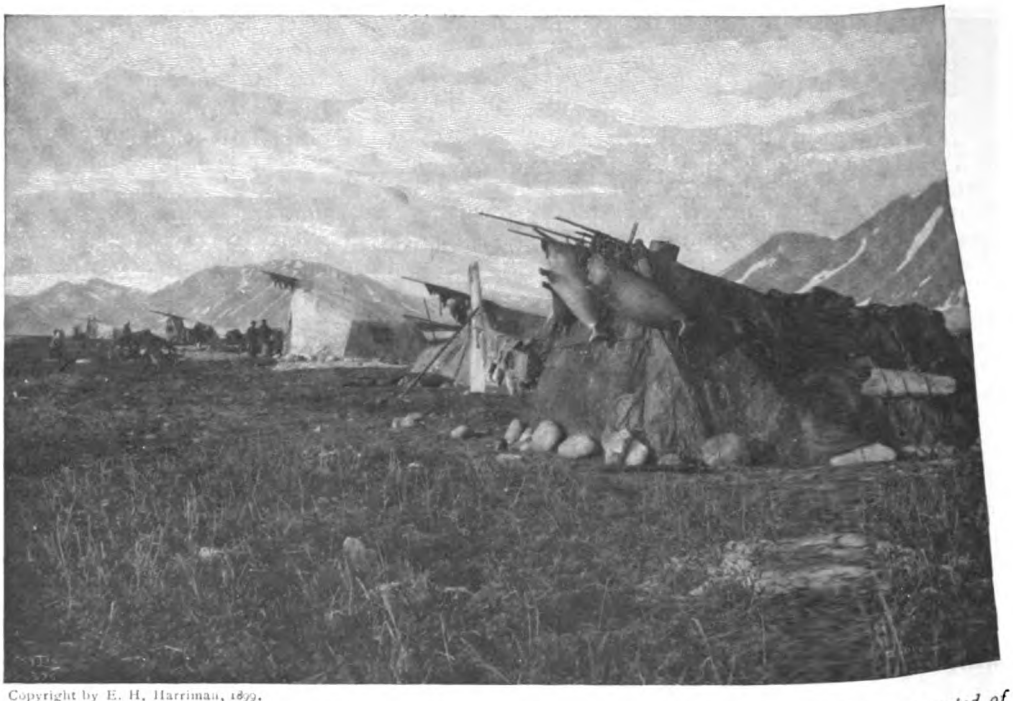
From the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Radisson, Marquette, La Salle, La Vérendrye were reaching across America to win the undiscovered Gamaland of the Western Sea for France. New Spain was pushing her ships northward from Mexico, and now the dying Peter of Russia, with his own hand, wrote instructions for an expedition to search the boundaries between Asia and America. In a word, he set in motion that forward march of the Russians across the Orient, which was to go on unchecked for two hundred years till opposed by the Japanese. The Czar's instructions were always laconic. They were written five weeks before his death. "(1) At Kamchatka . . . . two-decked boats are to be built. (2) With these you are to sail northward along the coast. . . . . (3) You are to enquire where the American coast begins . . . . note it down . . . . obtain reliable information . . . . then, having charted the coast, return."

From the time that Peter the Great began to break down the Oriental isolation of Russia from the rest of Europe, it was his policy to draw to St. Petersburg,—the city of his own creation,—the leaders of thought from every capital in Europe. And, as one of his aims was to establish a navy, he especially endeavored to attract foreign navigators to his kingdom. Among these were many Norsemen and Danes. The acquaintance may have dated from the docks of the East India Company; but, at any rate, among the foreign navigators was one Vitus Ivanovich Bering, a Dane of humble origin from Horsens, who had been an East India Company sailor till he joined the Russian fleet, as sub-lieutenant, at the age of twenty-two, and fought his way up in the Baltic service, through Peter's wars, till in 1720 he was appointed captain of second rank. To Vitus Bering, the Dane, Peter gave the commission for the exploration of the waters between Asia and America.

The scientists of every city in Europe were in a fret over the mythical Straits of Anian, supposed to be between Asia and America, and over the yet more mythical Gamaland supposed to be visible on the way to New Spain. To all this jangling

of words without knowledge, Peter paid no heed. Neither did he pay any heed to the fact that the ports of Kamchatka, on the Pacific, were six thousand miles, by river and mountain, and tundra and desert through an unknown country from St. Petersburg. It would take from three to five years to transport material across two continents by caravan and flat boat and dog sled. Tribute of food and fur would be required from Khurd and Tartar and wild Siberian tribes. More than a thousand horses must be requisitioned for the caravans; more than two thousand leathern sacks made for the flour. Many boats must be constructed to raft down the inland rivers. There were forests to be traversed for hundreds of miles, where only the keenest vigilance could keep the wolf packs off the heels of the travelers. And, when the expedition should reach the tundras of Eastern Siberia, there was the double danger of the Chukchee tribes on the north, hostile as American Indians, and of the Siberian exile population on the south, branded criminals, political malcontents, banditti of the wilderness, outcasts of nameless crimes beyond the reach of law. And, when the shores of Okhotsk were reached, a fort must be built to winter there. And, a vessel for inland seas must be constructed, to cross to the Kamchatka peninsula of the North Pacific. And the peninsula, which sticks out from Asia as Norway projects from Europe, must be crossed with provisions,—a distance of some five hundred miles, by dog train over mountains higher than the American Rockies. And, once on the shores of the Pacific itself, another fort must be built on the east side of Kamchatka Peninsula, and two-decker vessels constructed to voyage over the sleepy swell of the North Pacific to that mythical realm of mist. These were mere details. Peter took no heed of impossibilities. Neither did Bering; for he was in the prime of his honor, forty-four years of age. "You will go," commanded the Czar; and Bering obeyed.



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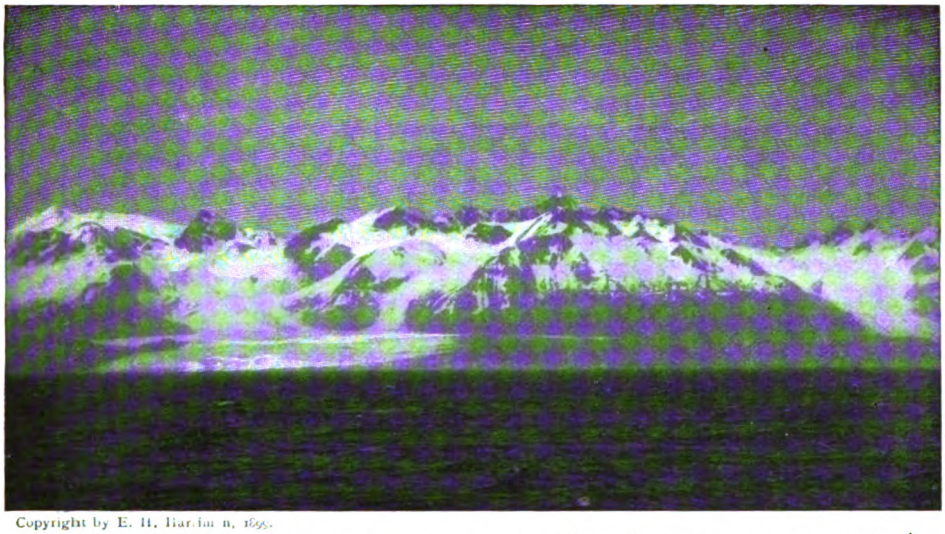
Siberian Chukchee (Eskimo) village in the summer season. The huts are constructed of walrus skins stretched over the ribs of a whale.

Barely had the spirit of the indomitable Peter passed from this life, in 1725, when Bering set out, post haste, in mid-winter, from St. Petersburg, to cross Siberia to the Pacific on what is known as the first ex-



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Mountains of Fairweather range, sighted by Chirikoff the third week in July.

pedition. Three years, it took him, to go from the west coast of Europe to the east coast of Asia, crossing from Okhotsk to Kamchatka, whence he sailed, on the ninth of July, 1728, with forty-four men and three lieutenants, for the north coast of Asia. This voyage is unimportant to history, except as the kernel out of which grew the most famous expedition on the Pacific Coast.

Martin Spanberg, another Danish navigator, huge of frame, vehement, passionate, tyrannical but indomitable, always followed by a giant hound ready to tear anyone who approached to pieces, and Alexei Chirikoff, a Russian, were the two seconds in command. They encountered all the difficulties to be expected transporting ships' rigging and provisions over two continents. Here, Bering did exactly as Czar Peter had ordered. He built the two-deckers at Kamchatka. Then, he followed the coast northward to a point where the shore seemed to turn back on itself north-westward, which proved to Bering that Asia and America were *not* united. And they had found no Gama-land, no new world wedged in between Asia and America. Twice they were within only forty miles of America, touching at St. Lawrence Island; but the fog hung like a blanket over the sea as they passed through the waters now known as Bering Straits; and Bering was compelled to return with no knowledge but that Russia did *not* extend into America, and that there were signs of land eastward of Kamchatka,—drift wood, sea weed, sea birds. Before setting out for St. Petersberg, in 1729, he had tried again to sail

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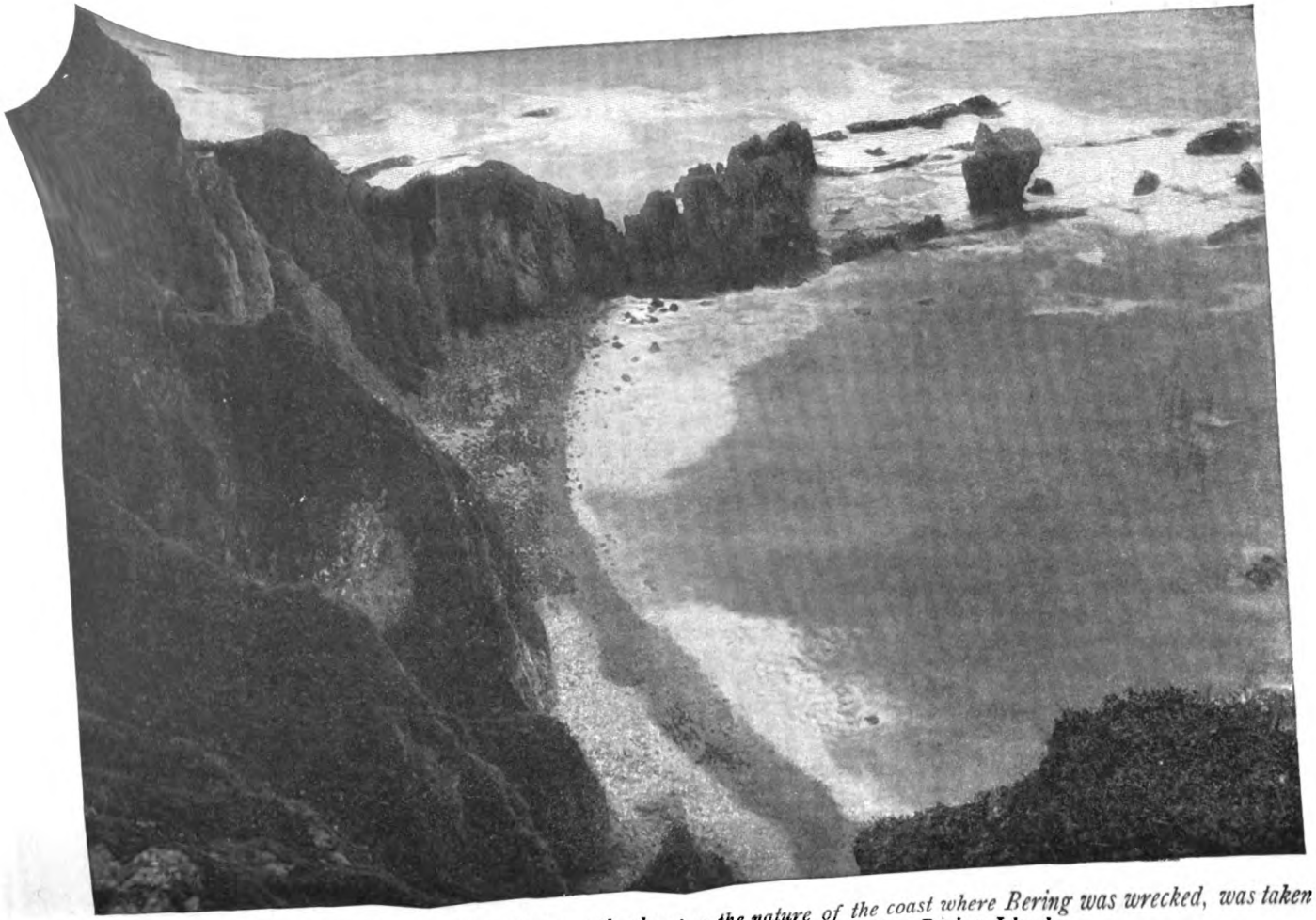
Columbia Glacier, Prince William Sound, passed by both ships.



Seal Rookery, Commander Islands. This photograph, showing the nature of the coast where Bering was wrecked, was taken by Dr. Leonhard Stejneger, who spent a year exploring Bering Island.

eastward to the Gamaland of the maps; but, again the fog had driven him back.

It was the old story of the savants and Christopher Columbus in an earlier day. Bering's conclusions were different from the moonshine of the schools. There was no Gamaland in the sea. There was in the maps. The learned men of St. Petersburg ridiculed the Danish sailor. The fog was supposed to have concealed Gamaland. There was nothing for Bering but to retire in ignominy, or prove his conclusions. He had arrived in St. Petersburg in March, 1730. He had induced the court to undertake a second expedition by April of the same year. And, for this second expedition, the court, the senate, the admiralty and the academy of sciences, decided to provide, with a lavish profusion that was to dazzle the world with the brilliancy of Russian exploits. Scientists, artisans, physicians, monks, Cossacks, historians made up the roll of five hundred and eighty men under Bering's command; but, because Bering was a Dane, his command was not supreme. He must convene a council of the Russian officers under him, submit all his plans to their vote, and abide by their decision. And, as the days went on, the details of instructions, rolling out from admiralty, senate and academy were like an avalanche gathering impetus to destruction from its own weight. He was to establish new industries in Siberia. He was to chart the whole Arctic coast line of Asia. He was to Christianize the natives. He was to provide the traveling academicians with luxurious equipment, though some of them had forty wagon loads of instruments, and carried a peripatetic library.

Early in 1733, the expedition set out from St. Petersburg, in detachments, to cross Siberia. There were Vitus Bering, the commander, Spanberg and Chirikoff, his two seconds, eight lieutenants, sixteen mates, twelve physicians, seven priests, carpenters, bakers, Cossacks and sailors—in all five hundred and eighty men. Now if it was difficult to transport a handful of men across Siberia for the first simple voyage, what was it to convoy this rabble, composed of self-important scientists, bent on proving impossible theories; of underling officers, each of whom considered himself a Czar; of wives and children unused to such travel; of priests whose piety took the extraordinary form of knouting subordinates to death, of Cossacks who drank and gambled and brawled at every stopping place, till half the lieutenants in the company had crossed swords in duels, and of workmen who regarded the venture as a kind of banishment, and only watched this chance to desert?

Scouts went scurrying ahead with orders for the Siberian Cossacks to prepare wintering quarters for the oncoming host, and to levy tribute on the inhabitants for provisions; but in Siberia—as the Russians say—"God is high in the Heavens, and the Czar is far away"; and the Siberian governors raised no hand to prepare for Bering. Spanberg left St. Petersburg in February, 1733. Bering followed in March, and all summer long caravans of slow-moving pack horses—as many as four thousand in a line—were seen crossing Western Siberia.

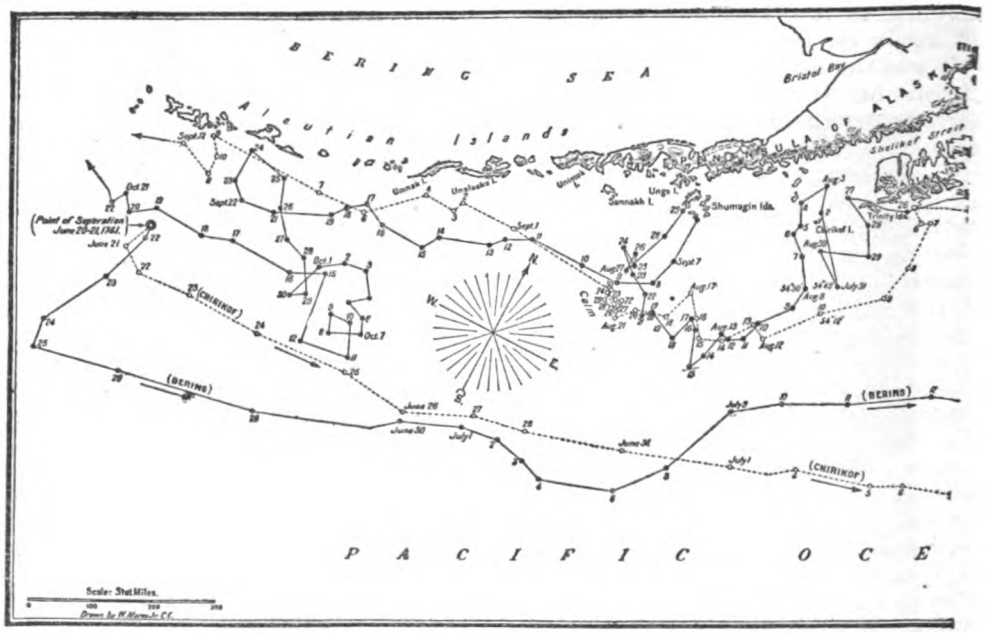
Winter was passed at Tobolsk; and May, of 1734, witnessed a firing of cannon, a blaring of trumpets, a clinking of many glasses among merry gentlemen; for the caravans were setting out once more to the swearing of the Cossacks, the complaining of the scientists, the brawling of the underling officers, and the silent chagrin of the patient Bering.

The second winter was passed at Yakutsk, where the ships that were to chart the Arctic Coast of Siberia were built and launched, with crews of some hundred men.

It was the end of June, 1735, before the main forces were under way for the Pacific. From Yakutsk to the Pacific the course was down the Lena, up the Aldan, up the Maya, up the Yudoma, across the Stanovoi Mountains, down the Urok River to the sea. A thousand Siberian exiles were employed convoying these boats. Not a roof had been prepared to house the forces in the mountains. Men and horses were torn to pieces by the timber wolves. Often, for days at a time, the only rations were the carcasses of dead horses, roots, flour and rice. Three years it took to transport all the supplies and ships' rigging from the Lena to the Pacific.

Not till the 4th of June, 1741, had all preparations ripened for the fulfilment of Czar Peter's dying wishes to extend his empire to America.

Two vessels, the *St. Peter* and the *St.*



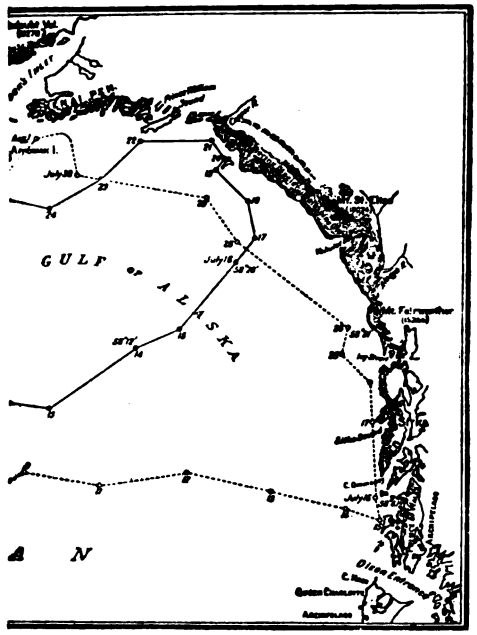
Map of the course followed by the two ships, June–October, 1741, as outlined by Professor Francisco. For six weeks the boats—each necessary to the other's salvation—were within

Paul, rode at anchor at Petropaulovsk in the Bay of Avacha, on the east shore of Kamchatka. On the shore was a little palisaded fort of some fifty huts, a barracks, a chapel, a powder magazine. Early that morning solemn religious services had been held to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the voyagers. Now the chapel bell was set ringing. Monks came singing down to the water's edge. Cannon were fired. Cheer on cheer set the echoes rolling among the white-domed mountains. There was a rattling of anchor chains, a creaking of masts and yard arms. The sails fluttered out, bellying full; and, with a last, long shout, the ships glided out before the wind to the long, lazy swell of the Pacific for the discovery of new worlds.

And why not new worlds? That was the question the officers accompanying Bering asked themselves as the white peaks of Kamchatka faded in the offing. Certainly, in the history of the world, no expedition had set out with greater prestige. Eight years had it taken to cross Siberia from St. Petersburg to the Pacific. Two hundred thousand in money had been spent before the Pacific was reached. In all nine ships had been built on the Pacific to freight supplies across from Okhotsk to the eastern side of Kamchatka, two to carry Bering to the new continent of Gamaland, which the savants persisted in putting in their maps, three to explore the region between Russia and Japan. Now Bering knew there was *no* Gamaland except in the ignorant, heady imaginings of the foolish geographers. So did Alexei Chirikoff and Spanberg, the second and third in command.

Roughly speaking, the expedition had gradually focussed to three points: First the charting of the Arctic coast: Second the exploration of Japan: Third the finding of what lay between Asia and America. Some two hundred men, of whom a score had already perished of scurvy, had gone down the Siberian rivers to the Arctic coast. Spanberg, the Dane, with a hundred others, had charted Japan and had his results vetoed by the authorities of St. Petersburg because there was no Gamaland. Bering, himself, undertook the voyage to America. All the month of May council after council was held at Avacha Bay to determine which way Bering's two ships should sail.

The maps of the d'Isle's, the famous geographers, contained a Gamaland; and Louis la Croyère d'Isle, a relative of the



George Davidson of the Coast Survey, San
15 to 40 miles of each other, hidden by the fog.

great map-maker, who had knocked about in Canada and was thought to be an authority on America, was to accompany Chirikoff, Bering's first lieutenant. At the councils, these maps were hauled out. It was a matter of family pride with the d'Isles to find that Gamaland. Bering and Chirikoff may have cursed all scientists, as Cook, the great navigator, cursed savants at a later day; but they must bow to the decision of the council; and the decision was to sail south-south-east for Gamaland. And yet, there could have been no bitterness in Bering's feelings; for he knew that the truth must triumph.

But with boats that carried one hundred casks of water, and provisions for only five months, the decision to sail south-south-east was a deplorable waste of precious time. It could only lead to the Spanish possessions, not to the unknown North. On Bering's boat, the *St. Peter*, was a crew of seventy-seven, Lieutenant Waxel, second in command, with George William Steller, the famous scientist, and Bering's friend on board. On the *St. Paul*, under the staunch, level-headed Russian Lieutenant Alexei Chirikoff, were seventy-six men with La Croyère d'Isle as astronomer. Not the least complicating feature of the case was the personnel of the crews. For the most part they were branded criminals and malcontents. From the first, they had regarded the Bering expedition as a kind of impressment or banishment. They had joined it for only six years; and the exploration was now in its eleventh year. Spanberg, the other Dane, who had gone to St. Petersburg to report on Japan, with his giant hound always ready to tear any one to pieces, Spanberg with his brutal tongue and constant recourse to the knout, they hated. Chirikoff, the Russian was a universal favorite; and Bering, the supreme commander, was loved for his kindness; but Bering's commands were subject to veto by the Russian underlings. No wonder the bluff Dane sailed out from the snow-rimmed peaks of Avacha Bay with dark forebodings. He had carried a load of petty instructions issued by ignoramus savants for eight years. He had borne eight years of nagging from court and senate and academy. He had been criticised for blunders of other's making. He had been set to accomplish a herculean task with tied hands. He had been threatened with fines and court-martial for delay caused by the quarrels of his under-officers to whom he was subject. He had been deprived of salary for three years and accused of pilfering from public funds. His wife, who had by this time returned with the wives of the other officers to Russia, had actually been searched for hidden booty. After the expenditure of what would be a quarter of a million dollars in modern money, only five months' provisions were left in the fort of Petropaulovsk, Kamchatka; and the blockhead underlings were compelling a waste of those provisions by sailing in the wrong direction. If the worst came, could he hold his men with those tied hands of his?

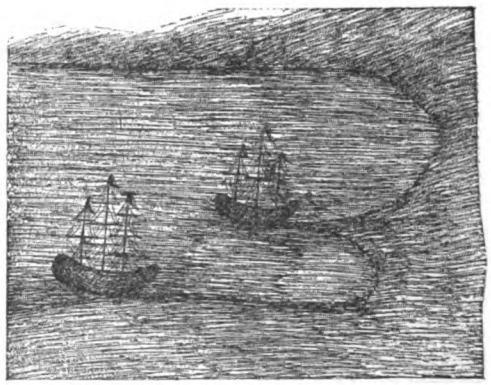
Bering shrugged his shoulders and signalled Chirikoff, the Russian, on the *St. Paul*, to lead the way. They must find out there was *no* Gamaland for themselves, those Russians. The long swell of the Pacific meets them as they sheer out of the mountain girt harbor. A dip of the sails to the swell of the rising wind, and the snowy heights of Avacha Bay are left in the offing. The thunder of the surf in the rocky caves of the Kamchatka coast fades behind. The myriad birds become fewer. Steller, the scientist, leans over the taffrail

to listen if the huge sperm whale there "hums" as it "blows." The white rollers come down from the north, rolling,—rolling down to the tropics. A gray thing hangs over the northern offing, a grayish brown thing called "fog," of which they will know more anon. The grayish brown thing means storm; and the "porps" tumbling, floundering, somerseting round the ships in circles, mean storm: and the moaning of the wind through the rigging, with a siz-z- means storm; and Chirikoff, far ahead there, signals back to know if they shouldn't keep together to avoid being lost in the fog. The Dane shrugs his shoulders and looks to the north. The gray brown thing has darkened, thickened, spread out impalpably; and by the third day, the north wind is whistling through the riggings with a rip. Sails are furled. The white rollers roll no longer. They lash with chopped off tops flying backwards; and the *St. Peter* is churning about, shipping sea after sea with a crash. That was what the fog meant; and, it is all about them, in a hurricane now, stinging cold, thick to the touch, washing out every outline but sea,—sea.

Never mind. They are nine days out. It is the twelfth of June. They are down to forty-six degrees, and no Gamaland; and the blockheads have stopped spreading their maps in the captain's cabin. One can see a smile wreathing in the whiskers of the Dane. Six hundred miles south of Kamchatka, and no Gamaland! The council convenes again. It is decided to turn about, head north, and say no more of Gamaland. But when the fog, that has turned hurricane, lifts, there is no *St. Paul.* Chirikoff's vessel has disappeared. Up to forty-nine degrees they go; but still no Chirikoff and no Gamaland. Then the blunder-makers, as is always the case, blunder more. It is dangerous to go on without the sister ship. The council convenes. Bering must head back to forty-six degrees and hunt for Chirikoff. So passes the whole month of June. Out of five months' provisions, one wasted, and the odium on Bering the Dane.

It was noticed that after the ship turned south, the commander looked ill and depressed. He became intolerant of opposition or approbation. Possibly, to avoid irritation, he kept his cabin; but, he ordered the *St. Peter* to head back north.

In a few days Bering was confined to bed, with that overwhelming physical depression and dread that precede the scourge most dreaded by seamen,—scurvy. Lieutenant Waxel now took command. Waxel had all a sailor's contempt for the bookful blockheads, who wrench facts to fit theory; and, deadly emnity arose between him and Steller, the scientist. By the middle of July the fetid drinking water was so reduced that the crew was put on half allowance; but, on the sleepy, fog-blanketed swell of the Pacific slipping past Bering's wearied eyes, were so many signs of land,—birds, drift wood, sea weed,—that he ordered the ship hove to each night for fear of grounding.



The "St. Peter" and "St. Paul" in Avacha Bay, Kamchatka, from a rough sketch by Bering's comrade, Steller the scientist.

On the 13th of July, the council of underlings had so far relinquished all idea of a Gamaland, that it was decided to steer continuously north. Some time between the 16th and 20th, the fog lifted, and there loomed above the far horizon of the north sea what might have been an immense opal dome, suspended in mid-heaven. One can guess how the lookout strained tired eyes at this great crumpled apex of snow, jagged through the clouds like a tent peak, how the shout of "land" went up, how officers and underlings flocked round Bering with congratulations. "We knew it was land beyond a doubt, on the 16th," relates Steller. "Though I have been in Kamchatka, I have never seen more lofty mountains. The shore was broken everywhere, showing inlets and

harbors. Everybody congratulated the commander; but, he only shrugged shoulders, saying: 'We think we've done big things; but, who knows? Nobody realizes *where* this is, or the distance we must sail back. Winds may be contrary. We don't know this land; and, we haven't provisions to winter.' ''

The truth is,—the maps having failed, the *St. Peter* was hopelessly lost; and sixteen years of nagging care, which is harder to face than a line of cannon, had sucked Bering's capacity of resistance like a vampire. The shadowy elemental powers, that fight man,—physical weakness, disease, despair, death,—were closing round the explorer in the darkness of eternal night.

The boat found itself in a wonder-world that beggared all romance. The great peak, which they named St. Elias, hung above a snowy row of lesser ridges, like a dome of alabaster. Icebergs, like floating palaces, came washing down from the long line of glacial shore. As they neared anchorage at an island now known as Kayak, they could see billows of ferns, grasses, lady's slippers, rhododendrons, blue-bells, forget-me-nots. Perhaps they saw those palisades of ice that stretch like a rampart along the main shore eastward of St. Elias.

The *St. Peter* moved slowly landward against a head wind. Khitroff and Steller put off in the small boats with fifteen men to reconnoiter. Both found human traces,—timbered huts, fireplaces, shells, smoked fish, footprints in the grass. Steller left some kettles, knives, glass beads and trinkets in the huts to replace the possessions of the natives, which the Russians took. Many years later, another voyager met an old Indian, who told of seeing Bering's ship anchor at Kayak Island, when he was a boy; and, the terrified Indians had fled, only returning when the Russians had gone, to find the presents in the huts. Steller was as wild as a boy out of school, and, accompanied by only one Cossack, went bounding over the island, collecting specimens and botanizing. Khitroff, meanwhile, filled water casks; but, on July 21, the day after the anchorage, the storm wind began whistling through the rigging, the rollers washing down from the ice wall of the coast and the far offing to show the dirty fog that portended storm. Only half the water casks had been filled; but there was a brisk seaward breeze. Without warning, and, contrary to his custom of consulting the other officers, Bering appeared on deck, pallid and ashen from disease, and peremptorily ordered anchors up.

In vain Steller stormed and swore, accusing the chief of pusillanimous homesickness, "of reducing his explorations to a six hours' anchorage on an island shore, of coming from Asia to carry home American water." The commander had had enough of vacillation, delay and interference. One-third of the crew was ailing. Provisions for only three months were in the hold. The ship was off any known course, more than two thousand miles from any known port and contrary winds might cause delay, or drive the vessel on the countless reefs that lined this strange coast.

Dense clouds and a sleety rain settled over the sea, washing out every outline as the *St. Peter* began her westward course. But, what baffled both Bering and the officers, was the fact that the coast trended, not north, but south. They were coasting that long peninsula of Alaska that projects an arm for a thousand miles south-westward, into the Pacific.

The roar of the rollers came from the reefs. Through the blanketing fog they could discern island after island on the north, rocky, towering, majestic, with a thunder of surf among the caves, a dim outline of mountains above, like Loki, Spirit of Evil, smiling stonily at the dark forces closing in round these puny men. All along Kadiak the roily waters told of reefs. The air was heavy with fogs, thick to the touch; and violent winds constantly threatened a sudden shift that might drive the vessel on the rocks. At midnight, on August 1, they suddenly found themselves with only three feet of water below the keel. Fortunately, there was no wind; but the fog was like ink. By swinging into a current that ran like a mill race they were carried out to eighteen fathoms of water, where they anchored till daybreak. They called this place Foggy Island. To-day it is known as Ukamok.

The underlings now came sharply to their senses and at the repeatedly convened and distracted councils between July 25 and August 10, decided there was only one thing to do—sail at once for the home port of Kamchatka. The *St. Peter* was

tossing about in frightful winds among reefs and hurricane fog like a cork. Half the crew lay ill and helpless of scurvy, and only two months provisions remained for a voyage of two thousand miles. The whole crew signed the resolution to go home.

Only twenty-five casks of water remained. On August 30 the *St. Peter* anchored off a group of thirteen bald, bare, treeless rocks. It was thought if some of the scurvy-stricken sailors could be carried ashore, they might recover. One, Shumagin, died as he was lifted ashore. Indeed this was the first death, and his name was given to the islands. Bering, himself, was so ill that he could not stand. Twenty emaciated men were laid along the shore. Steller scurried off to hunt anti-scorbutic plants, while Waxel, who had taken command, and Khitroff ordered the water casks filled. Unfortunately, the only pool they could find was connected with an arm of the sea. The water was brackish and this afterwards increased disease.

A fatality seemed to hang over the wonder-world where they wandered. Voices were heard in the storm, rumblings from the sea. Fire could be seen through the fog. Was this fire from volcanoes or Indians? Waxel knew they must not risk delay by going to explore, but by applying to Bering, who lay in his berth unconscious of the dangers on this coast, Khitroff gained permission to go from the vessel on a yawl with five sailors, but by the time he had rowed against head winds to the scene of the fire the Indians had fled and such beach combers were crashing ashore Khitroff dare not risk going back to the ship. In vain Waxel ground his teeth with rage, signalled and waited. "The wind seemed to issue from a flue," says Steller, "with such a whistling and roaring and rumbling that we expected to lose mast and rudder, or be crushed among the breakers. The dashings of the sea sounded like a cannon."

The fact was Khitroff's yawl had been smashed to kindling wood on the rocks, and the six half-drowned Russians were hudding together waiting for help when Waxel took the other small boat and went to the rescue. Barely had this been effected, at the cost of four days' delay, in which the ship might have made five hundred miles towards home, when natives were in paddling out canoes, gesticulating for the white men to come ashore. Waxel lowered away in the small boat with nine armed men to pay the savages a visit. Close ashore he beckoned the Indians to wade out, but they beckoned him in turn to land, and he ordered three men out to moor the boat to a rock. All went well between Russians and Indians, presents being exchanged, till a chief screwed up his courage to paddle out to Waxel in the boat. With characteristic hospitality, Waxel at once proffered some Russian brandy, which, by courtesy among all western sailors, is always known as "chain lightning." The chief took but one gulp of the liquid fire, when with a wild yell he spat it out, shouted that he had been poisoned and dashed ashore.

The three Russians succeeded in gaining Waxel's boat, but the Indians grabbed the mooring ropes and seized the Chukchee interpreter, whom Waxel had brought from Siberia. Waxel ordered the rope cut, but the Chukchee interpreter called out pitifully to be saved. Quick as shot, the Russians fired two muskets in mid-air. At the crash that echoed among the cliffs, the Indians fell prostrate with fear, and the interpreter escaped; but six days had been wasted in this futile visit to the natives.

Scarcely had they escaped this island when such a hurricane broke over the *St. Peter* for seventeen days that the ship could only scud under bare pole before the wind, that seemed to be driving north, north-east. The ship was like a chip in a maelstrom. There were only fifteen casks of water fit to drink, and all food was exhausted but mouldy sea biscuits. One sailor a day was now dying of scurvy; and those left were so weak they had no power to man the ship. The men were so emaciated they had to be carried back and forward to the rudder, and the underling officers were quarreling among themselves. The crew dared not hoist sails because not a man of the *St. Peter* had the physical strength to climb and lower canvas.

The rain turned to sleet. The sleet froze to the rotting sails, to the ice-logged hull, to the wan yard arms frost-white till they looked like ghosts. At every lurch of the ship slush slithered down on the shivering seamen. The roar of the breakers told of a shallow sea, yet mist veiled the sky, and they were above waters whose

shallows drop to sudden abysmal depths of three thousand fathoms. Sheets of smoking vapor rose from the sea, sheets of flame-tinged smoke from the crevasses of land volcanoes which the fogs hid. Out of the sea came the hoarse, strident crying of the sea lion and the walrus and the hairy seal. It was as if the poor Russians had sailed into some under world. The decks were slippery as glass and the vessels shrouded in ice. Over all settled that unspeakable dread of impending disaster, which is a symptom of scurvy and saps all power of resistance.

Waxel alone held the vessel up to the wind. The councils were no longer the orderly conferences of savants over cut and dried maps. They were bedlam. Panic was in the marrow of every man, even the indomitable, passionate Steller, who thought all the while they were on the coast of Kamchatka, and made loud complaint that the expedition had been misled by "unscrupulous leaders."

At eight o'clock on the morning of October 30 it was seen that the ice-clogged ropes on the starboard side had been snapped by the wind like dry sticks. Offerings, vows, prayers went up from the stricken crew. The colder weather brought one relief. The fog lifted and the air was clear. The wind veered east, and on November 4, to their inexpressible joy, the crew saw a high, mountainous coast directly ahead sixteen miles. Surely this was Kamchatka. The sick crawled on hands and knees above the hatchway to see land once more, and with streaming eyes thanked God for the landfall. A few hidden casks of brandy were brought out to celebrate the happy end of these miseries, and each man pointed out promontories that he thought he knew. But as the ship rounded the northeastward point strangeness came over the scene, a numbing fear over the crew. This looked more like a channel between two islands than open coast. The men could not speak. They hoped against hope. That night the *St. Peter* stood off from land for fear of storm. Topsails were furled, but the wind had ripped the other sails to tatters. Clear, refulgent with sunshine, a magnificent winter day, with the sting of ozone in the air, dawned the morning of November fifth.

Waxel called a council.

Officers and men dragged themselves to Bering's cabin. Waxel had already persuaded all hands to vote for a landing to winter on these shores. This the dying Bering opposed with all his might. "We are almost home," he said. "We still have six casks of water, and the foremast. Having risked so much, let us risk three days more to reach Avacha Bay." Poor Bering! Had his advice been followed the saddest disaster on northern seas might have been avoided, for they were less than two days run from Kamchatka, but inspired by fool-hopes born of fear, Waxel and Khitroff actually thought this *was* Kamchatka, and when one, Lieutenant Ofzyn, who knew the north well, would have spoken in favor of Bering's view, he was forcibly driven from the cabin.

The crew voted as a man to land and winter on this coast. Little did they know that vote was their own death warrant.

The conclusion of Bering's story and the adventures of Chirikoff will appear in the March number.

"Befoor they're done fightin' they're laffin'."

JEFFERSON DAVIS ABRAHAM LINCOLN BOWE

By Ben Blow

WITH DRAWINGS BY FANNY Y. CORY

IT was a long time ago to you of the present generation—just after the Civil War. There were two little boys, brothers, near of an age. They were David and Jonathan—sometimes, at others they fought, as healthy brothers will, but when their fights were over there was never any malice left to cloud their brotherly love, and when the Sand Man came in the evening he found them at peace.

Before the advent of the Sand Man, though, they held carnival under the canopy of a huge, old-fashioned, four-posted bed, and engaged in marvelous tumblings that became drowsier and more somnolent until their eyes grew too heavy, and then they curled up like kittens and wandered forth together, wearing canton flannel night drawers, into the land of dreams.

The sweet-faced mother of the little boys told them they were doing wrong when they fought and when she caught 'em in the battle made them stand up before her, holding hands, and say in reluctant unison, "Let dogs delight—" And then they had to kiss, which wasn't by any means manly, and was distasteful to a degree. But when their big, black-eyed, black-bearded father caught them fighting he stopped the battle and made solemn inquiries while his eyes danced, and then told David or Jonathan, whichever deserved it, that he ought to spank him, but instead of doing so, gave each one of them a five-cent shinplaster, which was untold wealth while it lasted, and always was productive of fragile resolutions never to be bad again.

Most of the play of David and Jonathan related to warlike operations, for military spirit was still very much alive, and they drilled and erected prodigious earthworks until wearied, when they fell upon the earthworks and made them into wonderful mud pies in a real tin oven constructed for them by their friend the gardener, whose resourcefulness caused them much wonder and led them to address him admiringly as

Mr. O'Brien, which was entirely grateful to his good old Celtic soul.

"Of all the bothersome childer," he would say to them, "an' me busy. Whut is it ye wish, darlints?" and then, being their abject slave, he did whatever they wanted, delighted that a gracious Providence had placed him where his true worth met with its meed.

"They're divils," he told the cook over and over again. "But there's nothin' morully bad about thim. Pouf! an' they fight like powder flashes in the pan, but befoor they're done fightin' they're laffin. My! 'Tis the pure love of a ruction drives thim to it; 'tis me says they'll both make min." Then Mr. O'Brien would shake his head wisely, and the cook would shake hers and say: "Shure, 'tis you Misther O'Brien that notuses ut all an' all," for the cook, equally with David and Jonathan, admired Mr. O'Brien to a degree.

There is an infinite pathos in childhood —the ignorance that clears slowly and the mysteries that puzzle childish hearts. David and Jonathan were told one day that they had a baby sister, and that, marvelous to relate, she had been found in a basket by the doctor out by the gate. This was so utterly unusual that wise counsel was deemed necessary, and Mr. O'Brien was consulted at once. "Shure," he explained, "'tis nothin'. Your mamma prrayed for ut an' ut wuz giv'n her. They alwuz come in baskits, an' ginrully 'tis the docther finds thim. I remimber the time whin the both of ye's wuz found.

"Shure, ye wuz litthel an' red like yer babby sisther," he said in reply to questionings, "an' she'll grow up as big an' as straight as the both of ye's, or I misdoubt me much."

The baby sister did grow valiantly, and became very formidable with her fists, but demanded much attention, and David and Jonathan were left more to themselves. They fought without either much interruption or malice, and promptly forgot and forgave until at length a disturbing element came into their lives that created much turmoil while it lasted and even shadowed their brotherly love. The disturbing element was a doll—a man doll. He was a present from a maiden aunt to the boys' little sister; a present that she resolutely refused to accept and fought against with bediapered legs and pudgy fists. Girl dolls she loved absorbingly, and in those intervals when she was not stuffing her mouth full of her own pink toes she evidenced a budding maternal instinct by trying to swallow the varied assortment that had been showered upon her, but when the man doll was presented for consideration she screamed in such maidenly affright that her father, smiling proudly, declared that here at last was one born an old maid.

So the man doll fell to David and Jonathan to have and to hold, to cherish or abuse as they saw fit, all of which they did conscientiously with attention to detail that was commendable indeed. They squabbled over who should possess him in the present and dragged him into the midst of their battles, whereby he suffered grievously, losing one arm and all the sawdust out of his stomach, besides being scalped

Screamed in maidenly affright.

so cleanly that there wasn't even one hair left on his shiny head. Between battles, and until a proper appellation was decided upon, in those rare moments when peace seemed best, they gravely said, "Him," but when some boyish perverseness seized David he declared that the doll should be named Abraham Lincoln, whereupon Jonathan asserted that he chose to call him Jefferson Davis, and would permit nothing else, and then there was always a fresh fight.

Between fights, however, the doll developed into a splendid military hero, performing alone and unaided many valorous operations of transcendent difficulty, but, all of these deeds were undertaken incognito, for David would not permit Jefferson Davis to indulge in any acts of conspicuous gallantry, while Jonathan equally refused to let Abraham Lincoln flaunt the red badge of courage in his face. Chancing upon them one day entangled in a squirming heap which rested upon the sad object of contention, their father separated them and inquired into motive causes, discovering that back at the ultimate beginning was a mere difference over a name. David was crying more from the humiliation of being underneath than from any real injuries received, but, Jonathan was debonair, and little flashes of light flecked the hazel of his eyes and made them dance mischievously as he explained that they weren't really fighting, as they weren't either scratching or hitting in the face.

With eyes that twinkled until they looked strangely like Jonathan's own mischievous little orbs, the father sat Solomon-like in judgment, and, with great gravity, decided the case. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, the doll was to be Jefferson Davis, the property of Jonathan alone for Jonathan was the elder, and surely twelve months and more of seniority carried some rights. On Tuesdays, and Thursdays, and Saturdays, David was to be entitled to sole possession, with the right of denying all titles save that of Abraham Lincoln, for he was the younger, and certainly youth must be served. On Sundays, the doll was to rest, for, in those days, Sunday was the Sabbath, if he could rest under the appellation of Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln Bowe, the last name being his legal right, for it was David and Jonathan's own. When he had delivered himself of this prodigious ultimatum, the little boys' father left them, and straightway told all the circumstances to their mother, and, during the telling, they both laughed, and a fitful expression came over the mother's face, while she hugged the boys' little sister closer to her bosom, and looked down with a trifle of the wistful upon the sleeping baby girl.

"I suppose boys will fight, father," she said.

"It's as natural for them to squabble," he replied, smiling, "as it will be for this young lady to cuddle her doll's head in the hollow of her left arm—" He leaned down and kissed his wife's hand where it rested on the French flannel swaddlings of the baby, and then looked up mischievously, into her face;—"just as you are doing right, now." She leaned over and rested her cheek against his, and spoke the irrelevant, half-whispered word "father," but the tone and timbre of her voice, and the little sidewise look from under her drooped eyelids, said more than will ever be written in any printed book, or told in spoken words.

On his days, Jefferson Davis won great battles, while on his days, Abraham Lincoln performed feats of valor that suggested even the knightly doings of King Arthur's Court, but, sometimes there were disturbances, engendered by the uncertainty as to whether it was an Abraham Lincoln day or a Jefferson Davis day, in which case Mr. O'Brien was referred to as the arbiter, and he always rose to the occasion.

"Mondy's, an' Windsd'ys, an' Frid'ys," he declared to Jonathan, "he's yours. An' Chusd'ys an' Thursd'ys an' Satther-d'ys, he's yours, laddie," to David. "Noo, ye mus' think an' setthel the matther fur yersilves, 'tis Chusd'y, the day is," or, "'tis Windsd'y the day is," whichever it was, and the declaration always brought peace,—envy even was silent.

So, time went, not a very long time, but enough to wear sadly on Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln, the doll, who became from his many labors very draggled and gaunt. Jonathan's debonair enterprises with him rather overshadowed the more ponderous exploits of David, who thought slower, and, had it not been for the unconscious intervention of Aunt Rachel, the family's ex-slave, Jonathan would have

triumphed, but she, as the unsuspecting instrument of destiny, changed fate, and dragged Jonathan's pride in the very dust. Her interference was wholly without malice, for even thought of malice was unknown to her, she being a shouting Methodist, and one of the elect, but, one day as she labored over her washing, she chanced to be singing, when David wandered by :—

against his property, Jonathan arose in swift negation, crying from sheer inability to answer song with song, and, when the battle was at its height, the boys' father came up, unnoticed, and a frown gathered as he saw that this quarrel was very real. Without any preliminary inquirings he separated the combatants, spanked both of them amply and impartially, and sent them to their mother to answer to her.

Mr. O'Brien was referred to as arbiter.

"Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
While we go a marchin' on."

David paused. An impish grin spread over his usually placid features. Here was a method of humbling Jonathan, and turning his day with the doll to gall and vinegar, and, when the time came to fling the bolt, he did so, with boyish delight. Without any pausing to inquire into the origin of the calumny so unexpectedly levelled

Then he seized the bedraggled doll and threw him far off into one corner, and followed his owners indoors. When he saw them they were still tear-stained, and heaving with the reflex that comes after the surge of sobs has ceased, but they stood before their mother and the baby sister, and held hands, saying, "Let dogs delight to bark and bite." When they had finished, they resignedly kissed, and David again broke into sobs, while Jonathan, struggling, kept the tears back, and accepted the inevitable with its accompa-

There Jonathan laid Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln.

nying ills. Then their mother drew them close up to her, and soothed them with that wonderful story of the Rabbit and the Tar Baby, which was a very old story, even when Uncle Remus told it to the little boy.

But the next day Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln was nowhere to be found. Reconciled by their loss, the little boys consulted Mr. O'Brien, who, for the life of him, couldn't tell them a thing. Asking their father what had become of the doll was out of the question, and days passed, days when the sun beat down on the doll and days when the rain beat down on him as he lay in the very thickest of gooseberry bushes, lost but at peace. Mr. O'Brien even gave up the search, saying that there had evidently been a kidnaping, which explanation the boys gravely accepted, but still mourned. And then one morning David woke up with a fever, and a little rash appeared on his body that made the doctor shake his head. The baby was sent away and Jonathan was kept from the room, which was hard on both of the boys, for from the time they could remember they had slept in each other's arms, but it was more hard on David than on Jonathan, for a fever burned in him with a fierce flame. He was so very ill that the doctor's face was grave when he looked at him, but his father and his mother looked at each other with pleading eyes. One or the other of them was with him always, and the white spot from the chimney of a night-lamp made a circle on the ceiling of his room. Miserable in his loneliness, Jonathan slept ill, and one night, awaking, found his mother kneeling by his bedside, her form shaken by choked sobs. Through the door he could hear a voice that was David's yet not like David's, high-keyed and monotonously querulous, asking in delirium for Abraham Lincoln, the doll. When the morning came it was all a memory, but in the haze of it there centered dimly the pathetic crying of David, for Abraham Lincoln, in the dark.

Jonathan told Mr. O'Brien, and Mr.

O'Brien shook his head while a mist came into his tender, old eyes. He patted Jonathan and muttered, half bowing, "Mother av God, spare him to us." It was a devout prayer. But Jonathan, ignorant of the shadow of the angel, was not daunted, and having searched everywhere, searched again, and searching, found the doll. A rare smile lit up his hazel eyes. Here was Abraham Lincoln, and David, sobbing in the night, longed for him. He took him proudly into the house and wanted to give him to his brother, but all were so grief-worn that he lost heart and hid him deep under the covers of his bed. In the agony of the household he was little noticed, but he cared not, for his heart was heavy, thinking of David crying in the dark. He crept into his night drawers almost affrighted, and burrowed deep under the covers to where the doll lay and hugged him, making believe he was David.

Far in the night watches some undeniable mystery woke him from sleep and, whispering, told him again of David crying for the doll. He sat bolt upright and shivered a little from fear of being alone. The door was open and the shrilling of his brother's voice came thinly in. He slid one canton flannel leg out of the bed clothes and stole silently to the room where David lay, his little life flickering and almost worn out. By the bed was his mother, worn and dim-eyed from silent weeping, and the pad of his feet was unnoticed until he was close at hand. There was David, fever parched, with one hot arm out of the covers, and there Jonathan laid Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln, the much worn doll. The arm crooked weakly, and feeling the weight, closed on it and brought the doll against the thin face. The mother looked up, hardly seeing or grasping the tableau, and then David opened his eyes with affright and felt Abraham Lincoln and saw Jonathan, and said, "Hullo." Then over his wasted features crept the shadowy flicker of a smile.

Jonathan, clasped to his mother's bosom, could feel the struggle of choked sobs. "My little boys," she said imploringly. "Oh, God, spare them both to me!" And when she looked again she saw David with Abraham Lincoln nestled close on his shoulder, his eyes closed, but smile-lined with the sleep that showed the crisis was past. On his forehead was a little, beady glitter of perspiration, and her heart thrilled with a new-born gladness that made her strain Jonathan closer to her breast. With her face hid in his canton-flanneled shoulder, she wept softly, and then the Angel of Death flew out of the window and David, with Abraham Lincoln close clasped against his fever-worn, thin face, rested after the battle—the victory won against great odds by the help of Jonathan and that valiant soldier, Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln Bowe.

A REVOLUTIONARY INVENTOR

William Hoffman and the Engine which he has Designed to Double the Speed of the Traveling World

By Wallace Armstrong

WHEN Dr. Saint-Hubert Gerard had finished reading the first newspaper accounts, not long ago, of the success of an American inventor in building a rotary engine which would increase twice over the speed of all travel, transportation, steam power plants, etc., he shook his venerable head and said :—

"These Americans, these Americans, not content with forcing competitors to follow their own headlong rush in business, mechanics, literature and science, they now give us a machine which will allow the tide of human interchange to move at a doubled rate,—and since we can, why then, I suppose we must hurry."

Many remarkable inventions have had their striking romance, but there is none in which the triumph of character is more signal than in the Hoffman rotary engine. The patent offices of the nations have thousands of patents on file, taken out by men who thought they were about to succeed, and even now, at least ten thousand investigators have dropped their work only long enough to learn whether William M. Hoffman's achievement is so great as to make their further research in vain. Many notable mechanical experts have decided that it is, and Dr. Nikola Stradola, of the Zurich Polytechnicum, the author of "The Steam Turbine," says that he believes Hoffman is ten years ahead of any other specialist steam engineer in the world. If he had been merely an inventor of the first rank, he would not have succeeded, for he has been compelled to be his own laborer, financier, patent attorney, and doctor as well.

The details of his engine, which are now familiar to the scientific and mechanical world, are simple. The engines in use today are called reciprocating engines, because the piston is forced in one direction by the introduction of steam into one end of the cylinder and forced back by the introduction of more steam into the other end, and the starting and stopping of motion thus achieved is made to drag a wheel around by a crank attached to the piston. For every revolution of that wheel, the piston must start and stop twice. In the Hoffman engine, the cylinder itself, revolves. It encloses a steel ellipse traversed by a hollow shaft, into one end of which the steam is introduced, and from the other end of which the exhaust takes place. Steam is admitted by a port in the side of the ellipse, in one-sixth of one revolution, and expands against the ellipse, the cylinder and a segmental blade protruding into the space between the ellipse and the cylinder, but so arranged that it can be pushed back into a housing in the cylinder as the cylinder in revolving presses against the surface of the ellipse. It has its duplicate blade diametrically opposite in the cylinder. The blade is moved by the expanding steam, and forces the cylinder to revolve until the second blade gets beyond the steam port, and then the pressure against the second blade forces the further revolution, each blade performing its function for half of the revolution.

There is no limit to the speed, except the resistance of the steel of the engine to the centrifugal force generated, so that a forty-eight inch wheel can be spun two thousand times a minute. That means, a train can run four miles a minute, which makes travel at the rate of one hundred miles an hour quite ordinary under these conditions. One could leave New York Saturday night, and wake up in San Fran-

cisco Monday morning, go to Philadelphia from New York while breakfasting hastily, cross the Atlantic in two days, and such other marvelous things. It would all be done at fifteen per cent. of the friction, three-fourths of the steam, and far greater saving in first cost and maintenance, than in the present best engines.

William M. Hoffman is an American born and bred, and has shown himself to be of the highest patriotic spirit. When hard pressed financially and laughed at by the American government experts, he could have sold his secrets to the Russian navy for many millions, if he would have allowed Russia alone to have the engine. He refused to cripple the defenses of his own country for all the money in their empire.

He is fifty-one years of age, having been born, in 1853, in Buffalo, of German parents. His education in the public schools was slight, even for that day, and his opportunities for culture of a general sort were even more so, but one cannot be in his presence long to-day before one realizes that William Hoffman is a man of high intellectual attainments, broad, general information, and a polished man of affairs. The writer visited him in his shop in Buffalo, where he was surrounded by engineers and experts witnessing a test of a new three-hundred horse-power engine, and though the inventor was in dirty overalls and was grimed from head to foot, it was easy to single him out of the crowd by his easy, confident, masterful and exceedingly rapid and direct manner.

He was but nine years old when he first grappled with the world, and at twenty he entered the employ of the Erie Railroad as a fireman, being quickly promoted to the post of engineer, as he showed remarkable aptitude in mechanics and was careful, reliable, intelligent and seemed to have nerves of iron. While driving one of the old-fashioned Erie engines of thirty years ago he conceived his great idea—to do away with the stopping and starting twice every revolution, and to drive the piston in a circular movement that was continuous and steady.

He had nothing but the tools in the box

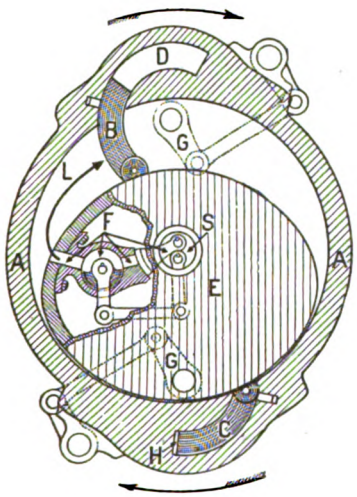


Fig. 1.

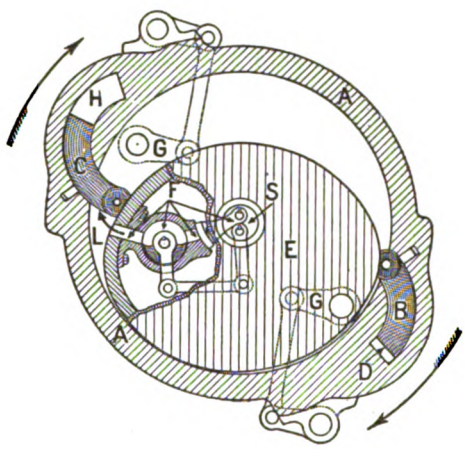


Fig. 2.

The cylinder A. revolves around the stationary ellipse E., which is permanently attached to the hollow shaft S. Steam is admitted through the hollow shaft S. during the first sixth of the revolution of the cylinder and passes through the port F. into the chamber L. where it expands. The only surface of this chamber which is not rigid is the convex face of the curved segmental blade B., which runs the length of the cylinder, can retreat into its housing D. and is fastened by a crank G. to the cylinder. A curved segmental blade is like a section of a pipe cut lengthwise. Steam pressure on the blade causes it to recede to the right, away from the port F., and thus the cylinder A., which is attached to the segmental blade, is forced to revolve. As the cylinder revolves it presses down upon the stationary ellipse E. and the blade B. is forced back into its housing D. just as the blade C. is in its housing H. at the beginning of the movement. Meanwhile the blade C., which is the duplicate of the blade B., has been carried around and is beginning to protrude as it passes the port F. Steam is again admitted by the automatic cut-off and the same processes repeated.

in his engine cab and no resources but his pay envelope. He left the railroad and went into the employ of the Schoelkopf Tanneries, where he could study stationary engines and find a chance to experiment. While there he designed a full set of tanning machinery that was rapidly adopted generally and, in an improved form, is being used everywhere in tanneries to-day. Having funds, he built his first engine, putting into it thousands of dollars and meeting blank failure.

That was the first of ten engines, costing from ten thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars each, that when they were finished and fully tried were only fit to be broken up and tossed in the scrap heap. If during this period there had been sufficient financial backing, there are many enthusiasts doubtless who might have been found willing to continue experimenting, but where is there another man who, in the face of absolutely discouraging conditions, would have the heart and the will to struggle on, furnishing his *own* money for the expenses and making that money by sacrificing all too cheaply other inventions that demanded time and great effort to conceive and perfect to practicability? That is what William Hoffman did.

When twenty-seven years of age he was chief engineer for the Schoelkopf company. When twenty-nine, he went from Buffalo to Detroit and established the Hoffman Machine Company, and while there sold to the Detroit American Brake Shoe Truing Company a device for truing flat-wheeled trolley cars, which is used where ever cars are run to-day. With abundant funds he built his fifth engine, and was at the same time planning to mine corundum for emery wheels in North Carolina, when the black panic of 1893 swept away everything he had but his hopes. No new inventions could possibly find a market under the conditions then existing, and realizing that he was well into middle life, Hoffman went to work in a machine shop where his day labor gave him the privilege of using tools and material at night on his engine. There were times when he would work all day on an empty stomach, and when his boy came at nightfall to get his supper, if supper there was to be, Hoffman would give him what few pennies he might have and send him to buy bologna sausage, crackers and apples, and together they would eat their scanty meal in the dingy shop, then the youngster would curl up on bench to sleep and Hoffman set to work at his engine, perhaps not to eat again for another twenty-four hours.

On his sixth engine there were indications of success so strong that outside aid could be secured despite the record of failures. In the end though, it failed. The seventh ran four and one-half months in shop use. The other men interested financially were elated, but Hoffman knew the insurmountable fault and began another design. In this he used a patent bought from another man but it was of no avail. The ninth engine bore every promise of achieving the final success and even experts were astounded. On the eve of the organization of a great company to handle the patent at home and abroad Hoffman found, that, despite the opinions of the master mechanics and the professors, the engine would not do and hastily putting every scrap of property he then owned, even his furniture, under mortgage, he started for New York with a certified check of the amount his Wall Street backers had invested and before he told them of his final failure he laid the check before them. They refused to believe he had failed and demanded that he continue but he showed them that he spoke the truth.

It was in the tenth engine that he saw that he must make the cylinder instead of the piston revolve and in the eleventh that he devised the automatic cut-off which regulates the steam admission and keeps the engine under a control more perfect than has been attained in any other motive machine ever built. The first successful engine was one of only twenty-eight horse-power, but the latest model and the one which is the wonder of this mechanical period generates three hundred horse-power, and yet is no larger than a pony piano.

Success must mean a gigantic fortune. One of his fondest hopes is to establish a school, with large shops, elaborately equipped, in which American inventors, having satisfied a board of examiners that they have an idea worth working out, may be admitted and maintained while they conduct their experiments. If they succeed, they may repay the institution from their profits.

Since the white ray of the searchlight

William M. Hoffman, of Buffalo.

of fame has been turned his way, numerous private benevolences that Hoffman has kept up for years, though often without a dollar for himself, have come to notice, and the truest estimate of his character can be got from a chat with the machinists and laborers who have been about him these latter years in the alternating bright and dark times. They say, with a profanely convincing emphasis, that not for his struggle alone, but for his own worth as a man, does he deserve his success.

TAKING PORT ARTHUR

The Most Heroic Siege of History

Personal Narratives by Officers of the Investing Forces Literally Translated for this Magazine, with an Introduction by Adachi Kinnosuke, accompanied by Maps from Original Sources, the Whole Giving a Vivid and Correct Idea of the Character of the Fighting.

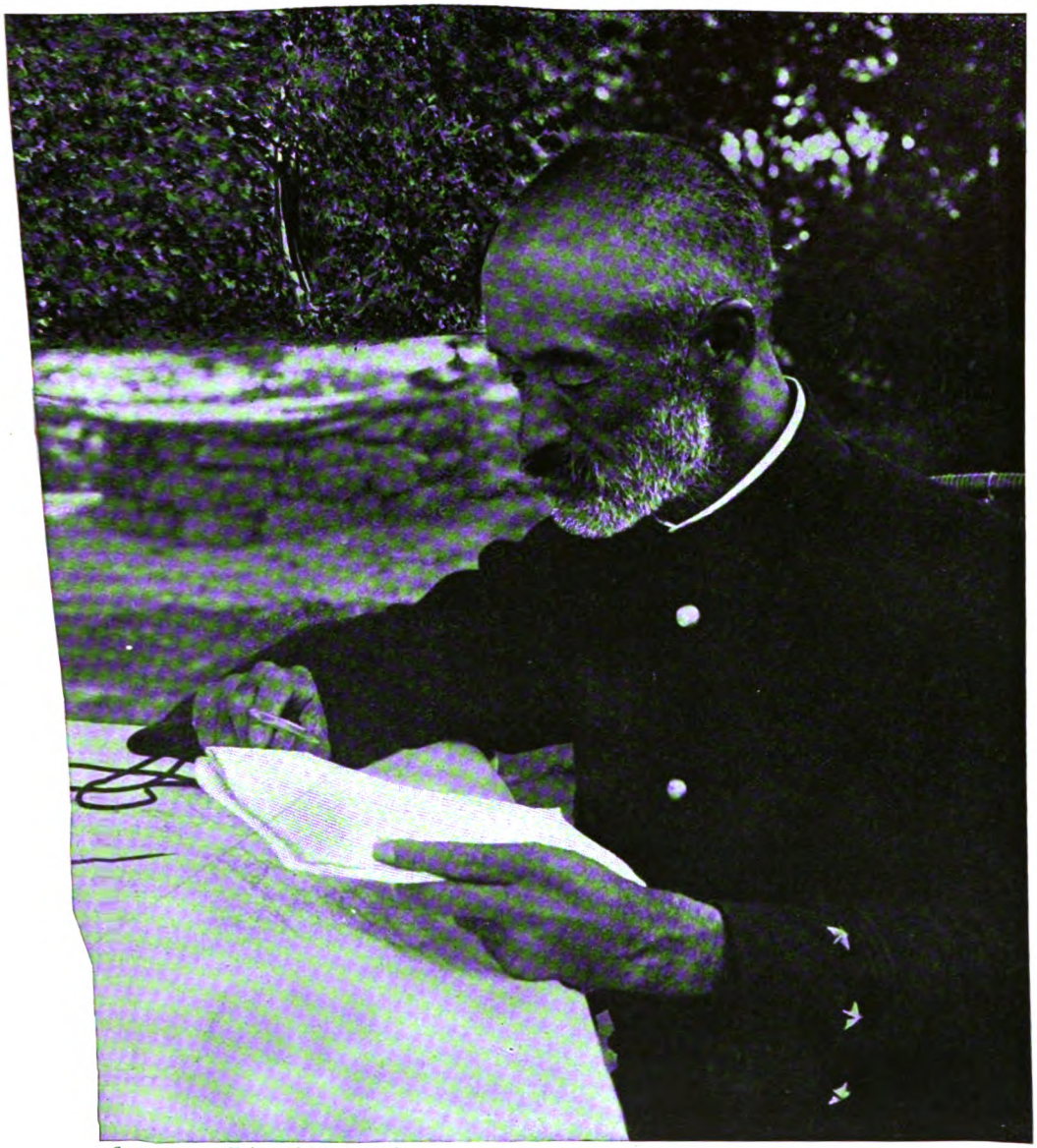
INTRODUCTION. THE GENERAL AND THE PROBLEM

THE month of May of 1904 was spreading her carpet of fallen petals over the city of Tokyo. General Nogi was in the capital city of his master and emperor. From the days of his youth, his sword had always been at the service of his country and of his prince; he had seen many wars. Gray had touched his crown, and upon his beard was the snow of many years—that famous beard of which the world is delighted to say that it is perfectly innocent of the gentle grace of a comb. Like all other soldiers of Nippon, for him there was one star,—the supreme honor for which his dreams had been winging since the historic day of the 23d of April, 1895. (That, as you remember, was exactly one week after the signing of the famous Shimonoseki treaty of peace; that, also, was the day on which the ministers of Russia, of France and of Germany residing in Tokyo sent their notes to our foreign office. Polite and pointed notes they were, advising our emperor and his government of the wisdom of retroceding the Liaotong peninsula which was ceded to us by China through the Shimonoseki treaty.) To be the commander of the besieging forces of Nippon at Port Arthur, that was the one beautiful Rome toward which led all roads in the dreamland of the Nippon soldier. On a May day, I saying, came to General Nogi a messenger from the palace. Upon that day His Majesty bestowed upon him the supreme distinction. On the self-same day a report came to Tokyo; it fell upon the capital city of Nippon as a shell into an arsenal. It was the report of the Nanshan battle. It was as if some one had crowned the whole nation, and, still not content, had crowned over again and individually every one in it—from a beggar, white with the dust of a highway, to His Majesty the Emperor. The news of the Nanshan was something more than a national news to General Nogi; it brought the report of the death of his eldest son, Nogi Shoten. The father simply said:—

"I am glad he died so splendidly. It was the greatest honor he could have. As for the funeral rites over his memory, they might as well be postponed for awhile. A little later on they may be performed in conjunction with those to the memory of my second son, Hoten, and of myself."

Not so many days ago the press of the world brought out of Port Arthur a simple news. In the storming of the Two Hundred and Three Meter Hill fell the second son of General Nogi,—Nogi Hoten.

You have heard it said that Port Arthur is a dagger point directed against the very heart of Nippon. He who would wish to be master of the Pechili and of the Yellow Sea, he who would wish to throttle the very throat of Pekin, need only occupy this stronghold with a comparatively small force. But to us Port Arthur is some-



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Nogi Kiten, Commander-in-Chief of the Investing Forces.

thing more than a nature-built naval base. It has a singular significance for the fighting men of Nippon. You have heard—perhaps you have not—that when Marquis Ito and his wise friends yielded to the arguments of battleships of the combined fleets of Russia, France and Germany, and advised his master to return Port Arthur and the Liaotong peninsula, and when, even while the ink was hardly dry on the revised treaty of Shimonoseki, our good friend Russia stepped in and made herself at home at Port Arthur, there were a number of men who took it quite seriously to heart. These men wished to put their protest on record with a rather strong emphasis. After the time-honored rite of the samurai who never survive a dishonor, they committed harakiri.

In his dreamings the soldier of Nippon sees the restless spirits of these patriots still hovering over Port Arthur in company with a number of other men who had fallen before Port Arthur in taking it from the Chinese. These unhappy spirits,

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Looking South toward Port Arthur.

—in whose existence we of the Far East believe quite as deeply as the Christian believes in the immortality of the soul,—can never be persuaded to enter into a realm of peace until the one aim and end for which they have shaken away one expression of their earthly life is made perfect. For the soldier of Nippon to take Port Arthur over again, is, therefore, more than a signal victory; it is fulfilling his sacred duty, so to speak, not only to his country, to the cause of the permanent peace of the Far East, but as well, to the eternal peace of their heroic dead. Critics from abroad have said of our soldiers that they are a silent army. The utter absence of the spectacular and the stagy in the action of our fighting men impressed them. There is, however, one gallery to which our men before Port Arthur are playing, and the gallery is filled with the saintly shades of their fathers, of their brother comrades who have passed into the unknown before them, that our country's honor might be stainless. In Nippon we have many kinds of incense which we burn

before the mortuary tablets of our dead. But to plant the sun-round flag once again upon the forts of Port Arthur is, as the Nippon soldier looks at it, to offer to the heroic dead a flower, the fragrance of which no incense of heaven can equal.

To command the men who are bent on accomplishing the impossible, men who are in company with the shades of the heroic dead, men clinging to the shell holes and rugged rents of rocks on the hillsides of Port Arthur, with their lunch baskets empty and their canteens dry, who know the meaning that men live not on bread alone, in a way very few Christians have understood—men who draw their nourishment and strength from the world of the spirits—to command these men, their respect and their worship, you need of necessity be something greater than a mere human. The commander at Port Arthur seems very happily suited for this high mission, more sacred, it may be, than that of a pope or a priest. As a matter of fact, the men under General Nogi not only worship him, but love him. The general is one of the very rare shrines in these civilized days in which dwell the ancient spirit and traditions of the samurai; a type of fighting men upon which the ideals of the better days of the Nippon sword could look with pleasure. Once upon a time he said:—

"A soldier is a soldier, after all, and after a man becomes a soldier he must be perfectly willing to lead a life that is somewhat different from the life of an ordinary man in society. It is impossible for him to enjoy liberty and wealth such as so many of his fellow men seem to enjoy . . . . . I refer to this point more especially because of a simple fact—namely, that the soldier who would perform his duties with credit on a battlefield must, of necessity, have trained himself to perform all that is expected of him in the days of peace. There ought not to be any neglect or any defects in his daily life. The conqueror of himself in time of peace must be a man if he would aspire to the honor, with any right, of being a fighting man under the sun-flag."

General Nogi Kiten, like so many of the eminent leaders of the Nippon army, is a Satsuma samurai.* In the days of events, in almost every battle of any historic importance, you found him always at his post. To-day the men of Nippon call him "Tei-koku gun-jin no tenkei—the model and standard of the army men of the Imperial land." In Formosa, long before the eventful days in front of Port Arthur which are about to bring forth fruits unto the virtuous and heroic qualities of General Nogi, he had met with situations, events and men very much more difficult than those that are facing him to-day. His work in Formosa is a monument worthy of any one. On the sixth of June of the enlightened reign of Meiji,† in the year of grace 1904, on the day when Togo, Nishi, Yamamoto and the rest of the distinguished company were promoted, Nogi was given the full rank of general.

THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF AN ENGINEER

This lieutenant's story is typical of the terrific struggle which attended the taking of every prominent fort.

IT was somewhat before the cool of the evening tempered the sun of the twentieth day of the eighth moon. We received an instruction:—

"First.—Our regiment, with the dawn that is to open, at four a. m., is to attack the enemy in the east old forts on the Panlungshan and those occupying the heights to the east of it.

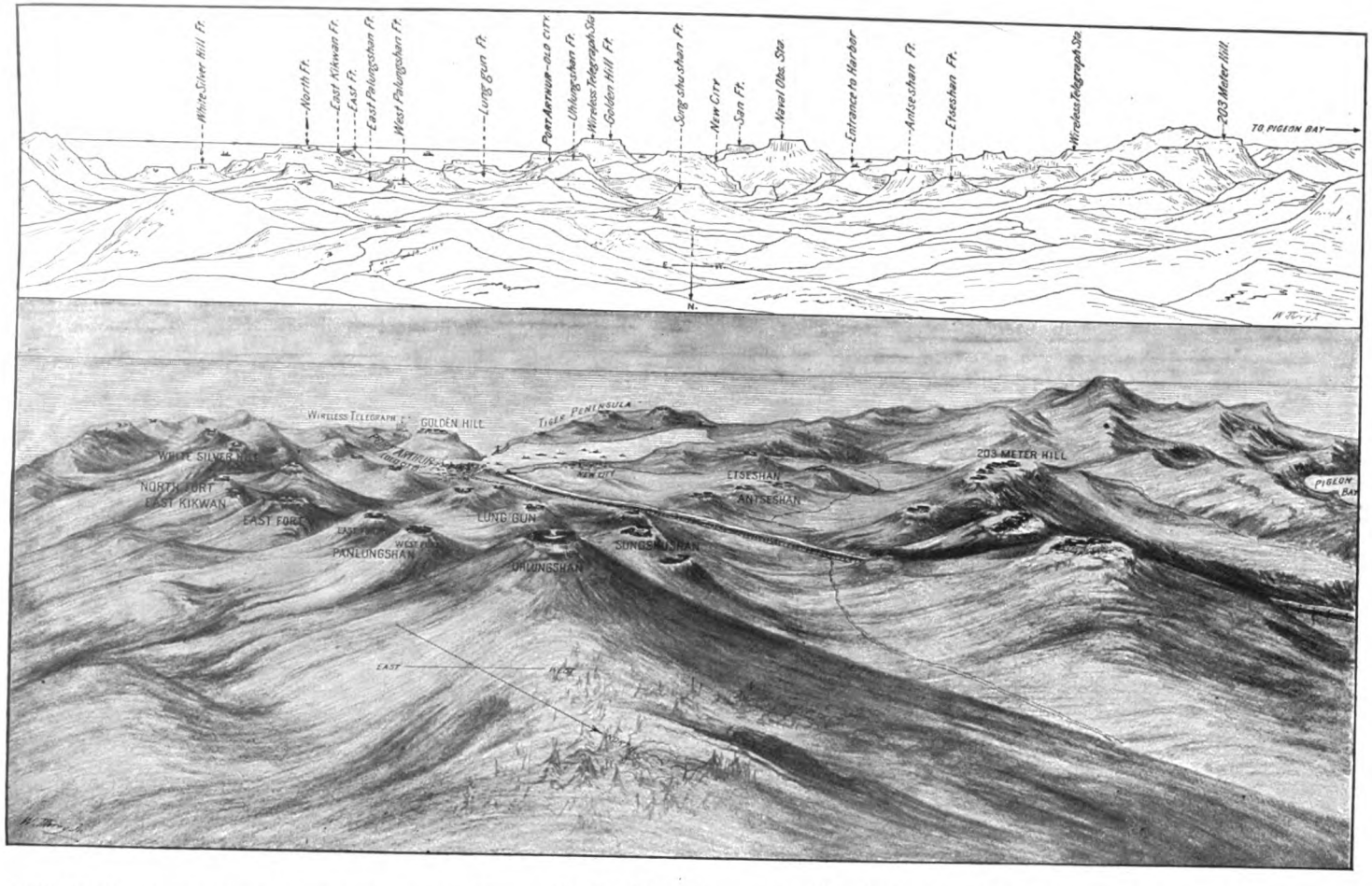
"Second.—It is necessary for our soldier-engineers, through the darkness of the night, to cut the steel and copper wires through which the electricity flows and with which the enemy fenced in their forts.

"Third.—To assist the work, and to cover the operation, a certain portion of our infantry will be sent."

We were attached to the center of the attacking party under the commander of the left wing of the center. We were step-

*A province in Southern Japan. Famous for the arts and as the native place of Oyama, Nogi, Kuroki, Togo, etc.

† *The period of the present emperor's reign, meaning literally "Enlightened Reign." The name of the period changes with each emperor.*



Relief and outline maps of Port Arthur taken from authentic Japanese sources. The forts shown in the lower map are the inner circle of permanent fortifications. The narratives deal with the attacks on East Kikwan fort and the Panlungshan (Panlung Hill).

ping upon the skirt of a hill. Before us hills exaggerated a stormy sea. Beyond, shying behind the wave piles of hills was the impregnable boast of Russian engineers —seven years of their best efforts in stone and steel, crowning the heaven-hewn defense.

On the nineteenth of August, in the gloom of an early hour, there arose from the crest of the Fenwanshan a star rocket. The rocket was the signal for the general assault on Port Arthur.

We knew, or it might be more correct to say that we inferred, from the information given us by our scouting parties, and from the statements of Russian prisoners, the following: At about three hundred meters from the foot of the outer works surrounding the permanent forts and completely fencing off the approaches of the fortifications, was a double wire fence. It carried two lines of copper wires of considerable size. At about five hundred meters from the fortifications there was another double fence which carried two steel lines. These two completely protected the fortifications from a sudden rush by an attacking party. Both the copper and steel lines of these two double fences were supplied by a strong and forced electric current. The poles on which these wires were stretched were cleverly concealed. From our position we could not see them. Beyond these wire fences we knew that the enemy had mounted machine guns that would command the slope; moreover their bomb-proof covered trenches were honeycombed with rifle holes.

The question of the day was evidently as to the method of cutting the electric wires. Many methods were suggested. We chose three of the simplest. Perhaps the simplest of all was to break the fence by throwing explosives into it. It was impolite, simple and, as our experiment showed, quite effective. The second was to take a long iron or bamboo tube, filled with gun cotton, and lay it across the wires, destroying them by explosion. The third method was to take a number of iron rods, about two meters in length and about six centimeters in diameter, planting these iron rods in the ground at the distance of about one meter from the wires and throwing one end of them against the charged wire, and thus conducting the powerful electric current into the earth, and then to cut them with our scissors. As far as the iron pipe charged with gun cotton is concerned, it was tried by the engineers belonging to another portion of the army, and they succeeded in destroying some sixty meters of the fence without any trouble. Two groups of engineers were formed. The first one was composed of seven engineers and commanded by the engineer Takaki Taiichi. They carried the explosives. The second group employed the method of cutting the iron wires by means of scissors and iron rods. They were composed of eight engineers commanded by Captain Dohi Shin.

As the twilight thickened in the tepid valleys of the hills ahead of us, we picked our way along the skirt of the hill up the ravine through rugged paths. It was not the easiest thing in the world to tread the path which looked like an endless stretch of a back bone of a thin horse, falling away on both sides into chasms. Night had advanced rather far as we made for the heights, stretching away to the east of the east old forts of the Panlungshan. The enemy was quite prepared. As they rose from the shelter of a gully, the engineers made their slow progress on all fours. Now, three hundred meters from the Russian trenches is rather an uncomfortable position for the men of the Nippon army to gaze at the stars with composure. The first group carried explosives, and, since they were going to make use of them, they were bound to make some noise, and the making of even a small noise, at the distance of three hundred meters from the Russian trenches, would look like flying in the face of providence to any one's common sense. With all caution, the engineers of the first group approached the Russian position. So well did they succeed, that they managed to reach the double line of fences of electric wires at about three hundred meters from the hostile trenches without being discovered. The work required haste, and, quick as a flash, they gained their feet. They formed two groups. Between them there was about ten meters of wire fence. Almost at the same time these two groups of engineers threw the explosives between the lines of the double fence. Night shook. The engineers were down upon the ground as if struck by a shell. At once the blinding white of the Russian searchlight was upon

them ; shots followed. The engineers saw by the Russian light the ten meters of the wire broken away. They came rushing down the hill. The Russians followed them with volley after volley, and my friends of the first group tell the story of their escape in a manner of a man who has just seen a miracle.

While the first group were making for the east of the Panlungshan forts, we made our way to the old forts on the Panlungshan. We carried the iron rods and scissors, and somehow we found it rather difficult to keep them silent in the silence of the far gone night as we made our way on all fours, as indeed we were forced to do at some points, always toward the forts. At about three hundred meters in front of the old forts, we came upon the electric wires. We planted our iron rods in the ground, throwing them against the wires and succeeded as we expected, in tempting away the current from the wires. We used our scissors with nervous haste. It was impossible to carry on this work without making a slight noise. Every second we expected a rather warm bath from our Russian friends so close to us. Strangely, the silence of night was not broken. We destroyed about ten meters of wire at this point. Still the night was silent. We shifted our position to another point, and destroyed some ten meters of wire there also, and, miracle of miracles, the Russians did not say a word. That made us bold. We made our way this time with somewhat surer tread to the second line of steel wire fence, which was immediately in front of the forts. Suddenly we almost knocked our heads into a company of the enemy's infantry. They fired upon us point blank. We were trapped. It was useless for us to say anything. Blinded by the searchlight, we threw ourselves, arms outstretched, limbs sprawling, with clenched fists flat upon the ground. To the best of our ability we counterfeited death. We seemed to be fairly good mimics,—at any rate, the Russians took the counterfeit for the genuine. The light shivered away. At once we were upon our feet ; a few meters of down-hill dash, and the snowy path of light was upon us once again. Two of us were close to the fence, a portion of which we had destroyed. As if we were two dummy dolls in the hand of one prompter, we leaped into the air, threw ourselves against the wire with outstretched limbs, limp as a pair of wet rags. Night befriended us again. We reported to our commander. We were very much surprised to find that only two of us were wounded.

THE NEXT DAY'S ATTACK

At four A. M., at the appointed hour, our infantry rose out of the night and hurled themselves against the hostile positions along the paths prepared by the engineers, once, twice, three times, and the stories of them were the same ; all written in blood. They were all hurled down. All the next day, then the next night and the next day, Nippon soldiers showed how hard it was for them to take "no" either from the Russians or the cement and steel fate called forts. Shattered, broken into pieces, the remnant of our men clung to the shelters on the hill slopes afforded by the irregularities of the ground in shell holes and dug-outs.

One group of us were about three hundred meters in front of the Panlungshan forts. About two o'clock in the afternoon I heard sub-officer Takabatake say to his chief, Colonel Ouchi : "For a few moments deign to honorably wait here. Permit me in your stead, to try to strike the enemy." I saw him spring upon the rugged edge of the dug-out. He planted the standard ; pointing to it with his drawn sword, he said :—

"Those of you, comrades, prepared to make whole your duty toward your country, let them gather under the standard. Our comrades,—there they lie, humble in the stained dust. Upon you and me falls the duty of avenging their deaths . ."

In his voice you could catch the echoes of a storm of strong emotions,—you could almost hear the sound of the boiling blood in his veins.

Long before the last word was upon his lips, tears had moistened his voice, and the sadness of the dead all about him shaded his tone a little. There were only seven or eight men of his own command who could answer to this call, but the remnants of other companies as well, gathered under him, so there were altogether thirty men. Captain Takabatake, with his sword uplifted and at the head, led these thirty men. The enemy in the trenches answered

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A reconnaissance from a mountain north of Port Arthur, just three miles from the enemy.

the brave dash with a brave fire. Instantly the captain was carrying a large number of bullets within him. They failed to stop him, however. A little later, he received a bullet through the abdomen, which felled him to the ground. A few of the men rushed to his rescue, and under the shower of shots managed to carry him back again into the dug-out. We dressed his wounds to the best of our ability. Life, however, was stepping out from him in many a ruddy stream, and we, powerless at the gate of death, were compelled to witness, with our teeth set, the going of a brave soldier.

Colonel Ouchi took up the attack. A few moments later he, too, was dead. That night Captain Segawa, Lieutenant Tanaka and fifty of the men under them, as well as Captain Sugiyama of the engineer corps, with twenty of us, were compelled to spend the night in the dugout. This rent on the slope of the hill in front of the enemy's forts was about eight meters in depth, three meters in width and about thirty meters long. There was a stagnant pool of water at the bottom of this dug-

out. It was about one meter and five inches in depth. We tried to cut a path along one side of the dugout for the convenience of the passers. The soil was soft. All the places that were dug, however, were quickly filled with the wounded and we made poor progress indeed in the construction of a path. We managed to seat ourselves on the steps cut into the soil at the foot of the thirty-meter wall. Long ago we had exhausted our supply of food that we managed to carry with us, but, strange to say, I suffered more from the lack of tobacco than from food. My weakness for tobacco is such that when one of the privates managed to get three cigarettes for me I experienced pleasurable excitement, the like of which I have never felt in the time of peace. As the day broke upon us we had to take to the bread which was left in the pockets of our dead. Of course, there was no water in our canteens. We took to the muddy water at the bottom of the dugout with a grateful heart. In the faint glimmer that told of the coming of a new day, the twenty-third of August, those of us who were sitting with our backs to the forts on the side of the dugout, looking over the breastwork toward the foot of the hill and beyond in the direction of our position, could see our reserves pushing forward. They were coming from every direction, and what a beautiful picture they made to us. As they rushed along the crest of the hills through the path that threaded the skirt of the mountains we saw the enemy's fire center over their heads. They were marching in a widely open order; nevertheless the casualties seemed to be quite large among them. At one point I saw some thirty men rush over an open stretch. When they reached our side there were only twelve or thirteen left. According to the topography, and according to the different plans of their officers, these men marched in different styles. At one point the casualties were so numerous that out of thirty men only five or six survived. At last our men gained a position at about six or seven hundred meters from the hostile front. Another group of men rushed on and gained a position about three or four hundred meters from the enemy. From this point we could see them hurl themselves against the fortifications. Once, twice, three times the enemy's machine guns stationed within the chamber of a covered trench, and the rifles, shooting from the holes through the walls of the bomb-proof pits, swept these repeated attacks back like a doomed tide. Our position seemed hopeless. We might rush out again from our cover, and there could be no other result but one,—butchery. We might try to retreat from our position down the hill; the story would be the same,—we would be annihilated. If, on the other hand, we were to remain in our position the story would not be modified. In this dugout, cut off as we were from the rest of the army, there would be only one master that would claim us,—Death. It was not difficult, therefore, for us to choose what we would do.

If we could only get at that machine gun of the enemy, some one said; yes, if we could but blow up the covered trenches of the enemy; if we could throw in a good, healthy quantity of explosives into their trenches!

Nothing prevents us from at least making an attempt. Sergeant Sawada was ordered to prepare the charges. As soon as three of the charges were ready, Sergeant Himeno with two privates, took upon themselves the task of carrying these charges to the enemy's machine gun. They were to take these small charges of explosives, creep to the foot of the enemy's trenches, and then throw the charges into the opening through which we could see the muzzle of the machine gun. These charges were prepared in small quantities for the simple reason that the opening through which the muzzle of the machine gun poked its saucy nose and seemed to enjoy the humor of the situation at our helpless expense, was entirely too small to admit the heavier charge of explosives. The names of the two privates that accompanied Himeno were Takashima and Takaki. They leaped over the edge of the large dug-out with their charges. They made their way straight into a little hole which was dug out on the side of a hill below the enemy's covered trenches by our shells. A moment later they crawled out of the hole. The enemy saw them at this point, and greeted them with a furious fusilade. They ducked their heads, and Sergeant Himeno succeeded in crawling under the steel wire of the last wire fence, almost at the foot of the enemy's position. The enemy was

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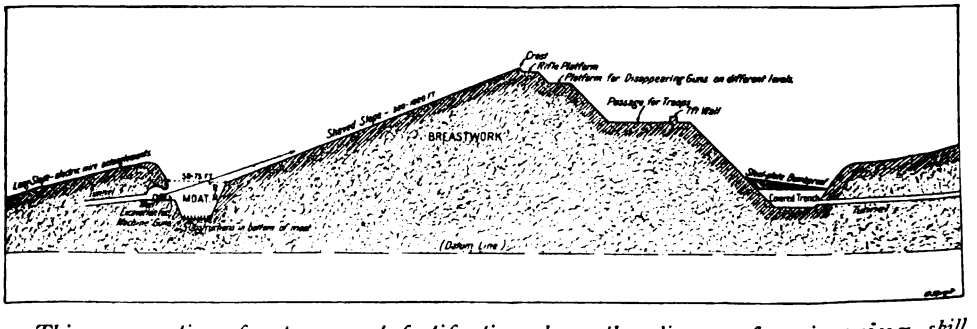
Japanese soldiers filling their canteens from water boiled in special vats.

maintaining his fire. The sergeant was very close to them now. Suddenly he fell upon his back with outstretched arms. So cleverly did the sergeant succeed in mimicking death that one of the two privates, Takaki, turned back at once to report the death of the sergeant. Meanwhile the enemy stopped firing. The sergeant gathered himself again, took up his explosives and made his slow progress. The enemy's rifles rang out again, and once again he threw himself upon the ground with all the appearances of one dead. By this time he seemed to be close enough to the foot of the enemy's position so that the rifle bullets would not be able to reach him. He was safe in the "dead angle." Nevertheless, he crawled cautiously, and at last there he was at the foot of the enemy's wall. He crawled quickly to the opening of the machine gun, and from the right side of this opening he threw his explosives, and sure enough there was the report of an explosion. One corner, the right hand upper corner, of the opening was blown away. From where we were it was impossible to find out how much damage this explosion inflicted upon the machine gun and the gunners behind it. In the confusion, the sergeant succeeded in gaining our shelter. Once again the sergeant took charge of three somewhat heavier charges of explosives. With him he took this time three privates. His order was again to destroy the machine gun and the covered trenches around it. They went singly, the sergeant and his three privates. The sergeant gained the hole made by the shell as before. There he waited for the coming of his three men. Four of them

finally seemed to succeed in gaining the protection of the shell hole. Our watch ticked away the minutes, and there was not a sign of either the sergeant or any of his men making a move. Our commander sent two privates with the bamboo poles charged full with explosives. These two men who carried the bamboo tubes carried the order to Sergeant Himeno to use the bamboo poles for the purpose of blowing open the covered trenches. Soon after the privates gained the shell hole, a private who answered to the name of Nakajima Jinsaburo sprang out of the shell hole with explosives. He made his quick way in the direction of the machine gun. Upon his heel we saw another private mount out from the shell hole. It was Hosono Gentaro. He also carried a charge. He made his way toward the proposed work about five meters to the west from the machine gun. Three other privates carrying the charged bamboo tubes, also sprang out from the cover, and they made for the left shelter of the enemy's covered trenches. All of them gained the foot of the covered position safely. They lit the fuse, and at the different points succeeded in throwing them into the trench. As soon as they were thrown into the enemy's covered trenches, they rushed back to the shell hole.

At once we saw a terrific explosion at the machine gun. A second later we saw from where we were a huge lid of the covered trenches to the right of the machine gun, fly up into the air. We who watched the operation with our eyes strained and almost murdering our breath, broke out in a storm of "banzai," and clapping of hands. Minutes went by, but somehow the charge that was thrown into the left corner of the covered trenches, remained quiet. Five minutes passed. Then we saw once again a private spring out of the shell hole. It was the man who had carried this particular charge. He made straight to the bamboo tube, examined the fuse, and then we saw him strike a match and deliberately light it again. Once more there was the report of an explosion, once more the "banzai" and the clapping of hands.

It is a vivid commentary on the apparent hopelessness of the task that the following day the Japanese forces had to abandon the little they had gained, and it was a month before this position was captured and held.—THE EDITORS.



This cross-section of a permanent fortification shows the climax of engineering skill in which the Russians lead the world. The excavation to the left of the moat is the one mentioned in this story.

A SAPPER'S STORY

A Narrative Typical of the Extensive Underground Fighting

ABOUT the nineteenth of October the engineers had finished some two thousand meters of parallel work toward the north fort of the east Kikwanshan.

Rocks without number, hand grenades, and the thick hail from machine guns came to us. From this point our engineers went to school to the gophers and began their progress underground. The Russians, too, did not despise the humble toiler in the wet, dark earth, and so it came to pass that we had a rather entertaining incident, in a lightless corner far from the sun.

It was thirty minutes after twelve at

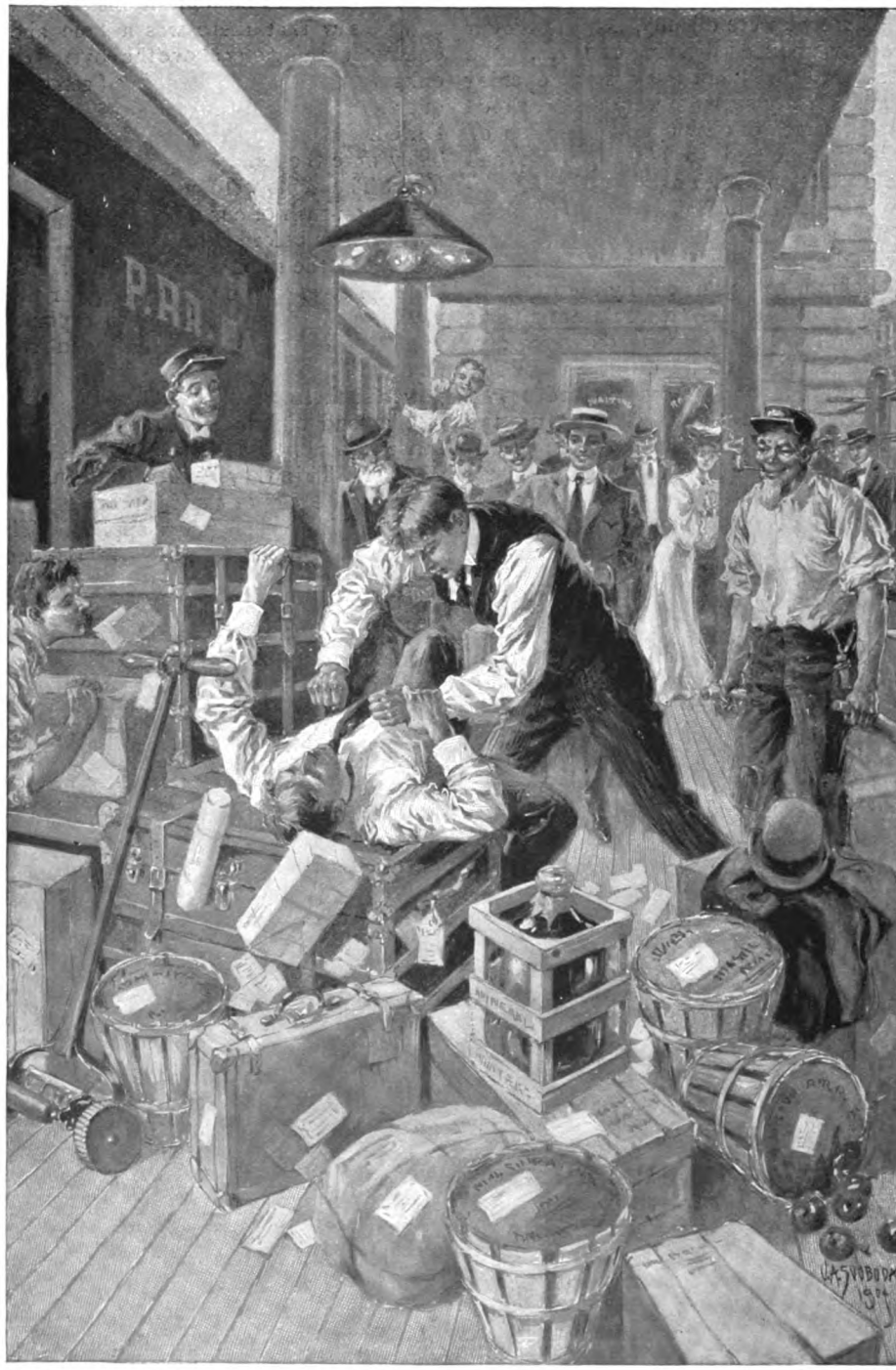
noon of the twenty-seventh of October.

Where we were digging, almost over our heads, we noticed a caving of earth. We discovered that there was a small opening there. Pretty soon we were overwhelmed with the smell of coal tar. Every one of us had a rope tied to his leg. We had the distinction of belonging to the *kesshitai* (now the kesshitai means a band of men who have left all hopes of life behind). We had said to our friends whom we had left behind, to pull us out by the ropes, if possible, in case heaven would not give us the last grace of carrying ourselves out. The tunnel had to be dug in all haste. There were a band of our comrades who were clinging to the shell holes on the slopes in front of the hostile forts, and unless we could succeed in blowing up these caponieres and machine guns, it was impossible to save them.

All of a sudden there was an explosion; earth shook, then shuddered. All was blackness. Six of us were buried. We were dug out by our comrades by the ropes which were about our feet. At the end of three of the ropes, however, they found but little save a touch of heroic memory burned black and grim by the powder. Our tunnelling work was completely wrecked. Where the explosion took place there was a hole of over ten meters in diameter. But it is an unkindly kick of luck indeed which has no silken tassel at the point of its slippers. Looking down through the opening made by the explosion, we found jutting out from the dark earth something white. Bastions, somebody said. That we should strike our noses against the caponiere in the outer wall of the outer foss was a neat surprise to us. In this caponiere the enemy must have a number of machine guns. In front of the caponiere was the steep incline rising away from the outer foss. The machine guns situated in the caponiere could sweep our men scaling the incline with a deadly fire from behind. Here then, was the explanation of the deadly loss of our men. Nothing was plainer. The caponiere must be blown open. Four men headed by Sergeant Okura were selected to pay our special respects to this sudden find of ours. They made their way through the tunnel. They carried an ample supply of explosives in a sand bag, and stored it securely against the concrete wall of the bastion. An explosion, an instant later, and we saw that there was a hole about one meter in diameter above the covered caponiere. The bastion lifted itself somewhat out and away from the soil in which it was buried. Here and there ran dark lines. They were the handwriting of the gun cotton. The rents were not roomy enough for the on-rush of our men.

One hour before midnight you could see once more the same men who had applied the explosives in the day, making for their victim. The foundation of the caponiere was made of concrete, sand and steel plates. It could turn the largest and most powerful shells ever manufactured by men into a loud and foolish joke. The men carried this time a large quantity of gun powder. This they applied to the cracks made by the former explosion.

The white heat fuse was applied. The report certainly handled the serene silence of the midnight without mercy, tore it into pieces. This time, there was a large rent made in the wall. Night, once more, rocked the confusion back to peace and there came into the rent a number of Russian heads. Some of us laughed. Quick as a flash the rifles of our men greeted them. Wide as the rent was, it was not quite sufficient for men in haste to pass, and for the third time we made the preparation of explosives. At fourteen minutes past four, in the still dark hours of the twenty-eighth, the earth about us shuddered as it never had shuddered before, and we saw a hole in the wall that was over one meter in width, and considerably over one meter in height. Through this hole our engineer threw in over twelve sacks of explosives. The caponiere was choked with fume and smoke. The ash gray of the breaking day and the most sinister gray of the smoke from the explosives creeping like cowardly ghosts from the hole in the wall was broken by silvery flashes here and there. They were the icy blades of our men rushing into the caponiere through the confusion of the explosion. A crash of arms, groans, sounds of falling bodies, of broken steel, shrieks with which life flew away from the clay, all mingled and melted in a confusion far beyond pen and brush. A few moments later the sun-round flag waved from out of a torn hole over the covered caponiere a welcome to the new-born day.



See page 402.

"We do our best to please," laughed the conductor.

MR. MG FROM SANFORD

A Love Story in "Morse"

By L. C. Hall

WITH DRAWINGS BY V. A. SVOBODA

WITH his fingers idly pressing his key, Manning gazed into space. Ever since coming to Warwick he had puzzled over the subtle appeal in the dots and dashes that came over his wire from Okisko. It was not that the operator there was a woman—so much he gathered from the dainty primness of her sending. It was rather that in her telegraphese there was a familiar quality, an indefinable something that suggested other days and scenes. Surely he had heard that same style of "Morse" *before*, a style less easy and finished than now perhaps, yet still the same. All at once it came to him, and a bright light of recognition shone in his face.

"Are you Miss Farnum?" he clicked out eagerly; "the same little 'Fm' who worked the old Sanford string at Hampden two years ago?"

"Thanks to the unappreciative bachelors, still the same," Okisko answered cheerily.

"And do you not remember me?" Manning questioned.

"Oh, very well. You are Mr. Mg from Sanford. I knew you the instant you touched the wire."

"Why didn't you make yourself known to me?"

"What a question! Perhaps I felt piqued that you didn't recognize my touch as quickly as I did yours."

Manning ignored the evident stiffness in the reply. "Shake!" he said warmly. "I'm so glad to see you!"

"Thanks!" came back more gently. "Same here. It's mighty good to meet some one from home—I can't help thinking of that old wire out of Hampden as home, because it is the first one I ever worked."

"I know the feeling," Manning clicked back. "And my! how tame and empty the old string seemed when you were gone. Ever close your eyes and try to recall a face you loved? Course you can't recall a friend's Morse by stopping your ears, but you *can* recall it nevertheless, and I've often tried to bring yours to mind."

"With not much success, it seems," Okisko laughed.

"Come! don't quarrel. Tell me why you left Hampden so—without even a good-by."

"Oh, well, I was such a wretched 'ham' and the others on the line were so impatient. I was a prophet without honor, you see. So I concluded just to strike out—"

But here another station broke and took the "circuit." It proved to be Judy Junction, with a message to be hurried.

"To Wk," he said, "take this and hustle it, please."

"One minute," Manning said irritably, attempting to resume the interrupted chat.

But Judy would not be put off. "It won't wait," he said briskly. "Take it now and be quick about it!"

Still Manning demurred and a sharp mix-up ensued. After a struggle Judy had his way and rattled off his message. Manning was hot. The Judy "artist" was a very fair operator—that he admitted. But the fellow had an air of having done heavy work, of being too big for his place, which ill became a mere railroad novice. However, Manning saw the importance of the message and knew that Judy was right in forcing it upon him. Had it all ended there his pride would not have suffered.

But to carry his point Judy had grounded off Okisko, thus breaking up the chat. It was this high-handed proceeding that Manning resented, and in giving his "O. K." he also ripped out his disgust at Judy's insistence. Judy waited coolly, then he retorted:—

"Very young colts ought to wait to be weaned before kicking over the traces."

This from a mere railroad junction product, in Morse provokingly patronizing, was too much for Manning, and from that instant war was declared between Warwick and Judy.

Manning racked his wits trying to hit upon some way of getting back at the Judy "artist." If he could have got together any great number of messages at a time for that station he would have been in clover. Then he could have "roasted" the upstart every hour and thus made his revenge a continuous performance. But his only chances of scorching were the days, once a week, when the Judy Junction *Gazette* received its news report. The first day this batch of matter was put before him Manning fairly hugged himself. "Now," he gloated, as he began calling, "I'll simply skin alive that cross-roads bantam!"

Manning's key did not merely trickle dots and dashes. It would be nearer truth to say that Morse gushed from his finger-tips. And his copy? It really made your mouth water to watch the luscious loops and curves issue from his pen! When Judy answered up he started in with an easy swing, which he meant as a warning to the distant receiver. Then, gradually he let himself out until a pace was reached that Manning considered terrific for a countryman to copy. The sounders along the line jingled in a way to make operators sit up and listen. It was good stuff, too, a trifle youngish perhaps, but really full of promise. On and on pattered the stream of dots and dashes, yet never a word or sign of a break came from the other end. Manning grew uneasy. He wondered if it were possible that the wire had gone down. "Are you there, Ju?" he presently asked.

"Aw, smoke up! Get busy!" said Judy with an indulgent chuckle.

That nettled Manning, and on he went with a will. The Morse poured from the sounders in a swishing torrent. Still the receiver made no sign. At the end came an easy "O. K., Qy!" and that was all. It made the old-timer down at Wharton think of a mastiff brushing a fly from his ear. But Manning deceived himself; he chose to believe that the coolness of the Judy man was feigned. "He was simply roasted to death, and put on an air of nonchalance for effect," he told himself.

But that was where Manning's youth and lack of intuition showed. Certainly he could not have known that Tom Quincy had years before graduated from the Judy Junction office and was now one of the crack receivers in the Associated Press at Washington. Neither could he have guessed that Tom was on a vacation home, and that finding his father, the regular agent, sick and unfit for duty, had taken hold until the old man should be well again. Still, after even an occasional turn with such a receiver, Manning ought to have realized that he was working with no ordinary operator. No such virile, rollicking Morse could have come from any suckling's hand!

Even the little lady at Okisko could have told him better, but of course she dared not on the wire, for "Qy" would have heard. Besides, would it not have seemed presumption on her part to venture a pointer to so good an operator? Plainly, she liked Manning. Indeed, in Manning's manner of working, there was a dash and spirit well calculated to excite feminine admiration. After the renewal of their friendship, he was very kind. He never tried to roast *her*. On the contrary, he seemed anxious to shield her from the little rudenesses that fall to the less experienced operators on a busy wire. In the idle intervals, too, he made himself very agreeable, so that through him, her working hours were robbed of much of their tedium.

As the days wore on, the tension between Warwick and Judy did not relax. On the contrary, the air about Warwick became more and more explosive, according, as the manner of the Judy Junction man became less tolerable. At times, the latter took on an absurdly jocular air toward Warwick, and when Warwick, irritated beyond endurance, snapped back, Quincy would advise him sweetly "to take something for his temper."

At last the tension reached a point where

"The same little 'Fm' who worked the string at Hampden."

something had to give. To be openly played with, to be made to feel cheap before everyone on the "circuit," and, most of all, in the eyes of his friend at Okisko, and that, too, by a green country operator who used a special brand of nerve food, was too much to be calmly borne. Manning promised himself that he would dispose of his tormentor, once for all, on the next "Gazette" day. He would roast that Judy farmer's shirt from his back, nerve food or no nerve food, and bring him to his knees howling for mercy.

The day rolled round, and the news report was started as before. Manning's Morse was swift as the wind, and, for a time, as clean and clear as one could wish to hear. But, pretty soon, seeing that he could not otherwise punish the receiver, he began to adulterate it, feeling, it must be owned, a burning sense of shame at the act. His caricatures of the code were simply terrific. Still, there was no word from Judy. He did not come to his knees worth a copper cent. Yet, Quincy must have been raving. Those who knew him knew that he loved good Morse, no matter how swift; knew also that, in his opinion, a man who purposely muddled it, deserved to be kicked. So, at the end of Manning's effort, though he had put down every word in copperplate, he opened up hotly. "O. K., Qy!" he said, at a rattling clip. Then he added: "Young man, you'll make a good operator, in time, —after a hundred years' hard practise. At present, however, you are not only the rawest of kids, but you are more varieties of a d—d fool than any 'ham' I ever ran across!"

Manning was all but paralyzed at this outburst. He knew that in a way he had deserved it. Yet he also knew that, every station on the line, Okisko included, was listening, and that, unless he promptly resented the insult, he should sink to zero in the estimation of his co-workers. He steadied himself by an effort, and answered with what dignity he could, that he would take the first opportunity of thrashing Quincy within an inch of his life.

He lost no time. Next morning he boarded an early train for Judy. At his destination he swung to the ground and made his way forward to the baggage car. There he knew he should find his man. As he approached, he singled out a smartish-looking young chap, pen behind ear, busily checking baggage. How precisely he fitted Manning's idea of his enemy of the wire! The jaunty cap,—the slick-combed hair,—the cock-sparrow manner; there could be no mistaking the man.

"Are you the operator here?" Manning asked, abruptly.

"I am, sir," said the other, keeping on with his checking.

"Then I've come ninety miles to thrash you," said Manning, shedding his coat and sailing in.

The baggage-handler looked his surprise, but he was dead game. He quickly dropped his checks, and got on the defensive. Then there ensued a scrap that laid over anything ever heard over a telegraph wire. The conductors, train hands and a smattering of passengers closed in to witness the fun.

"Do you always provide such diversions for the entertainment of your patrons?" said a fat passenger to the conductor of Manning's train.

"We do our best to please," laughed the conductor.

From the beginning, the conflicting elements clinched; and, as the storm center tumbled over baggage, sprawled into heaps of express matter, and gyrated about in the open, it was always hemmed in by an interested fringe of human various. The fight was a glorious impromptu rough-and-tumble, and it was with evident reluctance that the conductors of the trains, north and south, for Judy, was a meeting point, called out "All aboard!" leaving the issue still in doubt.

For a minute after the call, the scuffle continued, then someone sang out that the police was coming. And, sure enough, it was. The whole force, one man strong, was boiling down the track, mopping his brow as he came. Manning, astride his enemy, realized that it was a time for quick thinking. He had had his satisfaction, he argued,—would it not be the better part of valor to leave his enemy to settle with the law, while he himself caught the north-bound back to Warwick? The decision was made. He jumped for the train, and caught it as the last car was whipping past.

Manning had been absent without leave, and excuses were in order when he reported at the office. He went at once to the chief. "The man at Judy Junction called me a d——d fool," he explained, "and I've been down to see him about it."

"You look as if you had!" blurted the chief, glancing at his subordinate's scarred face and discolored eye. The chief laughed; then, suddenly recollecting who was in temporary charge at Judy, his laugh swelled into a roar. "You went down to wallop Tom Quincy," he gasped, "and live to tell the tale!"

Manning failed to catch the significance in the exclamation. Neither did he understand why the chief grinned broadly whenever, during the afternoon, his eye strayed in his direction.

Later in the day, when Manning had occasion to call up Judy, he found another man there, in Quincy's place. "Hello!" he greeted the new arrival. "When did you get there?"

"Came this morning," Judy replied.

"Where's Quincy?" And, as Manning asked the question, he had a vision of his enemy being carted off to a hospital, if not indeed to the county jail.

"Quincy went back to Washington last night. His leave was up, and I'm here to relieve him until his father is able to set in."

It took a blow to make it plain to Manning, but at last he saw it. His trip to Judy, then, had been only a brilliant fiasco. After all, he had punched the wrong man's head!

He could not bring himself to ask the new man's pardon,—at least not yet. And there was his little friend at Okisko, too. How devoutly thankful he was that she did not know what an ass he had made of himself!

At the word that Quincy had left Judy, the whole circuit was agog from end to end. To Manning, Okisko said,—a little distantly, he fancied: "Didn't you know, Mg, that Mr. Quincy is one of the stars in the A. P. at Washington? They say he's one of the finest. And he's so nice personally." Then to the old-timer at Wharton: "Don't you think so, Mr. Uk?"

"He is, that," agreed the latter. "A fine fellow indeed." To Manning he added: "Sorry, Mg, you and he didn't seem to hit it off together."

But Manning pretended not to be listening. To hear his tormentor praised, and by the girl, he,—by his little friend, was, in his present mood, more than galling. The fellow had deserved a thrashing, as it was, but now, in addition to his insulting remarks, he had sneaked away at a mild threat of personal chastisement. Thus he was, not only a blackguard, but a coward as well; and, he should have his licking, sneak where he would.

Manning asked for three days' leave. This time, no formality was neglected. The plan was to devote a day to a settlement with Quincy; the other two to a more agreeable journey. At the station, he looked wistfully in the direction of Okisko, and for a moment the Washington trip wobbled badly. Then he remembered Okisko's praise of Quincy, also Quincy's burning words. His cheek flushed. What would she,—what *could* she, think of him, if he went to see her before having purged himself of the insults that had been heaped upon him?

He set his face toward Washington. On the train he met up with one of the conductors of the old Sanford run. Briefly, he confided the object of his trip.

"Tom Quincy!" yelled the ticket puncher. "I know Tom, well. And are you going all the way to Washington to tan *his* hide?"

"Going to try," said Manning, doggedly.

The conductor laughed, pretty much as the chief, back at Warwick, had laughed. "Do you know Quincy?" he wailed.

"No. But he'll know me, before I've done with him."

"My dear boy," said the conductor, with tears of laughter; "you,—you'd better get back to Warwick. Quincy would simply eat you alive!"

"Oh, I don't know," loftily. "I'm a hundred and sixty pounds to the good."

"But have you ever *seen* him?"

Manning shook his head, and the conductor continued his ticket-punching pilgrimage, looking back, now and then, and shaking with laughter.

Quincy had just finished a stiff day's work, when Manning found his way to the Press rooms. He inquired for Quincy.

"Come in, an' I'll look 'im up," said the squint-eyed office-boy, who answered his ring.

Manning sat down within earshot of a wire buzzing with foreign news. His opinion of Quincy's ability underwent a change. He realized that it must indeed take one of the finest to catch such stuff and lick it into shape for public reading. The boy returned. "He's in the washroom, gettin' the hayseeds out'n his hair," he volunteered.

Manning kicked open the washroom door, and beheld a young giant, bunched over a basin, snorting into double-handfuls of water. "Is this Mr. Quincy, late of Judy?" he demanded.

"That's what!" blubbered the washer.

"Well, I'm Manning, from Warwick, and I've come to have it out with you, for your insulting remarks to me over the wire."

"You don't say! Then pitch right in, my son; don't mind me. Only don't let me know when you hit me,—there might be trouble." Quincy reached for a towel, and, noting the proportions of his would-be punisher, he broke into a good-natured guffaw.

Manning felt little frost-feathers chase down his spine as he measured the physique of the man he had come to whip. However, it was too late to back water then, so he peeled off his coat while Quincy finished wiping.

"Time!" called the big fellow presently, squaring off and prancing around Manning in grotesque mimicry of a prize boxer. Manning struck out viciously, but Quincy playfully turned aside his blows. "Let's have one from the terrible left—so! That was a beaut. Now let fly with your other dukey. No, not that way, but so—a straight one for the solar eclipsus. Good! Try an undercut this time. That's it. But keep up your guard, man! Keep up your guard, or I'll land one on your speaking trumpet! That's the stuff! Now let's initiate you into the reality of a knock-out drop!" And opening wide his hand, Quincy smote Manning a slap that sent him sprawling into a corner.

In a jump the big fellow was over his victim, a look of generous feeling in his face. "I didn't mean to do quite that," he said. "Are you hurt, old man?" Then seeing Manning get quickly to his feet, he patted him on the back affectionately and offered him a hand with such evident good will that, in spite of himself, Manning took and shook it.

"You've got the right stuff, my boy," said Quincy paternally, "only you've one thing to learn. A man's life-work is a sacred thing, and its quality ought to be kept as unsullied as a mother's love. That applies even to ditch-digging. But of 'brass-pounding' it should be even more true, for it is a medium of thought-transmission so subtly beautiful as to be almost divine. Let me say, therefore, even at the

risk of seeming to preach, that above all things you should keep your Morse free from blemish."

The earnestness in the speaker's face quickly gave place to bubbling good humor. "So much for the sermon," he continued. "Now come into the Rathskeller below and have something to eat with me—and something to drink, too, if you will. And I'll pledge you, say, the little lady at Okisko. Ever seen her? No! Prettiest thing you ever put your peepers on! Face like an angel—like an angel caught with fingers in the jam-pot—mixture of mischief and heavenliness! By Jove! If I were a younger man, I'd give you a tight race to Okisko. And that reminds me. When I gave you that rasping t'other day, I grounded off both Wharton and Okisko, so that neither caught what I said."

Quincy's generous warmth made his victory complete. Manning gladly followed the big fellow through an entrance which the law provides shall be closed on Sunday, but which is not—tight. And when an hour later, the pair emerged, that same doorway became the entrance to an everlasting friendship.

OLT PEETER

The Story of an Elephant and His Trainer

By Charles C. Lofquest

WITH DRAWINGS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

"YOU betcher life," declared Huffman, to the crap playing, beer drinking crowd in the privilege car of the circus train, "I am d' only mans vot can hantel Olt Peeter, ain't it? Ant I know it, you betcher. Ven La Pearl bought Olt Peeter frum Vallace I vent mit Olt Peter, don't I? Ven Vallace bought him frum Barnum I vent mit him, don't I? Ven Barnum bought him frum Klaidenbacker int Hamburg I vent mit him too, you betcher, becuss I do d' tricks mit Olt Peeter, seest du? Nobotty knows Olt Peeter like Herr Hermann Huffman does. Trainink d' bick elephant is millyun times harder as learnink yourself leetle humpty-dumpty, monkey-doodle tricks. Olt Peeter has kilt twenty-eight mens alretty, but I vont more salary I do, and I'm a goin' to git it."

"Will Harry stand fer a raise, Dutch?" asked the man behind the privilege bar.

"Vill he stant for it!" exclaimed Huffman, turning around to the bar-keeper, "crazious, Luke, are you craizy? He has got to stant for it, dot iss all. And if he don't, den I go, dat iss all, ant den, poff! up goes dis show. I vant sixty more a month, ant I am goink t' get it, else der von't be no shows int d' leetle mittle ring mit d' elephant as atwertised, seests du?"

"When are yuh goin' t' soak La Pearl fer th' raise?" queried Slim, the dealer, paying off an unlucky turn of the ivories.

"Ven?" reiterated the elephant trainer, almost stupidly. "Ven; vy I kess I mite as vell do it rite avay."

"Harry's gone to bed by this time," said the bar keeper, "it's neerly twelve."

"No, Harry's still up," shouted Slim, "feel that bump, eh? See, there she goes, bumppetty, bump. Th' raise-her-back gang is still loadin' them on an' Harry's down at th' end a' th' cars supprintendin'. If yuh hurry, Dutch, yuh'll ketch him b'fore we pull out fer Altoona."

Huffman stared keenly at the brutal,

taunting face, vividly outlined by the stinky kerosine lamp which hung over the dice table. Then he sniffed with manifest disgust the commingled stench of stale beer and cheap tobacco, and started away.

"Chess, d' raiser-her-backs are still vorkink," he said, firmly, as he left, "I vill see La Pearl. I vill see him t'nite, rite now!"

Huffman jumped lightly from the steep step of the car to the wet grass which lined the side of the tracks, and stood for a moment looking up into the great, star-besprinkled sky. He heard a steady hum of voices, raised in stilted yells and piercing cries from the other end of the train. Turning, he saw the flaring gasoline lamps which lighted the darkness for the labors of the raise-her-backs.

Harry La Pearl, proprietor of La Pearl's Colossal Circus and Mammoth Animal Congress, was cursing and brandishing a pair of brass knuckles at a sweating gang of men, who were hauling a wagon to the chute at the end of the last flat, where a team was to pull it up, when Huffman stepped up to him.

"Meester La Pearl," said Huffman, "I vont t' speek mitcher."

"Got no time, Dutch. We're late now. We ought t' been off for Altoona ten minutes ago. They're holding the right-of-way for us, but we'll get side-tracked as it is. It's a hundred and sixty mile jump over the bummest bunch of grades in the country."

"Vell, I got t' speek mitcher, Harry," said Huffman, his bile rising, "my biznees iss shust as dam impordant as anythink else."

"Well, fire it off, then, Dutch," interrupted La Pearl, "I aint got all night."

"I vont sixty more a month."

"What in hell's got into your top-piece, Dutch," exclaimed the amazed circus owner.

"Nothink," returned Huffman, calmly, "ant less int my pocket. I vont sixty more, dot iss all."

"And if you don't get it?"

"Den goot-by, me."

"But, Dutch, your contract—"

"I don't gif a snap for dot. If you vont to stop dot leetle trick mit Olt Peeter int d' mittle ring, all rite."

La Pearl chewed his plug cut, studied the keeper's stoic face, and changed his tactics. "I know you're worth more, Huffman," he added, slowly, almost kindly, stroking his heavy black mustache as if musing, "but I'm up against it. We've had a run of bum luck and rain, and as soon as I get out of the rut you're good for it. Now I know you'll stick it out with me."

"Ach, nein," stuttered Huffman, shaking his head decisively, "I vont my contract changed. I don't care for d' bump luck. I didn't make d' rain, did I? Sixty more, else goot-by, Hermann Huffman."

La Pearl again chewed and studied Huffman. Then he changed his tactics. "What in Hades are you trying to get at?" he stormed, waving the brass knuckles within an inch of Huffman's nose. "Do you think you can come joshing and holding me up, you Dutch abortion for a man. By gosh, I'll smash your old flute head, you pooch-headed, pigeon-toed pirate, if you don't get back to your sleeper. Sixty more a month! Nit. You're lucky if you get what's coming to you."

"All rite," said Huffman, abruptly. "You can try t' get sumpotty t' take care uf Olt Peeter ant Baby besites me. I'm done. I haf been a sucker long enough. Klaidenbacker set d' same think int Hamburg ven I ast for a raise. He thought he could get sumpotty t' cum ant did tricks mit Olt Peeter, but he fount out. He losed sixty towsand marks, maybe you lose more, huh?"

"You can't hold me up, Dutch," retorted La Pearl, savagely. "You might as well get your duds. Old Pete aint such a stiff proposition, and if I ever ketch sight of you around our show lots, I'll red-light you, myself."

La Pearl's last trick,—intimidation, failed. Huffman said, stiffly: "I haf set goot-by, rite now, but, Harry, don'tcher forgot, I aint afrait uf Olt Peeter, ant dot iss vot you iss, efen mitcher brass knukkells."

It was a little before five by the clock at the freight yards, a bright, crisp, Sunday morning, when the show train pulled noisily into Reading after a trip through the mining district.

La Pearl, conspicuously clean in white starched shirt, was watching the whirling sledges of the stake-gang, descending with a steady, ear-splitting rhythm upon the

long iron stakes for the center poles of the show tent.

"Say, Slim," he yelled to the head canvas-man, who was directing the spreading of the side-walls, "how soon are you going to get the big tent up?"

"In an hour," panted Slim, "we'll get through quick t'day, cuz there aint no parade. Say, Harry, hez Irish cum along wid Ole Peete an' Baby yet?"

"No."

"Well, it's jest as well he ain't, cus we'll be a little late on th' animal tent. How's th' harp gettin' un wid th' Dutch elephunt?"

La Pearl smiled a little, and said :—

"Oh, he aint no wonder, but he aint a coward, at that. Of course he aint Huffman. All he can do is t' take Ole Pete along in the parade, and lead him to the cars, that's 'bout all, and still that takes nerve. He don't dare do any tricks, or try any funny work with the animal. I tell you a man's got to know more than how to handle the hook if he wants to get along with Ole Pete. I wish we could cut out the paper we have, showing Huffman sticking his noodle into Ole Pete's mug, and turning a somersault on his tusk, and laying down and letting the animal do the cake-walk over him. It's just killing us."

"How?" asked Slim, dividing his eyes between La Pearl and his men.

"Why," returned the other, removing a chew of tobacco from his mouth with a scoop of his finger, "the newspapers are roasting me right and left for not putting on the elephant stunt that I advertise."

"Mister La Pearl," interrupted a pale-faced boy, "Mister Donnelly tole me t' tell yuh t'cum t' th' box-office wagon rite away. There's sum men wants t' see yuh."

"All right, son," replied La Pearl, starting off. The box-office, or money-wagon, was at the other end of the lot, but he met Donnelly, treasurer of the Mammoth and Colossal, in the middle of the lot, hatless and breathless.

"Say, Harry," cried the excited Donnelly, "it's all off."

"What's all off?"

"We can't put up our canvas t'day, that's what. There's a bunch of high hats, a committee, or something, and they want t' see you. They're over there now."

The gentlemen of the committee were very suave and polite. "You can do nothing in Reading on Sunday, Mister La Pearl," they said. "This is a peaceable city, and we don't propose to have the Sabbath profaned by any noise or confusion."

"Hang the Sabbath," muttered La Pearl to himself, and then, louder, "looks like you got the drop on me."

Donnelly, finally, was dispatched to notify Slim to stop all work on the tent, and the men received their breakfast checks, and charged singing into the cook-tent, apparently not the least depressed by the order to stop work.

But La Pearl was in no mood to eat. He leaned heavily against the stone fence which divided the show lot from the abutting road, and scanned, gloomily, the canvas-strewn lot, and partially unloaded wagons.

"Goot mornink, Herr La Pearl," said a familiar voice.

The show owner recognized Huffman's voice, and turned slowly around. The ex-keeper of Old Pete was evidently in a genial mood.

"Morning," grunted La Pearl.

"Vell, how is Olt Peeter, anyvay?" quizzed Huffman.

La Pearl moved uneasily, but made no answer. For the first time the noise of dishes in the grub-tent attracted him.

"How iss d' show makink out, huh?" queried the other.

La Pearle, like circus owners generally, had a big lump of a heart, and he could not resist the humor of the situation, so he smiled faintly.

"Say, Dutch," he confided, "you're rubbing it in. You know I'm bumping the toughest game of my life right now. You went and quit me three weeks ago, and since then hard luck has just squatted down all over me. Won't you take less than sixty, won't you, on the level?"

"Didn't you told me t' pack up my duds?"

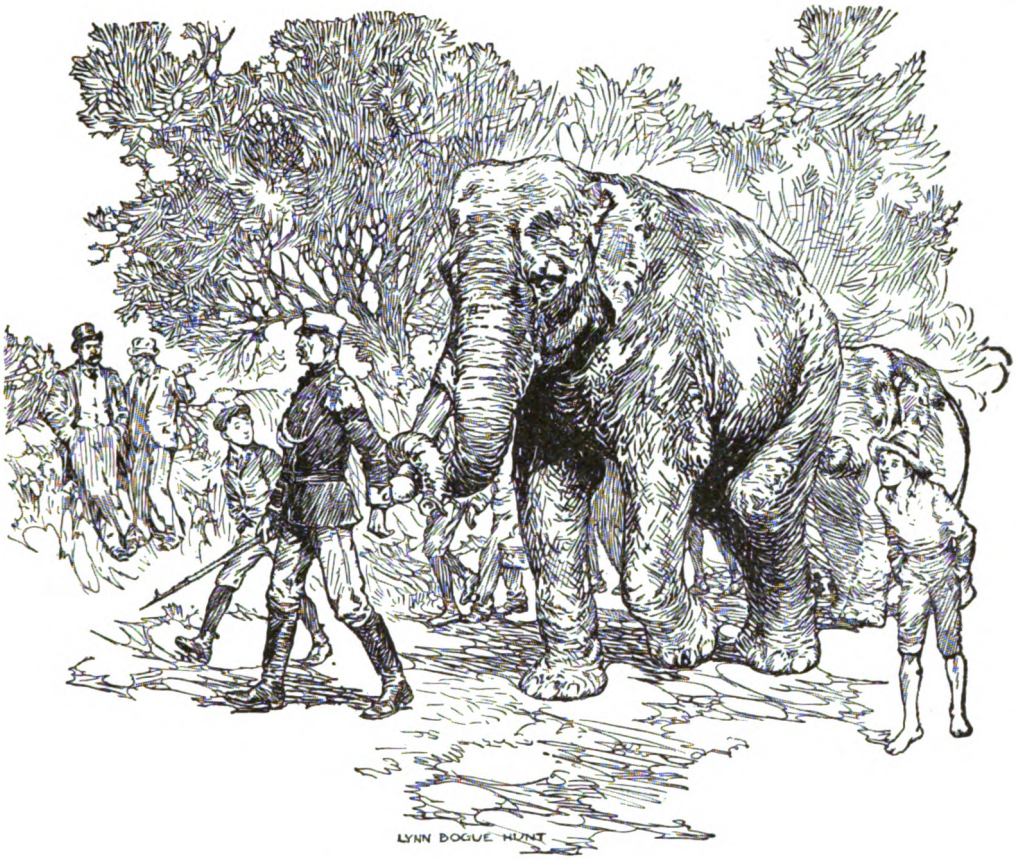
"Well, yes, I s'pose I did, but, Dutch, I was hot, hot in the collar, that night."

"Didn't I ast you for sixty more?"

"You did."

"Vell, dot iss vot I meant, sixty, no more, nothink less."

"But I'm up against it, Dutch ; I can't give it to you. Every dollar counts. My picture man is holding a mortgage over



Old Pete glanced wickedly from side to side.

my head now that is due and aint paid."

"Shust like Klaidenbacker int Hamburg, exactly. He got funny ant—ant it bust him. You hat muney ven I ast ant you coot do it now, if you only vusn't so tite. I'm vorth d' muney, ant I know it, ant don'tcher forgot it."

"I'll split the difference and make it thirty," pleaded La Pearl, paying no attention to the other's remarks. "This Irish fellow is good on the nerve, but he ain't you, Huffman. It takes some funny kind of spunk to handle an elephant, Dutch; you're the greatest elephant trainer in the world."

Huffman's eyes flashed vainly and he laughed derisively.

"Oh, my, Harry! Don't you tink vot I am easy like dot. You cholly me a little, huh? I am d' greatest vot you efer saw, ain't dot nice? Ant den you put dot thirty unt der hook ant tink you kotched me chess? Ach, nein, Herr Harry."

La Pearl, quivering with passion, turned from the irrepressible Huffman. His broad chest heaved convulsively, his evil eyes sparkled of anger, and he clenched his hairy paws, but instantly as he looked up the road the fierce glitter faded from his eyes.

"Here comes Irish with Old Pete and Baby," he said with increasing calmness.

When Huffman turned, the elephants were not more than a hundred yards away. Old Pete, his long, ponderous trunk coiled like a huge, limbless eel about his single, brass-balled tusk and his thick, ragged ears flapping, flap, flap, flap, against a pair of immense forelegs, glanced wickedly from side to side at the crowd that followed him at a discreet distance as he trudged clumsily behind the new keeper. Baby, a much smaller animal, followed, painfully submissive, his diminutive trunk gracefully girdled about Old Pete's flexible tail, holding up that restless member of his giant

comrade's anatomy like an obsequious page.

"Gracious, Harry," cried Huffman excitedly, turning to La Pearl, "does dot fellah reely alvays valk int frunt uf der elephants like he iss now?"

"Why, yes, Dutch—I guess he does."

"My! my! dot man has got a jolt comink! He will git kilt some day. Shust you vait—Old Peeter vill reach out mit his snout ant gif him a flick inter vind dot vill bump der daylight out of him. I alvays valk a leetle behindt his head, so I kin vatch his eyes, ant den, if he gits funny, I let him taste der hook inter flanks."

La Pearl, his anger recrudescent, scowled a moment at Huffman and then looked at the new trainer, who was lowering some bars for the elephants to enter the lot. "Pshaw! you're just jealous, Dutch," he muttered without enthusiasm. "Irish's been walking like he does for three weeks and he ain't been hurt yet."

"Dot iss nothink," retorted Huffman, pointing to the elephants. "Olt Peeter iss maybe only layink for a chanct. Maybe he ain't shust got der chanct vot he vants, but if he gits it, you vill haf a chanct to be present at Herr von Irish's funeral. Look, py goot, look now at dot, Harry, see dot man dick his hook int Olt Peeter's snout! Ugh, he von't last long. Dunnervetter! shust look, dot fool iss doink it vunce more! Oh, Olt Peeter fix him qvick."

Before La Pearl could turn, and almost before Huffman had ceased speaking, a ghastly, horrible, guttural belch was heard, followed immediately by a short, painful cry.

"*See! see!*" screamed Huffman frantically, "*Olt Peeter has got his chanct!*"

As the two quickly jumped up on the top of the fence they saw a cloud of dust and a crowd fleeing up the road. Old Pete had seized Irish about the legs with his trunk and was swinging him like a feather in the air, striking his body in the dusty, stone-littered road with powerful strokes of his trunk. At each bone-crushing quassation of the limp, broken body against the stones and earth, Old Pete raised his trembling, massive head, his small, colorless eyes ablaze with the fire of long pent-up passion, his crude ears rigid against his bulky shoulders, and he bellowed in fiendish glee. Baby shifted uneasily behind his enraged comrade, whining occasionally as if afraid.

While all others seemed but bent upon annihilating distance between themselves and Old Pete, Huffman stood motionless on the fence breathing in the fresh air and apparently entranced with the vista of green hills. La Pearl, bestial as were most of his instincts, could not calmly watch the brutal anger of the elephant and this wiping out of human life.

"For God's sake, Huffman, do something," he pleaded, as the elephant tossed the lifeless body of the trainer from its murderous grip and started across the lot, belching hideously, and followed by Baby.

Huffman waited a moment before he replied, and then said:—

"Meester La Pearl, Olt Peeter vill did so much damitches to-day dot you vill shust bust, chess sir, bust clean up."

"H—l, man," cried the other, as a number of canvas-men fled precipitately from the shelter of a wagon which Old Pete bunked over, "don't stand there as calm as Satan and tell me that. Ain't you human? See, there the cussed brute has torn up the center-poles, and see, now he is tearing, pell-mell, for the cook tent. My God! look at him go!"

"Ven did you git human, huh, Harry?" queried Huffman dryly.

The angered and bellowing elephant coursed like a fleet throughbred about the lot, tearing down the poles, turning over wagons and cages, ripping up stakes with a twitch of his trunk which it had taken half a dozen perspiring men to drive fast, and causing utter confusion and desperate panic wherever he went. After spilling the steam organ with a kick of his hindfoot and shaking off a heavy rope about one of his fore-feet, Old Pete finally dashed over the stone fence and started up the road, Baby racing after him obediently.

La Pearl watched his escaping elephants dash away and then jumped from the fence. Huffman remained standing, hawk-eyed and stolidly indifferent to all, except the two disappearing animals.

"Well, well, Dutch, are you going to stand on that fence and not raise a finger to help us? Will you jump on a pony and help us get Old Pete?"

"Chump on a pony and help us get Olt Peeter!" reiterated Huffman in vague and well-feigned surprise. "My, I ain't mitcher no more. You tolt me ter pack up my duds, ant I did."

"Yes, replied," La Pearl, "but—but I'll give you sixty more a month."

"Nein, you voot not."

"I wouldn't; why wouldn't I?"

"B'cus you coot not. After you haf pait alt der damitches vot Olt Peeter vill did den you von't haf sixty dollars left to your name."

Only the timely appearance of Slim saved Huffman from La Pearl's anger.

"Irish is dead," said Slim. "He wuz all in w'en we picked 'im up. We've sent his body down t' th' city."

"Well, I expected he'd be out of his misery," shuddered La Pearl, the scene at the bars again fresh in his mind. "But we've got to catch Old Pete, and quick at that, Slim, before he tears a hole on this side of the earth big enough to take us all to the place where Irish is. Hustle over and get a couple of ponies, and you and I will get after him right away."

"Ain't yuh goin' too' Dutch?" exclaimed Slim, winking sideways to La Pearl.

Huffman's look wounded the arch fiend whose goading twaddle started the fuss in the privilege car. But the showman's spirit was still stronger than hatred within the quondam trainer, and he said:—

"Chess, I go, Slimp; so brink three horses ant get a few hooks—long vuns mit turnt spikes int dem."

"Then you're going to take the sixty dollars' raise?" questioned La Pearl. "I thought you'd get sense."

"No, sir, I don't take der sixty. You von't haf it t' gif. Klaidenbacker thought he coot gif it ant he coot not. You can't did it, but I shust go for—for—for, oh, vell, never mind vy I go."

When La Pearl, Huffman and Slim reined their tired, puffing horses at the edge of a large creek it was past noon, and they had baked in the sun for several hours. They had pursued the trail on the hot road and had inquired of terrified farmers, who had seen Old Pete and Baby waddle by, and they were therefore certain that the escaped elephants had fol-

Pell-mell for the cook-tent.

lowed the road since they left the circus.

Huffman, being the only member of the trio who had any knowledge of pachyderm whim, La Pearl and Slim were of necessity compelled to rely on the trainer's superior judgment. La Pearl jumped from his horse as they halted and allowed his animal to drink. Slim squatted on the cool grass under a large tree at the edge of the creek, and Huffman waded knee-deep across to the opposite side, pulling his horse after him, and stooping, examined the ground closely for footprints.

"Shust vot I thought," he said, shaking the water out of his shoes.

"What?" cried the other two in eager chorus.

"Vy, Olt Peeter and Baby haf followed dis creek. You know ant elephant, ven he iss loose, iss crazy for vater. He can smell it for miles, ant ven he gits to it, he vill vallow arount int it until sombotty cums ant takes him avay. I haf looked ofer heer, but der are not footprints, ant der footprints don't run alonk d' oder side ant dey run rite to der creek, so dey must haf vent down int d' mittle."

"Well, if you're sure, we'd better hurry along," said La Pearl.

"I'm shure. You two rite mit vun side uf der creek ant I vill rite mit anoder."

In this manner they followed the winding creek for many miles, but saw nothing of their quarry. Later they met a young man who came running, as though pursued, along the bank where Huffman rode. When the German asked him if he had seen two elephants up the creek, he stopped.

"Yes, sir, I jest cum frum whar they be."

"Vell, ver dey be," smiled Huffman.

"Up to Millionaire Wilkens' mansion."

"How far avay frum heer iss Meester Millyunair?"

"'Bout half mile, but thar ain't no one to hum thar."

"Eggcept der elephants, huh," parried Huffman. "Haf dey done much up at Meester Millyunair's?" he added seriously.

"Hev they!" exclaimed the other in shrill surprise. "Lordy, ain't yuh heard 'bout it? They air jest bustin' Hades out uf th' place. They smashed that thar glass-house an' killed a bunch of cows, an' tore up th' flowers an' grain, an' busted limerick out uf th' barn, an'—an' smashed th' out-house, an' killed Rover th' big dawg an' say, they killed pop's cow, an' say—"

"Nefer mind, don't say it," interrupted Huffman, "don't you worry. Herr La Pearl iss rich, he vill gif your fodder a new cow."

After a hurried gallop the trio reached "Millionaire Wilkens'." It was a magnificent residence, but on all sides was the ravage of the elephants manifest. Vines and trees were uprooted, summer-houses torn down and statuary demolished. Old Pete and Baby had swept through the estate like a tornado.

The creek which Huffman and the others had followed was the feeder for an artificial lake which lay behind a large conservatory.

"Look!" yelled Huffman, pointing to the lake, "see der iss Olt Peeter ant Baby."

They looked quickly in the direction where Huffman indicated. The opposite bank of the lake was skirted by a heavy growth of bushes and tall trees, and they saw two dark splotches on the lake. In another instant Old Pete, his hide shining and wet, emerged from the lake and coughed up a huge quantity of water, Baby following as obedient as ever. Old Pete shook his flanks, passed his quivering trunk up and down his forelegs and then strode knee-deep into the water again and playfully smote its surface with his trunk belching keen satisfaction.

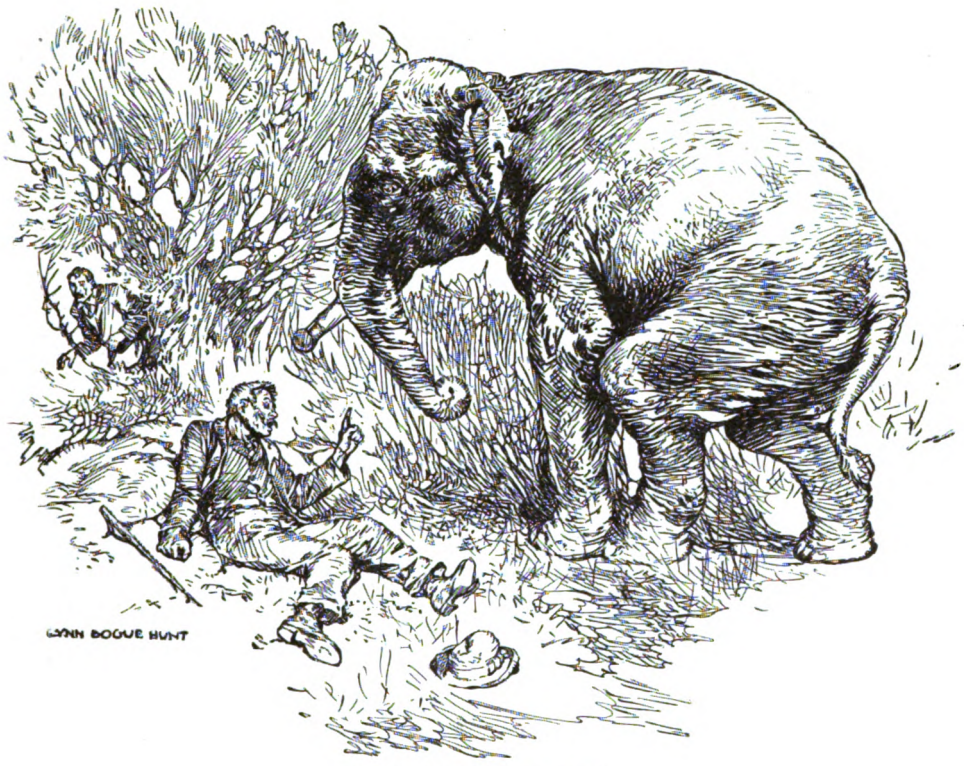
"How are you going to get him out?" asked La Pearl, moving nearer to Huffman.

"I vus shust tinkink," mused the other, "you ant Slimp better moof your horses behind dose trees, nearer d' lake, ant I vill go out ant call him, ant see if he knows me. Den, if he don't, I vill lay behint a bush ant vait for him to cum out, ant den I vill gif him der hook, goot and plenty, ant as soon as I call you, you hustle up mit der horses in frunt uf him ant march him hum like he vus int a parade, see."

La Pearl and Slim, tacitly protesting, drove their horses nearer the lake and stationed themselves behind several large trees where they could obtain a full view of Huffman's actions.

"Nefer show an animal dot you are afrait," said Huffman, handing Slim the reins of his horse.

"I aint afraid," explained Slim.



"Set up!" he screeched.

"No, but you vootn't,—oh, vell, nefer mind," sneered Huffman, as he walked without hesitation to the edge of the lake. La Pearl held his breath, chilled with excitement, as he saw Huffman stand still a brief moment, and then call sharply :—

"Peeter ! Peeter ! Cum heer !"

Old Pete turned his head, as if he recognized the sharp, familiar voice of his old keeper. His trunk, the tip of which had been buried in the water, coiled up, as if with instinctive fear, and he turned awkwardly and uneasily about in the water until he tremblingly faced Huffman.

"Peeter ! Peeter ! Cum heer !" cried Huffman, in a fierce staccato, stepping impatiently in the water.

La Pearl knew that the moment of moments had arrived. His heart choked him as he stretched forward, eagerly. As Huffman advanced upon the elephant, there was a terrible splash of water, a short cry, and in another moment the boughs over La Pearl's head crashed and opened, and Huffman fell heavily in the brush almost at his feet. La Pearl cringed as he saw Huffman's head strike a rock, and blood surge from a ghastly scalp wound, but he drew back toward Slim, trembling and afraid, when he noticed that the murderous beast was advancing upon them. The treacherous elephant had seized the German about the waist, and, with a vicious side-swing of his head, flung him in the air.

Huffman turned weakly on his left arm, but the bone was broken, and, with a gasping sigh, he fell on his face in the grass. The two men stood as though petrified by the horrible scene before them. Huffman's jaw squared, and a keen light shone in his glassy eyes as he raised himself on his other arm before Old Pete could reach the trees behind which La Pearl and Slim were stationed. His face was splotched, and horrible, with blood and earth, but he summoned his failing strength for a last effort.

"Set up !" he screeched, in the frenzy of death, wiping the hot blood that trickled down to his lips out of his mouth with his broken arm.

He knew that his life depended on those two words, and he screeched them with an intensity of peremptory despair that cut

like a knife into the hearts of the two men who watched him, from the other side of the trees, writhing in the blood-soaked grass.

Old Pete stopped. Had a bullet cleaved his brutal life-cord, the beast could not have stopped quicker. He dropped back a few paces, and, slowly, slowly with a clumsy grace, seated himself with a thud in the grass, raised his shaking fore-legs, and "set up," submissive, though yet quaking with impotent anger. It was the first command to perform a "stunt" that Old Pete had heard for some time, and Huffman, as he lay faint and blood-smeared on the ground, realized that at last the animal recognized him.

"Set up!" he yelled again, in violent tones, feeling himself master, and then he called softly to La Pearl, his eyes still upon the grotesque lump of pachyderm wickedness that towered above him only a few rods away. "Harry," he said, as La Pearl crept to his side on his hands and knees, "heer qvick. Lift me up. So, dot iss it. Goot! No bones breaked int my legs. Now,—charge!" he cried, as Old Pete, tired of his uncomfortable position, showed signs of wavering. And the well-trained animal obeyed the command, and flung himself full-length on the ground as he was wont to do in the circus ring.

"I will put Olt Peeter through his old tricks, Harry," panted Huffman, quickly. "Tell Slimp t' brink my horse ofer heer. It's all ofer now mit—mit Olt Peeter's temper. He knows me now, ant he von't did nothink more. My head iss,—iss busted, but,—but, after I git him knowink me for shure, den vee start him back, ant chain up int der lot, ant,—ant, he vill be a goot boy. Baby von't gif us no trubells. She's int d' vater, ant,—ant,—ant, I vill call her after I start Olt Peeter. Dot iss,—iss rite, vipe der bleeds out uf my face."

As La Pearl rubbed Huffman's face, a lump in his throat forced tears to his eyes, and he squeezed the limp hand that still clutched tight the hook, in spite of the fact that Huffman wobbled from the pain that resulted.

"Mount!" commanded Huffman, when the other crawled away to give Slim the orders. And Old Pete arose slowly from his recumbent posture, and, with rare skill in the distribution of his avoirdupois, raised his hind legs and stood on his head. Huffman could scarcely see the elephant, so bleared was his sight. He felt a keen, piercing sensation in his head, and each heart-beat wrung his body with pain. He was conscious that his sight was slowly leaving him, and he clutched at the tree, as he gave the various orders for the tricks he had taught Old Pete to perform.

The clouds of approaching night hung dark in the east, and the sun had almost set, when Frenchy and Pig Head Voland, who were playing pitch on the fence, spied the returning cavalcade.

"Here they cum," cried both, in chorus. In a few minutes a crowd gathered along the fence. A cheer was started as the bars were lowered for the returned elephants, but the wild, pale look on Huffman's blood-streaked face, and the big bloody rag around his head, put a quick damper on all exuberance.

La Pearl was riding by Huffman's side, and supporting the bandaged head on his shoulder.

"Tell Mike t' put der chain arount Olt Peeter's leg. He von't hurt him," croaked Huffman, as he was lifted tenderly out of the saddle and laid on the ground.

"By God, I'll do it myself," said La Pearl, pushing away the crowd that thronged about Huffman.

Old Pete and Baby were driven to the middle of the lot, and, though his hands shook, La Pearl fastened a heavy steel chain around each animal's fore-foot, and secured them to one of the iron stakes that had supported the center-pole. When he finished, Donnelly met him.

"Guess it's all over with the Mammoth and Colossal, Harry," said he.

"How's that?" stuttered La Pearl, dazed.

"The lithograph guy has an attachment on us, an' the sheriff here says he intends to seize the whole kiboodle to-morrow."

La Pearl took off his hat and scratched his head. He brushed his hair back from his sweaty forehead, and sighed, and scanned the entire lot, and the giddy-colored wagons and the men scattered about.

"Well, Don," he said, finally, "it's cost me thousands to stay in the game, but I ain't sorry, Don. I've met a man,—one of God's men, yes, sir."

"What do you mean, Harry? Are you batty?"

"No, I ain't batty," answered La Pearl, "but my eyes are opened, that's all. Since I saw Dutch go after that elephant, this damned, unearthly beast, and overpower him with nothing—nothing but a cracked skull, I've changed my idea of Dutch, and other things, too. Don, Dutch is a man, a big, big man. He put that brute through all his tricks while lying most unconscious on the ground, and then drove him to the lot, and more than a dozen times, maybe, he reeled in the saddle and would have fallen, only for me. Shucks, I don't care for the show; sure it was hoodooed when Dutch quit it."

"Well, the poor boy," muttered Donnelly as he left. "Gone clean daffy."

A little later La Pearl was kneeling by Huffman's side. The wounded man's face had been washed and a doctor had been sent for. His countenance beamed and his mild, blue eyes twinkled when La Pearl crept down by his side.

"Dutch," said La Pearl uneasily, "it's all over. We're going to disband. They've seized the show."

Huffman turned sympathetically.

"Don'tcher mind, Harry," he stuttered feebly, "let dem take der show. You start rite int again ant make more money, huh? Say, Harry," he lisped with great effort, "you're shust like Klaidenbacker, int—int Hamburg. He vent—vent broke, too, ant say, Harry, ain'tcher sorry you didn't gif me der sixty dollars raise, ain't-cher, Harry, ain't—"

Ere Huffman could finish a groan broke from his lips and his body writhed. When La Pearl reached forward to straighten the coats under the injured man's head and looked into the glassy eyes that gazed with a still stare into his own, a tear trickled down his face and he placed his hand gently on Huffman's breast.

"Boys," he said, turning to the men who were crowded about him, "Dutch can't never ask for another raise. He is raised from us all. He is dead."

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

XIII—SELF-CONTROL

TO most people self-control means the control of appearances and not the control of realities. This is a radical mistake, and must be corrected, if we are to get a clear idea of self-control, and if we are to make a fair start in acquiring it as a permanent habit.

I am what I am by virtue of my own motives of thought and action, by virtue of what my mind is, what my will is, and what I am in the resultant combination of my mind and will; I am not necessarily what I appear from the outside.

If a man is ugly to me, and I want to knock him down, and refrain from doing so simply because it would not appear well, and is not the habit of the people about me, my desire to knock him down is still a part of myself, and I have not controlled myself until I am absolutely free from that interior desire. So long as I am in hatred to another, I am in bondage to my hatred; and if, for the sake of appearances, I do not act or speak from it, I am none the less at its mercy, and it will find an outlet wherever it can do so without debasing me in the eyes of other men more willing than I am to be debased. The control of appearances is merely outward repression, and a very common instance of this may be observed in the effort to control a laugh. If we repress it, it is apt to assert itself in spite of our best efforts; whereas, if we relax our muscles, and let

the sensation go through us, we can control our desire to laugh, and so get free from it. When we repress a laugh, we are really holding on to it, in our minds, but, when we control it by relaxing the tension that comes from the desire to laugh, it is as if the sensation passed over and away from us.

It is a well known fact among surgeons that, if a man who is badly frightened, takes ether, no matter how well he controls his outward behavior, no matter how quiet he appears while the ether is being administered, as soon as he loses control of his voluntary muscles, the fear that has been repressed rushes out in the form of excitement. This is a practical illustration of the fact that control of appearances is merely control of the muscles, and that, even so far as our nervous system goes, it is only repression, and self-repression is not self-control.

If I repress the expression of irritability, anger, hatred or any other form of evil, it is there, in my brain, just the same; and, in one form or another, I am in bondage to it. Sometimes it expresses itself in little meannesses; sometimes it affects my body and makes me ill; often it keeps me from being entirely well. Of one thing we may be sure,—it makes me the instrument of evil, in one way or another. Repressed evil is not going to lie dormant in us forever; it will rise in active ferment, sooner or later. Its ultimate action is just as certain as that a serious impurity of the blood is certain to lead to physical disease, if it is not counteracted.

Knowing this to be true, we can no longer say of certain people "so and so has remarkable self-control!" We can only say, "so and so represses his feelings remarkably well; what a good actor he is!" The men who have real self-control do exist, and they are the leaven that saves the race. It is good to know that this habitual repression comes, in many cases, from want of knowledge of the fact that self-repression is not self-control.

But the reader may say, "what am I to do, if I feel angry, and want to hit a man in the face; I am not supposed to hit him am I, rather than to repress my feelings?"

No, not at all, but you are supposed to use your will to get in behind the desire to hit him, and, by relaxing in mind and body, and stopping all resistance to his action, to remove that desire in yourself entirely. If once you persistently refuse to resist by dropping the anger of your mind and the tension of your body, you have gained an opportunity of helping your brother, if he is willing to be helped; you have cleared the atmosphere of your own mind entirely, so that you can understand his point of view, and give him the benefit of reasonable consideration; or, at the very least, you have yourself ceased to be ruled by his evils, for you can no longer be roused to personal retaliation. It is interesting and enlightening to recognize the fact that we are in bondage to any man to the extent that we permit ourselves to be roused to anger or resentment by his words or actions.

When a man's brain is befogged by the fumes of anger and irritability it can work neither clearly nor quietly, and, when that is the case, it is impossible for him to serve himself or his neighbor to his full ability. If another person has the power to rouse my anger or my irritability, and I allow the anger or the irritability to control me, I am, of course, subservient to my own bad state and at the mercy of the person who has the power to excite those evil states just in so far as such excitement confuses my brain.

Every one has in him certain inherited and personal tendencies which are obstacles to his freedom of mind and body, and his freedom is limited just in so far as he allows those tendencies to control him. If he controls them by external repression, they are then working havoc within him, no matter how thoroughly he may appear to be master of himself. If he acknowledges his mistaken tendencies fully and willingly and then refuses to act, speak, or think from them, he is taking a straight path toward freedom of life and action.

One great difficulty in the way of self-control is that we do not want to get free from our anger. In such cases we can only want to want to, and if we use the strength of will that is given us to drop our resistance in spite of our desire to be angry, we shall be working toward our freedom and our real self-control.

There is always a capacity for unselfish will, the will of the better self, behind the personal selfish will, ready and waiting for us to use it, and it grows with use until finally it overrules the personal selfish will

with a higher quality of power. It is only false strength that supports the personal will,—a false appearance of strength which might be called wilfulness and which leads ultimately to the destruction of its owner. Any true observer of human nature will recognize the weakness of mere selfish wilfulness in another, and will keep entirely free from its trammels by refusing to meet it in a spirit of resentment or retaliation.

Real self-control, as compared to repression, is delightful in its physical results, when we have any difficult experience to anticipate or to go through. Take, for instance, a surgical operation. If I control myself by yielding, by relaxing the nervous tension which is the result of my fear, that makes true self-control possible, and brings a helpful freedom from reaction after the trouble is over, or the same principle can be applied. If I have to go through a hard trial with a friend and must control myself for his sake,—dropping resistance in my mind and in my body, dropping resistance to his suffering, yielding my will to the necessities of the situation,—this attitude will leave me much more clear to help him, will show him how to help himself, and will relieve him from the reaction that inevitably follows severe nervous strain. The power of use to others is increased immeasurably when we control ourselves interiorly, and do not merely outwardly repress.

It often happens that a drunkard who is supposed to be "cured," returns to his habit, simply because he has wanted his drink all the time, and has only been taught to repress his appetite; if he had been steadily and carefully taught real self-control, he would have learnt to control and drop his interior *desire*, and thus keep permanently free. How often we see intemperance which had shown itself in drink simply turned into another channel, another form of selfish indulgence, and yet the victim will complacently boast of his self-control. An extreme illustration of this truth is shown in the case of a well known lecturer on temperance. He had given up drink, but he ate like a glutton, and his thirst for applause was so extreme as to make him appear almost ridiculous when he did not receive it.

The opportunities for self-control are, of course, innumerable; indeed they constitute pretty much the whole of life. We are living in freedom and use, real living use, in proportion as we are in actual control of our selfish selves, and led by our love of useful service. In proportion as we have through true self-control brought ourselves into daily and hourly obedience to law, are we in the freedom that properly belongs to our own lives and their true uses.

When once we have won our freedom from resistance, we must use that freedom in action, and put it directly to use. Sometimes it will result in a small action, sometimes in a great one; but, whatever it is, it must be *done*. If we drop the resistance, and do not use the freedom gained thereby for active service, we shall simply react into further bondage, from which it will be still more difficult to escape. Having dropped my antagonism to my most bitter enemy, I must do something to serve him, if I can. If I find that it is impossible to serve him, I can at least be of service to someone else; and this action, if carried out in the true spirit of unselfish service, will go far toward the permanent establishment of my freedom.

If a circumstance which is atrociously wrong in itself makes us indignant, the first thing to do is to drop the resistance of our indignation, and then to do whatever may be within our power to prevent the continuance of such wrong. Many people weaken their powers of service by their own indignation, when, if they would cease their excited resistance, they would see clearly how to remedy the wrong that arouses their antagonism. Action, when accompanied by personal resistance, however effective it may seem, does not begin to have the power that can come from action, without such resistance. As, for instance, when we have to train a child with a perverse will, if we quietly assert what is right to the child, and insist upon obedience without the slightest antagonistic feeling to the child's naughtiness, we accomplish much more toward strengthening the character of the child than if we try to enforce our idea by the use of our own personal will, which is filled with resistance toward the child's obstinacy. In the latter case, it is just pitting our will against the will of the child, which is always destructive, however it may appear that we have succeeded in enforcing the child's obedience. The same thing holds true in relation to an older per-

son, with the exception that, with him or her, we cannot even attempt to require obedience. In that case we must,—when it is necessary that we should speak at all,—assert the right without antagonism to what we believe to be their wrong, and without the slightest personal resistance to it. If we follow this course, in most cases our friend will come to the right point of view,—sometimes the result seems almost miraculous,—or, as is often the case, we, because we are wholesomely open-minded, will recognize any mistake in our own point of view, and will gladly modify it to agree with that of our friend.

The trouble is that very few of us feel like working to remedy a wrong merely for the sake of the right, and therefore we must have an impetus of personal feeling to carry us on toward the work of reformation. If we could once be strongly started in obedience to the law from love of the law itself, we should find in that impersonal love a clear light and power for effective action both in the larger and in the smaller questions of life.

There is a popular cry against introspection and an insistence that it is necessarily morbid, which works in direct opposition to true self-control. Introspection for its own sake is self-centered and morbid, but we might as well assert that it is right to have dirty hands so long as we wear gloves, and that it is morbid to want to be sure that our hands are clean under our gloves, as to assert that introspection for the sake of our true spiritual freedom is morbid. If I cannot look at my selfish motives, how am I going to get free from them? It is my selfish motives that prevent true self-control. It is my selfish motives that prompt me to the false control of repression, which is counterfeit and for the sake of appearances alone. We must see these motives, recognize and turn away from them, in order to control ourselves interiorly into line with law. We cannot possibly see them unless we look for them. If we look into ourselves for the sake of freedom, for the sake of our greater power for use, for the sake of our true self-control, what can be more wholesome or what can lead us to a more healthy habit of looking out from ourselves into the lives and interests of others? The farther we get established in motives that are truly unselfish the sooner we shall get out of our own light, and the wider our horizon will be; and the wider our horizon, the greater our power for use.

There must, of course, be a certain period of self-consciousness in the process of finding our true self-control, but it is for the sake of an end which brings us more and more fully into a state of happy, quiet spontaneity. If we are working carefully for true self-control we shall welcome an unexpected searchlight from another mind. If the searchlight brings into prominence a bit of irritation that we did not know was there, so much the better. How could we free ourselves from it without knowing that it was there? But as soon as we discover it we can control and cast it off. A healthy introspection is merely the use of a searchlight which every one who loves the truth has the privilege of using for the sake of his own growth and usefulness, and circumstances often turn it full upon us, greatly to our advantage, if we do not wince but act upon the knowledge that it brings. It is possible to acquire an introspective habit which is wholesome and true, and brings us every day a better sense of proportion and a clearer outlook.

With regard to the true control of the pleasurable emotions the same principle applies.

People often get intensely excited in listening to music,—letting their emotions run rampant and suffering in consequence a painful reaction of fatigue. If they would learn to yield so that the music could pass over their nerves as it passes over the strings of a musical instrument, and then, with the new life and vigor derived from the enjoyment, would turn to some useful work, they would find a great expansion in the enjoyment of the music as well as a new pleasure in their work.

Real self-control is the subjugation of selfishness in whatever form it may exist, and its entire subordination to spiritual and natural law. Real self-control is not self-centered. In so far as we become established in this true self-control we are upheld by law and guided by the power behind it to the perfect freedom and joy of a useful life.

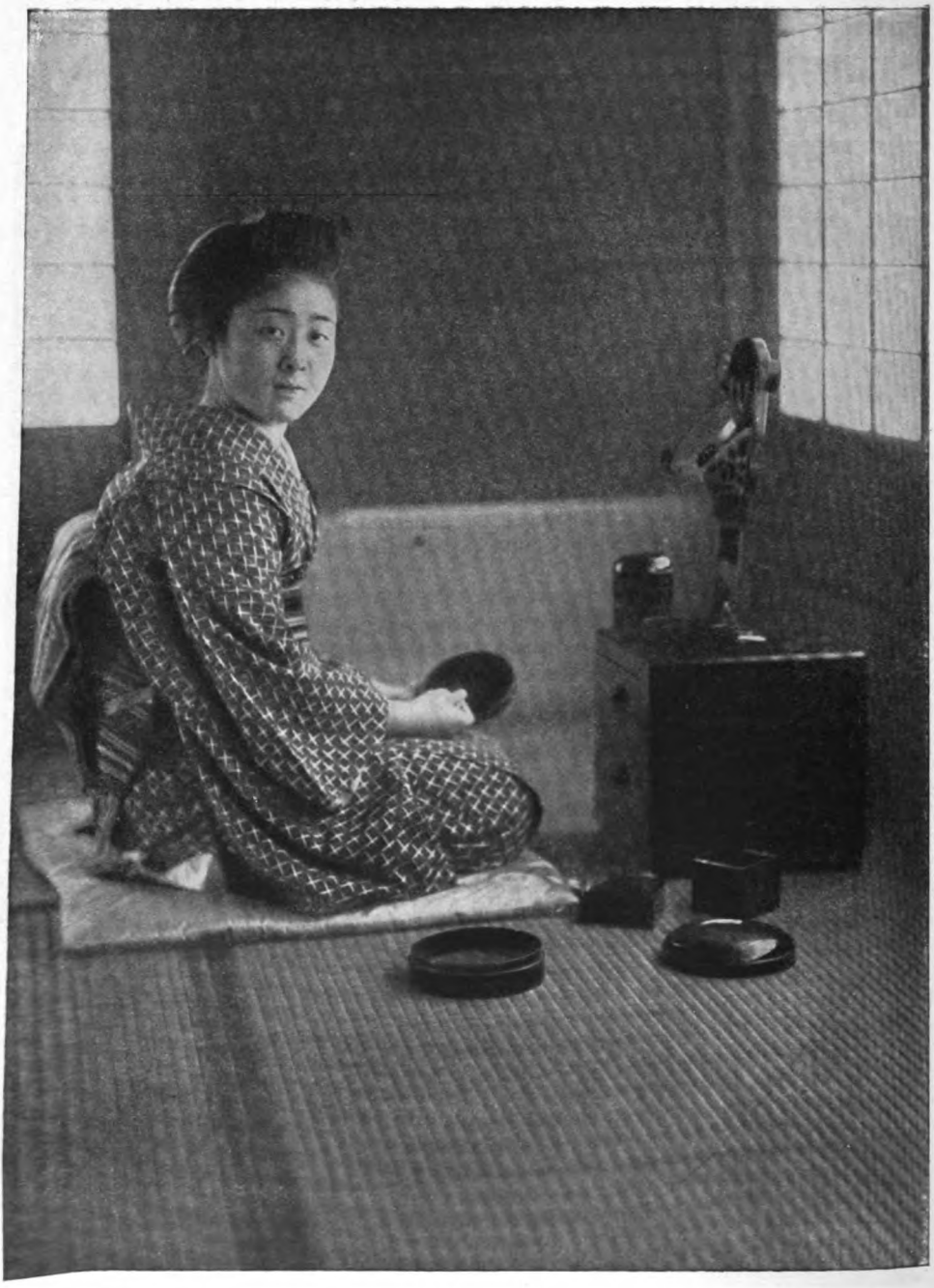
Miss Call's next article will deal with the religious side of her philosophy.

WOMEN OF JAPAN

By the Artist-Photographer Zaïda Ben-Yusuf

In Full Dress.

When the make-up is complete a triangular space is still left at the back of the neck to show the real color of the skin.



At Her Toilet.

The face is whitened, the eyebrows blackened freshly each day.

Getting Warm.

The Japanese stove is simply a brazier readily moved about the room.

The Dancer.

In the most dignified dances the hands are kept partially concealed.

The Piano of Nippon.

*The **drum** which gives the rhythm for the dance, demands careful technique.*

The Pause.

The dancer is even more graceful at rest than in motion.

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE

A Masterpiece Among Detective Stories

By Anna Katharine Green

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE AMETHYST BOX," ETC

WITH A DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

SYNOPSIS OF TWO FIRST CHAPTERS. *The central figure at a grand ball is Mrs. Fairbrother, a very beautiful woman, gorgeously dressed and wearing a diamond of immense value. Among the men who talk with her is Anson Durand, a dealer in precious stones. In the course of the evening, Durand proposes to Miss Van Arsdale, who is telling the story, and is accepted by her. At the height of the ball the cry arises that Mrs. Fairbrother has been murdered and her body is found in an alcove with her gloves gone and the diamond stolen. The Inspector of Police cross-questions those present and, in talking to Miss Van Arsdale, discovers that she has in a bag carried on her arm, Mrs. Fairbrother's gloves. As she takes them from the bag, the lost diamond rolls out on the floor.*

III. ANSON DURAND

WITH benumbed senses and a dismayed heart, I stared at the fallen jewel as at some hateful thing menacing both my life and honor.

"I have had nothing to do with it," I vehemently asserted. "I did not put the gloves in my bag, nor did I know the diamond was in them. I fainted at the first alarm, and—"

"There! there! I know," interposed the Inspector, kindly. "I do not doubt you in the least; not when there is a man to doubt. Miss Van Arsdale, you had better let your uncle take you home. I will see that the hall is cleared for you. To-morrow I may wish to talk to you again, but I will spare you all further importunity to-night."

I shook my head. It would require more courage to leave at that moment than to stay. Meeting the Inspector's eyes firmly, I quietly declared —

"If Mr. Durand's good name is to suffer in any way, I will not forsake him. I have confidence in his integrity, if you have not. It was not his hand, but one much more guilty, which dropped this jewel into the bag."

"So! so! do not be too sure of that, little woman. You had better take your lesson at once. It will be easier for you, and more wholesome for him."

Here he picked up the jewel.

"Well, they said it was a wonder!" he exclaimed, in his sudden admiration. "I am not surprised, now that I have seen a great gem, at the famous stories I have read of men risking life and honor for their possession. If only no blood had been shed!"

"Uncle! uncle!" I wailed aloud in my agony.

It was all my lips could utter, but to uncle, it was enough. Speaking up for the first time, he asked to have a passage made for us, and when the Inspector moved forward to comply, he threw his arm about me, and was endeavoring to find fitting words with which to fill up the delay, when a short altercation was heard from the doorway, and Mr. Durand came rushing in, followed immediately by the Inspector.

His first look was not at myself, but at the bag, which still hung from my arm. As I noted this action, my whole inner self seemed to collapse, dragging my happiness down with it. But, my countenance remained steady, too steady, for when his eye finally rose to my face, he found there what made him recoil and turn with something like fierceness on his companion.

"You have been talking to her," he vehemently protested. "Perhaps you have gone further than that. What has hap-

A splash of red defiled the whiteness of his shirt front.

pened here? I think I ought to know. She is so guileless, Inspector Dalzell; so perfectly free from all connection with this crime. Why have you shut her up here, and plied her with questions, and made her look at me with such an expression, when all you have against me is just what you have against some half dozen others, —that I was weak enough, or unfortunate enough, to spend a few minutes with that unhappy woman in the alcove before she died?"

"It might be well if Miss Van Arsdale herself would answer you," was the Inspector's quiet retort. "What you have said may constitute all that we have against *you*, but it is not all we have against *her*."

I gasped, not so much at this seeming accusation, the motive of which I believed myself to understand, but at the burning blush with which it was received by Mr. Durand.

"What do you mean?" he demanded, with certain odd breaks in his voice. "What can you have against *her?*"

"A triviality," returned the Inspector, with a look in my direction not to be mistaken.

"I do not call it a triviality," I burst out. "It seems that Mrs. Fairbrother, for all her elaborate toilette, was found without gloves on her arms. As she certainly wore them on entering the alcove, the police have naturally been looking for them. And where do you think they have found them? Not in the alcove with her, —not in the possession of the man who undoubtedly carried them away with him, but—"

"I know, I know," Mr. Durand hoarsely put in. "You need not say any more. Oh, my poor Rita! what have I brought upon you by my weakness?"

"*Weakness!*"

He started; I started; my voice was totally unrecognizable.

"I should give it another name," I added, coldly.

For a moment he seemed to lose heart, then he lifted his head again, and looked as handsome as when he had plead for my hand in the little conservatory.

"You have that right," said he; "besides, weakness at such a time, and under such exigencies, is little short of wrong. It was unmanly in me to endeavor to secrete these gloves; more than unmanly for me to choose for their hiding-place the recesses of an article belonging exclusively to yourself. I acknowledge it, Rita, and shall meet only my just punishment if you deny me in the future both your sympathy and regard. But you must let me assure you and these gentlemen also, one of whom can make it very unpleasant for me, that consideration for you, much more than any miserable anxiety about myself, lay at the bottom of what must strike you all as an act of unpardonable cowardice. From the moment I learned of this woman's murder in the alcove, where I had visited her, I realized that everyone who had been seen to approach her within a half hour of her death would be subjected to a more or less rigid investigation, and I feared if her gloves were found in my possession, some special attention might be directed my way which would cause you unmerited distress. So, yielding to an impulse which I now recognize as a most unwise, as well as unworthy one, I took advantage of the bustle about us, and of the insensibility into which you had fallen, to tuck these miserable gloves into the bag I saw lying on the floor at your side. I will not ask your pardon. My whole future life shall be devoted to winning that; I simply wish to state a fact."

"Very good," it was the Inspector who spoke. I could not have uttered a word to save my life. "Perhaps you will now feel that you owe it to this young lady to add how you came to have these gloves in your possession?"

"Mrs. Fairbrother handed them to me."

"Handed them to you?"

"Yes, I hardly know why myself. She asked me to take care of them for her. I know that this must strike you as a very peculiar statement. It was my realization of the unfavorable effect it could not fail to produce upon those who heard it, which made me dread any interrogation on the subject. But I assure you it was as I say. She put the gloves in my hand while I was talking to her, saying they incommoded her."

"And you?"

"Well, I held them for a few minutes, then I put them in my pocket, but quite automatically, and without thinking very much about it. She was a woman accustomed to have her own way. People seldom questioned it, I judge."

Here the tension about my throat relaxed, and I opened my lips to speak. But the Inspector, with a glance of some authority, hastily forestalled me.

"Were the gloves open or rolled up when she offered them to you?"

"They were rolled up."

"Did you see her take them off?"

"Assuredly."

"And roll them up?"

"Certainly."

"After which she passed them over to you?"

"Not immediately. She let them lie in her lap for awhile."

"While you talked?"

Mr. Durand bowed.

"And looked at the diamond?"

Mr. Durand bowed for the second time.

"Had you ever seen so fine a diamond before?"

"No."

"Yet you deal in precious stones?"

"That is my business."

"And are regarded as a judge of them?"

"I have that reputation."

"Mr. Durand, would you know this diamond if you saw it?"

"I certainly should."

"The setting was an uncommon one, I hear."

"Quite an unusual one."

The Inspector opened his hand.

"Is this the article?"

"Good God! Where—"

"Don't you know?"

"I do *not*."

The Inspector eyed him gravely.

"Then I have a bit of news for you. It was hidden in the gloves you took from Mrs. Fairbrother. Miss Van Arsdale was present at their unrolling."

Do we live, move, breathe at certain moments? It hardly seems so. I know that I was conscious of but one sense, that of seeing, and of but one faculty, that of judgment. Would he flinch, break down, betray guilt, or simply show astonishment? I chose to believe it was the latter feeling only which informed his slowly whitening and disturbed features. Certainly it was all his words expressed, as his glances flew from the stone to the gloves and back again to the Inspector's face.

"I cannot believe it. I cannot believe it." And his hand flew wildly to his forehead.

"Yet it is the truth, Mr. Durand, and one you have now to face. How will you do this? By any further explanations or by what you may consider a discreet silence?"

"I have nothing to explain; the facts are as I have stated."

The Inspector regarded him with an earnestness which made my heart sink.

"You can fix the time of this visit, I hope; tell us, I mean, just when you left the alcove. You must have met or seen some one who can speak for you."

"I fear not."

Why did he look so disturbed and uncertain.

"There were but few persons in the hall just then," he went on to explain. "No one was sitting on the yellow divan."

"You know where you went, though? Whom you saw and what you did before the alarm spread?"

"Inspector, I am quite confused. I did go somewhere; I did not remain in that part of the hall. But I can tell you nothing definite, save that I walked about, mostly among strangers, till the cry rose which sent us all in one direction and me to the side of my fainting sweetheart."

"Can you pick out any stranger you talked to or any one who might have noted you during this interval? You see, for the sake of this little woman, I wish to give you every chance."

"Inspector, I am obliged to throw myself on your mercy. I have no such witness to my innocence as you call for. Innocent people seldom have. It is only the guilty who provide for such contingencies."

This was all very well if it had been uttered with a straightforward air and in the clear tone of perfect innocence. But it was not. I who loved him felt that it was not, and consequently was more or less prepared for the change which now took place in the Inspector's manner. Yet it pierced me to the heart to observe this change, and I instinctively dropped my face into my hands when I saw him move towards Mr. Durand with some final order or word of caution.

Instantly (and who can account for such phenomena!) there floated into view before my retina a reproduction of the picture I had seen, or imagined myself to have seen, in the supper-room; and as at that time it opened before me an unknown vista quite

removed from the surrounding scene, so it did now, and I beheld again in faint outlines, and yet with the effect of complete distinctness, a square of light through which appeared an open passage partially shut off from view by a half lifted curtain and the tall figure of a man holding back this curtain and gazing, or seeming to gaze, at his own breast, on which he had already laid one quivering finger.

What did it mean? In the excitement of the horrible occurrence which had engrossed us all, I had forgotten this curious experience, but on feeling anew the vague sensation of shock and expectation which seemed its natural accompaniment, I became conscious of a sudden conviction that the picture which had opened before me in the supper-room was the result of a reflection in glass or a mirror of something then going on in a place not otherwise within the reach of my vision; a reflection, the importance of which I suddenly realized when I recalled at what a critical moment it had occurred. A man in a state of dread looking at his breast, within five minutes of the stir and rush of the dreadful event which had marked this evening!

A hope, great as the despair in which I had just been sunk, gave me courage to drop my hands and advance impetuously towards the Inspector.

"Don't speak, I pray; don't judge any of us further till you have heard what I have to say."

In great astonishment and with an aspect of some severity, he asked me what I had to say now which I had not had the opportunity of saying before. I replied with all the passion of a forlorn hope that it was only at this present moment I remembered a fact which might have a very decided bearing on this case; and, detecting evidences as I thought of relenting on his part, I backed up this statement by an entreaty for a few words with him apart, as the matter I had to tell was private and possibly too fanciful for any ear but his own.

He looked as if he apprehended some loss of valuable time, but touched by the involuntary gesture of appeal with which I supplemented my request, he led me into a corner where, with just an encouraging glance towards Mr. Durand, who seemed struck dumb by my action, I told the Inspector of that momentary picture I had seen reflected in what I was now sure was some window pane or mirror.

"It was at a time coincident with, or very nearly coincident, with the perpetration of the crime you are now investigating," I concluded. "Within five minutes afterward came the shout which roused us all to what had happened in the alcove. I do not know what passage I saw or what door or even what figure; but I am sure anyway, that it was that of a guilty man. Something in the outline (and it was the outline only I could catch) expressed an emotion incomprehensible to me at the moment, but which, in my remembrance, impresses me as that of fear and dread. It was not the entrance to the alcove I beheld—that would have struck me at once—but some other opening which I might recognize if I saw it. Cannot that opening be found, and may it not give a clue to the man I saw skulking through it with terror and remorse in his heart?"

"Was this figure, when you saw it, turned toward you or away?" the Inspector inquired with unexpected interest. "Was it his back you saw or his face?"

"His back. He was going from me."

"And you sat—where?"

"Shall I show you?"

The Inspector bowed, then with a low word of caution turned to my uncle.

"I am going to take this young lady into the hall for a moment, at her own request. May I ask you and Mr. Durand to await me here?"

Without pausing for reply, he threw open the door and presently we were pacing the deserted supper-room, seeking for the place where I had sat. I found it almost by a miracle,—everything being in great disorder. Guided by my bouquet, which I had left behind me in my escape from the table, I laid hold of the chair before which it lay, and declared quite confidently to the Inspector:—

"This is where I sat."

Naturally his glance and mine both flew to the opposite wall. A window was before us of an unusual size and make. Unlike any which had ever before come under my observation, it swung on a pivot, and, though shut at the present moment, might very easily, when opened, present its huge pane at an angle capable of catching reflections from some of the many mirrors dec-

orating the reception-room situated diagonally across the hall. As all the doorways on this lower floor were of unusual width, an open path was offered, as it were, for these reflections to pass, making it possible for scenes to be imaged here which, to the persons involved, would seem as safe from any one's scrutiny as if they were taking place in the adjoining house.

As we realized this, a look passed between us of more than ordinary significance. Pointing to the window, the Inspector turned to a group of waiters watching us from the other side of the room in evident curiosity and asked if it had been opened any time this evening.

The answer came quickly :—

"Yes, sir,—just before the—the—"

"I understand," broke in the Inspector ; and, leaning over me, he whispered : "Tell me again, exactly what you thought you saw."

But I could add but little to my former description.

"Perhaps you can tell me this much," he kindly persisted. "Was the picture, when you saw it, on a level with your eye, or did you have to lift your head, in order to see it?"

"It was high up,—in the air, as it were. That seemed its oddest feature."

The Inspector's mouth took a satisfied curve.

"Possibly, I might identify the door and passage, if I saw them," I suggested.

"Certainly, certainly," was his cheerful rejoinder ; and, summoning one of his men, he was about to give some order, when his impulse changed, and he asked if I could draw.

I assured him, in some surprise, that I was far from being an adept in that direction, but that possibly I might manage a rough sketch ; whereupon, he pulled a pad and pencil from his pocket, and requested me to make some sort of attempt to reproduce, on paper, my memory of this passage and the door.

My heart was beating violently, and the pencil shook in my hand, but I knew that it would not do for me to show any hesitation in fixing for all eyes what, unaccountably to myself, continued to be perfectly plain to my own. So, I endeavored to do as he bade me, and succeeded, to some extent, for he uttered a slight ejaculation at one of its features, and, while duly expressing his thanks, honored me with a very sharp look.

"Is this your first visit to this house?" he asked.

"No; I have been here before."

"In the evening, or in the afternoon, making calls?"

"In the afternoon."

"I am told that the main entrance is not in use to-night."

"No. A side door is provided for occasions like the present. Guests entering there find a special hall and staircase, by which they can reach the upstairs dressing-rooms, without crossing the main hall. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

I stared at him in wonder. What lay back of such questions as these?

"You came in, as others did, by this side entrance," he now proceeded. "Did you notice, as you turned to go upstairs, an arch opening into a small passage-way at your left?"

"I did not," I began, flushing, for I thought I understood him now. "I was too eager to reach the dressing-room, to look about me."

"Very well, I may want to show you that arch."

The outline of an arch backing the figure we were endeavoring to identify, was a marked feature in the sketch I had shown him.

"Will you take a seat nearby, while I make a study of this matter?"

I turned with alacrity to obey. There was something in his air and manner which made me almost buoyant. Had my fanciful interpretation of what I had seen reached him with the like conviction it had me? If so, there was hope,—hope for the man I loved, who had gone in and out between curtains, and not through any such arch as he mentioned, or I had described. Providence was working for me. I saw it in the way the men now moved about, swinging the window to and fro, under the instruction of the Inspector, manipulating the lights, opening doors and drawing back curtains. Providence was working for me, and when, a few minutes later, I was asked to reseat myself in my old place at the supper table, and take another look in that slightly deflected glass, I

knew that my effort had met with its reward, and that for the third time I was to receive the impression of a place now indellibly imprinted on my consciousness.

"Is not that it?" asked the Inspector, pointing at the glass with a last look at the imperfect sketch I had made him, and which he still held in his hand.

"Yes," I eagerly responded. "All but the man. He whose figure I see there is another person entirely; I see no remorse, or even fear, in *his* looks."

"Of course not. You are looking at the reflection of one of my men. Miss Van Arsdale, do you recognize the place now under your eye?"

"I do not. You spoke of an arch in the hall, at the left of the carriage entrance, and I see an arch in the window-pane before me, but—"

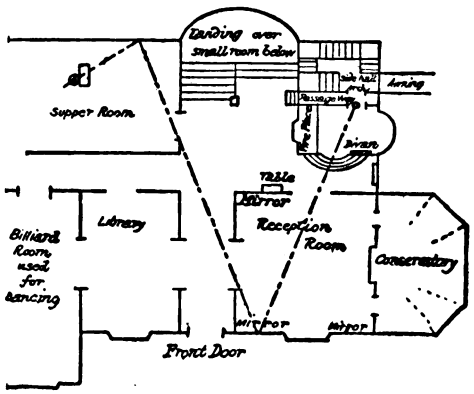
"You are looking straight through the alcove,—perhaps you did not know that another door opened at its back,—into the passage which runs behind it. Further on is the arch, and beyond that arch the side hall and staircase leading to the dressing-rooms. This door,—the one in the rear of the alcove, I mean, is hidden from those entering from the main hall by draperies which have been hung over it for this occasion, but it is quite visible from the back passage-way, and there can be no doubt that it was by its means the man whose reflected image you saw, both entered and left the alcove. It is an important fact to establish, and we feel very much obliged to you for the aid you have given us in this regard." Then, as I continued to stare at him in my elation and surprise, he added, in quick explanation, "The lights in the alcove, and in the several parlors, are all hung with shades, as you must perceive, but the one in the hall, beyond the arch, is very bright, which accounts for the distinctness of this double reflection. Another thing,—and it is a very interesting point,—it would have been impossible for this reflection to have been noticeable from where you sat, if the level of the alcove flooring had not been considerably higher than that of the main floor. But for this freak of the architect, the continually passing to and fro of people would have prevented the reflection in its passage from surface to surface. Miss Van Arsdale, it would seem that by one of those chances which happen but once or twice in a life-time, every condition was propitious at the moment to make this reflection a possible occurrence. Even the location and width of the several doorways and the exact point at which the portière was drawn aside from the alcove's entrance."

"It is wonderful," I cried, "wonderful." Then, to his astonishment perhaps, I asked if there was not a small door of communication between the passageway back of the alcove and the large central hall.

"Yes," he replied. "It opens just beyond the fire-place. Three small steps lead to it."

"I thought so," I murmured, but more to myself than to him. In my mind I was seeing how a man, if he so wished, could pass from the very heart of this assemblage into this quiet passageway and so on into the alcove, without attracting very much attention from his fellow guests. I forgot that there was another way of approach even less noticeable; that by the small staircase running up beyond the arch directly to the dressing-rooms.

That no confusion may arise in one's mind in regard to these curious approaches, I subjoin a plan of a portion of this lower floor as it afterwards appeared in the leading dailies.



"And Mr. Durand?" I stammered, as I followed the Inspector back to the room where we had left that gentleman. "You will believe his statement now and look for this second intruder with the guiltily hanging head and frightened mien?"

"Yes," he replied, stopping me on the

threshold of the door and taking my hand kindly in his, "if—(don't start, my dear; life is full of trouble for young and old, and youth is the best time to face a sad experience,) if he is not himself the man you saw staring in frightened horror at his breast. Have you not noticed that he is not dressed in all respects like the other gentlemen present? That though he has not donned his overcoat, he has put on, somewhat prematurely one might say, the large silk handkerchief he presumably wears under it? Have you not noticed this, and asked yourself why?"

I had noticed it. I had noticed it from the moment I recoverd from my fainting fit, but I had not thought it a matter of sufficient interest to ask, even of myself, his reason for thus hiding his shirt front. *Now* I could not. My faculties were too confused, my heart too deeply shaken by the suggestion which the Inspector's words conveyed for me to be conscious of anything but the devouring question as to what I should do if by my own mistaken zeal I had succeeded in plunging the man I loved yet deeper into the toils in which he had become enmeshed.

The Inspector left me no time for the settlement of this question. Ushering me back into the room where Mr. Durand and my uncle awaited our return in apparently unrelieved silence, he closed the door upon the curious eyes of the various persons still lingering in the hall, and abruptly said to Mr. Durand:—

"The explanations you have been pleased to give of the manner in which this diamond came into your possession are not too fanciful for credence, if you can satisfy us on another point which has awakened some doubt in the mind of one of my men. Mr. Durand, you appear to have prepared yourself for departure somewhat prematurely. Do you mind removing that handkerchief for a moment? My reason for so peculiar a request will presently appear."

Alas, for my last fond hope! Mr. Durand, with a face as white as the background of snow framed in by the uncurtained window, against which he leaned, lifted his hand as if to comply with the Inspector's request, then let it fall again with a grating laugh.

"I see that I am not likely to escape any of the results of my imprudence," he cried, and with a quick jerk bared his shirt front.

A splash of red defiled its otherwise uniform whiteness! That it was the red of heart's blood was proved by the shrinking look he unconsciously cast at it.

IV

EXPLANATIONS

My love died at sight of that crimson splash—or I thought it did. In this spot of blood on the breast of him to whom I had given my heart, I could read but one word—*guilt*, heinous guilt, guilt denied and now brought to light in language that could be read and seen of all men. Why should I stay in such a presence? Had not the Inspector himself advised me to go?

Yes, but another voice bids me remain. Just as I reached the door, Anson Durand found his voice and I heard, in the full, sweet tones I loved so well:—

"Wait! I am not to be judged like this. I will explain."

But here the Inspector interposed.

"Do you think it wise to make any such attempt without the advice of counsel, Mr. Durand?"

The indignation with which Mr. Durand wheeled toward him raised in me a faint hope.

"Good God, yes!" he cried. "Would you have me leave the woman who has just done me such honor one minute longer than is necessary to such dreadful doubts! Rita—Miss Van Arsdale—weakness, and weakness only, has brought me into my present position. I did not kill Mrs. Fairbrother, nor did I knowingly take her diamond, though appearances look that way, as I am very ready to acknowledge. I did go to her in the alcove, not once, but twice, and these are my reasons for doing so: About three months ago a certain well-known man of enormous wealth came to me with the request that I would procure for him a diamond of superior beauty. He wished to give it to his wife, and he wished it to outshine any which could now be found in New York. This meant sending abroad; an expense he was quite willing to incur on the sole condition that the stone should not disappoint him when he saw it, and that it was to be in his hands on the eighteenth of February—his wife's birthday. I had never had such

an opportunity before for a large stroke of business, and naturally was much elated. I entered at once into correspondence with the best known dealers on the other side, and last week a diamond was delivered to me which seemed to fill all the necessary requirements. I had never seen a finer stone, and was consequently rejoicing in my success, when some one, I do not remember who now, chanced to speak in my hearing of the wonderful stone possessed by a certain Mrs. Fairbrother—a stone so large, so brilliant and so precious altogether that she seldom if ever wore it, though it was known to connoisseurs and had a great reputation at Tiffany's, where it had once been sent for some alteration in the setting. Was this stone larger and finer than the one I had procured with so much trouble? If so, my labor had all been in vain, for my patron must have known of this diamond and would expect to see it surpassed.

"I was so upset by this possibility that I resolved to see this jewel and make comparisons for myself. I found a friend who undertook to introduce me to the lady, who received me very graciously and was amiable enough until the subject of diamonds was broached, when she immediately stiffened and left me without an opportunity of proffering my request. However, on every other subject she was affable, and I found it easy enough to pursue the acquaintance till we were almost on friendly terms. But I never saw the diamond, nor would she talk about it, though I caused her some surprise when one day I drew out before her eyes the one I had procured for my patron and made her look at it. 'Fine,' she cried, 'fine!' But I failed to detect any envy in her manner, and so knew that I had not achieved the object set me by my wealthy customer. This was a woful disappointment; yet, as Mrs. Fairbrother never wore her diamond, it was among the possibilities that he might be satisfied with the very fine gem I had obtained for him, and, influenced by this hope, I sent him this morning a request to come and see it to-morrow. To-night I attended this ball, and almost as soon as I enter the drawing-room I hear that Mrs. Fairbrother is present and is wearing her famous jewel. What could you expect of me? Why, that I would make an effort to see it and so be ready with a reply to my exacting customer when he should ask me to-morrow if the stone I showed him had its peer in the city. But she was not in the drawing-room then, and later I became interested elsewhere"—here he cast a look at me—"so that half the evening passed before I had an opportunity to join her in the so-called alcove, where I had seen her set up her miniature court. What passed between us in the short interview we held together you will find me prepared to state, if necessary. It was chiefly marked by the one short view I succeeded in obtaining of her marvelous diamond, in spite of the pains she took to hide it from me by some natural movement whenever she caught my eyes leaving her face. But in that one short look I had seen enough. This was a gem for a collector, not to be worn save in a royal presence. How had she come by it? And could Mr. Smythe expect me to procure him a stone like that? In my confusion I rose to depart, but the lady showed a disposition to keep me, and began chatting so vivaciously that I scarcely noticed that she was all the time engaged in drawing off her gloves. Indeed, I almost forgot the jewel, possibly because her movements hid it so completely, and only remembered it when, with a sudden turn from the window where she had drawn me to watch the falling flakes, she pressed the gloves into my hand with the coquettish request that I would take care of them for her. I remember as I took them striving to catch another glimpse of the stone, whose brilliancy had dazzled me, but she had opened her fan between us. A moment after, thinking I heard approaching steps, I quitted the room. This was my first visit."

As he stopped, possibly for breath, possibly to judge to what extent I was impressed by his account, the Inspector seized the opportunity to ask if Mrs. Fairbrother had been standing any of this time with her back to him. To which he answered, "Yes," while they were in the window.

"Long enough for her to have plucked off the jewel and thrust it into the gloves, if she had so wished?"

"Quite long enough."

"But you did not see her do this?"

"I did not."

"And so took the gloves without suspicion?"

"Entirely so."

"And carried them away?"

"Unfortunately, yes."

"Without thinking that she might want them the next minute?"

"I doubt if I was thinking seriously of her at all. My thoughts were on my own disappointment."

"Did you carry these gloves out in your hand?"

"No, in my pocket."

"I see. And you met—"

"No one. The sound I heard must have come from the rear hall."

"And there was nobody on the steps?"

"No. A gentleman was standing at their foot,—Mr. Grey, the Englishman; but, his face was turned another way, and he looked as if he had been in that same position for several minutes."

"Did this gentleman,—Mr. Grey,—see you?"

"I cannot say, but I doubt it. He appeared to be in a sort of dream. There were other people about, but nobody with whom I was acquainted."

"Very good. Now for the second visit you acknowledge having paid this unfortunate lady."

The Inspector's voice was hard. I clung a little more tightly to uncle, and Mr. Durand, after one agonizing glance my way, drew himself up as if quite conscious that he had entered upon the most serious part of the struggle.

"I had forgotten the gloves, in my hurried departure; but, presently, I remembered them, and grew very uneasy. I did not like carrying this woman's property about with me. I had engaged myself, an hour before, to Miss Van Arsdale, and was very anxious to rejoin her. The gloves worried me, and finally, after a little aimless wandering through the various rooms, I determined to go back and restore them to their owner. The doors of the supper-room had just been flung open, and the end of the hall near the alcove was comparatively empty, save for a certain quizzical friend of mine, whom I saw sitting with his partner on the yellow divan. I did not want to encounter him just then, for he had already joked me about my admiration for the lady with the diamond, and so I conceived the idea of approaching her by means of a second entrance to the alcove, unsuspected by most of those present, but perfectly well known to me, who have been a frequent guest in this house. A door, covered by temporary draperies, connects, as you may know, this alcove with a passage-way communicating directly with the hall of entrance and the upstairs dressing-rooms. To go up the main stairs and come down by the side one, and so on, through a small archway there is to this door was a very simple matter for me. If no early departing or late arriving guests were in that hall, I need fear but one encounter, and that was with the servant stationed at the carriage entrance. But even he was absent at this propitious instant, and I reached the door I sought, without any unpleasantness. This door opened out instead of in,—this I also knew when planning this surreptitious intrusion, but, after pulling it open and reaching for the curtain, which hung completely across it, I found it not so easy to proceed as I had imagined. The stealthiness of my action held back my hand; then the faint sounds I heard within advised me that she was not alone, and that she might very readily regard with displeasure my unexpected entrance by a door of which she was possibly ignorant. I tell you all this for the reason that, if by any chance I was seen hesitating in face of that curtain, doubts might have been raised, which I am anxious to dispel." Here his eyes left my face for that of the Inspector. "It certainly had a bad look,—that I don't deny; but, I did not think of appearances then. I was too anxious to complete a task which had suddenly presented unexpected difficulties. That I listened before entering was very natural, and when I heard no voice, only something like a great sigh, I ventured to lift the curtain and step in. She was sitting, not where I had left her, but on a couch at the left of the usual entrance, her face towards me, and,—you know how, Inspector. It was her last sigh I had heard. Horrified, for I had never looked on death before, much less crime, I reeled forward, meaning, I presume, to rush down the steps shouting for help, when, suddenly, something fell splashing on my shirt front, and I saw myself marked with a stain of blood. This both frightened and bewildered me, and it was a minute or two before I had the courage to look up. When I did do so, I saw whence this drop had come. Not from her, though the red stream was pouring down the rich folds of

her dress, but, from a sharp, needle-like instrument which had been thrust, point downwards, in the open work of an antique lantern hanging near the doorway. What had happened to me might have happened to anyone who had chanced to be in that spot at that special moment, but I did not realize this then. Covering the splash with my hands, I edged myself back to the door by which I had entered, watching those deathfull eyes and crushing under my feet the remnants of some broken china with which the carpet was bestrewn. I had no thoughts of her, hardly any of myself. To cross the room was all; to escape as secretly as I came, before the portière so nearly drawn between me and the main hall should stir under the hand of some curious person entering. It was my first sight of blood; my first contact with crime, and that was what I did,—I fled."

The last word was uttered with a gasp. Evidently he was more affected in the relation of this horrible experience than he had been while undergoing it.

"I am ashamed of myself," he muttered, "but, nothing can now undo the fact. I slid from the presence of this murdered woman as though she had been the victim of my own rage or cupidity; and, being fortunate enough to reach the dressing-room before the alarm had spread beyond the immediate vicinity of the alcove, found and put on the handkerchief, which made it possible for me to rush down and find Miss Van Arsdale, who, somebody told me, had fainted. Not till I stood over her in that remote corner beyond the supper-room did I again think of the gloves. What I did when I happened to think of them, you already know. I could have shown no greater cowardice if I had known that the murdered woman's diamond was hidden inside them. Yet, I did not know this, or even suspect it. Nor do I understand now, her reason for placing it there. Why should Mrs. Fairbrother risk such an invaluable gem to the custody of one she knew so little? An unconscious custody, too? Was she afraid of being murdered if she retained this jewel?"

The Inspector thought a moment, and then said:—

"You mention your dread of some one entering by the one door before you could escape by the other. Do you allude to the friend you left sitting on the divan opposite?"

"No, my friend had left that seat. The portière was sufficiently drawn for me to detect that much. If I had waited a minute longer," he bitterly added, "I would have found my way open to the regular entrance, and so escaped all this."

"Mr. Durand, you are not obliged to answer any of my questions; but, if you wish, you may tell me whether, at this moment of apprehension, you thought of the danger you ran of being seen from outside by some one of the many coachmen passing by on the driveway?"

"No,—I did not even think of the window,—I don't know why; but, if anyone passing by did see me, I hope they saw enough to substantiate my story."

The Inspector made no reply. He seemed to be thinking. I heard afterwards that the curtains, looped back in the early evening, had been found hanging at full length over this window, by those who first rushed in upon the scene of death. Had he hoped to entrap Mr. Durand into some damaging admission? Or, was he merely testing his truth. His expression afforded no clue to his thoughts, and Mr. Durand, noting this, remarked with some dignity:—

"I do not expect strangers to accept these explanations, which must sound strange and inadequate in face of the proof I carry of having been with that woman after the fatal weapon struck her heart. But, to one who knows me, and knows me well, I can surely appeal for credence to a tale which I here declare to be as true as if I had sworn to it in a court of justice."

"Anson!" I passionately cried out, loosening my clutch upon my uncle's arm. My confidence in him had returned.

And then, as I noted the Inspector's business-like air, and my uncle's wavering look and unconvinced manner, I felt my heart swell, and flinging discretion to the wind, I bounded eagerly forward, and, laying my hands in those of Mr. Durand's, cried fervently:—

"*I* believe in you. Nothing but your own words shall ever shake my confidence in your innocence."

The sweet, glad look I received, was my best reply. I could leave the room, after that.

But not the house. Another experience awaited me, and others collected under this roof, before this full, eventful evening, came to a close.

[*To be continued.*]

P'PAH AND THE OCARINA

A Musical Love Story

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

WITH SILHOUETTES BY B. CORY KILVERT

OWEN O'TUNDER, as mild mannered a man as ever scuttled the English language, was a pleasant little person who wore a high hat on Sunday, and rejoiced in the inalienable right of a householder to sit on his front porch of warm evenings in his shirt sleeves. His daughter, Kate, saw no harm in the high hat. To her way of thinking, it improved "p'pah." It lent him height, and it gave him that air of distinction which belonged to the man who was the perennial grand marshal of the St. Patrick's Day parade, and who always auctioned off the cakes at the parish bazaar, getting higher prices than any other man, because of his sunny speech and his winning way of not hearing low bids.

Jacob Rotzen, brewmaster at the Imperial Brewery, was O'Tunder's next door neighbor. Rotzen's son, August, or "Owgoost," as his parents would have it, was a "fine young bucko," according to O'Tunder. His estimate of "Owgoost" was based on his first sight of the young man, on which occasion "Owgoost" had walked to the fence between the two yards and invited the O'Tunder family to come over and take part in the Rotzen housewarming.

"No shtyle or puttin' on dahg about th' yoong man," said O'Tunder, telling his family of the invitation. "Sure, he coom t' th' fince an' asked us over f'r all th' wor-rld as if we'd been beknownst t' aich other f'r twinty years. Not th't I like these furriners as a class, but fr'm time to time, they is exceptions."

"But, p'pah," said Kate, who was taking off her neck ribbon and wondering whether or not to wear the new shirt waist, having had a look at August from behind the window shades, "do you think we should accept an invitation from people who are strangers to us?"

"Strangers, is ut?" mimicked O'Tunder, going into the kitchen to find the shoe blacking. "An' ain't we just as much strangers to them? An' let me ask wan favor of ye, Katy, this night. Don't, f'r my sake, don't shpring that 'p'pah' on me when they's anny wan near enough t' hear ye. If ye weren't such a big gyurl, an' if th' boardin' school wasn't t' blame f'r puttin' th' wor-rd on yer tongue, it'd go har-rd wit' ye, but I'd break ye of it."

"Why, p'pah!" came faintly from Kate's room, up the stairs.

"I mean ut; 'f they's wan thing makes me mad, it's t' have some wan talk t' me as if they thought I was a chicken! 'P'pah!' 'P'pah!' They's manny a hen can say it quicker, an' hens never attends boardin' schools as studiunts."

He completed the polishing of his shoes, bending over and accompanying each whisk of the brush with a rhythmical "p'pah!" from his clenched lips. But, when Kate came down stairs, in her new shirt waist, which was snugly tucked into the belt surmounting a swishing black shirt, and with a rose stuck carelessly into her black hair, his heart melted.

"Sure, Katy," he laughed, "'tis you have the eyes o' yer mother whin she was yer age,—an' th' divilment, too." This last, with a playful wink at his wife, who had appeared, stiff and unbending in her "company clothes." "T' look at yer mother now ye'd niver t'ink th't wan day she c'd give ye car-rds an' shpades in t'asin' yer betthers."

"Owen," Mrs. O'Tunder calmly said,

"ye're a b'y th't niver grew up, either in size or sinse."

"Now, m'mah," Kate broke in, "if p'pah was as big as he is smart, he could travel with the circus and be independent rich as a giant."

"Kathlane," admonished the mother, "ye c'n have all th' fun ye like wit yer father, but if ye don't shtop callin' me 'm'mah' I'll make ye remimber how it feels to be six an sassy."

"But, p'pah says you were saucy when you were sixteen, m'mah."

"If th' back o' this dress wasn't so tight it'd shplit down th' seams, I'd give ye a lesson th't wasn't set down in th' curryculium o' that boardin' school," answered Mrs. O'Tunder, with an ineffective wave of the hand, demonstrating that motion for her must stop at the elbow.

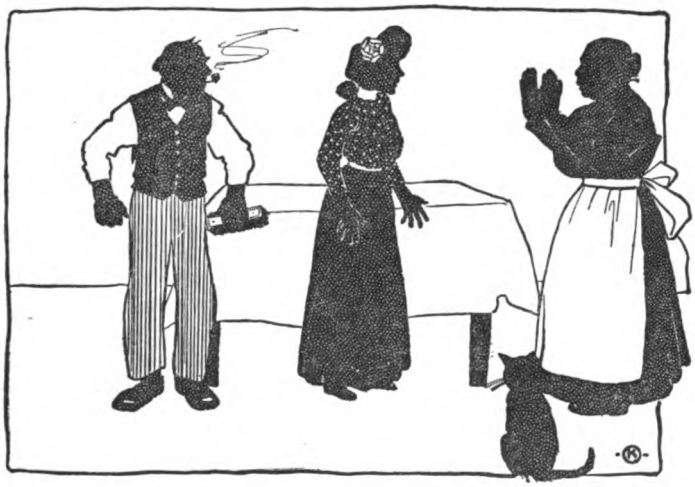
Norah, Rose and O'Connor O'Tunder romped into the room, dressed, brushed, and eager for the house warming, and the family left the house, filed solemnly from the veranda, and down the sidewalk to the open gate at the Rotzen home, where the jolly Schwartzmullers, Zicklers, Biestners and other friends of the hosts had begun to assemble. August, who was in the doorway to greet the arrivals, turned a deep scarlet and lost his command of English when he saw the O'Tunders.

"Wie gehts, Herr O'Tunder," he began, "Und die frauleine—"

"Owgoost! Owgoost!" boomed a deep voice behind him. "Id iss so, perhaps, dot our neighbors nicht verstehen der Chairman lankvitch, ain't it? Owgoost has peen meeding so many Chairmans dot his lankvitch slibs avay mit him." And Jacob Rotzen's big right hand clinched the slender palm of the O'Tunder and squeezed it exuberantly, then gripped Kate's dainty fingers in a similar clasp. "Ve are glat to see you. Coom py der haus in. Der goot vife vill show you vare to pud your hats unt der shiltren's. Dis iss mein son, Owgoost. He iss glat to see you, too, put meppe he iss so pashful yet he can't say it."

"Oh, he isn't bashful, Mr. Rotzen," laughed Kate. "He is only trying to think of something to say that will sound as nice as what you have said. Isn't that so, Mr.—Mr. Owgoost?"

She laughed infectiously as she twisted his name over her tongue, whereat Owgoost blushed the more, and told her, while he held her hand:—



"'*P'pah!*' '*P'pah!*' *They's manny a hen can say it quicker.*"

"It is that we are to be neighbors so soon, I see. I thank you, Miss—Miss Kate."

Late in the evening Herr Rotzen led the O'Tunder to the sideboard and indicated to him a long black bottle, from which he poured a glass of pale, smoky liquor.

"Irish visky," he explained. "I thought you voult like id."

"R-r-r-rotzen," murmured O'Tunder, after wiping his lips, "it isn't a house

war-rmin' ye're havin'. 'Tis a heart war-rmin' !"

"'Tis a nice fambly," said O'Tunder the next morning after waving his hand cheerily to Rotzen. "I'm glad t' have such neighbors."

"I'm t'inkin' ye'd be in love wit' th' whole neighborhood," remarked Mrs. O'Tunder, "if ivery wan had a bottle o' Irish whusky on th' sideboar-rd."

"Whisht, wumman! If ye—"

"Why, m'mah," Kate demurely asked, "if every one had a bottle of that on the sideboard, when would p'pah be at home?"

If Kate had not come home from the boarding school with "m'mah" and "p'pah" added to her vocabulary, Owen O'Tunder and his wife would have been perfectly satisfied with the result of sending her there. She had returned "eddycated" to the last degree, and could mention cities and countries as familiarly, her father said, as if they were over in the next street, while she could easily solve such abstruse problems as that about the man who climbed six feet each day and slid back four feet each night, getting the man out of the well in the proper number of days. "'F Kate had gone wan more ter-rm," said O'Tunder, referring to her solution of this problem, "she c'd have figgered in a b'y t' carry th' man's lunch til him whilst he was climbin' and shlippin'." But the "m'mah" and "p'pah" almost made the good folks forget that otherwise she had gained.

Owgoost stopped at the O'Tunder gate for a moment on his way down the street, and said to Kate, who simply happened to be there, that he hoped she had had a good time at the house warming, and that he also hoped they would see each other often.

"We can't help it, Owgoost," she smiled.

"No? So?"

"No. Because we are next door to each other, and, unless we go blind, we'll have to see each other about every day."

"I hope I am not then to go blind," soberly said Owgoost.

It was two or three evenings later that O'Tunder came back into the kitchen. His little pipe was held tightly between his thin lips and his little, black eyes snapped with what might have been amusement or might have been anger.

"Whin th' Dutch begin t' move into a neighborhood," he said to the wall, "a man can't sit on his own front poorch."

"Who's keepin' ye off th' poorch, Owen?" asked his wife, pausing with the dish rag half way around the meat platter.

"Kate."

"Katy? She's not Dutch, glory be! Not th't the Dutch ain't all right, but it'd be betther if they was all Irish."

"But she's keepin' me fr'm th' poorch."

"An' how, Owen, man?"

"She has Owgoost out there wit' her."

"Owgoost? Owgoost Rotzen?"

"None else. He come over about tin minyutes ago, wit' a bran' new suit on th' back o' him an' his han's doubled up til his wrists t' keep his cuffs fr'm fallin' off, an' his fate in a pair o' shoes th't is so tight th't whin he sits down he has t' stand up an' whin he stands up he has t' sit down. An' what does Katy do but say, 'P'pah',"—this with a vicious grasp for the last syllable—"'P'pah, p'r'aps m'mah wod like t' see ye, or p'r'aps ye'd find it more pleasant t' shmoke yer pi-ipe on th' ba-ack poorch!'"

"Well, Owen," Mrs. O'Tunder soothed, beginning to scald the tumblers, "ye know th' R-otzens is nice people, barrin' th' Dutchness o' thim, an' Owgoost seems t' be outgrowin' that."

"An' what d'ye mean by that, Honora, wumman?"

"Sure, ye can shmoke on th' back poorch wanst in a while, annyhow."

A kitchen chair was shortly slammed into position against the wall of the back porch. Between there and the Rotzen yard was a big apple tree screening the view from either side. Through the leaves O'Tunder could see his new neighbor, also on his own back porch, in his shirt sleeves —but he was not smoking. In his hands was some kind of a dark, round object. He lifted the dark, round object to his lips while O'Tunder gazed at him.

"What's he goin' t' ate, I dunno," mused O'Tunder.

He sat in a maze while his neighbor stolidly held the strange thing to his lips and vigorously attempted to blow from it something which might have been recognized as a piece of music if the listener had not

been so greatly astonished. From time to time Rotzen would desist, taking the thing from his lips and studying it attentively. Until darkness drew its impalpable veil between them, O'Tunder sat, leaning forward with his elbows on the rail of the porch, looking steadily and thoughtfully at Rotzen, wincing visibly whenever the neighbor's enthusiastic breath lent too much force to the siren-like tootings. In this position his wife found him when, the dishes put away, she joined him.

"Your pipe's bruk, Owen, man," she remarked. "What is ut?"

"I—I dunno. It's R-rotzen."

"Which? Owgoost or his father?"

"F'r all I know, it's both is at th' bottom o' me troubles this night. By reason o' Owgoost I'm barred th' front poorch; by reason o' th' old man I don't see how I c'n shtand th' back poorch."

"An' why?"

The answer floated across the fence. The elder Rotzen suddenly resumed his determined effort to play that swaying melody known as "Lauterbach."

"In the name o' all th' saints! Is ut a railroad, or what?" cried Mrs. O'Tunder.

"Neither. 'Tis a Dutchman."

"But what is ut?"

"I dunno. I told ye wanst. But I'll find out."

"An' how?"

"Owgoost."

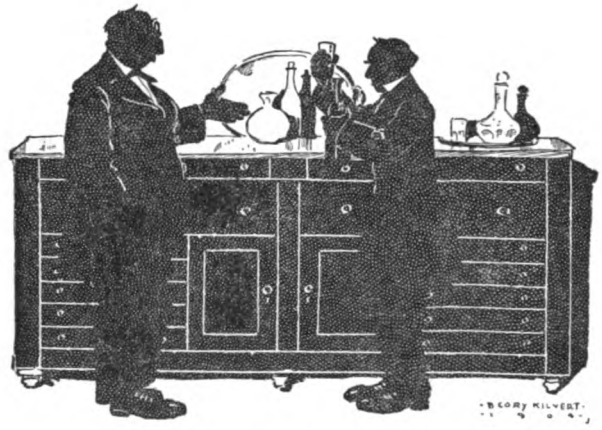
"Owgoost?"

"Yis!" O'Tunder was so wrought up that the true Milesian affirmative came in a hiss. "Yis! Like father, like son. What wan knows the other has to. I'll ask Owgoost what ut is, an' 'f 'tis annything th't runs in th' fambly, I'll not again be driv' fr'm me own front poorch."

He arose, kicked his chair back, and walked through the house to the front porch. Kate was sitting on the top step with Owgoost just below her. She was laughing. Owgoost was looking puzzled.

"Owgoost!" It was the voice of O'Tunder. The young man jumped to his feet.

"Sit down, la-ad. Sit down. I don't be wantin' t' scare ye."



"It isn't a house war-rmin' ye're havin'. 'Tis a heart war-rmin'!"

"P'pah, Owgoost does not understand the story about the man who ordered the baled hay by telephone, and when the clerk asked who it was for, said it was for the horse, and for the clerk not to get gay."

"Owgoost prob'ly hasn't been t' boardin' school. Owgoost, tell me wan thing, an' 'tis no joke. What is ut yer father whistles into?"

"Whistles?"

"Yis-s-s! As nigh as I c'd see by reason o' th' darkness comin' on 'tis somethin' th' shape of a little wottymelon, an' more the size of a big goord. He blows in th' neck an' wor-rks his fingers—"

"Oh, you have the ocarina seen, is it not?"

"'Tis an Irish name, but no Irish music."

Owgoost went into a labored and involved explanation of the ocarina,—how it was a musical instrument which, when properly mastered, emitted sounds of dulcet sweetness; how his father had heard a quartette of six young men (here Kate giggled) at the turnfest play the most pleasing airs upon it, and how his father, being a natural musician, had purchased one, and was mastering it. Even he, Owgoost, could play upon it; and, proudly, he could play better than his father.

"T'ank ye," sighed O'Tunder. "I jist wanted t' know th' name o' th' instrument. Sit shtill, Owgoost. Th' missus is waitin' me on th' back poorch."

But the O'Tunder crept silently up stairs and into bed. The ocarina, when properly approached, might be a very fine instrument, indeed, but, as he muttered into his pillow, "whin it is mannippylated wit' a Dutch dialect, none fer me."

And yet it was for him. Even on evenings when Owgoost did not preempt the front steps, the strains floated dismally to him as he sat in state on the veranda in front. Under the influence of "R-rotzen's manhanlin'" of the instrument, O'Tunder broke ten pipes within six weeks, and almost lost his ability to turn a neat reproof when Kate called him "p'pah."

"F'r a cint," he said to his wife one night, Kate having gone down to the corner with Owgoost to enjoy some ice cream soda, "f'r a cint I'd walk over t' R-rotzen an' tell him jist what I t'ink o' his home brewed shtameboat whistle music."

O' Tunder broke ten pipes in six weeks.

"Owen, man, wud ye break Katy's heart?"

"F'r why, wumman?"

"Can't ye see wit' the two eyes o' ye? Have ye hear'rd nawthin'? Don't you know th't Katy an' Owgoost do be t'inkin' th' wor-rld an' all o' each other?"

"Wumman, I c'n hear nawthin' but R-rotzen's murdherin' wor-rk wit' th' ocarina."

"But I was talkin' o' Katy an Owgoost."

"Owgoost is a fine young felly, I'll say that for him, only he is Dutch,—but th' Dutch is wearin' off o' him in shpots. An' he has th' fine job, an' he shticks to wor-rk. Has he said annyt'ing yet?"

"Said annyt'ing?"

"Yes. Has he asked Katy?"

"F'r gudness sa-ake, Owen! They're not that far along, yet. Sure, they har-rdly know each other."

"Thin why—"

"Oh, 'tis pity a man hasn't th' eyesight of a wumman!"

"More th' pity a wumman hasn't th' earsight of a man. Listen! There goes th' ocarina."

O'Tunder leaned back and scowled at the moon. Kate and Owgoost returned and joined the older folks.

"How're ye, Owgoost? Yer father keeps up his musickle practice, I see,—I mean, I hear."

"Yes. He is of a great determination yet. He says he will not grow weary until he can play with the finest skill."

"I wonder it does not tire him."

"It does. But, my father, he knows that one day he will make beautiful music."

"Speed th' day. 'Tis a fine night, Owgoost,—a fine night f'r sleep, f'r an old man. I'll be off to sleep, I'm t'inkin'."

"Good night, p'pah," came from Kate just as Jacob Rotzen, for the fiftieth time that evening, began "Lauterbach," on the wrong note. Owen O'Tunder threw the pillow at the wall five minutes later.

Summer faded into early fall, and yet Jacob Rotzen, in the opinion of Owen O'Tunder, had not gone forward an inch in his musical study.

"I niver liked th't chune 'Louderback,' annyhow," O'Tunder declared. "It

always calls to mim'ry th' day whin six of us thried t' put a shtop t' a Dutch picnic in th' grove beyant th' orphant's home. Th' band was playin' 'Louderback' whin we shtarted in on th' crowd, an' they nivver lost a note. They was plinty o' others t' take care of us. But, f'r all that, I'd rej'ice t' hear a bum band playin' 'Louderback,' as ag'inst Jake R-rotzen thryin' t' rip it fr'm th' he'pless insides o' his ocarina."

Still, the O'Tunder sat on the back porch,—when he had to,—and brooded. Tender hearted man that he was, he saw that any ill-timed objection on his part to the elder Rotzen's practice would result in what would be considered an affront by Owgoost. Thus indirectly Kate would be made unhappy. Yet Rotzen's playings had made his evenings times of fierce stifling of rage, and his Sunday afternoons occasions when he had to summon into service all of his self control. Had he known that Kate and Owgoost had long ago discussed his distaste for Rotzen's music, as well as the elder Rotzen's inability to make music, and that they had giggled and chuckled many a time when they heard the determined pipings from the Rotzen back porch, and the angry shifting of the chair on the O'Tunder back porch—had he known all this he would have spoken his piece and blown the lowering cloud of wrath from his mind.

It happened one evening that Kate came softly back to him, put her arms around his neck, and whispered:—

"Papa" (not "p'pah" this time), "Owgoost has asked me to marry him."

O'Tunder laid his pipe carefully on the railing in front of him, stroked Kate's hair with one hand and gripped the arm of the chair with the other.

"An' so, acushla, ye wud be goin' away fr'm th' old daddy an'—"

Squarely into the heart of his tender speech there surged a tumultuous, aggressive, riotous version of "Lauterbach." He twisted his head around to glare across the fence.

"Ye cannot!"

"What? Why, papa! Why not? Owgoost is a good boy, and—"

"I've nawthin' ag'inst Owgoost—save that his daddy is an inemy o' mankind. What sort of a hear-rt wud a b'y inherit fr'm a daddy th't wud thry t' dhrive his

"I must not play der ocarina any more yet?"

neighbor t' dhrink all summer long?"

Rising and falling, now tooting vindictively, now dying away while Rotzen caught his breath, came the tortured strains of "Lauterbach."

"But, papa, it isn't Owgoost's fault that his father plays—or tries to play—the ocarina. Owgoost thinks it's just as funny as you do."

"Thin Owgoost must t'ink I've got a dom fine sinse o' humor, if he t'inks I t'ink that's funny! No. Ye can tell Owgoost t' run along."

"But mamma said she would like to see us marry."

"Yer mother doesn't have to sit on th' back poorch an'—"

A tear splashed on his hand, and the big heart of little O'Tunder grew soft.

"Katy, I'll give ye my lasht wor-rd. If ye shtop callin' me 'P'pah', an' Owgoost gets his daddy to give away th' ocarina, I'll consint."

She waited only long enough to hug him until he gasped, and then she ran through the house to the veranda, where the hopefully hopeless Owgoost awaited the verdict. Fifteen minutes later Owgoost silently walked out upon the back porch of his home, waited until his father had struggled valiantly with the last measures of "Lauterbach," and then spoke:—

"Father, I am to marry Katy O'Tunder."

"Goot. She iss a fine girl yet. You shall lif here, Owgoost, mit der mutter und me, if you like, until—"

"But, father—"

"—until you haf a house built for yourself alretty, und den—"

"But, father. One moment, wait. I am to marry Katy on the one condition."

"Yess?"

"It is that you no more the ocarina play—that you give it away."

Then Owgoost lapsed into his mother tongue and gracefully explained the anguish his father's attempts to master the ocarina had caused O'Tunder, showed that there really was some ground for the criticism, and wound up by asking if a vain ambition to become proficient upon the instrument was to be allowed to stand between his son and his son's life happiness. Jacob Rotzen said nothing for some time. He was thinking. At last:—

"Katy iss a nice girl. Yess. But I must not blay der ocarina any more yet?"

"No, father. He said he would consent that we be married if you agree the ocarina to give away."

This time Jacob Rotzen gazed into the darkness toward the back porch where sat Owen O'Tunder. Had it been light there one could have been seen a shrewd twinkling in his eyes.

"Vell, I vill gif it avay, Owgoost."

"I thank you."

Owgoost went back to the veranda where Kate had been sitting awaiting the verdict that he was to bring.

No longer did the sound of the ocarina float across the fence. The wedding was set for the next month. Owgoost and Kate, by rights, had the veranda every evening. Owen O'Tunder sat on the back porch, smoking and wondering what it was he missed. Jacob Rotzen sat on his back porch, smoking his long-stemmed pipe, and smiling from time to time.

Owgoost and Kate came back from their little wedding trip and made their home with Owgoost's parents. One night Mr. and Mrs. O'Tunder dropped in to see the young folks. Mr. Rotzen was not to be seen at the moment. Mrs. Rotzen chatted volubly with all of them. All at once there broke into their chatter the unmistakable sounds of the ocarina. O'Tunder stiffened in his chair and his eyes flashed scornfully at Owgoost and Kate. Here was broken faith; here was base betrayal.

"Isn't that an ocarina I be after hearin'?" he inquired in the sweetly gentle tones of one whose wrath is of the incandescently non-explosive variety.

"It is, p'pah—I mean papa," Kate answered, with a guilty glance at her husband.

"It is," helplessly acknowledged Owgoost.

"Yess, it iss," supplemented Mrs. Rotzen. "It iss Jacop. He is blaying in der attic on Owgoost's ocarina. Yess."

She folded her hands with the resigned air of one who awaits the fatal blow.

"On Owgoost's o-ca-ri-na?" was the chiseled-steel question from O'Tunder.

"Yes, papa," Kate said. Then, smothering a smile, she went on: "You see, when you said I couldn't marry Owgoost unless his father gave the ocarina away, he told his father, and his father said he would give it away—and he gave it to Owgoost for a wedding present."

O'Tunder blinked blindly for a few seconds, but his innate Irish readiness saved the day—or the night—for him.

"Missus R-rotzen," he remarked graciously, "wud ye have th' kindness t' ask yer husband t' shtep down fr'm th' attic, which must be uncomfytabble, an' favor us wit' that harmonyous s'lection known be name an' fame as 'Louderback'? 'Tis no time f'r him t' be hidin' his musikle light under a bushel—or a roof."

He even affected a great interest when Jacob Rotzen exhibited the instrument to him and explained its principle, but he politely declined when invited to try how easy it was to play.

At home, later in the night, his wife said to him:—

"Owen, man, why do you be sittin' there wit' yer wan shoe on yer fut an' th' other in yer hand, luckin' at th' wall an' not movin' f'r the lasht twinty minyutes? Is it in a thrance ye ar-re?"

"Wumman," averred O'Tunder, dropping the shoe to the floor, "ye can't beat th' Dutch."

GODS FROM THE MACHINE

By Frederick Walworth

WITH DRAWINGS BY KARL ANDERSON

"SNATCH her open, Jack," I said as the car swung out on a straight stretch of clean, red gravel road. Behind us lay a cool, little village set in maples; before us lay the world and the fulness thereof.

Not in days of paladin, dragon and fayre ladye did knights ride forth with less definite objective or more definite object than we of the lemon-tinted, twenty h.-p., four-cylinder, Dyckmere touring car, the Cough Drop. We were lords of two weeks' holiday, the month was September, the Cough Drop was what Carpenter called a "sweet little cruiser," and who cared whether business went to the devil and back or not?

A hedge, man high, shut off the immediate view on the right, but half a mile away rose a hill crowned with a country house of suggestive proportions.

"General Carton's place," said Carpenter. "Beastly old land pirate. Loves horses. Hates machines. Had me fined for speeding only last week. Going to get even if it takes a hundred years."

The burr and hum of the driving car drowned all other sounds; the wind of the open road roared in our ears, and through the interlacing of the hedge I seemed to glimpse the coming of another vehicle.

"'Ware carriage," I yelled in Carpenter's ear, but I yelled too late. A buggy, driven at a furious pace, shot down a driveway through a gap in the hedge, turned on two wheels and swung in in front of us. Then we came from behind like a devouring demon, slipped under the rear axle, lifted that buggy like a navvy pitching coal, and turned it neatly over on top of the horse.

Shut off, reversed and snarling indignant protest, the Cough Drop stopped within her length. Our forward deck, so to speak, was buried under a conglomeration of wheels, harness, buggy-top and so forth, whence issued shrieks in a lofty treble and oaths in a handsome bass.

"My God!" groaned Carpenter, "there's a woman in it," and we leaped out.

The horse recovered his feet and passed away before us to the accompaniment of rending wood. Most of the buggy went with him, and a red gravel man, still clinging to the reins, uprose from the remainder and was drawn protesting after.

Carpenter regained his composure and began shouting orders.

"Grab that top," he called to me, "she's under here."

Together we raised the wreck and a red gravel lady came forth on my side. She looked wildly around.

"Where's Edward?" she cried. "Where is he? Is he *killed?*"

"Madam," I began soothingly, "this is very unfortunate—"

So far I got when the lady sat limply down on the edge of the ditch as though she were faint. Carpenter tore round to our side of the wreck with contempt in his eye.

"Fool!" he growled, and I felt he meant me and not the lady.

"Well, you try," I said right gladly.

"He's all right," said Carpenter. "He's gone after the horse. Now don't be alarmed."

"Oh," said the girl, breathing deep. "Truly? You wouldn't deceive me? He isn't hurt?"

"He just went over the top of that hill doing the mile in about four-seventeen," said Carpenter carefully. "No, he isn't hurt."

The girl arranged her hair, produced a

handkerchief, and began searching for her features in the dust and gravel. As they emerged, my original estimate was amply confirmed. She surveyed the wreck with a look of anguish.

"Oh, how *could* you?" she cried. "When we needed it so badly."

"Did you?" said Carpenter. "I'm awfully sorry. Accidents, you know, will—"

"They're sure to overtake us now," said the girl. She caught herself, stammered and blushed with fierce embarrassment, looking up the hill meanwhile, apparently craving the support of "Edward."

"I mean—" she began.

"Exactly," said Carpenter smiling like a godfather. "Maybe the Cough Drop will do as well. I'll see how smashed up she is," and he backed the car out from the wreck and retired beneath its belly, lying on his shoulder blades in the road.

On the brow of the hill ahead appeared the red gravel man, sans horse, sans buggy, and I went to meet him and appease his righteous wrath. He appeared young.

"Is she hurt!" he snapped at me like a madman.

"Not in the least," I replied.

"Thank God!" he said fervently, and, smiling a fatuous smile, hastened toward her.

"What is it?" I asked Carpenter, "Appendicitis?"

"Top speed clutch busted," said Carpenter, inelegantly, and spat out a mouthful of train oil.

The red gravel man touched me on the arm.

"I'll have to ask you to give us a lift to Castleton," he said, coolly. "This is really your fault, and it's devilish important, you know."

"Yes," I said, "I know."

He really was young, and he blushed through the gravel like a girl.

"You see," he said, "it's all right. We're both of age, and there's really no objection. They think we're too young to know our minds. The old gentleman's a decent enough sort, but set in his ways. I've no doubt he's after us by now, and Betty Bell has done two-fourteen to sulky."

"All right," I assured him. "The Cough Drop has done much better than that, I'm sure. We're tinkering her up now. The top of the clutch speed is out of whack, or something. But, it will be all right."

The red gravel man returned to his place by the girl, and I went over ostensibly to encourage Carpenter.

"It's a thoroughbred to beat," I said. Carpenter groaned.

"Ten per's our limit, now," he said.

"Then the sooner we up anchor and fan the breeze, the better," I urged. "It's a good ten miles."

"Any hills?" he asked, hauling on a nut, with his foot braced on the rear axle, and his head grinding in the gravel.

"Some," I said; "but only one bad one."

"May be a case of shove, when we get to it," he returned. "Anyhow, she'll run, if she won't break any records," and he propelled himself backward and emerged, looking like a torpedo boat stoker on a speed run.

"Pile in," he cried, approaching the wayfarers in the ditch. "My name's Carpenter, and this is my friend, Heaton."

The boy's name was Bigelow, and the girl's, Miss Daisy Carton. Carpenter beamed upon her with a look of righteous joy, when the boy introduced him.

"Awfully glad," he said, with the ring of sincerity, "know your father,—in a way."

They piled in on the rear seat with their rescued suit cases, the greasy stoker started the sparker with a vicious yank, climbed in, and we were off. Slowly, and with infinite labor, the crippled Cough Drop grappled the ensuing hill, and hauled herself topward.

"Kedge anchor work," I ventured, and Carpenter nodded grimly.

"She'll make it, though. Any signs of *pater tyrannicus?*"

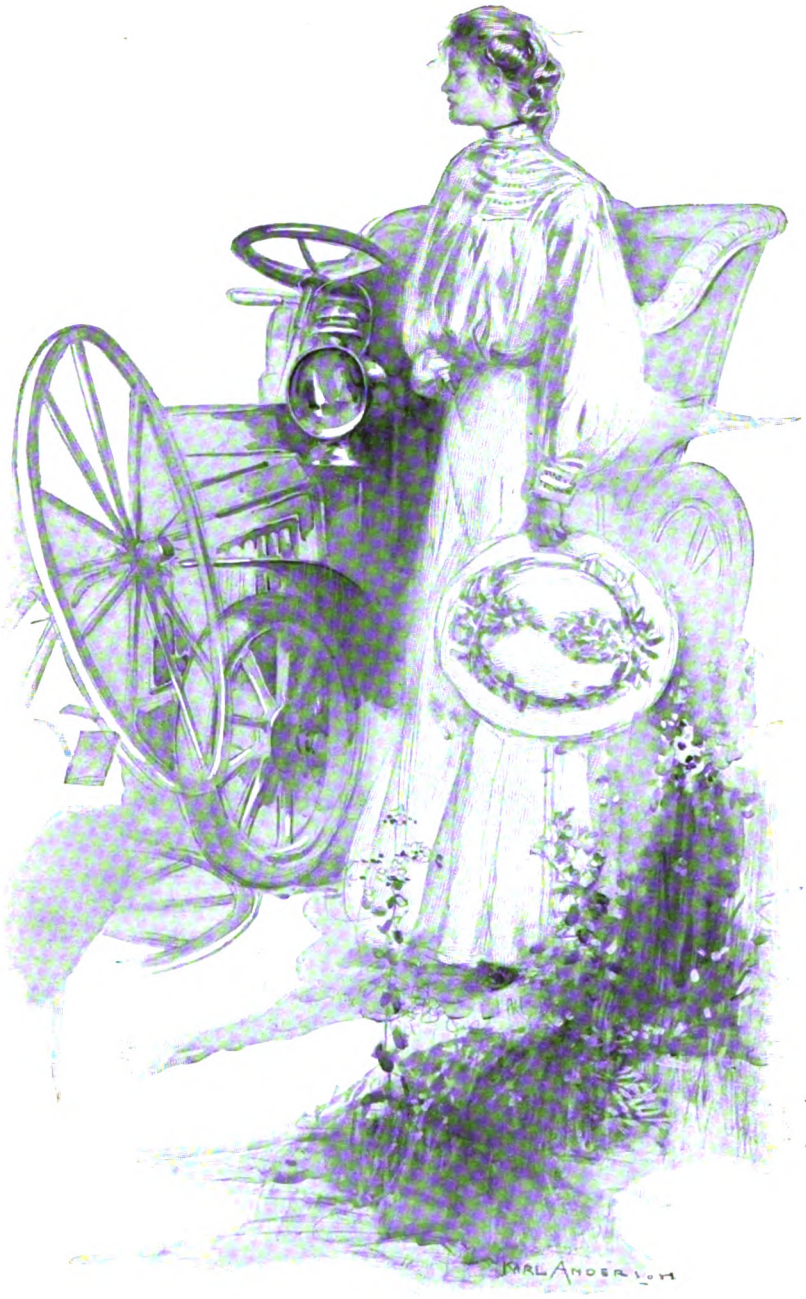
I glanced back just in time to see a runabout switch into the main road and haul up before the wreck. A portly gentleman with a white mustache and imperial held the reins, and I marked him instantly for the enemy.

"Give her everything you've got, Jack," I urged. "The old gentleman's holding a post mortem on the buggy, right now."

"She's wide open," said Carpenter, resignedly. "Can't do any better."

Miss Carton observed my interested glances, and looked back herself.

"Oh-h-h!" she gasped. "There's daddy. Oh, Edward?"



"They're sure to overtake us now."

Evidently, daddy recognized his recreant daughter at the same instant, for, with a flick of the whip across the flank of Betty Bell, he left off speculation on the wreck, and applied himself to the chase with a determination which boded ill for Edward.

With a vital sigh of relief, the Cough Drop clawed over the brow of the hill, and started down a long, easy descent, which stretched away for a mile or more, straight as though laid with a rule.

"Hang on to your hats," yelled Car-

"All of forty per."

penter, "here's where we jolt the speed ordinance."

We ducked over the edge of the hill, and the Cough Drop gathered momentum. I have forgotten the law which governs in the field of mechanics, but our acceleration seemed to double about once every ten feet. It became like dropping in a parachute that declines to open. It became like falling down a coal mine.

Directly we flicked past a country place, and the picket fence was as a solid wall. A farm wagon appeared in the ultra distance, and grew like the juggler's plant, till it filled the vista. The farmer was going our way, but, verily, it seemed otherwise. He was, and then he was not, and we knew him again no more forever.

Going like a wild, unbroken asteroid, we shot out on the level, took a broad, easy curve with a jar and a slide, and began to forget the law of gravitation, and come down to decency once more. In another half mile, the engine caught up with us, and the steady coughing was a satisfying sound.

"Wasn't it lovely!" cried the girl. "Poor daddy isn't even in sight."

"For all of which blessings the Lord make us truly grateful," observed Bigelow.

For some time we ran along slowly with nothing to break the monotony but the blissful inanities from the back seat.

"Can't you hit it up a bit again?" asked the boy finally.

We were tooling evenly along at second speed, that being the Cough Drop's present maximum, and after the recent lawless violation, it did seem impossibly slow.

"Sorry," said Carpenter. "She can't do any more than this till she's been to the blacksmith's or hits another hill."

"Have you a license?" I asked.

"License!" said the boy. "Do we need one?"

"It's all right," I said. "Castleton's the county seat."

"Here comes daddy," said Miss Carton in a resigned tone.

I glanced back.

"How far?" snapped Carpenter.

"Half a mile," I answered, "and coming like Jehu the son of Nimshi."

"Bad," says Carpenter. "Devilish bad."

"For God's sake, hit it up," urged the boy. "We must be nearly there."

Before us the road took a sharp turn to the left and rose abruptly in a steep grade. Bravely the Cough Drop butted into the rise, steeper and steeper grew the grade, slowly and more slowly the wheels went round—

"Case o' shove," growled Carpenter. "Lively now. You stay in, Miss Carton. We'll make it, I think."

Bigelow and I obediently applied our shoulders to the tonneau and our toes to the gravel.

"Oh, shove, you cripples," admonished Carpenter unkindly from his place at the wheel. "Put some push in it."

So we shoved and sweated, and the Cough Drop coughed and threatened to drop, and the hill was interminable, and directly Miss Carton, leaning over behind, squealed deliriously within an inch of my ear.

I dared not pause in my grievous labor long enough to look behind, lest the car roll backward and annihilate me, but I knew what it meant. Between the snorts of the machine I could hear the "clippity, clippity, clippity" of the horse on the gravel. Evidently daddy had rounded the turn and, with the prey in sight, was bent on closing the gap.

"Almost there," shouted Carpenter cheerfully. "Shove her over now."

Bigelow was shoving like a madman. I was almost all in, my wind being affected. That last ten yards left my knees stiff for a week, but suddenly she went more easily, and then shot ahead of her own power.

"All right" shouted Carpenter. "Pile in now."

"Hey, you young fools!" came from behind as Bigelow and I fell into the car. Daddy was in no genial mood. I dropped back limp and exhausted on the leather. Beneath us lay Castleton at the foot of another long hill.

"Here goes for the finish," cried Carpenter, and we slid over the brow and gathered way as we struck the grade. Half dazed, I listened to Bigelow playing the undaunted lover on the back seat.

"Can't make it in time, can we?" I asked of Carpenter, but his answer was drowned in the sudden rush of air as the Cough Drop fell down the hill like a runaway freight car. The road reeled in beneath us; the nearer landscape was a greenish blur; the background the outer rim of a swirling vortex.

Ahead the road forked, the right branch running in to the town, the left away, we knew not whither, a tongue of woods dividing them. Carpenter gave the wheel a twitch and we shot to the left, struck the level and began to slow down.

"Wrong road," I shouted in his ear.

"Got to make time to get the license. Sorry, but got to do it," he yelled back.

He clamped on the brake and we all pitched forward as the car jerked down to a full stop. Carpenter backed her into the ditch and turned her round.

"What's the matter?" asked Bigelow, poking his head forward between us.

"Pile out, you two," ordered Carpenter, "and cut across through here to the other road. We'll pick you up beyond the fork. Leave your things. Quick now."

They disappeared in the woods, the boy choosing the way, holding aside the branches and stamping down the briars, while the girl followed him blindly.

"Plucky little girl that," said Carpenter as we started back up the road.

"What's the plan of campaign?" I asked.

"Dunno, my son," said he. "There he comes. Lord, he's rippin'."

He drove the car straight down the middle of the road and we brought up face to face with the raging parent. He was a handsome old tyrant and in a most beastly humor.

"How do you do, general?" said Carpenter politely. "Nice day."

"Where's my daughter?" roared the old gentleman. "You young scoundrel! So it's you, with your d—d car. Might a' guessed it."

"Want you to know my friend Heaton, general," said Carpenter. "May have heard of him. General Carton, Heaton."

"D——n it, sir," roared the general. "What do I care for your friends? What have you done with my daughter? Where are the young fools?"

"Your daughter!" said Carpenter, blankly. "Don't think I've met her, have I? Not lost, I hope, sir."

"Don't attempt your pleasantries with me, you young cub," stormed the general, shaking his whip at us. "What's that on the back of your infernal machine?"

We looked behind. The girl, in her haste had left her cape, in full view, over the back of the tonneau.

"Why, those people have forgotten something, Sid," said Carpenter.

"That's my daughter's wrap," cried General Carton. "Where is she? Don't attempt to lie, sir."

"We picked up a couple, a ways back, sir," said Carpenter, suavely, "and gave them a lift. They left us only a short time ago. The machine's smashed up, you see, and we're going in to Castleton for repairs."

"Let me by, sir," roared the old gentleman, turning the mare into the ditch. "Gad, sir, are you deaf? Let me by!"

Carpenter politely swung the Cough Drop to the right, and the general instantly pulled up again.

"Whose grips are those?" he shouted. "That's my daughter's. I'd know it anywhere. You young scoundrel! Aiding and abetting!"

Carpenter gave the wheel a half twist, and jammed on the power.

"Sorry, General," he said, "but it seems necessary."

The Cough Drop sprang across the road and smashed into a front wheel of the runabout. Reversing at the instant of impact, Carpenter backed away and surveyed his handiwork.

"Not quite enough," he said, critically.

The general was controlling the nervous horse and anathematizing Carpenter and all his works. Forward we went again, this time into the rear wheel. Again we backed out.

"Nice job," said Carpenter. "Hold him awhile," and he whirled the car, and we went on our way. "Frame caught the hubs square. Dished 'em both," he chuckled.

As we rounded the turn I had a pantomimic glimpse of the general, standing in the middle of the road, his arms threshing the air, a living picture of impotent, ungodly rage. Just beyond the turn we picked up the wayfarers.

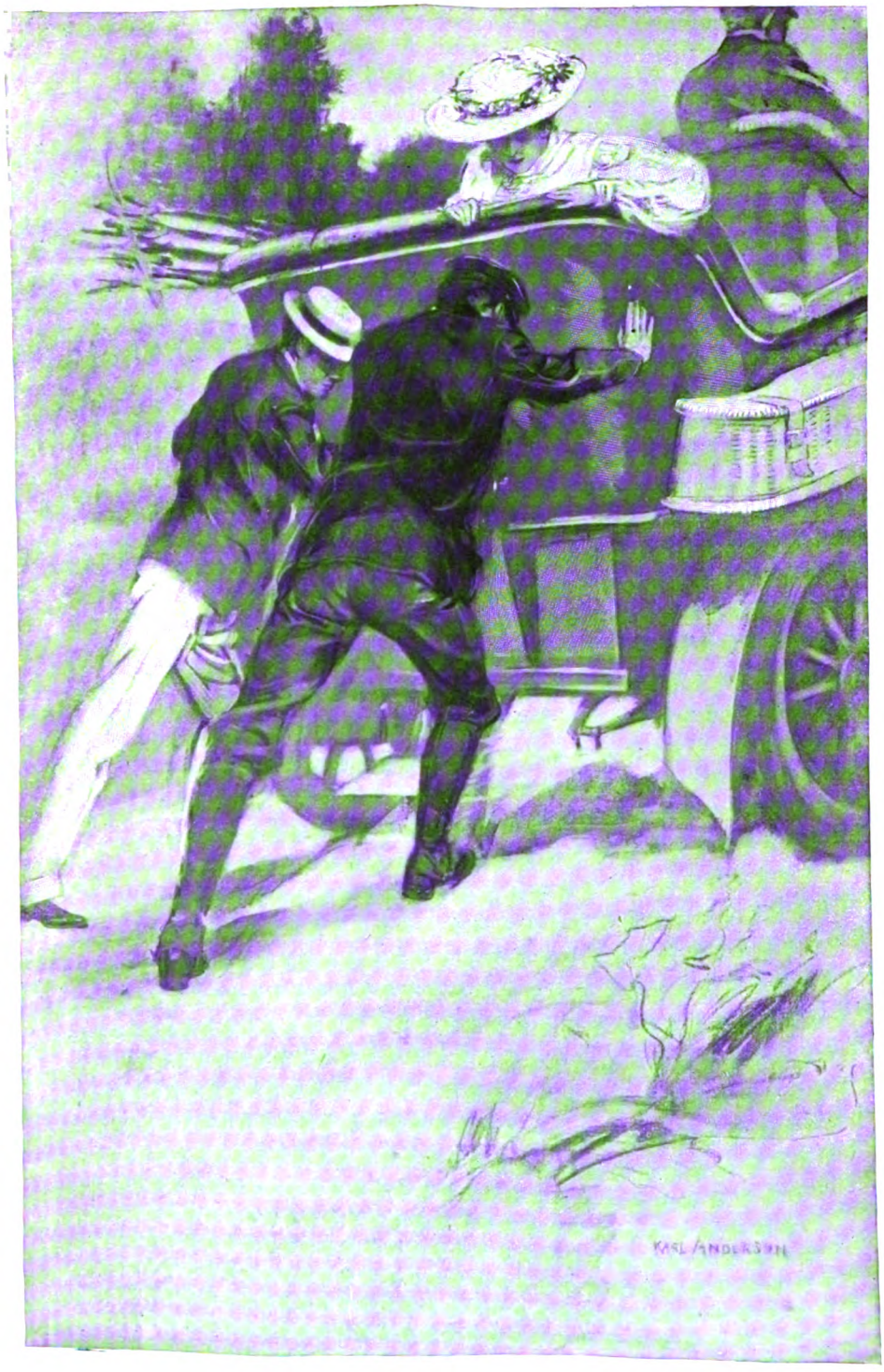
"How'd you fix it?" demanded the boy.

"Well," said Carpenter, "we had a little argument, and he decided to give it up."

"Poor daddy!" said the girl.

"I don't quite understand," said the boy. "He's so—er—set in his opinions. But we're awfully obliged to you."

"Oh, don't mention it. Really, it's been a lot of fun," said Carpenter, happily. "Climb in."



"Oh, shove, you cripples," shouted Carpenter.

Court-house and manse,—Carpenter and I were the witnesses, and both kissed the bride,—followed and we turned the Cough Drop toward the railway station.

"Sorry we forgot the rice," said Carpenter, as the train drew in.

"Oh, we can get along without it," laughed the girl. "And we're *so* much obliged to you."

"Indeed we are," echoed Bigelow.

Their train pulled out, Bigelow grinning idiotically, and the girl all smiles. We turned away and ran face to face with the general as he came raging down the platform.

"You young scoundrel!" he roared at Carpenter. "I'll have you jailed, sir!"

"See here, general," said Carpenter, in his coolest, blandest manner. "I warned you I'd get square, didn't I? Of course I'll be glad to pay for your wheels. I'm sorry I had to smash 'em."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," snapped the general, who was in a contradictory frame of mind.

"Oh, very well," observed Carpenter. "If I were you, general, I'd go in the office there and telegraph congratulations to that young couple. They'll appreciate it," and, with this parting shot we left him.

"Have trouble with him yet, won't you?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said Carpenter. "He'll cool off directly, and probably won't even let me pay for his wheels."

THE TOLERATION OF COUNT KINSKY

A Romance of the Haute Police

By L. T. Meade and Robert Eustace

WITH A DRAWING AS FRONTISPIECE BY HERMAN PFEIFER

AS soon as I heard the news that Isabel Somerset was engaged to Count Sergius Kinsky, I was eager to renew my acquaintance with her. Sir Edward Somerset had been a great friend of my father's in the old days, and their property joined ours in Hampshire. I remembered Isabel then as a dark-eyed, pretty girl of twelve, who had looked upon me as a sort of elder brother. Her father had obtained an appointment as the First Secretary in the Russian Embassy at St. Petersburg, and after remaining there for seven years, had now just retired and returned home.

I was actually writing a note to Lady Somerset, when to my surprise I received one from Isabel herself.

"DEAR GUY:—

"I have only just heard by chance that you are in London, and that you, of all people, have taken up the profession of a Chiromancist. Imagine my surprise. What have you done it for?

"When can you come to see us? If you are free to-morrow, mother wants you to come and dine here at eight. By the way, Count Kinsky, to whom I am engaged, wants particularly to see you, and was going to call on you to-morrow without knowing of our old friendship, so the meeting will be in every way lucky. He will be here to-morrow night, so come if you can.

"Yours very truly,

"ISABEL SOMERSET."

At the appointed hour on the following evening I found myself at the Somersets' house, where a warm welcome awaited me. I certainly should not have recognized Isabel had I passed her in the street, but I should as surely have noticed her, for her face, pale and somewhat thin when she was a child, had now blossomed into the radiant beauty of a woman.

Amongst the guests were two Russian gentlemen, one, Count Kinsky the man to whom Isabel was engaged, a tall, very dark man, rather old, I thought, to be the husband of so young a girl, the other a short, beady-eyed, thin man, with a heavy, carefully waxed moustache. He was extremely affable in his manners, spoke excellent English, and was evidently a great friend of Count Kinsky's. His name was M. Charkoff.

It was not until dinner was over that I had the chance of a quiet chat with Isabel in the conservatory.

"Well, Guy," she said, "this is like old times. Would you have known me?"

"Yes, and no," I answered. "You are in some ways improved out of recognition."

She blushed and looked down; presently she said in a gentle tone: "I am very happy, Guy. I think I am the happiest girl in the world. But I have so much to say to you. It is the oddest thing that Count Kinsky should be in England just now. I don't suppose you know, but he is one of the heads of the Haute Police, as it is called in Russia, and the chief of the section that guards the persons of the Royal House. Even I do not know what is the nature of his mission to England. He is anxious to have a talk with you later in the evening. I wonder what you will think of him."

She looked at me critically. "You are tremendously changed," she continued, "and it was odd of you to become a mere fortune-teller."

"I don't call myself that," I replied, in an annoyed tone. "It is true that I practice the art of the Palmist, or, in other words, the Chiromancist, because I have always found the subject of deepest interest to me; but I have money enough, and, although I confess that I sometimes accept fees, I never count on them; my work in itself is of sufficient interest to me, for I believe in it. I live with a friend, a person whom you would consider very curious. He is a Persian, although he has lived most of his life in England. He has made forensic medicine his special study, and he is called in as a specialist in many difficult poisoning cases. You shall see him some day. Celso Nevares and I understand each other, and what more can anyone want?"

"I can only repeat that you grow stranger each moment, Guy," was the girl's answer. "As though mere friendship could content anyone! And you to take up with a horrible Persian!"

"He is not horrible! He is a gentleman in the best sense of the word. He and I were school friends, first at Rugby, and we were at the same College at Oxford. No two men could be happier."

"And you both believe in the occult sciences? Oh, I hate that sort of thing."

"I am afraid we do believe in them," I replied, and I turned my eyes and glanced at her face.

I saw that she was sensitive and nervous beyond her wont; in fact, highly strung to the last degree.

"Love is a higher thing than friendship," she said, suddenly.

"Well, I disagree; but we won't discuss philosophy. Let us return to your affairs; you say Count Kinsky's presence in London is a mystery, even to you?"

"Indeed it is," she answered, brightening up. "I don't dare to ask about it. He wants to consult you, too; I am very curious about that."

At that moment a deep voice sounded behind us, and, turning, we saw that Count Kinsky had come up.

"I am going to take the liberty of breaking up your *tête-a-tête*, Mr. Elphinstone," he said to me. "I know, Isabel, you won't mind. May I have a few moments' private conversation with you, Mr. Elphinstone? We shall, I believe, find the library unoccupied."

We moved away together.

"This coincidence of your knowing the Somersets," he began, as soon as we found ourselves in the library, "is very lucky, and renders my business easier than if I had come to you as a stranger. I have heard from Isabel that you deal in the occult sciences, and more particularly in the study of the human hand. I have a friend who is so highly strung, and, alas! so sensitive and nervous, that he has implored me to get a professional to read his hand. You, without being exactly a professional, in the ordinary sense of the word, will exactly suit my case. Will you come with me to see my friend? And will you do this act of kindness on certain conditions?"

"What are your conditions?" I asked.

He fixed his keen, bright blue eyes on my face.

"I act as agent to the gentleman in question," was his next remark.

"With regard to the conditions?"

"Yes. The terms are these. You accompany me to-night to a house somewhere in the suburbs of London,—where, I am not prepared to say. You will enter my brougham and drive with me to that house, and you will kindly submit to the fact that all the blinds will be down. You will not be able to see the face of your client. He will stand behind two curtains, and put out his hands for you to inspect. If you care to accept a fee of fifty guineas, you will be doing us a tremendous favor."

"I would prefer to go with you as a friend."

"Please yourself," he remarked, abruptly, "but remember that the concealment of all identity is the main object, and no compromise can be made to this condition. Do you accept it?"

"If I met you as a stranger, I should not; but, as you are betrothed to my old friend, Isabel Somerset, I have not the least hesitation in going with you. I am at your service."

The Count rose at once; we returned to the drawing-room, and took our leave.

At the door Count Kinsky's brougham was waiting. The blinds were all down. As we drove, the Count hardly spoke, and I was left free to speculate on the identity of my forthcoming client.

By and by we entered an avenue through gates, and the carriage drew up at a large house. The Count alighted first, and pressed an electric bell. Almost immediately the door was opened by a tall African of herculean proportions. He nodded to the Count, and admitted us both into the hall, where the only light was one small gas jet, turned down to scarcely more than a minute point of blue flame.

"Now, Mr. Elphinstone," exclaimed the Count, "will you follow me?"

We went along the hall for some twenty steps in a straight line; here some bolts were drawn back and we descended a few steps; another bolted door was passed, and the next instant I found myself standing in a low-ceilinged, well-lighted room, handsomely furnished, the carpet being of thick pile as soft as grass. At the further end of the room hung a pair of drawn curtains of dark velvet. I was told to approach these and to seat myself in a chair, which was placed close to them. On either side of me, slightly in front, the Count and the negro placed themselves.

"You clearly understand our conditions?" said the Count, speaking gravely and in a low voice.

"I understand," was my answer.

He uttered some words in Russian which I could not follow, and immediately two hands were thrust out between the division of the curtains. I looked at them with curiosity; they were large, with knotted fingers, and were much stained, as though the owner were accustomed to developing photograph plates. But what they chiefly denoted was a character of powerful will, and they were beyond doubt, I saw at a glance, the hands of a scientist.

I at once commenced my horoscope of the fate of the invisible owner, and at several points of my analysis I could see the hands tremble, and now and then a quick-caught breath was audible.

Suddenly I ceased, for I caught my own breath. I had just observed a distinct and ominous mark. There was a fatal star on Mercury, pointing down and across the Heart line towards the Life line. It was a rare and sinister sign. The right hand corroborated the significance of the left, but just for a moment I hesitated to read its meaning.

"Well, is that all?" whispered the Count beside me.

"No, there is more to tell."

"Speak," said the Count, "we want the entire truth."

The hands were now held out firmly; the owner of them was evidently preparing himself for the worst.

"I see here," I continued, "a terrible mark. It means, according to my experience, assassination, probably by poisoning."

If a bomb had been hurled into the room the effect could not have been more startling. The hands disappeared instantly; there was a cry from behind the curtains; Count Kinsky seized my shoulders, pushed me back into the chair and stared down into my face. On his own was an expression of horror. The negro passed swiftly behind the curtains; a small bell sounded twice, then, before I was aware, I was hurried from the room without a word.

A minute or two later I found myself in

another room at some distance from that in which I had told the fortunes of the mysterious owner of the hands, and face to face with the count. He had, beyond doubt, received a shock of a severe character.

"Sit down for a moment, Mr. Elphinstone," he said. "You have startled me and my friend by your daring and extraordinary words. I told you to-night I did not believe in your art. I wish to God I could strengthen my skepticism. The whole thing is horribly uncanny; do you really mean that you saw that awful sign?"

"I read the hand according to the interpretations of its marks," I replied. "I am sorry, Count Kinsky, to have disturbed you, but I only did what you asked me to do."

He suddenly rose from the seat he had taken, knelt down beside me and held out his own hands.

"I cannot resist it," he said. "I must yield; it may be weak of me, but I cannot help it. Tell me what you see here."

I took his hands and looked at them.

"Speak as freely and openly as you have done before. Conceal nothing," he said.

"You, too, are in danger," I said as I bent over his open palms; "but there is no definite sign of any special catastrophe. You have enemies, but you will overcome them. Your future should be happy."

The strained and anxious expression immediately faded from his face.

"It is enough," he said with a sigh. "My skepticism for your art returns with your prophecy of my fate."

I looked at him in amazement.

"I cannot explain. I must only thank you for what you have done. And now I will see you home. You must again submit to the blinds being down in the brougham; you are not to attempt to penetrate further into the mystery in which you bore a part to-night."

On reaching home I found my friend Nevares sitting in an arm-chair and half asleep. He was a remarkable personality. He had all the beauty that the best of the East can produce, and all the refinement that can be gained by an English education of the highest order.

He roused himself sleepily as I drew a chair near, and I could not help relating to him my experience.

"You will get into trouble one of these fine days, Guy," was his final remark; "but I must confess that this is an interesting case. I expect your nervous friend has had a good scare in Russia and bolted to England. Still, it is very odd."

A few days later I met Isabel Somerset. She was full of curiosity to know the nature of my interview with Count Kinsky. I told her, however, that I could tell her nothing.

"I understand," she said, with a little shiver. "Guy, I have always given you my confidence. I wish these next few months would pass. Tell me this at least, —is he in danger?"

Again I had to plea the vow of secrecy, and I began to wish that I had never had anything to do with the case.

It was exactly four days after my interview with Isabel, and the time was two o'clock in the afternoon. Nevares was standing at one of the windows.

"By Jove! That was a near shave!" he cried, excitedly.

"What?" I said, hurrying across the room.

"That hansom. The horse came galloping through the Inn archway, and the rim of the wheel just grazed the curb stone. But look; he is pulling up here. Oh, it's certainly one of your clients, someone you have been driving mad by your ominous prophecies."

I watched a tall figure leap from the cab, and saw at a glance that it was no other than Count Kinsky. The next moment he burst into the room, his face was livid with excitement, and his mouth twitched nervously.

"He is dead!" burst from his dry lips.

"My client?" I exclaimed.

"Yes; it happened this morning. He was poisoned. I have not come to see you, Mr. Elphinstone, I have come to see Mr. Nevares. I have been sent here by Anderson, from Scotland Yard; Anderson, the analyst. He asked me to come and fetch you to help him, Mr. Nevares; you will come at once. The case is absolutely inexplicable."

"Before I promise to come I must hear the details," said Nevares. "I already understand from my friend, Mr. Elphinstone, that the case is one of mystery. I presume the death you have spoken of will now allow that to be explained."

"Alas! it does," exclaimed the Count, looking keenly at the Persian.

I waited in breathless interest.

"You can do nothing, Mr. Nevares, without knowing as much as I can tell you. First of all, I must explain who I am. I am the Chief, or rather was, until this morning, of the Haute Police, in St. Petersburg. I came to London, a short time ago, charged by the Czar with an extremely delicate mission, in company with my colleague Charkoff. The mission was this: You are, of course, aware that there is little doubt that our nation will soon be in conflict with Japan, both by land and sea, and our secret agents have learned that a Japanese chemist has recently discovered a new and terrifically powerful explosive, for use not only in shells and torpedoes, but also for floating mines. The preparation is unknown in Europe. Long and carefully conducted inquiries elicited a certain amount of knowledge as to its composition, but not sufficient for our arsenals to work on, and the preparation of it, or rather the discovery of its ingredients, was entrusted to our greatest chemist, Professor Golonski. It was not long before the Japanese agents got wind of it, and, during the Professor's researches in St. Petersburg, no less than three attempts were made upon his life. The necessity for absolute secrecy in his work prevented our calling in any other chemists to aid him, and on him alone devolved the task on which such tremendous issues hung."

"You mean that it is Professor Golonski who is now dead?" I could not help interrupting.

"Yes, he died by poison; and his work is on the eve of completion. Now all is lost. So careful was he that he did not trust his secrets to paper, and there is nothing, therefore, for any other chemist to work on successfully. But, listen, now, both of you."

The Count's excited manner left him, and his professional calm returned.

"By the Czar's command Professor Golonski left Russia for England, under the care of Charkoff and myself. Our police communicated with yours, and, as a friendly nation, I will say, that their kindness and watchfulness have been more than praiseworthy. A house in St. John's Wood was taken, and a laboratory fitted up according to Golonski's orders. From the moment he entered that house, he has never left it, night or day, and all that time he has been under the special observation of not only myself and Charkoff, but also one of the most acute detectives of Scotland Yard.

"Now, I must tell you what this means to me. On the success of this one man, lay the fortunes of the whole Russian Empire. The Czar's own words were these, and they admit of no misinterpretation or equivocation, especially as I am not viewed by him with favor, and never have been.

"'Golonski will go to England to conclude his researches. Kinsky and Charkoff will hold themselves responsible for his life. If either or both fail in their trust, Siberia for life will be the penalty. If Golonski succeeds, not only he receives his immense reward, but his two guardians also, are liberally compensated for the dangers and anxieties they have run.'

"Need I say, that in view of such a ukase, all precautions were taken. Any possibility of personal violence was out of the question; for accident or disease, we could not be held responsible. Poison, in some secret form, was our only fear. Imagine, then, Mr. Elphinstone, what your strange words meant to him and to me. You will see now, how your reading of my hand relieved my apprehensions; for, if he died from poison, I, or at any rate Charkoff, must also have done so. Each morsel of food, or drop of drink, that passed his lips, was tasted first by either Charkoff or myself, and we took duty for this, week by week. This week, the duty was mine. This morning, therefore, as usual, I prepared his coffee for him to drink. Half of the coffee prepared for him, I also, drank; the remaining half was kept warm for an hour. I felt perfectly well, after my portion. He drank his cup as usual; in less than a minute he complained of feeling faint, and asked for brandy. Before I could get it, he fell from the chair to the floor, *dead!*"

Nevares, who, during the narration of this extraordinary story had remained motionless, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on Count Kinsky, now leaped to his feet. Under the ivory skin of his face glowed a dusky red tinge.

"Was he a healthy man in every way? Any heart disease?"

"None."

"Did he wash his hands after using his chemicals the previous night, or were his hands washed before taking his coffee?"

"He always observed the most scrupulous cleanliness."

"Were the windows of the room open?"

"No, shut."

"Had he consulted a dentist lately?"

"Not for many years; I know for a fact."

"You brought him the coffee; did he drink it in your presence?"

"Yes."

"Have you any reason for supposing that he would wish to commit suicide?"

"Absolutely none."

"You felt no ill effects after drinking your portion of the coffee and milk?"

"Absolutely none."

"So that if poison is found in the coffee, it must have been put in after you had taken your tasting and protecting draught?"

"There can be no doubt about that," and as Count Kinsky spoke his lips were very white.

There was silence for a moment.

"I can only say I am very sorry for you, Count Kinsky; your case is apparently a bad one; but do not despair yet, until complete investigation is made. It is all incomprehensible; but come, come at once."

Kinsky turned and grasped my hand.

"You know, Elphinstone, what this means to me? I allude to—Isabel."

I returned the pressure.

"Gold help you!" I muttered. "But I am thankful you have Nevares on your side. Trust him."

In another moment they had gone.

It was late that evening when Nevares returned. I could see by his face that the news was bad.

"Well?" I exclaimed.

"It is not well at all," was his low answer. "In both the coffee and the milk, and also in the stomach of the late chemist, we have found a powerful vegetable alkaloid poison. To-morrow I shall know what it is exactly. The amount is large. Had it been in the stuff when Kinsky took his share he would certainly have died as quickly as Golonski. It was therefore put in after Kinsky drank his part. Now the cup never left sight of Kinsky—so he says, and we have no reason to doubt his statement—and he swears it to be quite impossible for Golonski to have put anything into the cup, as he drank it directly it was brought to him. I have examined and cross-examined Kinsky to the most minute details, and I can only say, what any jury would say in such a case, that Kinsky put the poison into the milk before mixing the cup for Golonski. There is no escape; some heavy bribe, the deed done almost before he was aware, the fatal consequence. Anyhow Kinsky will have to return to Russia, and there, from his own account, he will meet with little mercy. He will never be seen again."

"Good God!" I cried. "It is impossible! You know his relation to Isabel Somerset. His innocence must be proved, and you, Celso, must do it."

"That, my dear Guy, is impossible," was his only answer.

I shall never forget the next few days. Events passed at intervals like phantoms of a hideous nightmare. First there was the inquest in camera, by the request of the Russian authorities; then there was the quiet arrest of Count Kinsky on suspicion, by the Czar's request, and an order for his return to Russia. This latter, I learnt, the Russian Autocrat had no power to enforce, but Kinsky himself signified his intention of returning and facing the consequences, brave man that he was.

The last night came; he was to leave under escort of the English police for Paris at eight o'clock the next day. By special request, which was granted, Isabel was to go to the house in St. John's Wood to see him and to bid him farewell.

That last night I went to my room at nine o'clock and tried to sleep, but only dozed at intervals. I could hear Nevares pacing up and down in the sitting-room.

Then I dozed again, but suddenly started erect, trembling in every limb, for my name rang through the room in Celso's voice. I leaped up and rushed into the sitting-room. It was nearly three in the morning.

"Dress quickly; ring up a hansom, Guy," he shouted.

"But, why?" I cried, thinking he had gone mad.

"Obey!" he thundered. "I think I shall be able to save him."

He turned and thrust some bottles into a bag. Ten minutes later a hansom cab was taking us at a rapid gallop to St. John's Wood. Nevares never spoke a word. After some telegraphic messages to Scotland

Yard, we were at last admitted to the room where Kinsky and Isabel were together, and were allowed a private interview.

The Persian's excitement now vanished into the dead past.

"Count Kinsky," he said, "I come to you to offer you a means of escape from your sorrow,—a sorrow past the power of words to lighten. I have considered your case night and day. The details, we all know; and, we also know, that treachery has been used to accomplish the death of Golonski by poisoning by Japaconitine, the most deadly alkaloid of *Aconitum Fischeri* grown in Japan. I do not believe you are guilty. Now let me explain.

"It is well known by all chemists, and all members of the medical profession, that if a person takes for some time a small and ever-increasing quantity of a poison, his system becomes what is called *tolerated* to that particular poison, and it ceases to have a toxic effect. Witness the result of alcohol, tobacco, morphine, cocaine, on their devotees. Hardened habitués to these poisons can, and do, take quantities sufficient to kill anyone not accustomed to them. My belief is, that you have been secretly given for a long time in your food, small but gradually increasing quantities of Japaconitine, and your system is so tolerated that you can take a quantity which, though it would have no effect on you, would kill a person *not* tolerated to it."

A cry started from Kinsky's lips.

"Wait!" went on the Persian. "Listen yet a little. In order to prove your innocence, there is only one way. I put before you, therefore, two alternatives. One,—your leaving England in four hours' time for Russia, to die, or to go to a living death, leaving all that makes life worth caring for, and also the woman you love, and this forever; the other alternative is to drink, now, in my presence, in the presence of Miss Somerset, and that of my friend, Guy Elphinstone, and, also, in the presence of the two detectives who have you in charge, a quantity of this poison, which, if you have been tolerated, will have no more effect than it had when you took your share of the dead man's coffee and milk, and will prove your innocence conclusively; but which, if my theory is wrong, will kill you immediately, as it killed Golonski."

He ceased, and for a few moments no one spoke. The ingenuity of the theory, the appalling consequences, if it should be wrong, the urgency of immediately putting such an awful theory to the test, the impossibility of any escape from one of the two alternatives had stunned us. Once more the Persian broke the silence.

"I offer you the means of proving your innocence at the risk of sudden death. I, in the event of being wrong, shall be sent to penal servitude for life. We stand together, you see, to win or lose all. You, are of the West; I, of the East; I should have no hesitation were I in your position."

Here, for the first time, Isabel spoke.

"Take the draught, Sergius," she whispered.

"I will"; he answered. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Had you not better leave the room, Isabel?" I exclaimed.

"No," she answered. "I stay with Sergius; whatever happens, I shall be at his side."

Meanwhile, Nevares poured something into a phial, and then muttered a few words in Persian. Kinsky took the phial, and said a word of prayer. His face was like death; but, his hand was steady. He raised the glass to his lips, tossed the contents down his throat, reeled for a moment, and would have fallen against the sofa unless Nevares had caught him. His hand was upon Kinsky's wrist. I uttered a cry of horror; Nevares was wrong. Kinsky was dead.

"He has only fainted," whispered Nevares. "Keep up your courage, Miss Somerset, his heart is beating well. He *was* tolerated. I was right."

In a few minutes time Kinsky opened his eyes to look upon the girl he loved, kneeling by his side.

The next day the full truth came out, in a startling manner. Charkoff, the man who had accompanied Kinsky in order to guard Golonski, committed suicide. He left behind him a full confession. He was bribed by Japanese Agents to tolerate Kinsky with small doses of Japaconitine, and then, to put a large dose in the milk to kill Golonski, and thus throw the blame on the Russian Minister.

The great explosive was never discovered; but Isabel and Count Kinsky were married before the latter returned to St. Petersburg, now fully restored to the favor of the Czar.

THE PROSPECTOR

A Novel of the Northwest

By Ralph Connor
Author of "The Sky Pilot," "Black Rock," Etc.

CHAPTER XV.

HELLO, old man, there's a letter for you in my rooms. Thought you'd be in to-day, so took care of it for you." Father Mike drew near Shock's buckboard and greeted him cordially. "By Jove! what's the matter with you? What have you been doing to yourself?" he exclaimed, looking keenly into Shock's face.

"I am rather seedy," said Shock. "Played out, indeed."

And Shock went on to tell of his attempt to carry out his pledge to the Old Prospector. He and Perault, after two weeks' hard search, had found a place where the lost valley had been, but a landslide had changed it into a plain, and the Lost River Mine was lost indeed forever. What Shock did not think it necessary to say, but which Father Mike found out later on, was that Crawley, following the two men to discover the Old Prospector's mine, had destroyed most of their provisions left in a cache on the trail, thereby bringing them to the verge of starvation on their homeward trip. The two men had been found wandering, dazed from hunger and hardship, by Ike, who brought them home. A committee of the neighboring ranchmen thereupon tried Crawley and condemned him to be driven from the country.

"There's your letter," said Father Mike, when Shock had ended his story. "You read it while I make tea."

The letter was, as Father Mike had said, a fat one. It was from his Convener, and ran thus:—

"My Dear Mr. Macgregor:—

"The enclosed letter from the Superintendent will explain itself. You are instructed to withdraw forthwith your services from the Fort. I know you will be disappointed. This is the sort of thing that makes our work in the West depressing: not big blizzards nor small grants, but failure on the part of Eastern men to understand our needs and to appreciate the tremendous importance of these years to the West. Never mind, our day will come. I regret greatly that the Committee should have been influenced by the petition enclosed. Do not let this worry you. The Superintendent's P. S. is due to some misunderstanding. I have written him on this matter. We know some of your difficulties and we have every confidence in you," etc., etc.

From the Superintendent's letter the Convener had enclosed the following extracts:—

"It has been decided to withdraw our services from the Fort. I had a stiff fight in the Committee, but failed; they were all against me. Dr. Macfarren especially so—had private information (from his brother, I suppose); presented a petition, which find enclosed; protested against the waste of funds, etc., etc. This precious petition, by the way, seemed to influence the Committee greatly. I need not tell you it failed to influence me, unless indeed as an evidence of the need of our services in that place. You and I have seen this sort of thing before in the West. Young Lloyd, of the Park Church, too, was eloquent in opposing—the old story, funds overlapping, denominational rivalry. Meantime the Convener sits on the chest, and the rest of the Committee seem to feel that their chief duty lies in cutting down expenses and that their highest possible achievement is their meeting the Assembly without a deficit.

"P. S.—Dr. Macfarren hinted a good deal at want of tact on the part of our Missionary, and young Lloyd, who knows Macgregor, seemed to consider this quite possible. Our Missionary must not antagonize men unneces-

sarily. Send him this letter if you think well. I always like to deal frankly with our men."

As Shock read the letters and glanced at the petition his look of weariness passed away and the old scrimage smile came back to his face. "Read that," he said, handing the letters to Father Mike, who read them in silence.

"Withdraw!" he exclaimed in astonishment when he had finished. "And why?"

"Oh! don't you see, 'funds overlapping, denominational rivalry'?"

"'Overlapping, rivalry,' rot! You cannot do my work here and I cannot do yours. I say, this petition would be rich if it were not so damnable," added Father Mike, glancing at the document. "'Whereas, the town is amply supplied with church services, there is no desire for services by the Presbyterians'—or by any others, for that matter," interjected Father Mike. "Let us see who signs this blessed paper? Macfarren. He's a beautiful churchman. Inspector Haynes. What's he got to do with it? Frank, Smith, Crozier! Why, the thing is a farce! Not a man of them ever goes to church. 'Whereas, the Presbyterians are quite unable to assume any financial obligation in support of a minister.' Why, the whole outfit doesn't contribute a dollar a month. Isn't it preposterous? A beastly humbug! Who is this young whipper-snapper, Lloyd?" Father Mike's tone was full of contempt.

Shock winced. His friend had touched the only place left raw by the letter. "He is a college friend of mine," he answered quickly. "A fine fellow and a great preacher."

"Oh!" replied Father Mike dryly. "I beg pardon. Well, what will you do?"

"I shall withdraw. I have been rather a failure, I guess. Let's talk no more about it."

"All right, old chap," said Father Mike. "Come along to tea. I wish to Heaven there were more failures like you in the country."

Shock's last service at the Fort marked his emancipation as a preacher of the Gospel. Ike and the Kid had ridden in, and far back in the dim darkness of a corner sat the doctor. As Shock's words began to flow he became conscious of a new strength, of a new freedom, and the joy of his new strength and freedom swept him along on a full tide of burning speech. His theme was the story of the leprous man who dared to come to the Great Healer in all the hideousness of his disease and who was straightway cleansed.

He enlarged upon the story for some time and then paused a moment, and continued in a voice humble and remorseful:—

"I have failed. I thought in my pride and my folly that I could help you, but I have failed. We have failed together, men. What then is before us?"

His voice took a deeper tone, his manner was earnestly respectful and tenderly sympathetic, as he set before them the Divine Man, so quick to sympathize, so ready and so powerful to help.

"He is the same to-night, men! Appeal to Him and He will respond as He did to this poor leprous man.

"Does any man here think his father or mother has forgotten him or does not care what happens to him?"

Shock was thinking of his own dear old mother, separated from him by so many leagues of empty prairie, but so near to him in love and sympathy.

"Does any man think so?" he repeated, "and do you think your Father in Heaven does not care? Oh! do not think so." His voice rose in a cry of entreaty. The effect was tremendous.

Shock's farewell was as abrupt as his beginning. In a single sentence he informed them that the services would be discontinued at this end of the field. He wished he could have served them better; he knew he had failed; he asked their forgiveness as he had already asked it of his God; but, though he had failed, he commended them to Him who had never failed any man appealing to Him for help.

There was no hymn, but in a simple, short prayer the service was closed, and before the congregation had recovered from their amazement Shock had passed out through the back door.

Then, above the hum of conversation, General Brady's voice was heard:—

"Gentlemen, it is my opinion that we have lost a great man to-night, a fearless man and a Christian gentleman."

"That's my entire prognostication, General," said Ike with great emphasis.

Meantime Shock had gone searching through the hotels for the doctor, whom he had seen slipping out before the closing prayer. He found him with Macfarren, drinking, and brought him away repentant and ashamed.

For half an hour they walked the streets and then turned into Father Mike's quarters.

"Father Mike," said Shock, opening the door, "we want coffee, and I'm hungrier than I've been for three days."

"Come in," said Father Mike, with a keen glance at the doctor, "come in, brother mine. You've earned your grub this day."

CHAPTER XVI

"STAY AT YOUR POST LAD"

Relieved from his station at the Fort, Shock was able to devote himself entirely to the western part of his field, which embraced the Loon Lake district and extended twenty-five miles up to the Pass, and he threw himself with redoubled energy into his work of exploration and organization.

"A hospital is what they need up here, doctor!" he exclaimed one day after they had made a tour through the shacks and bunks where men sick and injured lay in their uncared for misery. "A hospital is what they want, and some kind of a homelike place where they can meet together. And by God's help, we'll get this, too, when our hands are somewhat free."

In Shock's long, lonely trips, he came in touch with every human being for miles around and they learned to know him and he them. They came to rely upon his judgment as a man of affairs, to trust him for his true, human heart and to regard him with reverence as one touched with a spirit unlike that of the world with which they were familiar—a spirit of generous sympathy with them in all their multitudinous trials and difficulties, a spirit that made him think nothing of himself and much of them. He planned the erection of a building that would serve for church, manse, club house, school room, and library, and would thus become a spot around which the life of the community might gather in a clean and wholesome atmosphere. The entire country volunteered to help him with supplies and labor and at length a two-story building was completed. The downstairs room was a library and club-room open to the public, but upstairs were four rooms, one of which, and the best, Shock intended for his mother. When everything was in readiness for the opening, the preparations for that great event were placed in the hands of a committee, of which the Kid was chairman.

At length the great day came, and with it the gathering of the people from all parts far and near. There had never been such a gathering at Loon Lake within the memory of the oldest timer.

After the entertainment had well begun a stranger appeared at the door asking for the minister.

"I guess it's pretty important," the stranger said. "It's a telegram. In fact, it's bad news, so Mr. McIntyre of Big River said."

In a few moments the Kid appeared and, taking the telegram from Ike, read it.

"The Lord help us!" he exclaimed as he read the wire. He took Ike to one side away from the crowd and read him the words: "'Your mother seriously ill. Doctors hold out no hope of recovery. Signed, BROWN.'"

"His mother! Say, boss, what'll we do? He thinks a mighty lot of his mother. I've heerd him talk. This will purty nigh kill him, I guess."

Just then Shock came running out in high spirits, elated with the success of the evening. "Hello, old boy!" he cried to the Kid. "It's great, isn't it? You're a great concert conductor!"

The Kid took him by the arm and led him away in silence toward the Old Prospector's shack, which stood near by.

"What's the matter, Stanton; anything gone wrong?" Still the Kid made no reply; but, walking to the door of the shack, opened it, and went in and lit the lamp. "Sit down," he said, pushing Shock into a chair. "I have something to tell you. There's—there's bad news, I'm afraid. I'll wait outside." He put the telegram down, went hastily out, and closed the door, leaving Shock to face the blow where no eye could see.

It seemed an hour to the Kid before Ike came up with the Swallow and Slipper saddled and ready for a journey.

Ike went toward the closed door, opened

it softly, and went in. He found Shock sitting at the table gazing vacantly at the telegram in his hand as if trying to take in its meaning. He looked up at Ike as he entered and, handing him the telegram, said:—

"It's my mother, Ike. Do you remember my mother?"

"Yes, I know," replied Ike, approaching him timidly and laying a hand awkwardly on his shoulder. "I don't want to presume," he continued, "but I was wonderin' if there was anyone who could help you to stand it?"

"There is, there is One, there is."

"That's all right, then," said Ike, as if an important matter had been settled. "The horses are ready."

"The horses?" said Shock, with a puzzled air.

"Yes; thought you'd want to ride to town to send a wire or somethin'."

"Of course I do, thank you. I'll go to her at once. What a fool I am!" He rose hastily as he spoke, changed his coat, and getting his hat and riding gloves came out to where the Kid stood with the horses.

"Why, it's the Swallow and Slipper!" he said. "Boys, this is good of you."

"I'm going along with you," said Ike shortly, as he mounted the Swallow.

"Good-by, Kiddie," said Shock affectionately, holding out his hand to the Kid. "I cannot say much just now, but I appreciate this kindness, my boy."

"Don't, don't!" said the Kid, in a husky whisper. "I wish to Heaven I could help you. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Shock, taking up the reins. "Oh! I say, Kid, don't tell anyone to-night. Keep the thing going; it would be a pity to spoil their fun, you know. You can do this for me, can't you?"

"I can try," said the Kid, setting his teeth together.

For thirteen hours the horses kept up their long swinging gait until they had covered the hundred miles to the McIntyre house.

The McIntyres were expecting them. There is no speech like heart-speech, and during the hour in the Big River manse to Shock's heart there came—how he could not have told—the inarticulate message of sympathy that healed and comforted, so that he drove away, rested and refreshed, as with sleep.

Two hours later they drew up in front of Bill Lee's at Spruce Creek.

Bill's welcome of Shock was almost effusive in its heartiness, but Ike cut him short.

"I say, Bill," he called out, walking to the stable; "got any oats in here?"

"Oh, a few. I keep some for thoroughbreds, you know." And he walked after Ike into the stable.

Ike began talking rapidly, and in a low tone. As Bill listened he became unusually excited. "Eh! What! No. Say, that's bad, too blank bad! His mother, eh? My team? Certainly. There they are, fit for a good dozen an hour. Put 'em right in."

In ten minutes Bill's team, the pride of his heart, were hitched to the buckboard. The performance of Bill's bony, shaggy team, more than justified their owner's pride in them. In less than two hours Shock stood at the door of his Convener's house, his mind bewildered, his senses numbed from the terrible strain through which he had passed.

"Come in, my dear fellow," said the Convener, who had evidently been expecting him, "come right in."

But Shock stood at the door. "Is there any word?" he enquired, with a voice void of all emotion.

"Nothing further."

"When does the train go?"

"The train? Oh, at two in the morning."

"How long does it take?"

"Five days."

"Five days!" echoed Shock, in a voice of despair.

"You might wire a message in the meantime," said the Convener, kindly. "We will go down to the telegraph office after you have had a rest and a cup of tea."

"No, no," said Shock, turning eagerly from the door. "I am all right; cannot we go now?"

At the telegraph office a number of men stood laughing and talking. Shock drew a blank sheet toward him, and set himself to compose his wire. Again and again he made the attempt, but at length he put down the pen and looked around piteously at his friend. "I cannot say it!" he exclaimed in a hurried whisper.

"Come outside a minute," said the Convener, taking his arm. "Now tell me what you want to say, and perhaps I can help you."

"Oh!" cried Shock, wreathing his great fingers in his agony. "I want to say—good-by,—No, no, not that! I want to tell her—give her my love, and say I want to see her. She will be wanting me." His breath began to come in great heaving sobs.

"Let me try," said his friend. "You stay out here."

After some moments the Convener returned and handed Shock a paper on which he had written: "God keep you, mother dear. My heart's love to you. Shall I come?"

"Will that do?" he asked.

"Yes, yes; thank you. That is good."

Late at night the Convener went down again to the telegraph office.

"Yes," replied the clerk, in answer to his enquiry, "there's a wire for Mr. Macgregor, just come in. Bad news, too, I guess."

The Convener took the message and read:—

"Your mother passed away in perfect peace this evening. Your message brought her great joy. She wished me to send this reply: 'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. Stay at your post, lad, till He calls.'

"HELEN."

"'Stay at your post till he calls,'" read the Convener again. "A great soul, that. That word will do him good."

He was right. He found Shock waiting for him, calm, expectant, and ready to bear whatever life might bring, nor did his face change as he read the wire over and over again. He only said: "God is very good to us. She went away in peace, and she got my wire and I hers."

There was no sign of grief in his face, but a great peace seemed to have settled upon him.

There was no demonstration of sympathy on the part of his people when Shock returned to his work. One by one they came up after the evening service to shake hands with him, and then to leave him alone. But that night, when all had gone except Ike, who was hovering about downstairs within call of Shock,—who was sitting up-stairs alone in the room which, in the fulness of his joy, he had set apart for his mother,—a voice was heard, asking cautiously:—

"Is he in?"

"Oh! It's you, is it?" said Ike. "Well, come in. Yes, come right upstairs." And Carroll came heavily up the stairs with Patsy in his arms.

"Why, Carroll, this is awfully good of you!" exclaimed Shock, going to meet him.

"It's the little lad," said Carroll. "It's Patsy; he's breakin' the heart av him, an' he wants to see you, and, your riverince, it's meself—I want to—" The voice broke down completely.

"Come in, come in!" cried Shock, his tears flowing fast. "Come, Patsy, do you want to see me? Come on, old chap, I want you, too." He took the little cripple in his arms and held him tight, while his tears fell upon Patsy's face and hands.

"Is it for your mother?" whispered Patsy, in an awestruck tone.

"Yes, yes, Patsy dear," said Shock, who was fast losing control of himself, the long pent-up grief breaking through all barriers of self-control. "She's gone from me, Patsy lad."

"But," said the little boy, lifting up his beautiful face in wonder. "Sure, isn't she wid Jesus Himself and the blessed angels?"

"Oh, yes, Patsy, my boy! she is, and it's not right to grieve too much, but I cannot help it," said Shock, regaining control of himself. "But I am glad you came in to tell me, and we'll all try to be good men, so that some day we'll all go there, too."

That night was the beginning of better things for the big Irishman. The revenge he had cherished for so many months passed out of his heart, and among his closest friends and his warmest companions, Shock could count, from that time forth, Tim Carroll.

XVII

BETTY'S LAST WORDS

In the midst of Shock's depression and bewilderment after his mother's death, Ike brought him a letter which had lain two weeks at the Fort, and whose date was now some four weeks old. It was from Brown, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR OLD CHAP:—

"I do not know how to begin this letter. The

terribly sudden and awful calamity that has overtaken us has paralysed my mind, and I can hardly think straight. One thing that stands out before me, wiping out almost every other thought, is that our dear Betty is no more.

"You know Mrs. Fairbanks has been opposed all along to the Don's attentions to Betty, and has tried her best to block him. She somehow got wind of the kind of life that Don lived in this city years ago. Poor chap, he had his black spots, sure enough. She furthermore got Lloyd, somehow, to corroborate her facts. Just how much he looked up for her, I don't know, but I tell you, I have quit Lloyd. He is a blanked cad.

"One evening, as the Don was saying good night, Mrs. Fairbanks spoke up and said, in that haughty way of her's, 'Mr. Balfour, the time has come when we must say good-by, and I must ask you to discontinue your visits to this house, and your intimacy with my daughter.'

"Well,—there was a scene. The Don could not deny it all, and when Betty saw he could not, she too told him never to come to her again.

"Next day I tried to see Betty, but it was no use, she would see no one. And soon after I heard she was ill, typhoid fever.

"After the delirium passed, Betty asked for me. She beckoned me to her, and when I bent over her she whispered: 'Find the Don and bring him.'

"There was no one in the room but the nurse and the doctor when he entered. She was expecting us, and as we entered she opened her eyes and asked, 'Is he here?' The nurse beckoned him to approach, and the Don came and knelt at her bed. He was very steady and quiet. She put out her hand and drew him toward her. She was the calmest of us all. 'I want you to forgive me, Don,' she said, and her voice was wonderfully clear. 'I want you to forgive me, Don,' she said again, 'I thought I was better than God.' The poor fellow could only keep kissing her fingers. 'My lips, Don, my lips,' and the Don kissed her on the lips twice, murmuring in a broken voice, 'My darling, my love, my love.'

"Then she looked up and smiled that old smile of hers,—you remember, so bright and so merry? By Jove, it broke me all up. And she said: 'Now we are all right, aren't we?' The doctor came and touched the Don. 'No, doctor,' she said, 'I am quite quiet. See, I am going to sleep. I want you to stay there, Don. Good-night.'

"That was her last word, Shock. Just think of it,—Betty's last word. I cannot realize it at all.

"I have not seen the Don since, but Hooper tells me he said he was going out to you. I hope to Heaven he will not go bad. I don't think he will. Of course, he feels very bitterly about Lloyd and Mrs. Fairbanks.

"Now, that is all of my story. It makes a great difference to all our set here, but I will tell you what I have told no living soul, and that is, that the world will never be the same to me again. I am not much given to sentiment, as you know, and nobody ever suspected it. I do not think she did, herself. But I loved that little girl better than my life, and I would have given my soul for her, any day.

"Your friend as ever,

"BROWN."

Brown's letter did for Shock what nothing else could have done: it turned his mind away from himself and his sorrow.

In another week two other letters came, each profoundly affecting Shock and his life. One was from Helen, giving a full account of his mother's illness and death, telling how beautifully the Superintendent had taken part in the funeral service, and preserving for her son those last precious messages of love and gratitude, of faith and hope, which become the immortal treasures of the bereaved heart.

From Helen's letter Shock turned to Mrs. Fairbanks' and read:—

"MY DEAR MR. MACGREGOR:—

"We all deeply sympathize with you in your great loss, as I know you will with us in our grief. We can hardly speak of it yet. It is so new and so terribly sudden that we have not been able fully to realize it.

"Helen, I am glad to say, is beginning to take an interest in the church and its work, and as time goes on, I think her interest will grow. I should be glad indeed, that it should be so, for our relations with Mr. Lloyd are very close; and, in fact, I may tell you what is yet a secret, that he has intimated to me his desire to make Helen his wife. Helen is very favorably disposed to him, and all our circle of friends would rejoice in this as an ideal marriage. Mr. Lloyd belongs to her own set in society, is a gentleman of culture and high character, and in every way suitable.

"There is one thing, however, about which Helen is sensitive. She cannot rid herself of a feeling that she is in a manner bound to you on account of her foolish and impetuous words, uttered under the excitement of your departure; but I am sure you would never think of holding her because of those words, uttered in a moment of great feeling, and I also feel sure that you would not in any way interfere with her happiness, or do anything that would hinder the consummation of a marriage so eminently suitable in every way.

"Now, my dear Mr. Macgregor, in your an-

swer, I think that a few words of assurance to Helen on the points I have suggested would be greatly appreciated, and would do much to remove difficulties that now stand in the way of her happiness and mine.

"Yours very sincerely,

"E. FAIRBANKS."

It was then that Shock drank to the dregs his full cup of bitter sorrow. The contrasts suggested by Mrs. Fairbanks' letter stood out vividly before him. He thought of Helen's beautiful home, where she was surrounded with all the luxuries of a cultured life; he thought of her circle of friends, of the life work which, as Lloyd's wife, she would be permitted to take up; he thought, too, of her mother's claim upon her.

His letter to Mrs. Fairbanks was brief and clear —

"I thank you for your sympathy," he wrote, "and I grieve with you in your great sorrow.

"In regard to what you write concerning Miss Helen, you have made yourself perfectly clear, and I wish to repeat now what I said on the morning of my leaving home: that Miss Helen is to consider herself in no sense bound to me. She is perfectly free, as free as if she had not spoken. I fully realize the possibility of mistaking one's feelings under the stress of such emotional excitement. At the same time, truth demands that I should say that my feelings toward her have not changed, nor will they ever change; and, while I cannot ask her to share a life such as mine, I shall never cease to love her."

In Shock's preaching, and in his visitation of his people, a new spirit made itself felt. There was no less energy, but there was an added sweetness, and a deeper sympathy. He had entered upon the way of the Cross, and the bruising of his heart distilled all its tenderness in word and deed. His preaching was marked by a new power, a new intensity; and when, after evening service, they gathered about the organ to spend an hour in singing their favorite hymns, then most of all they were conscious of the change in him.

One day when Ike's business took him to the Fort, the stage brought a stranger asking the way to Mr. Macgregor's house, and immediately Ike undertook to convey him thither. It was the Don.

Shock's shout of welcome did Ike good, but the meeting between the two men no one saw. After the first warm greeting Shock began to be aware of a great change in his friend. He was as a man whose heart had been chilled to the core, cold, hard, irresponsive.

"We will have to get him to work," he said to the doctor, to whom he had confided the Don's history in part, not omitting the great grief that had fallen upon him. "You know we ought to get that hospital going in the Pass. Let us talk it over with him."

And this, hard as it seems, was finally accomplished and the hospital under the Don's care and with the Doctor's help, did wonders for the Pass. The Don found the work he needed there, and after many failures and mistakes, won back at last the self-respect and the love for life and work he had so nearly lost.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE REGIONS BEYOND

The announcement to Shock through his Convener, that the Superintendent purposed making him a visit in the spring, filled him with more or less anxiety. He remembered only too well his failure at the Fort; he thought of that postscript in the Superintendent's letter to his Convener; he knew that even in Loon Lake and in the Pass his church organization was not anything to boast of; and altogether he considered that the results he had to show for his year's labor were few and meager.

The winter had been long and severe. In the Pass there had been a great deal of sickness, both among the miners and among the lumbermen.

The doctor was kept busy by an epidemic of diphtheric croup that had broken out among the children of the Loon Lake district, and began once more to take pride in his work, and to regain his self-respect and self-control. He took especial pride and joy in the work of the Don at the Pass, and did all he could to make the hospital and the club room accomplish all the good that Shock had hoped for them.

Owing to miscarriage in arrangements, when the Superintendent arrived at the Fort he was surprised to find no one to meet him.

He inquired for Mr. Macfarren, and

found him in Simmons' store, redolent of bad tobacco and worse whiskey, but quite master of his mental and physical powers. The Superintendent had business with Mr. Macfarren, and proceeded forthwith to transact it.

After his first salutation he began: "When I saw you last, Mr. Macfarren, you professed yourself keenly desirous of having services established by our church here."

"Yes."

"Why this sudden change, represented by your letter to the Committee, and the petition, which I judge was promoted by yourself? I placed a man here, with every expectation of success. How can you explain this change in you and in the people you represent?"

"Well, the truth is, Doctor," said Macfarren, considerably nettled at the Superintendent's manner, "the people consider that they were not well treated in the supply you sent them."

"Ah! Now we have it. Well, is Mr. Macgregor not a good preacher?"

"No, he is not. He is not such a preacher as many of us have been accustomed to."

"By the way, Mr. Macfarren what do your people pay toward this man's salary? Five hundred? Three hundred? We only asked you two hundred, and this you found difficult. And yet you expect a two-thousand dollar preacher."

"Well, his preaching was not his only fault," said Macfarren. "He was totally unsuited to our people. He was a man of no breeding, no manners, and in this town we need a man—"

"Wait a moment, Mr. Macfarren. You can put up with his preaching?"

"Yes."

"Was his character good?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Then I understand you to say that as a preacher he was passable, as a pastor and as a man all that could be desired?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. But he was—well, if you have met him you must know what I mean. In short, he was uncouth and boorish in his manners."

The Superintendent drew himself up, and his voice began to burr in a way that his friends would have recognized as dangerous.

"Boorish, Mr. Macfarren? Let me tell you, sir, that he is a Highland gentleman, the son of a gentleman and boorishness is impossible to him."

"Well, that may be too strong, Doctor, but you do not understand our society here. We have a large number of people of good family from the old country and from the East, and in order to reach them we require a man who has moved in good society."

"Well, sir," said the Superintendent, "Jesus Christ would not have suited your society here, for He was a man of very humble birth, and moved in very low circles." And without further word he turned from Macfarren to greet Father Mike, who had entered the store.

"Doctor," said Father Mike, "I want to ask you, if I may without impertinence, why did you do so great an injury to our community as to remove your missionary from us?"

"Ah, you consider that a loss, Father Mike?"

"Undoubtedly, sir. A great and serious loss. He was a high type of a man. I will quote as expressing my opinions, the words of a gentleman whose judgment would, I suppose, be considered in this community as final on all such matters—General Brady, sir. I think you know him. This is what I heard him say. 'He is an able preacher and a Christian gentleman.'"

"Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir," said the Superintendent. "I thank you for your warm appreciation of one whom, after short acquaintance, I regarded as you do."

It was Father Mike who drove the Superintendent to Loon Lake next day, only to find Shock away from home.

"We will inquire at the stopping-place," said Father Mike.

"Let us see," said the Superintendent, who never forgot a name or a face, "does Carroll keep that still? He did five years ago."

"Yes, and here he is," said Father Mike. "Hello, Carroll. Can you tell me where your minister is?"

"Be jabers, it's a search warrant you'll need for him, I'm thinkin'. Ask Perault there. Perault, do you know where the preacher is?"

"Oui. He's go 'way for prospect, sure."

"Prospecting?" inquired Father Mike.

"Oui," grinned Perault, "dat's heem, one prospector. Every day, every day he's pass on de trail, over de hill, down de coulee, all overe."

"He does, eh?" said Father Mike, delighted at the description of his friend. "What is he after? Coal?"

"Coal!" echoed Perault with contempt. "Not moche. He's go for find de peep'. He's dig 'em up on de church, by gar."

"You see, Doctor," said Father Mike, "no one has any chance here with your fellow. There's Carroll, now, and Perault, they are properly Roman Catholic, but now they are good Presbyterians."

"Bon, for sure. Eh, Carroll, mon garçon?"

"Bedad, an' it's thrue for ye," said Carroll.

It was no small tribute to Shock's influence that the ancient feud between these two had been laid to rest.

"Well, do you know when he will be home?" asked Father Mike.

"I go for fin' out," said Perault, running into his house. and returning almost immediately. "To-morrow for sure, Mebbe to-night."

That afternoon and evening the Superintendent spent listening in the pauses of his letter writing to the praises of the missionary, and to a description, with all possible elaboration and ornament, of the saving of little Patsy's life, in which even the doctor's skill played a very subordinate part.

Late at night Shock returned bringing the doctor with him, both weary and spent with the long, hard day's work. From Perault, who was watching for his return, he heard of the arrival of the Superintendent.

"Tell Josie and Marion," he said to Perault, "to get my room ready," and, weary as he was, he went to greet his chief.

He found him, as men were accustomed to find him, busy with his correspondence. The Superintendent rose up eagerly to meet his missionary.

"How do you do, sir, how do you do? I am very glad to see you," and he gripped Shock's hand with a downward pull that almost threw him off his balance.

"I wish to assure you," said the Superintendent, when the greetings were over, "I wish to assure you," and his voice took its deepest tone, "of my sincere sympathy with you in your great loss. It was my privilege to be present at your mother's funeral, and to say a few words. You have a great and noble heritage in your mother's memory. She was beautiful in her life, and she was beautiful in death."

Poor Shock! The unexpected tender reference to his mother, the brotherly touch, and the vision that he had from the Superintendent's words of his mother, beautiful in death, were more than he could bear. His emotions overwhelmed him.

"I suppose," continued the Superintendent, giving him time to recover himself, "my last letter failed to reach you. I had expected to be here two weeks later, but I wrote changing my arrangements so as to arrive here to-day."

"No, sir," said Shock, "no letter making any change reached me. I am very sorry indeed not to have met you, and I hope you were not much inconvenienced."

"Not at all, sir, not at all. Indeed, I was very glad to have the opportunity of spending a little time at the Fort, and meeting some of your friends. By the way, I met a friend of yours on my journey down, who wished to be remembered to you, Bill Lee, of Spruce Creek. You remember him?"

"Oh, perfectly. Bill is a fine fellow," said Shock enthusiastically.

"Yes, Bill has his points. He has quit whiskey selling, he said, and he wished that you should know that. He said you would know the reason why."

But Shock knew of no reason, and he only replied: "Bill was very kind to me, and I am glad to know of the change in him."

"Yes," continued the Superintendent, "and I spent some time at the Fort meeting with some of the people, but upon inquiries I am more puzzled than ever to find a reason for the withdrawal of our services, and I am still in the dark about it."

Shock's face flushed a deep red.

"I am afraid," he said, in a shamed and hesitating manner, "that I was not the right man for the place. I think I rather failed at the Fort."

"Well," continued the Superintendent, "Now that I am here, what do you wish me to do?"

"First," said Shock, "come over to my

house. Come to the manse. Carroll will not mind."

The Superintendent put his papers together, and Shock, shouldering his valise and coat, led the way to the manse.

As they entered the big room the Superintendent paused to observe its proportions, noted the library shelves full of books, the organ in the corner, the pictures adorning the walls, and, without much comment, passed on upstairs to Shock's own room. But he did not fail to detect a note of pride in Shock's voice as he gave him welcome.

"Come in, come in and sit down. I hope you will be comfortable. It is rather rough."

"Rough, sir," exclaimed the Superintendent. "It is palatial. It is truly magnificent. I was quite unprepared for anything like this. Now tell me how was this accomplished?"

"Oh," said Shock diffidently, "they all helped, and here it is."

"That is all, eh?"

And that was all Shock would tell The rest of the story, however, the Superintendent heard from others.

It was the same at the Pass. There stood the hospital equipped, almost free from debt, and working in harmony with the camps and the miners. There, too, was the club room and the library.

"And how was all this brought about?" inquired the Superintendent.

"Oh, the Don and the doctor took hold, and the men all helped."

The Superintendent said nothing, but his eyes were alight with a kindly smile as they rested on his big missionary, and he took his arm in a very close grip as they walked from shack to shack.

It was from the Don that the Superintendent learned of all Shock's work in the past, and of all that had been done to counteract the terrible evils that were the ruin of the lumbermen and miners.

He put Shock's friends to their severest tests at the meeting held before he left Loon Lake. There he told of what was still left to be done in the country farther on and asked that they lend him Shock for six months to carry on the work.

For some minutes no one made reply. Then Ike spoke.

"Well, I surmise we got a good deal from our Prospector. In fact, what we ain't got from him don't count much. And I rather opine that we can't be mean about this. It's a little like pullin' hair, but I reckon we'd better give him up."

"Thank you, sir," said the Superintendent, who had learned much from Ike throughout the day. "Your words are the best commentary I have ever heard upon a saying of our Lord's that has inspired men to all unselfish living, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.'"

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW POLICY

It was still early spring when Shock received a letter from Brown, a letter full of perplexity and love and wrath.

"Something has gone wrong," he wrote. "You have got to come down here and straighten it out. I can plainly see that Mrs. Fairbanks is at the bottom of it, but just what she is at I cannot discover. Helen I do not now see much. Lloyd seems to have taken possession of the whole family.

It must be confessed that Brown's letter produced little effect upon Shock's mind. The bitterness of his surrender was past, so, at least, he thought. He was quite certain that it was not Brown's but the Superintendent's letter that determined him to accept appointment as a delegate to the General Assembly.

"I have no right to command you in this," the Superintendent wrote. "I wish I had. But I need you, and for the sake of the men you and I know, I wish you to come down to the Assembly and meet the Committee."

It was undoubtedly the Superintendent's letter, and yet that sudden leap of his heart as he read his chief's entreaty startled him.

"Nonsense!" he said, shutting his jaws hard together. "That is all done with." And yet he knew that it would be a joy almost too great to endure to catch a glimpse of the face that still came to him night by night in his dreams, to hear her voice, and to be near her.

So Shock came down, and his coming brought very different feelings to different hearts; to Brown the very news of it brought mad, wild delight.

Shock's train was late. The Superintendent had sought Brown out, and adjured

him by all things sacred to produce his man at the committee meeting at the earliest possible moment, and this commission Brown had conscientiously fulfilled.

Toward evening Brown met Helen down town, and was escorting her homeward when they fell in with Tommy Phillips, a reporter for the *Times*. He was evidently in a state of considerable excitement.

"I have just had a great experience," he exclaimed. "I was down this afternoon at your church committee, and I tell you I had a circus. There was a big chap there from the wild and woolly, and he made 'em sit up. Why, you know him I guess. He's that 'Varsity football chap the fellows used to rave about."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Brown. "Macgregor. Shock, we used to call him. What was the matter with the committee?"

"Oh, there was a big deficit on, and they had to go up to your big council—conference—what do you call it in your pagan outfit? Assembly? Yes, that's it—and take their medicine. Twenty thousand dollars of a debt. Well, sir, on the back of all that didn't their Grand Mogul—archbishop—you know, from the West—no, not Macgregor—their chief pusher. Superintendent? Yes—come in and put an ice pack on them in the shape of a new scheme for exploration and extension in the Kootenay country, the Lord knows where, some place out of sight. Well, the war began, some in favor of the scheme, some against, but all hopeless in view of the present state of finances. Better wait a little, and that sort of talk. Then, let's see what happened. Oh, yes. The question of the man came up. Who was the man? The Superintendent was ready for 'em. It was Macgregor of some place. Frog Lake? No, Loon Lake. Then the opposition thought they had him with a half-Nelson. Old Dr. Macfarren jumped on to the chief with both feet. His man was no good, and a flat failure in his field, no tact.

"Beg your pardon, Miss Fairbanks. What did you say?"

"Oh, never mind," said Helen. "Go on."

"He appealed for corroboration to his friend, the chap up at Park Church, you know, that sleek, kid-gloved fellow."

"Burns?" asked Brown innocently, delighted in the reporter's description of Lloyd and desiring more of it.

"No. You know that orator chap, liquid eyes, mellifluous voice, and all the rest of it."

"Oh, Lloyd."

"Yes. Well, he took the whirl and backed up Macfarren. Evidently didn't think much of the Superintendent's choice. Remarked about his being a Highlander, a man of visions and that sort of thing."

"What else did he say?" inquired Brown, who was in a particularly happy mood.

"Oh, a lot of stuff, in his most lordly, patronizing tone. Macgregor was a very good, earnest fellow, but he should judge him to be lacking in tact or adaptability, fine sensibilities, and that sort of rot. But never mind. Didn't he catch it! Oh, no! My Sally Ann! Boiling lard and blue vitriol, and all in the chief's most sweet-scented, lavender style, though all the time I could see the danger lights burning through his port-holes. I tell you I've had my diminished moments, but I don't think I was ever reduced to such a shade as the Park Church chap when the Superintendent was through with him. Served him right, too.

"'Mr. Lloyd says he is a Highlander. Yes, he is, thank God. So am I. He is a man of visions. Yes, he has vision beyond the limits of his own congregation and of his own native cross-roads, vision for what lies beyond the horizon, vision for those men in the mountains who are going to the devil.' A quotation, Miss Fairbanks, I assure you. 'These miners and lumbermen, forgotten by all but their mothers, and God.' Say, it was great. If I could reproduce it there would be a European trip in it. Then he turned on Dr. Macfarren. It seems that Macgregor somehow had to quit some place in the West on the plea that he was not adaptable, and that sort of thing. 'Dr. Macfarren says he was a failure,' went on the old chief, using at least five r's, 'Mr. Lloyd says he's not adaptable, he is lacking in fine sensibilities. It is true God did not make him with sleek hair'—which, by Jove, was true enough—'and dainty fingers. And a good thing it was, else our church at Loon Lake, built by his own hands, the logs cut, shaped and set in place, sir, by his own hands, would never have existed. He was

a failure at the Fort, we are told. Why? I made inquiries concerning that. I was told by a gentleman who calls himself a Presbyterian—I need not mention his name—that he was not suitable to the peculiarly select and high-toned society of that place. No, sir, our missionary could not bow and scrape, he was a failure at tennis, he did not shine at card parties,' and here you could smell things sizzling. 'He could not smile upon lust. No, thank God!' and the old chap's voice began to quiver and shake. 'In all this he was a failure, and would to God we had more of the same kind!" 'Amen,' 'Thank God,' 'That's true,' the men around the table cried. I thought I had struck a Methodist revival meeting."

"What else did he say?" said Brown, who could hardly contain himself for sheer delight.

"Well, he went on then to yarn about Macgregor's work—how a church and clubhouse had been built in one place, and a hospital, and all that sort of thing, in another, and then he told us stories of the different chaps who had been apparently snatched from the mouth of Hell by Macgregor, and were ready to lie down and let him walk over them. It was great. Macgregor, it seems, was a regular fiend for hunting up fellows and rooting them out to church, and so they dubbed him 'the Prospector.' The old chief stuck that in, I tell you. And then, at the most dramatic moment—that old chap knows his business—he brought on Macgregor, announcing him as 'the Prospector of Frog Lake, no, Loon Lake.' Well, he was not much to look at. His hair was not slick, and his beard looked a little like a paint brush, his pants ran up on his boots and bagged at the knees."

"Well, what happened?" inquired Brown, anxious to get over this part of the description.

"Well, they began firing questions at him hot and fast. He was a little rattled for a while, but after a bit he got into his stride, put down his map, laid out his country and began pouring in his facts till, when they let him out, they looked for all the world like a lot of men who had been struck by a whirlwind, and were trying to get back their breath and other belongings."

"Well, what did they do then?"

"Oh, the thing passed, I guess. I left 'em and went to look after the man from the West."

Helen walked for some distance in silence.

"Has Mr. Macgregor not been home yet?"

"No. Why?"

"Could you keep him away till about eleven to-morrow?"

"Yes, I suppose I might. He has got to get some clothes and get some of the wool off him. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I thought I would just run in and dust, and put some flowers up, and, you know, make it a little more homelike."

"Good!" said Brown with an ebullition of rapture, which he immediately suppressed as Helen's eyes were turned inquiringly upon him. "You see," he explained hurriedly, "he has been in the West and will need to get a lot of things, and that will give you plenty of time. There's my car. Good-by."

He found Shock waiting in his rooms, with a face so grave and so sad that Brown's heart grew sore for him.

"Come on, old chap, we'll go to grub. But first I'm going to groom you a bit. We'll take a foot or two off your hair, since the football season is over, and I think," examining him critically, "we can spare that beard, unless you are very fond of it."

CHAPTER XX

THE WAITING GAME

It was half-past nine next morning before they reached Shock's home. Brown took the key out of his pocket, opened the door, and allowed Shock to enter, waiting outside for a few moments.

When Brown went in, Shock turned to him and said, "Is this some more of your kindness, Brown? Have you taken this care of everything?"

"No," said Brown, "that is not my work. Every week since the house was closed Helen has come over and kept things right."

Without any reply, Shock passed into his mother's room, leaving Brown alone.

When half an hour had passed, Brown, glancing out of the window, saw Helen approaching.

"Thank goodness!" he exclaimed, "here she is at last."

He opened the door for her.

"Oh, good morning," she exclaimed in surprise. "I am sure this is very kind of you."

"Yes, I thought I would help," said Brown, in a loud voice. "You see, Shock was anxious to come, and I thought I would come up with him. He is in the next room. He will be out in a minute. We were coming up last night, but could not get away. The Superintendent dropped in, and we talked till it was too late." Brown kept the stream of his remarks flowing as if he feared a pause.

For a moment Helen stood irresolute, when the door opened, and Shock, pale, but quiet and self-controlled, appeared. He had just been face to face for the first time with his great grief. Never till that moment had he taken in the full meaning of the change that had come to his life.

When he opened the door, the dignity of his great grief and of a lofty purpose was upon him, and he greeted Helen unembarrassed and with a serene consciousness of self-mastery.

"I am glad to see you, Miss Fairbanks," he said, taking her hand. "I am glad that we meet here, for it was here, in this house, that you gave such loving and tender care to my dear mother. However long I may live, whatever may come to me, I shall never forget what you did for her through all the year, and at the last."

His quiet dignity restored to Helen her self-possession.

"I did all I could for her. I was glad to do it, because I loved her. But, she did more for me than ever I could have done for her. Her last illness was very brief, and her death was full of peace."

"Tell me," said Shock, placing a chair for her. "I want to know all."

With gentle, sweet sympathy, the story was told in all its beautiful details, till the very end. Instinctively, Helen seemed to know the points that Shock would desire to hear, and he listened to her with his heart shining through his eyes.

"Thank you, thank you," he said. "Never can I thank you enough for all that you have done. And you, too, have had your great sorrow. Brown told me about it all."

Helen wondered at her own calmness. She could hardly make herself believe that she was talking to Shock, and so quietly, in this room, where so short a time ago he had held her in his arms.

Shock became suddenly conscious then of their previous relations. The memory of that scene in which they had been the chief actors, came vividly before him. For weeks he had dreaded this interview, and now it was almost over. Well, sooner or later, he must speak his mind plainly; there would never be a better chance than now. He took hold of himself with a stern grip.

Helen saw it in his face. A great fear seized her. She started up.

"Oh, I must run!" she exclaimed. "You will be sure to come and see us, Mr. Macgregor. Indeed, you must come."

Her manner was light, almost frivolous. Shock felt the change instinctively, read her fear, and decided that the moment for speech had passed.

"Good-by," he said, looking steadily into her eyes. "Good-by. God bless you for your kindness to—to us both."

Brown found Shock still sitting at the table, unspeakable misery showing in his eyes.

"Well, old chap," Brown said kindly, putting his hands upon his friend's shoulder.

"That is over, thank God!" said Shock. "I was afraid of it, but it is over now."

"It is, eh?" said Brown, crossly. "Well, let's go. You're two of a kind. Come on. You'll have to get at your speech now."

"Well I suppose if they wish me to make an exhibition of myself. I should not refuse," said Shock, "and after all, what matter how I speak? I will fail, I know, but I will do my best."

"Never a fail," cried Brown. "Don't preach at them. Tell them yarns. That's what your chief does. Now you hear me."

This proved to be good advice, for when the chairman introduced Shock as the Prospector from Loon Lake, Shock simply began, as Brown said, to "yarn."

"That is what Perault and Ike called me," were his first words, and from that moment till the close of his speech he had his audience leaning forward and listening with ears and eyes and heart.

As they came down the steps of the Park Church, where the meeting was held, Brown could hardly keep pace with Helen as she danced along beside him.

"Oh, wasn't he splendid!" she cried, "wasn't he splendid!"

"Splendid?" said Brown. "There's not a word big enough left."

"Oh, I am so happy," sang Helen.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" cried Brown.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," and she bubbled over with happy laughter until Brown grew gloomy and cross.

Her radiant face caught her mother's eye as she entered the room.

"Well, my child, you are looking very happy. I have not seen you look so bright for months. You are very beautiful, my daughter," said her mother, putting her arm around her daughter as Helen stooped to kiss her.

"Oh, mother," cried Helen, "I am very happy."

"Well, darling, it makes me happy to hear you say so. Has—has Mr. Lloyd spoken to you?"

"Mr. Lloyd?" Helen laughed gleefully. "No, mother, he knows better than that. Oh, mother, Shock loves me."

"What! Has he dared to speak—after promising—?"

"No, mother, he has not spoken, not with his lips. But I know it, I know it, and oh, I am so glad."

"What of his plain declaration to me that he had given you up?"

"Oh, I don't care, mother. He has not changed," cried the happy girl. "He loves me just the same as ever."

"Helen, I am ashamed of you," exclaimed her mother, angrily.

"Dear mother," said Helen, falling on her knees and putting her arms about her mother, "I cannot help loving him, and I cannot help being happy. Oh, mother, he is splendid. You ought to have heard him tonight, and you ought to have seen the people. Why, the ministers almost hugged him. And oh, mother, mother, as he came down and passed my seat, he turned and looked at me. He did not expect to see me, and he was off his guard, and then I knew, oh, I knew. He is just the same. Oh, mother, be happy with me."

"Helen, listen to me. You will never marry him with my consent," said Mrs. Fairbanks, determinedly.

"And he would never marry me without," replied Helen.

"What, then, is your future to be?"

"Oh, I will stay with you, mother darling."

"And he?" inquired Mrs. Fairbanks.

"He? Oh, I don't know, but he will always love me, mother."

In desperation Mrs. Fairbanks sent next day for Shock. Her one hope lay in his fine sense of honor, and in his generosity.

"Mr. Macgregor," she said, when Shock stood before her, "I want to appeal to your generosity. You will not stand in the way of my daughter's happiness?"

"Mrs. Fairbanks, I thought I had made myself clear. What more can I say or do?"

"She fancies you still love her. Could not you disabuse her of her foolish fancy?"

"Tell her I do not love her?" asked Shock. "That I cannot do. It would be false."

"I have told her," said Mrs. Fairbanks with many sobs, "I will never consent to her marriage with you."

Shock's heart gave a leap.

"And what did she say?" he inquired in an unsteady voice.

"She said you would not marry her without my consent."

"And that is true," said Shock.

"And what, then, will you do?" inquired Mrs. Fairbanks.

Shock threw up his head, with joy illumining his face.

"I—we—" changing the pronoun with a sudden ecstasy of rapture, "we can wait."

"And how long, pray?" inquired Mrs. Fairbanks, scornfully.

"How long?" He paused as if pondering the question. "Forever!"

"Shock!"

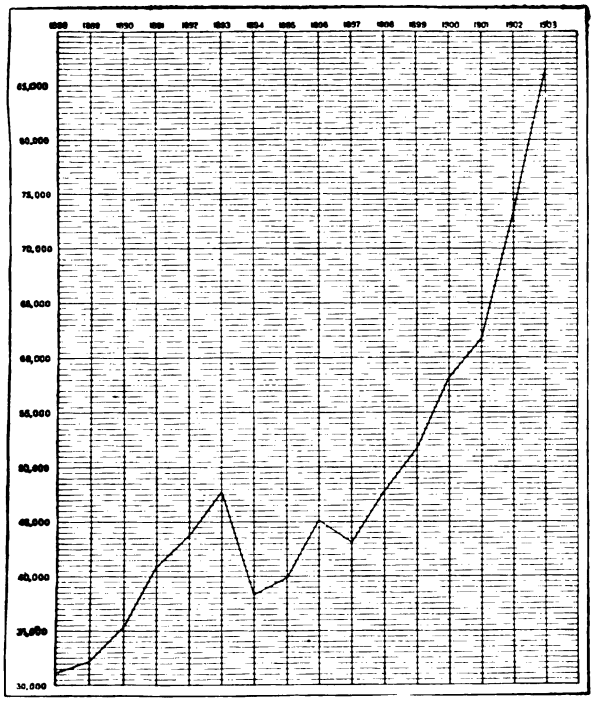
He turned quickly. There at the door, in all her glorious beauty, her eyes luminous with the light of love, stood Helen.

"Helen!" he cried aloud, in his surprise. "You heard! Can you? Can we?"

With a movement of ineffable grace she was at his side. He put his strong arms about her. She looked into his eyes.

"Yes, Shock, we can wait—now."

THE END.



THE RECORD OF RAILROAD DISASTER

The Line on the Chart Shows Total of all Our Railroad Casualties from 1889 to 1904

The Record for 1904—The Banner Year—Not Including Trespassers, Amounts to

Employees

3,367 killed
43,266 wounded

Passengers

420 killed
8,077 wounded

CHARTING THE LAND OF DISASTERS

THERE is the story plainer than print can make it, like a fever chart of the American people. There is the record of the race for dividends. Upward inexorably go the figures year by year, outstripping the ratio of increased mileage. Only once does the line waver. That is in 1893, the year when Congress compelled the railways to adopt air brakes and safety devices now in vogue. Was anything ever plainer? Look again at the diagram. Note the steadiness of it. In cold blood, the curious could almost count the number of Americans sentenced by the railroads to suffer or to die during the year we have just entered on. Sentenced I say, because traveling is not a pastime with the people. It is a necessity. Even the poor employees who are sacrificed have the choice of taking a job with the railroad or leaving it. But the passenger has no choice. He must travel.

Over fifty thousand Americans then must this year be sacrificed to the railroads. Yes, *must* unless something is done. Many in any case must suffer and die from individual accidents, but the holocaust which train wrecks demand can still be averted. It is easy enough to talk, but when delay costs life or limb to thousands of Americans a month, we must act. The President has spoken. The people are terribly in earnest. The block system must be adopted.

In season and out of season, this magazine has urged the compulsory adoption of the block system by the railroads, arranging the distribution of the expense over a term of years. We urge this in the sincere and positive assurance that in the saving to life and property the block system will actually pay for itself, not in lives only, but in dollars and cents.

We make no fetish of the block system. It is no cure-all. Beneath the stars no perfect "system" exists, but as an available, effective and approved preventive to railroad accidents, it will do its work.

Suppose the railroads of the United States should mark this year by equipping every mile of track with the most elementary form of manual signals and inaugurate the block system. Then, basing our judgment on what the block system has already done for the railroads which employ it, we should say that four-fifths of the casualties now inevitable must be

avoided. The cost of installing a primitive service of this kind—a few millions,—is too trivial to dwell upon.

Human fallibility remains. There must always remain the danger point. Between human possibility and human probability there is a great gulf fixed and all the precautions of modern railroading can only patch the hole, not plug it. You cannot absolutely eliminate the human element. The block system in its perfection simply reduces the opportunity for error to a minimum by substituting a rigid system based on a space limit for an uncertain system based n a time limit and by concentrating responsibility upon one man and one only—the engine man.

To the best forms of the block system it is sometimes objected that the increased dependence on mechanical contrivances tends to shift from the employee that acute sense of personal responsibility which we call discipline. The argument is false. Perfect discipline is of course the ultimate goal. But the point is here. We never can get perfect discipline on American railways and we can get the block system, which even with the grade of discipline now in force will produce measurable safety. All available means to enforce discipline, which can be enforced, are now enforced. Railroad companies are not standing armies. If a man who slept at his post could be blindfolded and shot, it might be another story. If a railroad director could be court-martialed and reduced to the ranks, it *would* be different.

In England things are otherwise. With one-tenth our mileage, but with many times our density of passenger travel, Englishmen have a record of fifteen months without losing a life in a train accident. The reason is because they do things in the autocratic, arbitrary, English manner which totally disregards the inalienable right of a citizen to be massacred by the railroads. They are not content to trust the Providence which watches over fools, drunken men and the United States. Parliament compels the adoption of the block system. A supervision is maintained which has no parallel in the United States. Here in America the railway inspectors for two hundred thousand miles of railroad are just fifteen in number. Here no official exists who has as a duty or even is authorized to say to a railway officer, "You are operating your railroad unsafely. Stop." Whether it be by grand jury, or petit jury, by railway commissioner, or district-attorney, or coroner, we have to-day no means whatever of even criticising in such a way as to be heard the method in which rail roads care for the safety of their employees and of the traveling public.

Thus in America. In Great Britain the Board of Trade takes the place of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The chief inspector of the Board—Col. Yorke is his name just now—is a gentleman of military habits, and what he says goes, and goes instanter. Behind him is the whole power of the British army. Not long ago he noticed a defect in the completed arrangements of a branch of the London Subway. The colonel is not given to expostulating. He sent peremptory orders to stop the running of all trains, and not a wheel was driven till the defect was corrected.

In this whole matter of discipline labor unions rest under grave charges. Railroad men will tell you that adequate discipline is impossible in a country where a man cannot be discharged without trouble with his union. It is interesting then to note that in Great Britain, ruled by the strongest trade unions of the world, discipline does exist.

An effective writer in the *Engineering Magazine* puts the case for discipline strongly. "Wrecks will occur," he says, "until every man connected with the train service is drilled to the point that he would murder his mother in cold blood as soon as he would disregard an order or signal." True, in a sense, terribly true, but wrecks are not caused by acts which carry the element of positive wrongdoing. It is the forgetfulness caused by illness, worry and mental strain that few men can resist. Any scheme which is based upon an effort to alter human nature, as we know it, is predoomed to failure, and it is to correct errors which are as characteristic of men as their hair or finger nails that the block system is designed. For God's sake then let us take advantage of the remedy that lies ready to our hands. Let us install the block system now, and then in demanding the perfection of discipline never for an instant forget that the man responsible for an army's discipline is the general—the man on whom a railroad's discipline depends is always the man at the top.

ELLERY SEDGWICK.

MARGINALIA

THE RETREAT OF THE GREEKS

By Will Levington Comfort

WITH DRAWINGS BY H. C. EDWARDS

MY business was to find Miss Mame Cowcher, of No. 17 Cheeseit Street. Since the matter was urgent I could have wished that Cheeseit Street were less difficult of access and freer of encumbrances. The district wore an air of resigned dilapidation; the stoops sagged, the window-blinds lolled and the shanties inclined toward one another. Babies, goats and quadrupeds of the "just dog" variety prospered. The rear guard of a staggering procession of wooden cottages proved to be Cowcher's.

Obviously supper was in progress. Intimation to this effect was in the air long before I reached the back door. One whom I judged to be Cowcher was tilted back in a chair against the woodbox, where he mumbled blearily and breathed with much noise. Another, unquestionably madame, a creature of lavish proportions and unstinted voice, sent a torrential volume of rough-shod English cracking about the ears of Cowcher, and she thumped the ricketty stove with a smoking saucepan by way of accentuation. There were many other Cowchers of all lengths and lasts. I asked for Miss Mame, and explained why.

"An' it's no wander shure you're wantin' her pictur' an' an intervoo, as ye call ut," remarked Mother Cowcher, giving me her undivided attention. "Did ye hear iv the scrap she put up in the mill rite?"

"That's just it," I said, "the mill riot. We have heard of Miss Mame's charge upon the Greek strike-breakers, and want to print her picture and some of the facts in her case."

"She's the wan. Mame done ut," exclaimed Mrs. Cowcher with animation that dominated the room. "She claned up wit' a dozen iv thim sthroike-breakers, an' thim Greeks is fierce divils. I tell ye, sor. She pitched inta the hull fifteen iv thim, an' they wit' stones an' cloobs. An' what she done to thim I couldn't begin to tell ye! Ye wouldn't belave ut that in the toime it ud take the wind to blow yer hat off, she had the twinty iv thim runnin' fer their loives an' shriekin' murder an' Avie Morias."

"Aw, can that kind of talk, Maw, I ain't no bloomin' prize-fighter," roared a voice from the stairway, and an instant later I beheld Mame. She was huge and yellow-haired, and challenged me with flashing, blue eyes. "I'm a lady, I am, and they ain't nottin' goin' in that paper 'bout me that a lady wouldn't stand fer."

"The public is much interested in the strike, Miss Cowcher," I said,

"An' what she done to thim I couldn't begin to tell ye."

"I ain't no bloomin' prize-fighter."

"and especially in your part of it. We would like to print your picture, if you'll lend us one. It will be returned promptly."

"I ain't got no picture," she said. Pride and suspicion mingled in her tone.

"Don't you mind th' wan in th' parloor, Mame, darlin'," mumbled Mr. Cowcher persuasively.

"Come to, Paw. This here feller wants a growed-up one."

"Don't you b'lieve she ain't got none, Mister," said a smaller Cowcher shrinkingly. "I saw her give one to Bob."

"That'll do fer you, Tiddy. This here's my department," said Mame. Then turning to me she added: "It's a fac' though, Bob has got one."

"Ah," I exclaimed, "I'm very glad. If I should call on Mr. Bob and state the case, would he not lend it?"

Here I was greeted with a hoot from Mame, and the other Cowchers voiced a derisive chorus. "Do you know what Bob 'ud do to you if you went to him and asked my picture?" the heroine of the strike questioned dreadfully, lowering her face to mine.

"Not murder, surely," I whispered.

"No, but he'd eat you, young feller. Why, Bob wears that next his heart, he does."

"Is there anything to be done," I asked.

"Bob 'ud never let go that picture to you or no one else," she said, "but—"

"Is it too far?—Would it be asking too much for you,—I'd appreciate it more than I can tell," I stammered, breathlessly.

Mame snatched a big plumed hat from some mysterious recess under the kitchen sink, slapped it on with two jerks, a stab and a flourish, and announced that she supposed she would have to go along. At the door she paused, and addressed a slim, run-down slip of a girl,—the image of Tillie Slowboy:—

"Look here, Liz," she said, "you come on wit' me an' this feller. Bob might crumple him fer walkin' wit' me, an' no chaper-oon."

Liz left off banging crockery to remark that she would see her sister hanged first. The wrath of Mame, however, altered all. As she had brought about the retreat of the Greeks, so she charged Liz into subjection and obedience. As we passed out, a muttered challenge mounted above the fumes surrounding Mr. Cowcher to the effect that he would match his Mame against any man of her weight "in th' ait ward."

It appeared that Bob was a flagman. After we three had traveled for hours through darkness, and in an atmosphere imminent with death from uproarious freight engines, Liz pulled me back, and Mame directed an amatory onslaught upon a male figure carved in the dim doorway of the shanty.

"That's Bob," Liz whispered. "Stop here a minute. Mame's a lady, you know, and mightn't not like to have you by when they come together. Besides, Bob's as jealous as a tiger! Why, if you'd come here alone for her picture—"

We both shuddered. Then Mame called us.

"This is him, Bob," she said. "He wants it fer his paper, and 'll give it back. He come wit' Liz."

Bob bowed to me cheerfully. I began to lose the fear of encountering violence. Bob seemed a most even-tempered little chap.

"I aint got yer picture, honest, Mame," was his astonishing declaration.

"Oh, that's all right, Bobby," coaxed the big girl, with fond affectation of incredulity; "But you'll let him have it to please me—"

"Honest, Mame,—"

"Come on, fork over. It's all right, or I wouldn't ask ye Bob. He ses he'll put it back in yer hands wit'out harmin' a hair of it—"

"That's all right. But, honest to God, Mame, I ain't got yer picture. I did have one, but I give it away!"

Just here Liz pushed me back in the dark. An upheaval of nature seemed to be taking place within the flagman's shanty.

"Do you suppose she'll kill him?" I gasped, remembering the rout of the Greeks.

"Naw. Mame won't fergit herself, Mame's a lady, she is!"

HOLLERIN' FOR THE FLAG

HE never saw a battle,
Nor heard the muskets rattle ;
He never wrastled hardtack or drank from a canteen ;
He never smelled of powder,
But Teddy isn't prouder
Of the marching constitution than this patriot I mean.
And maybe he's a jingo,
But he talks a cheery lingo,
And tho' he's not a soldier, yet he loves a starry rag.
He doesn't do much boasting,
But you never hear him roasting,
For his song is "Yankee Doodle" and he hollers for the flag.

And it's that same man's opinion
That we should have dominion
From the isthmus to the Arctic ; from Long Island to Luzon ;
From Maine to Mauna Loa,
San Domingo and Samoa ;
From the Eskimos to Cuba ; from Alaska to San Juan.
Well, mebbe he's a jingo,
But he talks a nervy lingo,
And a jingo beats the colic and a-chewing of the rag.
And I'd rather have a bluffer
Than a sour-tempered duffer
That's afraid of "Yankee Doodle" and of hollering for the flag.

MAURICE SMILEY.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"GOD'S GOOD MAN," by Marie Corelli.

Triumphant virtue, unsuccessful vice, the smart set as portrayed in melodrama, and plenty of English country dialect are disclosed in five hundred commonplace pages. Only Miss Corelli's most ardent admirers will survive to the end. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"BEVERLY OF GRAUSTARK," by George Barr McCutcheon.

A romance of imaginary dukes, wars, principalities and powers, and an equally imaginary Southern girl who marries the prince disguised as a brigand. It is a pretty, airy story for grown-ups. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"IMPORTED AMERICANS," by Broughton Brandenburg.

As an immigrant among immigrants, Mr. Brandenburg journeyed to America in the interests of LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. His illuminating personal narrative has been expanded into a volume unique among contributions to the immense and immanent problem of immigration. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

"PATHFINDERS OF THE WEST," by Agnes C. Laut.

Miss Laut has struck out boldly into history hitherto but half discovered. She awards fame to heroes new to the general reader, and her striking narratives, familiar to friends of this magazine, stamp the heroic deeds vigorously on the memory. (The Macmillan Co.)

"THE LUXURY OF CHILDREN," by E. S. Martin.

A wise and gently humorous book about the greatest luxury in the world, contrasting children with other expensive pleasures. As an investment, Mr. Martin argues there's nothing like a boy, except a girl. (Harper & Bros.)

"THE SEA WOLF," by Jack London.

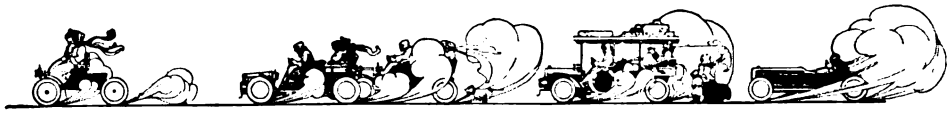
For the power and terror of it, and not its puny romance, this book deserves a high place. The figure of Wolf Larsen, tremendous in strength of body and mind, elemental in passion and brutal in all relations of life, dominates the book. He is one of the most commanding characters of recent fiction. (The Macmillan Company.)

"DOUBLE HARNESS," by Anthony Hope.

It's a far cry from the "Prisoner of Zenda," to this latest from Mr. Hope's pen. "Double Harness" is a psychological study of unhappily mated couples of London society. It is clever throughout, masterly and interesting in spots. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"THE MASQUERADER," by Katherine Cecil Thurston.

An extremely modern version of the two Dromios in London of to-day. A man of position and reputation but a victim of morphia, and an able, unknown writer, change places back and forth to the end. The complications are cleverly handled and make a readable novel. (Harper & Bros.)



FOLLOWING the interest so widely manifested in the first Automobile Number of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE—*January, 1904—a considerable* ADDITION *has been made to the regular reading matter of this issue in order to present a closer, later view of the same general subject. In the young but tremendously vigorous industry of motor-car building, a single year naturally means a great deal more than it does in any long-established manufacture, and much more is made of annual changes in design and construction than is likely to be the case in future years.*

By means of the summaries of the standard types and models given in the following pages, the reader who is interested only in a general way will find the progress of the year conveniently indexed. By the same means the closer student of the subject has before him a brief catalogue, so to speak, of the essential features of the different 1905 vehicles. Equally detailed information is nowhere else available to the public in the same compact form, while the accompanying pictures of each motor car add materially to the usefulness of the descriptive matter.

As never before, prospective buyers are asking the manufacturers and importers of cars for definite information as to speed, power, expense of keeping and repairing, and the like. Almost invariably such inquiries are being met in the right way, while impartial publicity is given to the findings of practical all-year service. This is one of the secrets of the new popular confidence in motor cars and their builders. The change in this respect, even of the past year, is remarkable; and it makes especially timely this concrete review of the types and models of 1905.—THE EDITORS.

THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY

By Arthur N. Jervis

Automobile Editor of the *Sun*, New York. Associate Editor of *Automobile Topics*

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, in New York, which houses the biggest shows that visit the metropolis, is too small for the automobile show. In four years this infant industry of motor car manufacturing has grown with a flourish suggestive of a Brobdignagian child nursed in a Lilliputian temple.

In the fall of 1900, when the first automobile exhibition was held in Madison Square Garden, under the auspices of the Automobile Club of America, solely, the main floor of the building easily accommodated the whole display, made by less than a score of manufacturers, and there was ample room for visitors to stroll about, although on the same floor there was a pine-board track on which contests of various sorts were held. In the cafe there was a loan exhibit made up of primitive types of self-propelled vehicles, "freaks" of unsorted values, and several ponderous touring cars imported from Europe by the most advanced devotees of what was then in popular belief a new and ephemeral fad.

In the fall of 1901, when the second show was held, and the regime had changed to a combined committeeship of the club and the manufacturers, the main floor, minus the track, and a platform over the arena boxes were used to stage the American products, while a feeble display of foreign machines was made in the cafe.

In January, 1903, the main floor, the staging over the boxes, the first gallery and the restaurant were all filled, and the exhibitors in the third annual show were somewhat crowded.

January, 1904, found all the space formerly employed quite inadequate. The cellar was pressed into service, and the second and top galleries also were apportioned into spaces for exhibitors; even then a dozen or so of aspirants were unable to purchase accommodation, and took their exhibits to another hall, where an attempt was made to hold an overflow show. Instead of a score of makers, there are now more than a hundred and fifty, and the annual output has increased from a few hundred to figures in the neighborhood of twenty thousand.

As early as August, in 1904, it was decided by some of those engaged in importing foreign made automobiles, to divorce themselves from the national exhibit and have a salon of their own in a separate building. Yet, with the importers and a few others

separately housed, the great amphitheater was still unequal to accommodating the demands made by the remaining exponents of this bounding industry.

It was a full five years after the motor vehicle for road service had demonstrated its success as a commercial practicability, and was in extensive use abroad before American makers began seriously to produce automobiles. The early efforts towards a saleable article resulted in the fitly dubbed "horseless carriage," which was simply a road wagon, minus the thills, and having a traction engine embodied. This buggy-like affair, with an engine of one cylinder, or possibly a double cylinder in opposition, placed horizontally in the box of the wagon, at the rear, or under the seat, was the typical American automobile of only five years ago. In another year the horseless carriage pattern still prevailed, although it had been enlarged and improved. In 1902 the American makers began to follow closely the lead of the Europeans, and in that year a tremendous leap ahead was made, so that at the show of 1903 it was said the American makers had, in the twelvemonth, closed up about three years of the five-year gap, or handicap, that the Europeans had on them.

In the show of 1904 there were cars possessing durability and efficiency as great as any of those made abroad. There were some cars that ran as silently, and some having an appearance truly Frenchy. The engine with horizontal cylinders, which had been discarded as unworthy by the trans-Atlantic makers, was still conspicuous among the American product. The American engines had not the balance of the imported articles, and both the machinery and the bodies lacked the thoroughness of workmanship and the finish found in those on which duty had been paid. The greater experience of the foreigners and the much lower wage paid to skilled mechanics in Europe, the general habit of haste on the part of the Americans, their desire to produce machines of popular price and their impatience to turn their money quickly, were chief among the factors resulting in so much of the gap of difference as remained. It developed, however, that the American cars, with their less delicate and not so finely wrought engines, their sturdier springs and axles and higher bodies, were, generally speaking, better adapted for the rough travel of American roads than were the foreign made articles. Furthermore, it has been ably contended that the difference between the domestic and imported motor car at present is not equivalent to the difference in price, and that therefore the American product is "better value."

The year 1904 has been rich in developing the splendid efficiency of the American motor vehicle on road and track, at touring, racing and hill climbing, in crucial competition with foreign made machines, and the time appears now ripe for the American makers to close in with the foreigners in a wrestle for supremacy in the markets of the world, by exporting American made machines, and some of them have already done so.

Efficiency and reliability having been attained by the American makers, their next step in progress must be towards refinement. An evidence that the gap is about closed is found in the circumstance that several American millionaires, prominent as enthusiasts and connoissieurs, who never have owned an American made automobile, have recently placed their orders for them.

Several months before the time for the automobile show of 1905, it was known to those who keep in touch with the industry that the display would reveal a further move in the tendency toward producing touring cars of greater power and size. It was common comment in the trade that 1904 was a "touring car year," and it was predicted that in 1905 this demand would be accentuated—and it is. It was known also that the prevailing type offered for 1905 would be the touring car with a four-cylinder engine, set vertically and under a hood in front, a number of those who have been offering two cylinder engines having decided to accede to the popular demand. Another move, early known to be general among the makers in preparing 1905 models, was the adoption of a side door entrance to the rear of the body, instead of retaining the tonneau, with an entrance at the rear, the same as there is in a hearse, or a police patrol wagon. The general adoption of this style of body will be contemporaneous here and abroad, the Americans not lagging a year or more behind, as they have done in the past.

The total output of American cars for 1903 was very close to fourteen thousand, valued at $15,000,000. For 1904 the total production was about eighteen thousand five hundred cars, valued at $22,000,000. Thus it is seen that while the increase in stocks has been about thirty per cent., the increase in value was nearly fifty per cent., indicating that more of the larger and higher priced cars were turned out in 1904.

Because of the pronounced and growing tendency toward the production and use of touring cars with big, vertical engines, it is not to be inferred that the runabout is a back number, or that the horizontal engine has been totally discarded. Both of these features in automobiles are typically American and are persistent. No apology is required for the persistence with which American makers have clung to the horizontal engine. They developed it to a higher efficiency than it had when the Europeans discarded it, and it possessed a peculiar feasibility for runabouts.

It has been said that the runabout is the distinctive American motor car, but it is not meant by this that there are no run-

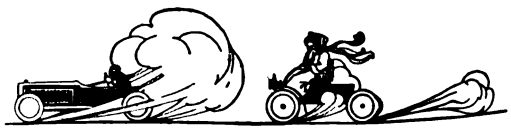
abouts abroad. The European runabout is, however, a different article. The "voiturettes" of France and Germany are bigger, higher-powered and more expensive machines than the runabouts of this country; and this is a fact of deep significance, one that explains much of the progress made by American makers and the reason why it is believed they are yet to invade with their products the very land in which the automobile took form. The American manufacturer in almost every line has learned by experience the steady profit to be derived from catering to the middle class in this country, where this so-called class is larger and has more money per capita than abroad. The American runabout caters to this class, and it is expected to cater to the same class abroad, as it is, in fact, already beginning to do.

Reflections of this sort bring up the subject of exports and imports. To most of those who study the situation it seems as if the automobile industry is certain to repeat in some respects the history of the bicycle. The first bicycles used here were imported, but it was not many years before the Yankee manufacturers, with their flying start, had overtaken their instructors, and American made bicycles were being exported to all parts of the world. A year ago a man who did a large business in French automobiles declared that importing them would not continue to be profitable for more than two years longer; that in two years American machines would have preference. The time when it does not pay to deal in foreign automobiles is not yet. As a matter of record, there were more motor vehicles imported in 1904 than in 1903. But the increase in the number of cars imported was not in proportion to the increase in the total number of cars sold in this country, but in smaller ratio, and imported cars did not, therefore, hold their own. On the other hand, the exports from this country increased by a percentage over 1903 greater than the percentage of increase in the imports.

The United States exports for 1902 were valued at $874,986; for 1903 at $1,892,829; for 1904 (nine months, ending September 30), $1,445,986. A glance at the import and export records of France, the mother country of automobiles, also is interesting. The French exports, from January 1 to August 31, 1904, showed an increase of a little more than thirty-five per cent over the same period in 1903. This, however, is entirely eclipsed by the gain made by those sending automobiles into France. The imports of France during the same period showed a gain of more than three hundred and fifty per cent over those of the previous year. The figures are all taken from the official government records for the period from January 1 to August 31, and reckoned in currency values. They are as follows: Exports—1902, $3,078,200; 1903, $7,295,000; 1904, $9,895,000. Imports—1902, $119,800; 1903, $133,200; 1904, $471,400. Thus it is seen that while there may not be much sending of coal to Newcastle, automobiles are being sent to France at an increasing rate calculated to alarm the Gallic makers.

It is to be considered as probable that the full tide of automobile exporting will not be reached until after the industry here has passed the boom period and there is a heavy production of both high and low priced cars for which a market must be found. Thus far there has been no overproduction and no ruinous competition involving price cutting. Contrary to the popular idea, not much money has been made by automobile manufacturers. Rapidly changing patterns has made production expensive. Prices now are stiffer than ever, and the tendency for touring cars is toward higher prices rather than lower ones. For there having been no overproduction nor disastrous price cutting, it would now appear that considerable credit is due to the combination of makers formed under the name of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers around the alleged fundamental Selden patent.

Many of the best judges think that the boom in automobiles will not arrive until production is greater, competition keener and the really cheap car is being clamored for and supplied by the thousands. It was the introduction of the cheap bicycle, bringing the vehicle within the reach of the general run of wage workers, that brought the bicycle boom, and the cheap automobile has yet to appear. During the past year one maker reduced the price of his runabouts from $650 to $500, but beyond this instance the tendency has been towards stiffer prices, and so the sage observers are waiting for a move by the manufacturers towards supplying the masses with a cheap automobile and an immediate general rush for the vehicle.



VERSATILITY OF THE AUTOMOBILE AND ITS INCREASING POPULARITY

SO great has been the increase of automobiling and so rapidly has the modern motor carriage come into a general and varied use during the last two years as to make it difficult to believe that the automobile "boom" is yet to come. Henry Norman, who is supposed to know a great deal about the future of the automobile, says the "boom" will arrive in 1905. Interesting as is the study of the growth of the automobile industry, it becomes but a pallid lay figure when one turns to the contem-

plation of how the motor vehicle's sphere of activity has widened and is spreading.

"Ah 'clare ef them orter'beels ain't jest a buttin' en ev'rywhar," was the comment of a darkey when he heard recently that the Automobile Club, of Houston, Texas, had held a 'coon hunt, which the members attended in their motor cars, and that they used the acetylene gas lamps from their cars to discover the prey. If in no other way, the automobile has answered the question of its permanency by the diversity of its usefulness.

The abruptness with which, in its earliest, balkiest and most expensive days, the motor vehicle became an esoteric possession of the wealthy, leisure class, and the rapidity with which, a little later, it gained favor as a pleasure vehicle with almost every man of means, put the stamp of faddism upon it; yet by the very rapidity of its adoption as a pleasure carriage it was multiplied into the commonplace, and its utility quickly becoming more impressive than its novelty, its employments became practical instead of frivolous.

In the streets of New York are great electric and steam and gasoline driven trucks, hauling tons of beer in barrels, dragging telephone cables through subway conduits and carting merchandise of many sorts. In the country it is making the free delivery of the mail, a service that, in speed and promptness, is like a fairy dream to the bucolics; and while it is carrying city news to rustics, it is also rushing fresh farm produce to urban homes. It seems unquestionable that eventually all rural free delivery will be by motor car.

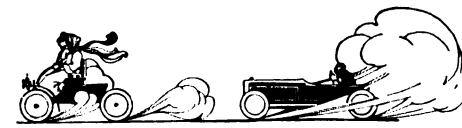
Essentially the automobile is a modern creation, designed for the improved condition of modern times, and this means, above all, broad, smooth, hard highways. It is not a pioneer vehicle destined for work in the wild places of the earth; it was not built to replace the burro on the mountain trail, nor to haul logs from lumber camps, nor to follow the bushman into the jungle; yet, in Ohio, a ponderous steam automobile rolls over the prairie land, and, as it goes, digs an irrigation ditch several feet deep and as many broad. In many places, too, throughout the country, motor-driven vehicles have replaced the old-fashioned stages of our forefathers, and given a touch of up-to-dateness to local transit impossible to attain in any other way.

Six years ago there was a hullabaloo because a man succeeded in actually traveling all the way from Cleveland to New York in a "horseless carriage," but since then the automobile has penetrated the desert of Sahara; it has traversed the equator and crossed the Arctic circle; it has traveled from the Pacific coast, in California, across the Great Desert of Nevada, the Red Desert of Wyoming, climbed over the Rocky Mountains, furrowed through the mud of Kansas and Iowa, toiled along the rough highways of the Middle Western and Eastern States and through the Catskills to the surf of the Atlantic, at Coney Island; big and little motor cars have climbed Mt. Snowdon, in England; they have ascended Pikes Peak, in Colorado, and scores of them have run up Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, at the speed of trolley cars. Within a few months, an everyday touring car made the one thousand-mile trip from Chicago to New York in fifty-eight and three-quarter hours, which not a great many years ago would have been rated as good time on the railroad, and in the big race on Long Island, of last October, on a course compelling thirty sharp and dangerous turns, the winner averaged above fifty-two miles an hour for more than five hours. It is quite common now for the New York automobilist to take "a run to Boston" in his car.

Another convertibility of the many-sided motor car is that from pleasure vehicle to a sportsman's rig. One cannot, by stripping, make a race horse of the family Dobbin, but every man of moderate circumstances who buys a runabout for pleasure and business uses, gets, at the same time, a machine for racing; for every automobile, when "stripped" of its body, is a racer in its class, and has many possibilities for sport.

The increase of passenger automobiles is going on with arithmetical progression, except that the number is doubling each year. In France, where the government takes cognizance of every vehicle, it is known that there are now twenty-four thousand and odd motor carriages. In Great Britain there are about twenty thousand. A careful and fairly accurate compilation of the increase of the automobile in the United States is as follows, the figures indicating the total number in use each year:—

1901, 5,000; 1902, 10,000; 1903, 20,000 to 25,000; 1904, 40,000 to 50,000.



THE QUESTION OF COST

By Herbert L. Towle

THE most serious question confronting the prospective automobilist, and the one which he finds hardest to settle, concerns the monthly or yearly cost of keeping his machine. It used to be customary with manufacturers to represent the cost of the gasoline consumed, a gallon in from ten to twenty-five miles, as the only item of expense worth mentioning. Latterly the automobilist has begun to realize that depreciation and tire expenses are items so large that, by comparison, the fuel cost itself is almost negligible.

The man with whom cost is an important item will naturally begin with a small machine in order to get through his novitiate at small expense. When he has mastered the runabout, a large car will offer few difficulties, and, if he prefers to cling to the light machine, he will still have a means of transport costing little more to keep than a horse, and of far greater serviceability and endurance. The light car, therefore, is with the beginner the crux of the argument, and this article will be devoted to it exclusively.

The principal items of cost with any automobilist will be the depreciation, tire bills, repairs and interest on first cost; and the first three may vary within wide limits, according to the make of the machine, and the care and intelligence with which it is handled. Automobiles are steadily being improved, and year by year successful management is reduced to, one may say, a matter of sympathetic treatment, of inspection, cleaning, adjustment and refraining from abuse. And yet it is doubtful if the automobile will ever reach the point where it simply needs to be supplied with fuel and water, cleaned and let alone. It will always make some demand on the mechanical sense of its user, and the man who cannot recognize and respond to that demand, correcting small faults before they lead to worse, will always have his troubles.

For the confirmed mechanical bungler, therefore, I have no encouragement, statistical or moral, to offer. But, thank heaven, there are not many who cannot, if they will, learn the function of a carbureter, the meaning of an indicator card and the proper way to shift the gears. Such readers may study the first columns in the accompanying tables with the assurance that their own probable experience is there, with reasonable exactitude, set forth. In the first table the purchase price of a new car is $1,000, which is a little higher than the average cost of the popular light road cars for two or four people. Two columns of costs are given; one for the average user, who does the best he can, but is not aided by any special mechanical training; the other, a list of "minimum" costs to which an owner of good mechanical judgment, though not necessarily a shop man, may hope to attain with a reliable car. According to the user the life of a car is taken as twenty-eight thousand and thirty-six thousand miles, respectively. In each case the car is supposed to be run four thousand miles a year, and to be sold at the end of the third year. The depreciation in three years is taken as the loss in selling value, which, of course, covers appearance and style, as well as actual wear and tear.

To complete the comparison, the same car is supposed to be purchased again at the end of its third year, at a small advance over the selling price, and its average cost is estimated for the remaining years of its life. It will be noted that the four items affected are the interest on first cost, depreciation, repairs and insurance, of which the first, third and fourth are self-explanatory. As regards repairs, it should be said that, if anything, the estimates are higher than they need be. There are plenty of owners who run their cars through the first year or two with repair bills amounting to no more dollars than they have fingers and toes, but these are the very successful owners of the very best machines, and their average expenses have been multiplied several times to fit the ordinary case. In the latter half of a machine's life, repairs are a quite uncertain quantity. The life itself of a machine is very indefinite, as, of the parts needing repairs, some may be replaced at small cost, and others may be refitted without being replaced, and made as good as new. In this sense it is obvious that a machine might last forever, one and another part being renewed as it wore out; but practically it is fair to assume that its life is ended when the annual cost of repairs and renewals equals the selling value of the machine.

Regarding the other items, the most uncertain is certainly that of tire cost. The costs per mile assumed here for tires, viz., three cents and one and one-half cents, respectively, are certainly lower than those experienced by many owners. On the other hand, I believe that they are reasonable and even ample for cars whose tires are not too small to carry their load easily, and whose owners take the trouble to keep the cases in condition, cementing up cuts and recovering the threads as they become worn. It is true that punctures are a lottery, especially in the city, but the figures here ought to be a good average from year to year.

Gasoline is taken at twenty cents per gallon, and consumption one-twentieth of a gallon to the mile, which is a fair figure for a light or medium weight gasoline car. A steamer will run from ten to fifteen miles on a gallon, according to its weight and horse-power. As the owner is supposed to live in the country or suburbs, where he can house his own machine, a nominal figure for interest and depreciation on the stable has been assumed.

On comparing the tables, it will be seen that, in spite of the higher costs of repairs and renewals, the beginner will find it cheapest to start out with a good, second-hand car; that is, always provided you know enough about mechanics to tell a sound car from one probably apt to break down in the near future.

Of course, one should always take counsel of a mechanical friend when buying a second-hand car, or it may prove the poorest kind of economy. The fact that a car runs well in a demonstration ride proves next to nothing about its real value.

We may sum up, then, by saying that the man of at least elementary mechanical tastes, who is willing to study his machine,

may count on its costing him for keep little more than a horse, while it opens a field of recreation and time-saving which can be reached in no other way.

TABLE 1.

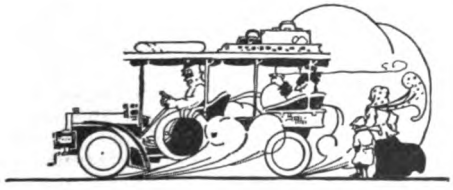
Estimated average cost per year of $1,000 car for first three years, mileage per year, 4,000.

For Average User.		*For Skilled User.*	
Total life, 28,000 miles. Depreciation, ¾ in 3 years.		Total life, 36,000 miles. Depreciation, ⅝ in 3 years.	
Interest	$ 50	Interest	$ 50
Depreciation	250	Depreciation	200
Repairs	90	Repairs	50
Tires	120	Tires	60
Gasoline	40	Gasoline	40
Oil and supplies	10	Oil and supplies	10
Batteries	10	Batteries	10
Stable	20	Stable	20
Insurance (fire)	25	Insurance (fire)	25
	$615		$465
For 4,000 miles, 15.4 cents per mile.		For 4,000 miles, 11.6 cents per mile.	

TABLE 2.

Estimated average cost per year of $1,000 car, bought at second hand for $300, with a remaining life of 16,000 miles, and for $500, with a remaining life of 24,000 miles, respectively. Mileage per year, 4,000.

For Average User.		*For Skilled User.*	
Remaining life, 4 years.		Remaining life, 6 years.	
Interest	$15	Interest	$ 25
Depreciation	75	Depreciation	85
Repairs and renewals	125	Repairs and renewals	100
Tires	120	Tires	60
Gasoline	40	Gasoline	40
Oil and supplies	10	Oil and supplies	10
Batteries	10	Batteries	10
Stable	20	Stable	20
Insurance (fire)	10	Insurance (fire)	15
	$425		$365
For 4,000 miles, 10.6 cents per mile.		For 4,000 miles, 9.1 cents per mile.	



WHAT SHALL THE SPEED LIMIT BE?

By William H. Hotchkiss

HOW fast may a motor car be permitted to travel on our public ways?

Surely, few questions could be more difficult. None, to legislators and the police, so bristles with complications.

At the outset, there is the very newness of the problem. For a score of centuries man's highways have been traveled only by the slow-going horse and fairly snail-like man. Suddenly, in a decade, the motor car, at speeds exceeding the one by five and the other by ten-fold, has invaded this sacred domain. It has worked, or, perhaps, more correctly, is working a revolution where revolution, from centuries of undisturbed use, seemed impossible. The roads, it was thought, belonged to men and horses. Steam threatened to shatter this belief a century ago, but the very necessity of a steam-making engine forced the first road machines to ways and rails of their own. Of late, other machines capable of road travel have been devised, and man and horse have suddenly awakened to resentment for the new intruders. Nothing like them, no conditions, such as they create, have before pestered those who make and those who enforce the laws. Naturally, legislators and the police are puzzled. Being puzzled, habit has often been the judge, and motoring man has suffered.

Permissive speed, to those who view the problem broadly, is a question of temperament, of environment and of point of view.

By temperament, I mean that difference of man from man in a score of ways, a tendency to let nerves, rather than judgment, be master; recklessness and its opposite, recognition or heedlessness of the rights of others, age, sex and what not. Some men we all know, from their very natures, would drive the most temptingly speeded car at all times in entire safety to the public and themselves. Some other men, not a few women and more boys in their teens are so constituted that in their hands a six horse-power runabout becomes a nuisance and a menace. 'Tis said that the Parisian police are permitted to exercise their judgment, and required to arrest only those whose method in driving indicates a temperament either negatively heedless or positively dangerous. If so, the Parisian lawmakers are wiser than we. Indeed, I venture to assert that nine out of every ten motor car accidents, chronicled with, it must be said, unwise gusto by the sensational press, are traceable to those peculiarities of the man behind the wheel which we call temperament.

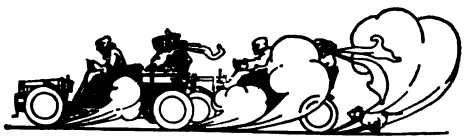
Then, there is environment. In the streets and the neighborhood of the large eastern cities, motoring has become so common that few horses and only about twice as many horse drivers take fright at the approach of what to them five years ago was a road demon. Familiarity has already worked the revolution; each—the man, the horse and the motor driver—has accepted the new conditions, and the world moves on as before. In such localities, present permitted speed should be high, rather than low. In other localities, where the new road-car rarely penetrates, the opposite has been thought the rule. Indeed, it is so thought in at least two of the States, both of which have regulations requiring a motor driver, on meeting a horse-drawn vehicle, whether requested to or not, to stop until his equine majesty shall pass.

While in some localities the authorities have so far violated the law of the land, not writ in books, but in the history of our Anglo-Saxon race, as to prohibit men in motor cars from using the public ways, that are as much theirs as their horse-driving neighbors. This matter of environment, too, is recognized in most of our motor laws by clauses which, while defining the limits in miles per hour, also prohibit any "rate of speed greater than is reasonable and proper, having regard to the traffic and use of the highway." Thus, the rate of a mile in six minutes is the lowest required in the streets of New York; yet the conditions which surround the environments of a motor car in that city's narrow business thoroughfares would often render him who drives only a mile in ten minutes, technically, as well as morally, a violator of the law. On the other hand, most motorists assert, and with right, that on a country road, without crossings and with no other vehicle or a pedestrian in sight, a speed of forty miles per hour is as lawful as the legal rate of twenty. Conditions make laws; conditions also, in the minds of unprejudiced jurors, excuse the violation of them.

The complexity of the problem increases as men consider it from different points of view. The motorist's goes without saying, and need not be stated. Point of view was the early difficulty of the horse driver, even in the centers of population, until he learned his lesson from the horse he drove, and, accepting the new conditions, changed his point of view. The street boy's point of view has yet to be changed, and rides in the hated intruders will do more towards changing it than laws and "cops." So also of a vast majority of the dwellers in our cities. There is but one way to change it. Cheapen the cost of motor cars so that, while all may not own, at least all may ride. With all this, legislation has naught to do. Time is the healer, the educator.

Indeed, in its final analysis, who is so wise as to make laws which will solve this problem? Most of the States have tried it, and motor cars have been tagged and dogged and their drivers trapped and fined. It goes without saying that many of these drivers were nuisances and deserved their punishment. But the remarkable fact is that, save in the metropolitan district and in the city of Chicago, in no State or city, where motoring has become sufficiently common to have taken its proper place as the newest and best means of transportation devised by man, are speed restrictions, or, indeed, any other legislative restraint, save that requiring numbering, strictly observed or seriously enforced. The public is beginning to recognize, as it did of the bicycle, that the speed of a motor car is a matter of temperament and environment, rather than of law. The motorist has recognized present conditions, and, in the interest of a better understanding, has consented to, nay, framed and urged, laws containing restrictions in which he did not believe. He now looks forward to the day, not a decade hence, when present restrictive legislation, even if still on the books, will be as much a dead letter as the famous blue laws of Connecticut, and the only rule regulating the use of the public ways by all citizens will be that which holds each strictly accountable to the other for any use that shall endanger that other's life, limb or property.

The coming of that day, to put the lesson concretely, depends, in my judgment, on the rapidity with which our manufacturers, while improving their product, bring their prices within the reach of the millions to whom a motor car is now not merely a luxury, but the badge of the envied rich.



THE AUTOMOBILE AS A PRESCRIPTION

By William G. Eynon, M.D.

THE automobile has reached a stage in its development when it must be reckoned with from many standpoints. Strangely contradictory comments are heard. On the one hand from quite a large number of people, who for one reason or another dislike anything new, we hear automobiles designated as devil wagons, public nuisances and nerve-racking instruments of torture, both for the men who drive them and for the public who have to dodge and smell them. On the other hand, there is the auto enthusiast, crank or whatever you choose to call him, who describes automobiling as the nearest thing to heaven this side the pearly gates. Should we choose to accept either of these conclusions, we may readily see that to the physician the use of the automobile should have a decided influence over the health and welfare of his patients. The fact is that the truth lies well between these two extremes, but, nevertheless, from a medical standpoint, the effects produced require careful consideration when we approach the question of our patients using them.

It is hardly necessary for me to state that there are practically only three kinds of automobiles, electric, steam and gasoline. The two former are nearly noiseless and free from vibration, while the last named possesses these characteristics to a greater or less degree. What are the effects, beneficial or otherwise, likely to obtain from the use of these three powers? The electric, from its ease of operation, quiet running and low speed, furnishes a recreation calculated to provide change of scene, plenty of fresh air, and a

sense of mental and physical enjoyment. The steamer, with its higher speed and more complicated machinery, provides the same benefits, but in addition requires more mental effort on the part of the operator; while the gasoline car, with its more sensitive engine and greater range of speed and operation, furnishes the same beneficial results, but further calls for a mental alertness and sometimes strain, not so noticeable in either of the other two varieties.

The subject, therefore, resolves itself into these simple questions. In just what class of patients is this form of mental and physical exercise desirable, and in what class, if any, is it contra-indicated? As I have driven either a steam or gasoline car nearly every day for over four years, my own experience, possibly, should help me to form satisfactory answers to these questions.

Lack of exercise in the open air, combined with mental concentration along some particular line of business or professional work, is, I believe, responsible for more of the ills of the present generation than any other recognized cause. Ills not only of the nervous system, but of the organs of digestion and assimilation.

How good for these ills is the automobile, providing delightful sport in the open air and, at the same time, toning up the jaded nerves and adding to the lowered stock of vitality.

Furthermore there is not alone the question of physical exercise and fresh air, the one of mental diversion looms up very prominently. No one should attempt to operate an automobile without thoroughly mastering the mechanism of the engine he is driving; if he does not, it will at no distant day master him, and with usually dire results. Do not think because you imagine you are not mechanically inclined that you will fail. The late model is not such a complicated affair after all. You will probably surprise yourself when you come to study it, to find that not only are you becoming proficient, but you are likewise becoming fascinated; and it is just this diversion of mental activity that is so desirable for a number of our nervous patients.

As a prescription, the automobile, I believe, surpasses the horse, for a number of reasons. First, in spite of the popular opinion to the contrary, the automobile is a safer proposition, always under the control of the skilled operator, it knows no will but his, and the element of danger is nearly eliminated, if the driver is reasonably careful.

The exhilaration of motion, the absolute control of a motor that carries you from two to thirty miles an hour, furnishes a sport and recreation that one normally constituted would never tire of. In the case of the horse, one is limited to a canter in the park or up the avenue, while the automobile opens up quite a new vista of enjoyment. Touring is becoming very popular as the capabilities of the machines improve. One can travel over country roads, taking trips of a hundred miles or more a day, a method of travel very delightful and entirely unknown a few years ago. To a man or woman run down and in need of a change, I can conceive of no method of travel so invigorating as this. Further, horse motion is not at all desirable for many people. It is altogether too violent. I have seen troubles arise from continued jolting in the saddle. To be sure, there is a certain vibration in most motors, but it is not at all noticeable while riding at fair speed, and I have not seen any one to whom it has been disagreeable.

Any out-door exercise, to be permanently attractive, must contain, in some degree, the element of sport and furnish some work for the mental as well as the physical organism. To my mind, automobiling offers just this combination.

Are there any contra-indications to the use of the automobile?

I know of no reason why a man or woman, with average intelligence, sound limbs and good vision, should not be able to successfully pilot an automobile over our ordinary country roads or city streets. It is remarkable how quickly one's timidity vanishes and how soon we attain a feeling of confidence. As we learn our machine, we find that it is easy to control and simple to manage. The nervous patient, no matter how timid, need not fear to take the first lesson at the steering wheel: what appears to be difficult and perplexing at first soon becomes easy and fascinating. A good deal of nonsense has been written about the strenuous automobile face, and the effects of wind and dust upon the eyes and lungs.

Most of the faces I notice in the automobiles that pass, reflect contentment and happiness. There is nothing depressing or particularly strenuous about riding in or driving a motor car at a respectable gait, even through our crowded thoroughfares.

As to the eyes and lungs, automobile clothing has kept pace with the development of the machine, and if long rides over dusty roads or in severe weather are contemplated, ample protection may be secured by selecting proper goggles and wraps. Concerning the dust problem while touring, a piece of moistened gauze, large enough to cover the nostrils, will effectually prevent the inhalation of injurious particles.

Anything which helps the city worker to get out into the country should be rated as a public benefactor. The automobile does this in the most agreeable manner imaginable.

To sum up, for all ills consequent upon sedentary and high tension occupations, the automobile seems, of all remedies, the most desirable, combining, as it does, exercise and enjoyment in the open air, associated with a mental activity sufficient to divert the thoughts into channels far removed from the cares and anxieties of business.

THE MOTOR CARS OF 1905.

ALL the views of automobiles shown in the following pages are 1905 patterns, among which there has been a special forward movement in preparation for the midwinter shows. Gasoline, steam and electric vehicles will retain, for another year at least, their relative standing in popular favor, the order named indicating broadly the rank of each in extent of production.

The gasoline machine has the widest range of power and speed,—it is the accepted "foreign type," and the leading touring car of two continents. Steam holds the second place, partly because of the instinctive preference for it on the part of very many people, and partly because of the reasonable prices at which the different steam-driven models are sold. Electric automobiles, within their special sphere,—city and suburban riding and for short tours over good roads,—are ideal supplementary vehicles. Practically noiseless in operation, and clean beyond comparison with any other type, they are used more and more by womankind, for making calls, shopping and the like.

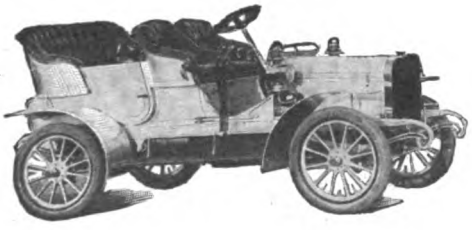
Roominess and convenience of use are the special features of the 1905 motor cars, to secure which there has been a very careful re-adjustment of design from underframes to canopy tops. A longer "wheel base" is the mechanical foundation upon which the luxurious machines of to-day are built up. For the past two or three years, the rear entrance tonneau has been the rage. Now, side entrances and additional door widths,—amply allowed for by the longer wheel bases,—have been generally adopted in place of the styles of 1903 and 1904.

More attention has been paid than heretofore to fitting the new models for all reasonable service on American roads. As a result, there has been a general gain in reliability and an increased range, as well as a new popularity for touring. Comfortable, even luxurious equipment, is the rule for the higher priced cars, and the same ends have been sought in a less pretentious way, in most of the cheaper lines.

The essential features of construction, equipment and price, will be found in connection with the different automobiles in the following review. By referring to this list, the reader may take whatever car he wishes, and find out quickly and authoritatively, its leading features.

It is expected that this review will be read by many thousands of people who are interested in motor cars only in a general way, without much technical knowledge of the different types and models. Any intending purchaser desiring additional or special information on any car summarized in the following pages may find it of advantage to address the Automobile Editor of LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, New York.

Brief Specifications of the Newest Models.



FOUR-CYLINDER WINTON "C."

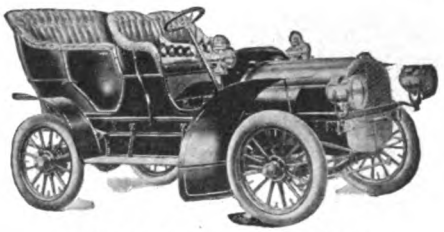
Water-cooled gasoline motor, 16-h.p., under bonnet. Cylinders cast in pairs, with heads, water-jackets and exhaust valve chambers integral. Float-feed, compensating carbureter, supplies the mixture to all cylinders. Individual clutch transmission system. Tonneau body with side entrance, aluminum body panels and laminated wood seats. Carries four or five passengers. Weight, 1,800 pounds; price, $1,800. Other models, $2,500, $3,500 and $4,500, the latter equipped with limousine body.—The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

POPE-TOLEDO "PULLMAN."

Four-cylinder, 4-cycle type engine, developing 50-h.p., at 900 revolutions per minute. Pope-Toledo design carbureter, giving power and flexibility to engine over wide range of speed. Control graduated from 8 miles per hour on the high speed to 50 miles per hour, without changing gears; operation by spark and throttle levers situated on steering wheel. Gasoline capacity 16 gallons, sufficient for 200 miles ordinary travel. "Pullman" body, carrying five passengers in covered portion, besides two on front seat. Price, $10,000.—Pope Motor Car Co., Toledo, Ohio.

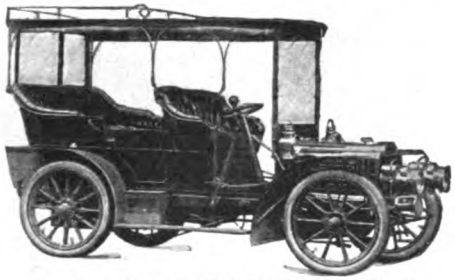
WORTHINGTON METEOR.

Four cylinder vertical motor, balanced type, 18-h.p., water cooled. Bore and stroke, 3¾x 4½. Jump spark ignition from quadruple coil; control by spark and throttle levers on top of steering wheel. Sliding gear transmission; three forward speeds and reverse, controlled by single lever, with direct drive on high speed. Pressed steel frame, half elliptic springs, 45″ rear, 40″ front, 1¾″ wide; wheels 32-inches, wood artillery type. Price, $2,500.—The Worthington Automobile Co., New York.



MARMON TOURING CAR.

Four-cylinder, air-cooled gasoline motor; running gear and body hung on three-point suspension system, minimizing vibration. Direct drive through a rigid shaft to bevel gear in rear axle, designed to deliver practically the full power of engine to the wheels. Seats and dash single-piece aluminum castings. Side entrance tonneau, set on 90-inch wheel base; artillery type wheels, fittted with 4-inch tires. Price, $2,500.—Nordyke & Marmon, Co., Indianapolis, Ind.



24-32-H.P. MORS TOURING CAR.

Pressed steel frame, 99-inch wheel base; standard tread; weight, 2,400 pounds. Chassis lengthened to admit side entrance body, with short chain drive. Motor four vertical cylinders, in front; valves actuated by separate cam shafts; magneto with make-and-break ignition. All motor gears inclosed and run in oil; cooling obtained by fan in fly-wheel; gear case ball-bearings throughout. Four speeds forward and one reverse; foot and emergency brakes, internal expansion type. Price, complete with top, $8,750.—Central Automobile Co., New York.

STUDEBAKER VICTORIA-PHAETON.

Body design follows closely the lines of a Victoria-Phaeton carriage, and carries two people. Divided battery, part placed in front, part in rear, with sufficient space to accommodate batteries of different dimensions. Range of speed, from three miles to fourteen miles per hour; average mileage, 40 miles on one charge over city streets and fair roads. Driving by chain, silent and positive. All weight, including weight of motor and battery, carried above the springs. Price, $1,750. —Studebaker Automobile Co., South Bend, Ind.

MODEL "B," FORD.

Light-weight touring car, four vertical cylinders. Long wheel base, with side entrance tonneau body. Automatic oiling system; jump spark ignition; maximum speed up to forty miles per hour. 20-h.p., which, for the weight, gives ample hill-climbing power; two speeds forward and one reverse. Price, $2,000. —Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

MITCHELL LIGHT TOURING CAR.

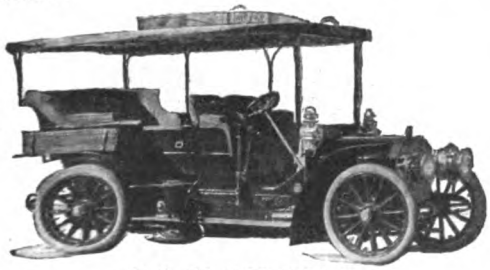
Four-cylinder gasoline motor, 4x4½, vertical style, water cooled, 16-18 actual h.p. Sliding gear transmission, three speeds forward and reverse; speed of car up to forty miles an hour. Pressed steel frame; wheel base, 88 inches; tread, 56 inches. Bevel gear drive; wheel steering; positive lubrication. Divided front seats; side door entrance tonneau. Weight, 1,600 lbs.; price, $1,500. Mitchell Motor Car Co., Racine, Wis.

NORTHERN TOURING CAR.

18-h.p., gasoline motor, double opposed cylinders, 5¼x5¼-inch bore and stroke. Fly wheel between engine and radiator; shaft drive. Chassis 102 inches. Price with front seats only, without tonneau, $1,400; rear entrance tonneau style, $1,500; with removable tonneau, $1,600; side entrance tonneau, $1,700.—Northern Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.

KNOX MODEL "F" TONNEAU.

14-16-H.P. motor, Knox air-cooled system. Two opposed cylinders, arranged horizontally under center. Jump spark ignition (from dry cells), planetary transmission; two forward speeds and one reverse. Weight, 2,000 lbs; gasoline capacity, 16 gallons; maximum speed, 30 miles per hour. Price, $1,900; with top, $2,000; with top and glass front, $2,050. Knox Automobile Co., Springfield, Mass.



S. & M. "SIMPLEX."

Four-cylinder, vertical, 30-h.p. motor; cylinders of 4½-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke, cast in pairs; normal speed of motor, 1,000 revolutions per minute. Cold pressed steel frame; wheel base, 106 inches; semi-elliptical springs resting upon forged steel axles of solid section. Jump spark ignition; pressure feed lubrication system; float feed carbureter. Change gear of sliding gear type, with four forward speeds and reverse; bevel gear drive; hand wheel steering. Weight of chassis, 2,190 lbs.; price of chassis, $5,000; bodies to order at additional cost to suit purchaser. Smith & Mabley Mfg. Co., New York.

PACKARD MODEL "N."

Has four cylinders, 4 1-16x5⅛; mechanically operated and interchangeable inlet and exhaust valves. Packard "1,000-mile" vaporizer; throttle and spark lever control, both on top of steering wheel. Motor equipped with sensitive governor, providing automatic control at desired speed; range of speed on direct drive, six to fifty miles per hour. Transmission gear and driving gear are one complete unit, forming central portion of the rear axle. Will carry 20 gallons of gasoline, 6 gallons of water, and 2 quarts of oil. Double side entrance, 28-h.p.; price, $3,500.—Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

THE NATIONAL GASOLINE CAR.

Four cylinder motor, 24-30-h. p., bore and stroke 4¼x5. Commutator of improved type, operating off a shaft from bevel gear in crank box. Oiling device of forced feed type, located on the dash; gear box sliding gear type; three speeds forward and one reverse. Bevel gear drive. Side door tonneau body, seating five persons. Wheel base, 100 inches; wheels, 32x4. Price, $2,500. National Motor Vehicle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MAXWELL TOURING CAR.

16-h.p. gasoline motor, with double opposed cylinders in front, under hood. All parts easily accessible. Honeycomb radiator; bevel gear drive; transmission case and crank case one piece of aluminum. Wheel base, 84 inches; double side-entrance tonneau; weight, 1,600 lbs. Price, $1,550. Maxwell Tourabout 8-h.p., weight, 750 lbs.; price, $700. The Maxwell-Briscoe Co., Tarrytown, N. Y. and 317-319 W. 59th Street, New York City.

30-H.P. DE DIETRICH.

Pressed steel frame, hung on four strong road wheels, by long springs. Brakes, expanding type, enclosed in drums ; gear box, containing four speeds and reverse, suspended in frame. Throttle and sparking controlled from steering wheel ; De Dietrich type clutch, easily accessible and readily adjusted. Price of 30-h.p. car, Roi des Belges body and full equipment, $8,500 ; 40-h.p., $12,000; 60-h.p., $15,000.—American De Dietrich Agency, 1 West 34th St., New York.

COLUMBIA GASOLINE TOURING CAR.

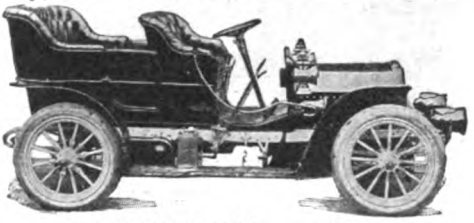
35-40-h.p., gasoline motor ; 4 vertical cylinders, 5-inch diameter by 5-inch stroke ; range of speed, 150 to 1,500 revolutions per minute, the normal being 800 revolutions. Weight of car, 3,060 pounds, 1,450 pounds on front wheels, 1,610 pounds on rear wheels. Individual front seats, side entrance tonneau, or Victoria, Limousine or Landulet styles, carrying five persons. Whitlock cellular radiator with fan, 510 square inches on front face. Sliding gear transmission with direct drive on high gear ; four forward speeds and one reverse. Water capacity, 7 gallons ; gasoline capacity, 24 gallons ; average mileage, with full tank under ordinary conditions, 225 miles. Price, $4,000 to $5,500.—The Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE BAKER ELECTRIC.

A light electric runabout for summer or winter use ; body of closed "depot" type. Wheel base, 7′ 10″ ; wheels, 36 inches ; tires, 36 x 4½ inches. Motor, 2¼-h.p., placed in front, under a hood ; battery 24 cells (48 volts), located under front seat. Bevel gear drive ; normal speed up to fifteen miles per hour.

AMERICAN MERCEDES.

An exact duplicate of the 1905 German Mercedes ; 40-45-h.p. Four-cylinder motor, with mechanically operated inlet valves opposite the exhaust valves ; contact ignition ; honeycomb radiator, with fly-wheel fan. Four speeds forward and reverse, operated by single lever ; speed of car up to 60 miles per hour. Side door entrance ; will carry five persons. —The Daimler Mfg. Co., Steinway, L. I. City, N. Y.



LOCOMOBILE 15-20-H.P.

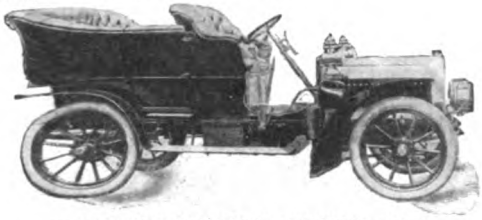
Double side-entrance tonneau, carrying driver and four passengers. Pressed steel frame ; 4-cylinder vertical motor in front, developing a maximum of 20-h.p. Cylinders, 3¼-inch bore, 4½-inch stroke, water cooled. Mechanically operated inlet valves (interchangeable) ; make-and-break ignition by magneto. Wheel base, 92 inches ; weight, about 1,800 lbs. Sliding gear transmission, with three forward speeds and one reverse ; single lever change gear. Price, $2,800.—The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

15-H.P. WHITE STEAM TOURING CAR.

Weight, 2,000 lbs. ; tank capacity, 15 gallons gasoline, 15 gallons water ; mileage on one filling of tanks, 150 miles. Rear springs, 44 inches, front springs, 40 inches ; wheels, artillery pattern ; tires, 34x4 front and rear. Regular equipment includes oil side lights, tail light, mudguards, horn, tire repair outfit and full set of tools. Wheel base, 92 inches ; large, roomy tonneau body, Roi des Belges type, with luxurious upholstering. Price of 15-h.p. model, with standard equipment,

PIERCE-RACINE, "B-2."

16-h.p., two cylinder motor, in front under bonnet. Three speeds forward and reverse; speed of car up to twenty-five miles per hour; one lever control. Mechanically operated valves; automatic carbureter; jump spark igniter. Side entrance tonneau; price, $1,200. Other models, $750, $850 and $1,000.—Pierce Engine Co., Racine, Wis.

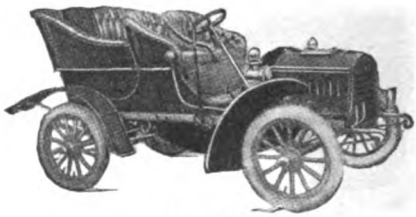


THE SPEEDWAY MOTOR CAR.

24-h.p., 4-cylinder gasoline motor, placed forward under hood, 4½-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Cooling by cellular radiator of original design, with large diameter fan driven by one-inch flat belt; water capacity of cooler, 3½ gallons. Single carbureter (aspirating type) with metal float, automatic in action and supplying constant mixture at all speeds. Capacity of gasoline tank, 18 gallons, sufficient for 175 to 200 miles travel. Transmission of sliding gear type, four speeds ahead and one reverse, the high gear being direct. Double side-entrance tonneau, with individual front seats; limousine, coupe and other styles on special order. Weight, 2,400 lbs.; price, with regular equipment, $5,000. Gas Engine and Power Co., Morris Heights, New York City.

RAMBLER SURREY TYPE 1.

90-inch wheel base, side entrance or Surrey type of body, long bonnet with semi-elliptical crown. Two-cylinder (opposed) engine, developing 16 actual h.p. Chassis frame one-piece pressed steel, braced for longitudinal and torsional strains. Gears cut from steel blanks, wearing parts revolving on special bronze bushings. Transmission of improved planetary type, practically oil-tight and dust-proof, without internal gears. Price of Rambler Surrey Type 1, $2,000; Rambler Limou-



THE YALE.

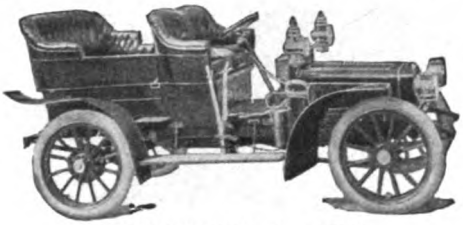
Two models for 1905. Double cylinder model 14-h.p., weight about 1,400 pounds, upholstered and equipped for the road. Price, $1,000. Four-cylinder model, 24-h.p. Price, $2,500.—The Kirk Mfg. Co., Toledo, O.

PREMIER MODEL "F."

Vertical 4-cylinder, air-cooled motor, 16-18-h.p., set transversely under bonnet and directly over front springs. Cylinders 3¾-inch bore by 4¼-inch stroke, with individual oiling system for each; mechanically operated valves. Planetary type transmission, without internal gears; two forward speeds and reverse,—the former operated by hand lever, the latter independent action by foot pedal. Gasoline capacity 10 gallons; speed five to forty miles per hour. Rear entrance tonneau seats two persons in front and two in rear; side entrance tonneau seats three persons in rear, or five in all. Weight, 1,500 to 1,600 pounds; price, without tonneau, $1,250; rear entrance, tonneau, $1,400; side entrance, $1,500.—Premier Motor Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

THE ELDREDGE RUNABOUT.

Two-cylinder horizontal, balanced motor, with mechanical inlet and exhaust valves, motor developing 8-h.p. at 1,000 revolutions per minute. Sliding gear transmission, with three speeds forward and two reverse; mechanical oiler; float feed carbureter, individual design; multiple disc friction clutch; jump spark ignition. Price, $750: Dos-a-dos seat, $25 additional. National Sewing Ma-

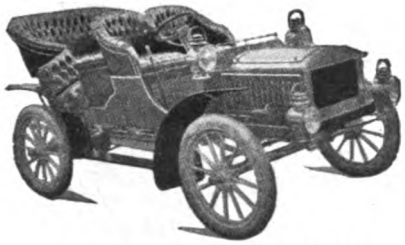


DECAUVILLE 16-20-H.P.

Four-cylinder gasoline motor, 16-20-h.p. placed vertically in front; pressed steel frame, with steel pan supporting motor and transmission. Wheelbase, 110 inches; dimensions of body, 94½ inches by 32⅝ inches. Three speeds forward and reverse; new gear box and rear axle; variable lift inlet valve. Sliding gear transmission and jump spark ignition; speed, 30 miles per hour and up. Prices from $6,000.—Standard Automobile Co., New York.

FRANKLIN TYPE "D."

Light, high-powered touring car; wheel base, 100 inches; weight, 1,900 lbs.; speed up to forty miles per hour. 20-h.p., four-cylinder, air-cooled motor, simple and practically noiseless; bore and stroke 4 inches by 4 inches. Sliding gear transmission; shaft drive; size of tires, 30x4. Aluminum body, double side-door-entrance tonneau. Price, $2,500. H. H. Franklin Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y.



ELMORE "PATHFINDER."

Lengthened wheel base, allowing for side entrance tonneau; 16-h.p. double cylinder, two-cycle type, gasoline motor, in front under metal hood. Frame of trussed angle steel; wheel base, 83 inches; heavy single chain drive; planetary gear, two speeds forward and reverse. Throttle control; range of speed from two to thirty miles per hour. Weight, about 1,500 pounds; price, $1,250. —Elmore Manufacturing Co., Clyde, O.

APPERSON BROS. TOURING CAR.

24-30-h.p., side entrance tonneau; capacity, five passengers; four vertical cylinders arranged separately in front. Pressed steel frame; wheel base, 102 inches; wheel gauge, 54 inches. Sliding gear transmission, three forward speeds and reverse; double chain Weight, 2,400 pounds. Price without top, $3,500; with top and glass front, $3,625—Apperson Bros. Automobile Co., Kokomo, Ind.

ORIENT MODEL "G," TOURING CAR.

Four-cylinder, air-cooled, motor, 18-20-h.p.; Mercedes type hood, opening from either side or removable at will. Individual front seats, with side entrance tonneau, 44 inches wide, seating 3 persons. Pressed steel frame, 96-inch wheel base; wheels artillery pattern, 32-inch diameter. Crank case, fuel pipes and case containing governor are of aluminum; clutch of cone pattern with internal grip. Sliding gear transmission with three forward speeds and reverse, direct drive on high gear.

POPE-WAVERLEY NO. 36.

New electric speed road wagon, with wheel base lengthened to six feet. Three h.p., 48-volt motor, 48 cell battery, 96-ampere hour type, with option of 30 cells, 7-plate battery, furnishing 72-ampere hours with 60-volt motor. Maximum speed, 17 miles per hour. Equipped with three brakes,—armature brake on motor, hub extension brake and electric brake, for use on heavy down-grades. Price,

F. I. A. T. 24-30-H.P.

Four cylinder gasoline motor, cylinders arranged vertically in pairs; Daimler multicellular radiator. Side entrance tonneau body; weight, about 2,300 pounds; gasoline capacity, 25 gallons. Pressed steel frame; wheel base, 90 inches to 116 inches; wheel gauge, 56 inches. Sliding gear transmission, four speeds forward and one reverse; new carbureter and clutch. Double chain drive; magneto make-and-break ignition; expanding and hand brakes. Price, $6,500 and upwards.—Hollander & Tangeman, New York.

FOUR-CYLINDER CADILLAC.

30-35-h.p. Motor, 4-cylinder type; each cylinder cast separately, with copper water jackets. Pressed steel frame; wheel base, 100 inches; total length of car, 146 inches. Aluminum engine frame; encased commutator. Three speeds forward and reverse, with direct drive on high speed. Dash of aluminum, containing 5-gallon gasoline tank, fed from reservoir tank in rear of machine. Body of aluminum or wood, with side entrance and individual front seats. Price, $2,800.—Cadillac Automobile Co., Detroit, Mich.

MODEL 9 PEERLESS,

Vertical motor, 24-h.p., 4-cylinder type. Wheel base, 102 inches; standard tread; wheels 34-inches, artillery type; 4-inch tires. Sliding gear transmission, four speeds forward and one reverse, direct drive on high speed. Irreversible type steering; control by throttle and governor; foot brake and emergency brake, both applying to rear wheels. Gasoline tank under front seat, capacity 18 gallons. Side entrance tonneau, weight about 2,400 pounds; price, $3,200. Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

COLUMBIA VICTORIA-PHAETON.

Single electric motor attached to body, 1¾ nominal h.p., 39 volts, 32 amperes; battery 24 cells 11-p.v., Exide, 120 ampere hours; capacity, 40 miles on one charge. Frame, angle-iron and wood; semi-elliptical springs all around. Artillery type wood wheels; 30-inch by 3-inch tires. Three forward speeds, two reverse; maximum speed, 15 miles per hour. Weight, 1,610 pounds, 710 pounds on front wheels, 900 pounds on rear. Price, $1,350.—The Electric Vehicle Co., Hartford, Conn.

GROUT STEAM TOURING CAR.

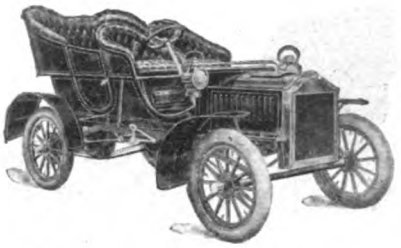
12-h.p. horizontal engine, running in horizontal aluminum case with new continuous oiling device. 18-inch copper, wire-bound boiler, guaranteed; one-piece cast iron burner, with noiseless pilot. Side chain drive; internal expanding brakes; automatic draft arrangement. Side door entrance tonneau, seating five people; finished in leather; full

TYPE XI. AUTOCAR.

Double side entrance tonneau; weight (equipped), 1,900 pounds; 4-cylinder vertical motor, 16-20-h.p. Frame wood, lined with pressed steel; semi-elliptic springs; sliding gear transmission, all gears of drop-forged hardened steel. Splash lubrication; float-feed vaporizer, supplying all cylinders. Equipment includes front and rear oil lamps, horn, tire repair outfit and tool kit. Carries two passengers on front seat, three in tonneau.

PANHARD TOURING LANDULET.

24-32-h.p., Panhard & Levassor chassis, cast-iron cylinders, Krebs carbureter, double ignition system, magneto and dry batteries. Fitted with French touring landulet body, with compartment on side to carry extra tire. Body and gear painted dark green. Will carry five people in covered portion, two in front. All movable glass in front of touring top, detachable. Price, New York delivery, $9,000. —Panhard & Levassor, New York.



OLDSMOBILE TOURING CAR.

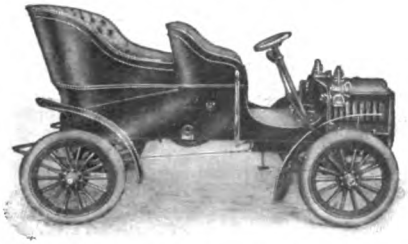
Wheel base, 90 inches; tread, 55 inches; planetary transmission, two speeds forward and one reverse. Oldmobile side springs, 7 leaves, with cross spring in front. Cellular radiator, circulation by gear pump driven from crank-shaft. Engine 2-cylinder, horizontal opposed, 5¼x6 inches; speed, 750 revolutions per minute. Side entrance, body seating five; price, $1,400.—Olds Motor Works, Detroit, Mich.

STEARNS TOURING CAR.

French type side entrance tonneau, seating seven persons. Total weight, about 2,675 pounds; wheel base, 111 inches; wheel gauge, 56 inches. Gasoline capacity, 16 gallons; tubular radiator water cooling system, with auxiliary fan. High tension magneto ignition; double chain drive. Sliding gear transmission, with four speeds forward and one reverse. 36-h.p. motor, 4 cylinders arranged vertically in pairs. Price, $4,000.—The F. B. Stearns Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

STEVENS-DURYEA TOURING CAR.

Four-cylinder, vertical gasoline motor, 3⅞-inch bore, 4½-inch stroke, 20-h.p. Cellular Mercedes type radiator; centrifugal pump; integral water jackets and cylinder heads. Sliding gear transmission, direct drive on high speed, three forward speeds and one reverse. Weight, 1,650 lbs.; price, with aluminum side-entrance body, $2,500. J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., Chicpee Falls, Mass.



MODEL D, MICHIGAN LIGHT TOURING CAR.

Wheel base, 80″; tread, 55″. Motor horizontal, 14-h.p., 2-cylinder opposed; water cooled, with Kingston carbureter. Planetary transmission with two speeds forward and one reverse. Price, tonneau and full equipment, $1,100; $1,000 without tonneau.—Michigan

THOMAS "FLYER" TOURING CAR.

Side entrance, 4-cylinder, 40-h.p., gasoline motor. 34-inch wheels, artillery pattern; 4-inch front and 4½-inch rear tire; 106-inch wheel base. Three speeds forward and one reverse, speed of car up to 60 miles per hour. Will seat four or five people, and has lockers, "pockets," etc., for storage of tourists' baggage. Price, with regular touring equipment, $3,000; limousine styles to special order.—

FOUR CYLINDER HAYNES.

30-h.p. 4-cylinder motor (vertical in front). Three speeds, forward and reverse, controlled by a single lever; shaft drive, direct on high gear. Improved carbureter and ignition system; throttle control. Double side entrance tonneau carries 5 passengers and has extra storage space. Price, $3,000.—The Haynes-Apperson Co., Kokomo, Ind.

PIERCE 28-32-H.P. "GREAT ARROW."

Four cylinders, 4½x4¾; 1,200 to 1,600 revolutions per minute. Pressed carbon steel frame, channel section, 4 inches to 2⅜ inches deep; wheel base, 104 inches; tread of wheels, 56 inches. Sliding gear transmission, bevel gear drive; three forward speeds and reverse; tubular disc radiator. Roi des Belges type, side entrance tonneau; weight, 2,700 pounds; price, $4,000; complete except top.—The George N. Pierce Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

DARRACQ DOUBLE PHAETON.

30-35-h.p. gasoline motor; 4-cylinders arranged vertically in pairs; water cooled by Mercedes type honeycomb radiator. Double side entrance tonneau, seating five persons; total weight, without canopy top, 2,750 lbs. One-piece pressed steel frame; wheel base, 100 inches; gauge, 54 inches. Canopy top, with sliding glass front and rear, and side curtains optional. Darracq models, $5,000 upwards. F. A. La Roche Co., New York.

REO TOURING CAR.

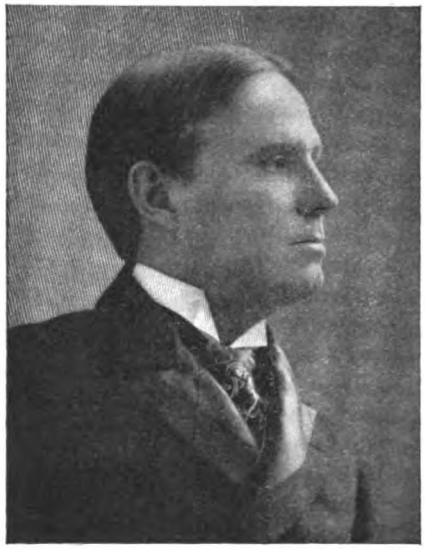
16-h.p., double cylinder balanced motor, attached to pressed steel frame, developing 1-h.p. for each 94 lbs. weight of car. Planetary type transmission, without internal gears; two speeds forward and reverse, with ample clutch and bearing surfaces. Direct drive on high speed gear through roller chain to live rear axle. Control by spark and throttle; ignition by jump spark system, with new design carbureter. Individual front seats, side-entrance tonneau; Price, $1,250. Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

ROYAL TOURIST.

Four-cylinder vertical motor, with 5-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke, developing 32-38-h.p. Double pressed steel frame; 108-inch wheel base; 48-inch springs. Mechanically operated valves; automatic lubrication; three invisible internal expanding brakes. Sliding gear transmission, four speeds; large wheels, fitted with 34x4½ inch tires. Double side-entrance body; weight, 2,500 lbs. (at maximum power development one h.p. of motor

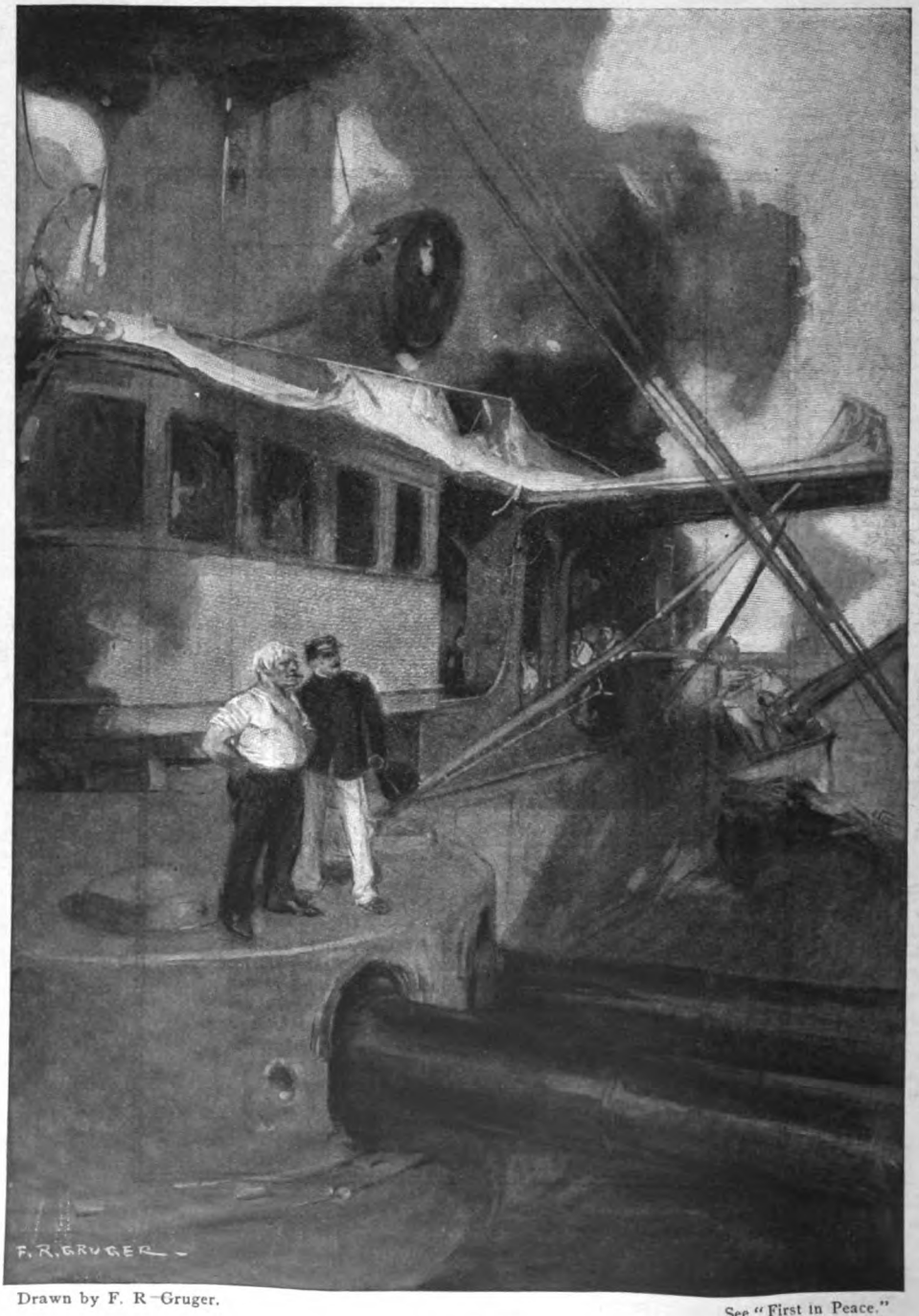
MATHESON TOURING CAR.

Four-cylinder vertical engine; Honeycomb type radiator (imported); automatic carbureter and speed control (by governor). Armored frame; wheel base, 106 inches; tread, 56 inches; road clearance, 12 inches. Side entrance aluminum body. Price (24-h.p.), $5,000; (40-h.p.), $6,000; Macintosh top, $100



George Hibbard.

Mr. Hibbard, who is a frequent contributor to Leslie's Monthly Magazine, *is distinctively a writer of short stories of the more finished type. His characters, commonly chosen from the class which makes a business of enjoying life, are drawn with an appreciation frequently mingled with a pleasant satire. Perhaps he writes more successful stories in a year than any other American writer.*



Drawn by F. R. Gruger.

See "First in Peace."

"*Thanks!*"

LESLIE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME LIX. MARCH, 1905 No. 5

LORDS OF TRAFFIC

The Personalities and Achievements of the Men Who Are Responsible to the Public for the Conduct of Our Railroads.

By Frank L. Spearman

AUTHOR OF "THE STRATEGY OF GREAT RAILROADS," ETC.

SOME weeks ago a few gentlemen sat down at an informal dinner in a New York city club. There were, I think, some fourteen guests. The dinner itself was in no wise remarkable; in the sense of a function, it was no dinner at all. American business men of the first rank are gentlemen, and endeavor always to dine ordinarily well.

Nor are these informal gatherings of business men at New York city clubs in the least unusual; what is unusual in this instance is that so quiet a gathering should attract so wide a measure of public attention. That night the press wires were loaded with comments on the assemblage, and morning newspapers from end to end of the United States printed first page announcements that Mr. Edward P. Ripley, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, had presided as host at a dinner given by him at the Metropolitan Club, to a group of American railroad presidents who among their number represented practically all the great railroad interests in the United States.

Nor were the editors at fault in their news instinct. The American railroad is at the moment sharply in the public eye. Of our industrial concerns, transportation is the one most vital. If our transportation systems are not vigorous and prosperous in their functions, every branch of industrial life feels at once the blight. The farmer, the manufacturer and the merchant on the one hand, and on the other the stockholder, the investor and the banker find their own most carefully laid plans rudely upset when for any reason financial disaster overtakes the railroads.

There really needs no further explanation of public interest in railroad affairs. No man's concerns are too modest not to be affected by the management of railroads, just as no man's are too great. The American people have, in effect, intrusted their vast and important transportation concerns to a few men, perhaps a dozen, and it was nearly all of these men who gathered about Mr. Ripley's table on that evening at the Metropolitan Club. Public interest in such a group, in their personality and in their business traits, is thus very considerable, though no one would be more surprised than Mr. Ripley that either

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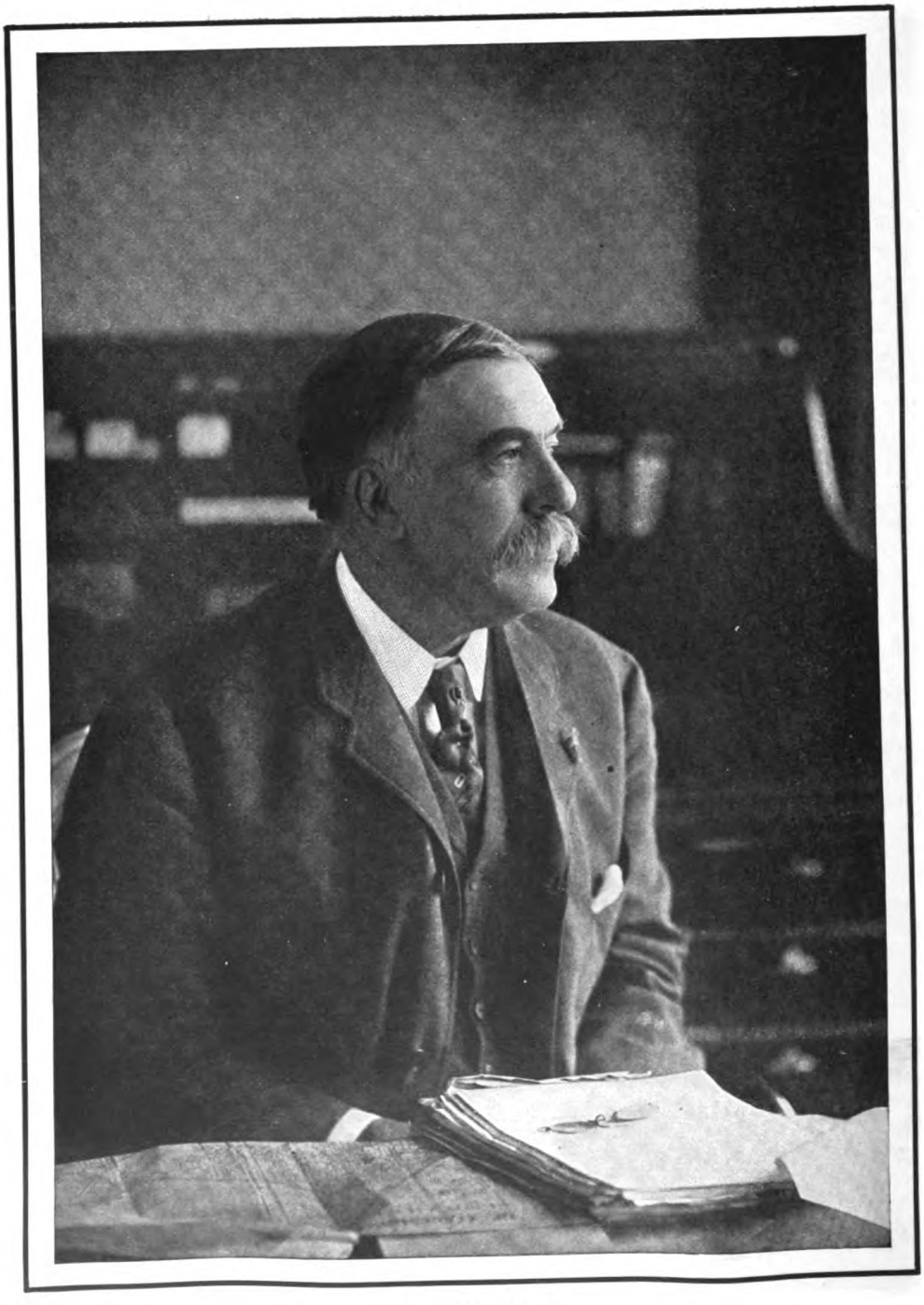


Edward P. Ripley.

Executive head of the Atchison system.

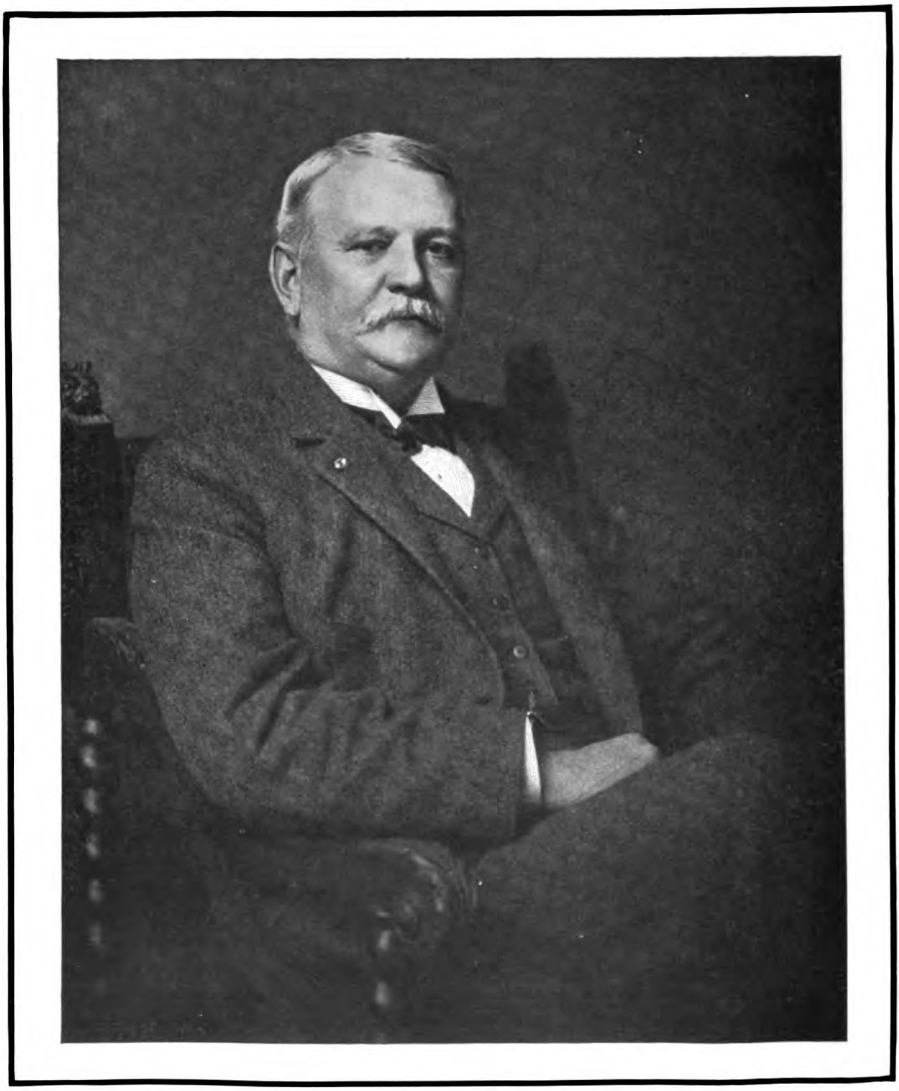
himself or his guests should be put into the spotlight of a magazine public as being what editors term "good stuff."

Publicity is said to be pleasant to most men; to business men, I think, it is ordinarily not. The railway president, however, fills a peculiar position. He is a quasi-public official. Public interest is something which he does not feel he can afford wholly to ignore because the corporate interests he represents are subject in a degree to public favor, aside, that is, from the favor of its own particular customers. The railroad president thus becomes a man considerate of all comers who have even slight claim on his attention. Engrossed in his own duties to a degree that would drive men less deeply trained to the verge of continued irritability, the railroad executive endures men and concerns that other men would forthwith pitch out of doors.

The railway president of the last generation was somewhat a matter of dignity and a flowing beard; whiskers, however, have for some time ceased to be an asset in the railroad business. Dignity has been tempered in the executive by alertness. While losing none of the attributes of a gentleman, he has added to his temperament those of a business man; more than ever to-day the training of a high railroad executive is of the most exacting nature. His place in our world of industry is in the nature of a public trust, and to-day is so recognized by him. He is responsible, not alone to the security holders and the shareholders of his line, but to that part of the public dependent on his road for transportation facilities. His power for good and evil is enormous. He advances or retards the development of an industry, or of a certain territory by the rates and by the concessions he makes to pioneers in industrial adventure. If he keeps his railroad in the first rank, he benefits his public and he enriches them as they enrich him, or rather as they enrich his shareholders, for he himself usually receives a fixed salary for his services, ranging from thirty to fifty thousand dollars a year—with more salaries at the former figure than the latter. There are perhaps instances in which a president receives in addition to his salary a percentage of the earnings he can make his road show; this is good business, but is not the usual practice, and while it is impossible to speak categorically on such a subject it may fairly be surmised that stories in public prints of salaries of seventy-five thousand dollars a year, and long term contracts at such figures, are fairy tales—they are at least so regarded by railroad presidents.

The executive has learned long since in his early training how to obey and how to consider fairly interests inimical to his own. In a way, to attain the highest success in railroad life, he must cultivate a judicial temperament. One of the ablest of American railroad executives, Mr. Ripley himself possesses, without consciousness of it, this temperament and his ability to see all sides of a question is perhaps his strongest claim to the consideration accorded him among his American associates.

The President of the Santa Fé is thus not a man who believes that the railroad can do no wrong, and annual house-cleanings have been so well looked after on the Santa Fé that the most rigorous public inspection will reveal very little dust in Santa Fé corners. Railroads have, before now, found themselves victims of legislative hostility. Men of Mr. Ripley's temperament would point out that possibly the railroads had themselves largely to blame for these troubles. Mr. Ripley would have been willing long ago absolutely to stop the printing of passes, often used, though unlawfully, as a means of influencing traffic, could he have secured on the subject a unified action of railroads. The abuses that exist to-day in American railway management, are less than they have been at any time in the history of our railroading, and the most serious that exist are of a nature to which railroads submit because they do not feel strong enough to throw them off. I instance only one of these; the private car lines, which are at the moment a subject of national agitation. Private car lines are freight cars, usually refrigerator cars, owned by private interests, and hauled by railroads under mileage contracts. Fruit shippers, for example, find themselves wholly at the mercy of private interests who provide these cars, because their shipments require icing, and protests against their charges are loud and deep. But when the matter of doing away with private car lines is taken in hand at Washington, no work of this sort will be found necessary on the Santa Fé: Mr. Ripley has long since banished private car

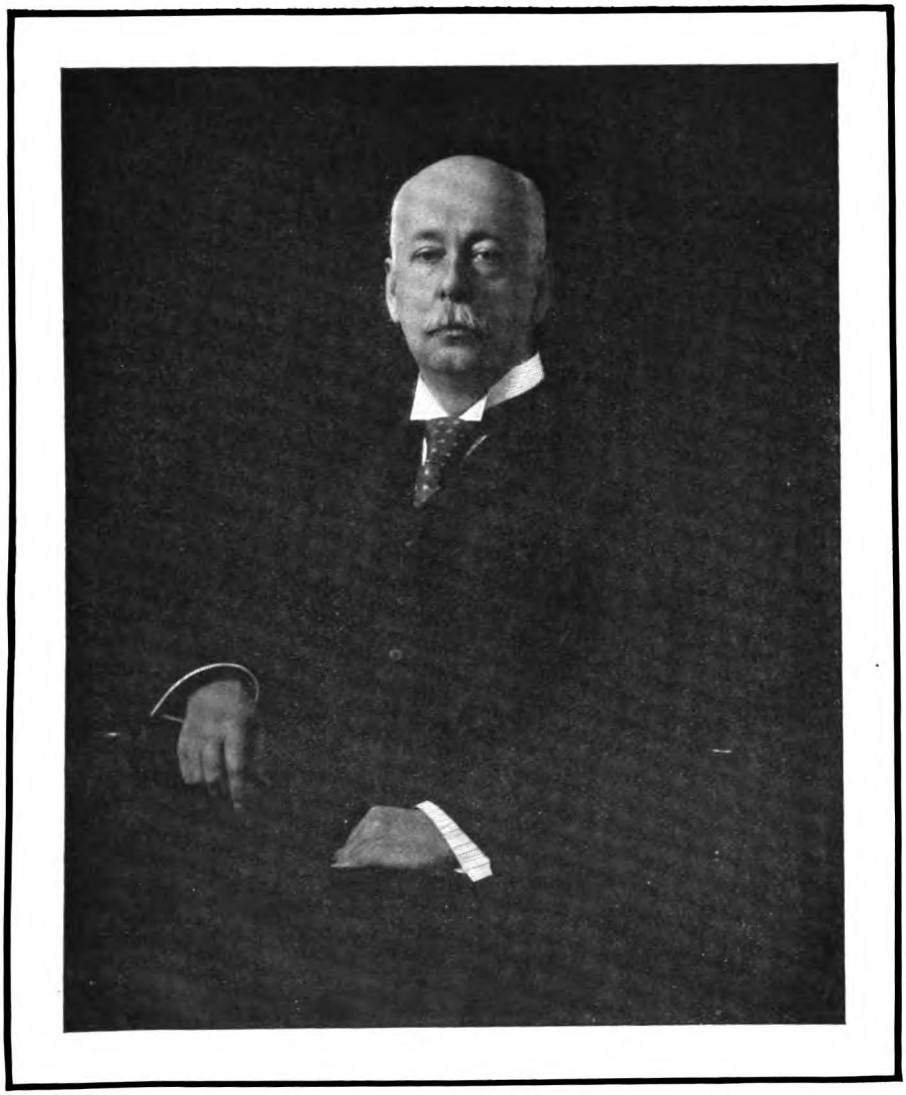


Roswell Miller.

Chairman Board of Directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

lines from his railroad. It was advanced ground to take, which means that it cost money and lost business for the Santa Fé, but Mr. Ripley took it. He is, too, a believer in legalized pooling for railroads, that is, the division of railroad earnings according to percentages to be determined among the lines at interest. Such an arrangement removes the last possible incentive for a weak line to cut rates in order to secure traffic, and would make impossible such another hold-up of American railroads as for one generation marked the unspeakable career of Standard Oil. Such is the host of the Metropolitan Club dinner. He would doubtless prefer to be discussed last rather than first, and not at all rather than last, but even a slight sketch of him indicates what he stands for on the vital railroad questions that are now attracting national attention. If ever he be put under fire, it may be predicted that Mr. Ripley and his railroad will stand fire well.

Perhaps in an assemblage of railroad presidents, no two men would excite more interest than Edward H. Harriman and



Charles S. Mellen.

President of the New York, New Haven & Hartford.

George J. Gould. Mr. Harriman's acquiring and building up of that marvelous system of transcontinental lines, rail and water, now grouped around the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads, has been in American railroading the stroke of a master, and stamps him as a transportation magnate. In his grasp of a great strategic railroad situation seized upon so recently, he has also faced squarely the second great problem that confronted him. Had he stopped with the buying of these tremendous properties, he would have invited certain disaster. Had he failed to put forth a second enormous expenditure for the rebuilding of his roads to put them in the rank of the first American railroads, his success could not have been complete.

This is the evidence that must always give Mr. Harriman his standing in American railroading; that he will leave behind him nothing but good railroads. His superb rebuilding of the first Overland route will serve as his monument, when his bold financial strokes have been forgotten.

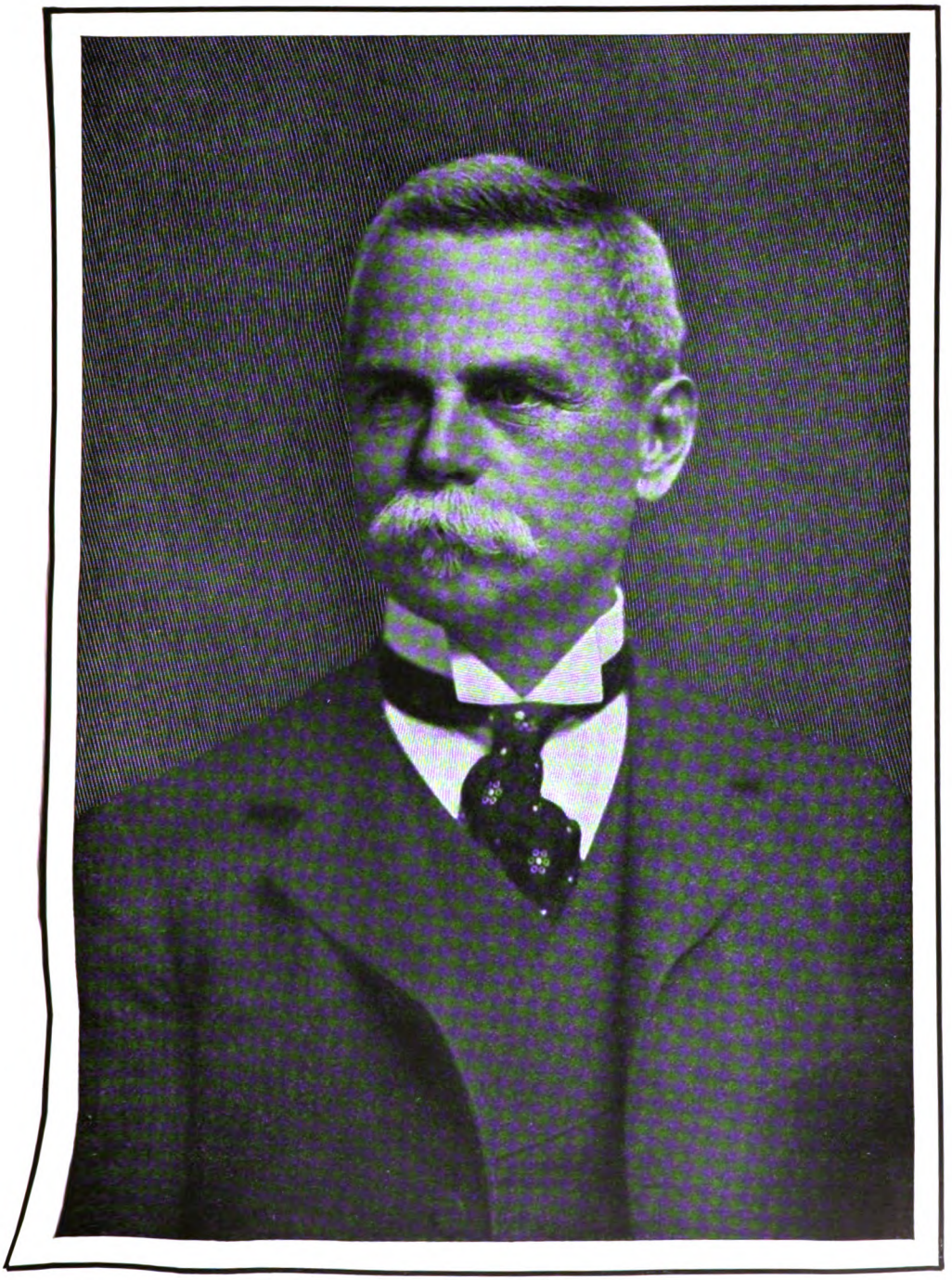
While Mr. Harriman has been the latest of the great comers into railroad life, Mr. Gould was born into it. He is the second railroad operator to bear the name of Gould, and what must always excite interest in him as the son of a multi-millionaire is, that when we have so many wealthy loafers, George Gould is an industrial ant. He is a man of extraordinary activity, and one who never spares himself in the pursuit of business. Let us admit that it is a fascination, a game, an excitement, this gigantic battling with the forces of nature, of finance, of competition: even so, considering the usual recreations of sons of wealthy fathers this mastery of great undertakings, this plunging into the development of far-away national resources in that undiscovered Southwest, which is the chief scene of Gould line activities, is by comparison certainly edifying. Mr. Gould has few confidants; few even of his trusted lieutenants may be said to be close to him; but if visible signs may serve to indicate George Gould's life ambition, it might be guessed to be the final achievement of a transcontinental railroad from Ocean to Ocean.

But men such as Mr. Gould and Mr. Harriman are the exception in any American gathering of railroad men. President Samuel Spencer, of the Southern Railway, shows in the honorable record of his long railway service the career of a man who works from the ranks to the highest command within the gift of industrial leaders. Mr. Spencer is a constructionist, an engineer, and had in his early railway experience in the South the inestimable advantage enjoyed by western railway men, namely, a continual struggle to get results out of the scantiest of material resources. The many steps in construction, from rodman to engineer, have been supplemented in Mr. Spencer's experience by a familiarity with every position in the operating department, from trainmaster to president. But more than this has come to Mr. Spencer. In 1887, J. P. Morgan and Company asked him to assume charge of their railway interests and that at a critical time, preceding in fact a national financial crisis, the panic of 1893. For five years Mr. Spencer handled these vast financial interests and took especially the presidency of the Southern Railway, the powerful and comprehensive system with which the transportation interests of Dixie, the old South, are so closely bound up.

Mr. Felton, president of the Alton, is likewise an engineer, and among American constructionists must be placed in the first rank. Taking his degree at a school that has turned out so many eminent American engineers, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. Felton's activities plunged him at once into the construction and operating of railroads. That a young man should be general superintendent of the Pan Handle railroad at twenty-one years of age, might be explained as an accident, though it must be admitted, it would indeed be an unusual one. But when Mr. Felton broke all records in this respect on the Pennsylvania railroad—and he had before this held the position of chief engineer on a smaller eastern road—it was not by accident as his subsequent record makes clear. It would be difficult to name a position in the operating department of an American road that Mr. Felton has not mastered since this early Pan Handle experience. Further successes in the operation of American railways may yet await Mr. Felton. But his reputation as a constructionist is already secure and though accidents of financial control may at any time shift the scene of a railroad man's activities, whoever in the future may own or operate the Alton road it will never be forgotten that Mr. Felton rebuilt and made it what it is to-day. Like Kruttschnitt's work in the Sierras, Burt's in the Laramie range, and Ramsey's in the valley of the Ohio, Felton's work on the Alton is a book in which every future constructionist will read.

Construction, however, does not tell the whole story of Mr. Felton's railroad scope. Traffic is to-day the most vital department in railroading and in any estimate of the president of the Alton it must be remembered that for seven years he had entire charge of the traffic of the Erie road; indeed, it is not too much to say that his acquaintance with traffic affairs is as broad as with affairs of operation. His wide and intimate knowledge, extending to detail, in the affairs of many American roads is often a matter of comment among railroad men, but it is not generally known how he came by such special information.

In 1894, railroad matters were in almost a chaotic state. Receiverships, where not a



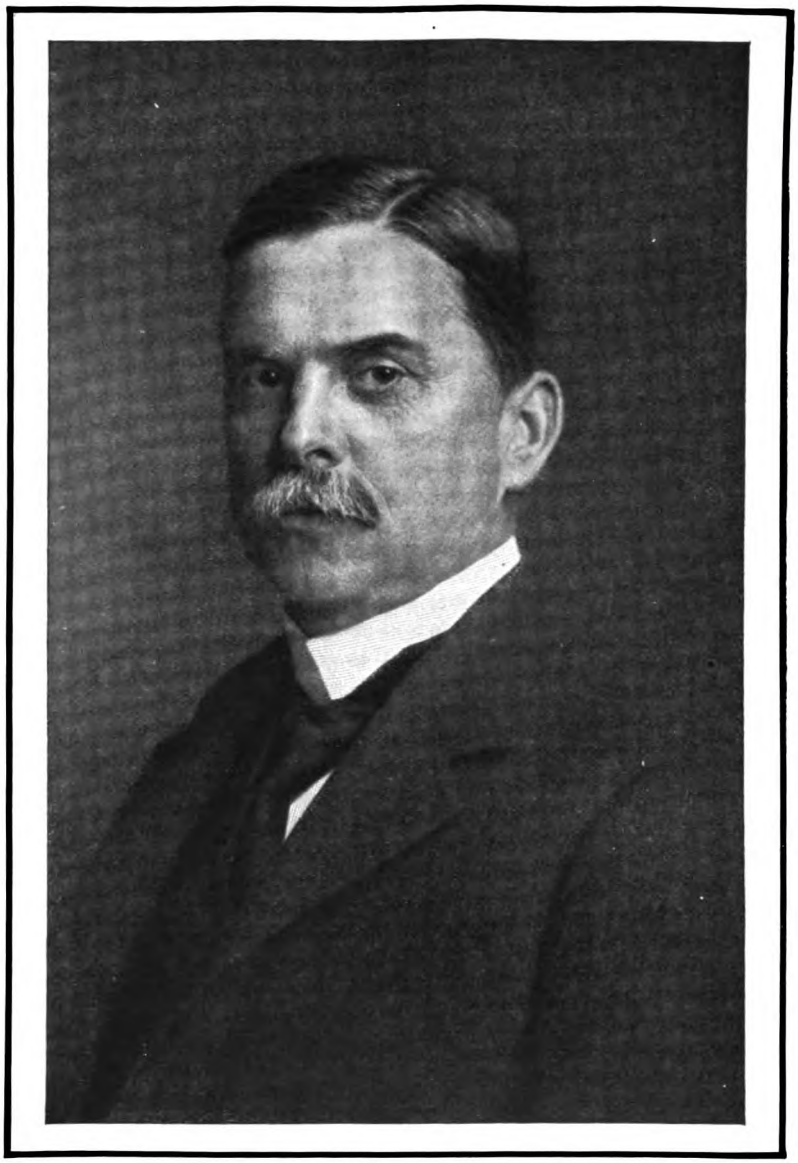
Samuel Spencer.

President of the Southern Railroad.

A. J. Cassatt.

President of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

fact, were in too many instances already foreshadowed and financiers were at wits' end to devise plans for saving a large portion of our railroad investments from actual ruin. In this crisis they sought the guidance of such practical railroad men as those whose range of experience might fairly be termed that of experts. These men made the most careful examinations of railroad properties whose affairs were in jeopardy and on their reports the financial interests most concerned based their various reorganizations plans. The vital character of such inspections and the momentous results hanging on them is apparent. Between 1894 and 1900, Mr. Felton made no less than twenty such confidential reports on American railroad properties, seven of them being for the banking house of J. P. Morgan & Company alone; the remaining fourteen were for other New York interests and for the different reorgani-



W. H. Truesdale

President of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western.

zation committees, at that time unhappily very active in the railroad world. The fund of information he was enabled to bring to his duties as executive of the Alton is thus most exceptional.

No railroad men are more interesting to consider than that group of western men whose abilities have taken them from their earlier activities to the highest executive control of eastern railroads. Among these are Mr. Truesdale, president of the Lackawanna; Mr. Underwood, president of the Erie and Mr. Newman, president of the great Vanderbilt road, the New York Central. It is of interest also to note that no man of purely eastern training has ever come West and achieved a similar success in managing a western road.

Mr. Truesdale is a traffic man if one of his several points may be singled out most prominently. But to the Lackawanna he brought not only the experience of

a railroad financier and practically that of a lawyer, but that of a high operating officer as well. The foundations on which his success has been built are so broad that they may well discourage any but the few among men who are willing to spare no possible work to achieve success. In traffic he is unusually strong and his easy and clear expression of his views is remembered in every traffic meeting he ever took part in. Mr. Truesdale has more even than his intelligence to recommend him. It may at times be found difficult to secure from him a promise; once secured, however, uneasiness is never afterward felt on the subject of it by his bitterest competitors, for President Truesdale's promise is known to be good.

Frederick D. Underwood of the Erie has the western spirit in an extraordinary degree. He belongs to the class of American railroad men who can never be cornered whatever the emergency. They are so fertile in resource and initiative as to be known for it the world over. The president of the Erie is a whirlwind of energy and enthusiasm. He is one of the whole-souled executives who secure extraordinary results from their men by keeping close to them and setting the example of endurance and pluck. A long apprenticeship on the St. Paul road impressed on Mr. Underwood the value in an operating department, of an *esprit de corps*, which though an expression in French, is mightily important in American railroading. It is a railroad asset, even if an intangible one, and the loyalty of the rank and file of the men is to-day the most sought for blessing of the railroad manager. President Underwood not only has it, but in a thousand ways keeps it alive and in this in great measure lies his distinction as an operating officer. There is nothing in the operating department of the Erie that the president of the road cannot do as well as, or better than, the man whom he orders to do it. He is thus a type of the American railroader without which our railroads could never successfully run; a sort of leaven that lightens the lump of discipline and the heaviness of red tape in the administering of railroad affairs. Martinets are an easy crop everywhere and they sprout at all times abundantly and grow fast; President Underwood is the American antidote for martinetry in railroading.

Although born a Virginian, the West claims President Newman also. Of a retiring disposition, Mr. Newman among those who know him well is said to be of a delightful temperament. But publicity is his bane and though he fits in well at a dinner no persuasion has ever willingly extorted from him a photograph. Mr. Newman was eminent as a traffic man long before he was called to the responsibilities of executive offices. Called to the third vice-presidency of the Chicago and Northwestern in 1889, Mr. Newman's progress has been somewhat remarkable. In a railroad army such as ours every private may be said to carry in his knapsack a marshal's baton. But that one man should within an activity of twenty years of railroad life enjoy the confidence of the two Goulds, of Marvin Hughitt, of James J. Hill and of William K. Vanderbilt, ending up as president, not alone of the New York Central, but of the New York Central lines, is certainly unusual; this is the record of Mr. Newman. What is the secret of a success such as this? The keynote of Mr. Newman's character is conservatism and to his conservatism is due his widespread and commanding influence. Among American railroad executives Mr. Newman exerts the most far-reaching influence of any railroad president because he is not radical but a peacemaker. Conference after conference may be recalled in which after every member had lost his patience and his temper —when all hope of reaching an agreement had vanished and war, bitter war seemed inevitable, it was Mr. Newman's gentleness that smoothed the troubled waters. This is why so many big men lean on Mr. Newman and the consideration is a suggestive one. Mr. Newman has achieved every success possible to a railroad man and he began as a freight clerk in Texas; but as a freight clerk in Texas the president of the New York Central lines was also a peacemaker, and the world needs peacemakers.

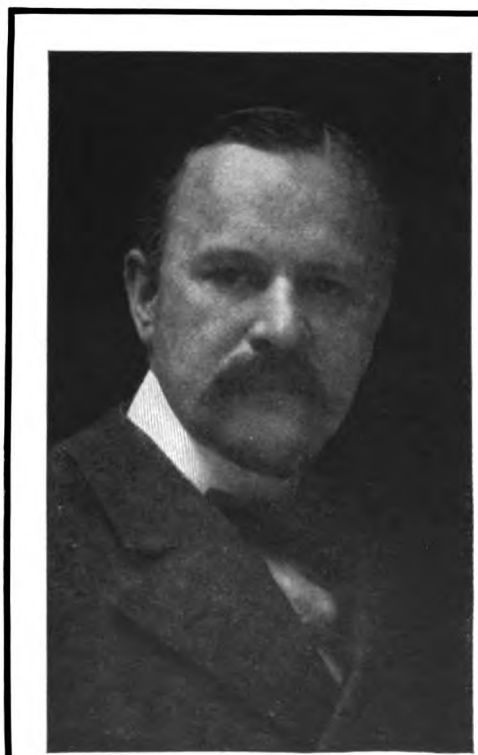
Representing the Rock Island, President Winchell brings comparative youth to any gathering of transportation executives. But his youth does not stand for inexperience. Few men in business life have had a more active career than Mr. Winchell. The head, at forty-six, of what is perhaps the largest system of railroads in the world, Mr. Winchell presents a second unusual feature in his progress to so particular

B. L. Winchell.

President of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

honors. He is the sole instance among our railway presidents, of the first class, of one who has risen through the passenger department. What is remarkable in Mr. Winchell is something that is aptly phrased but not always comprehended in its significance, namely, breadth of view. The Rock Island president sees more in a situation than the average man sees, and sees further into it. The great successes in life have been won by foresight and sened in reflecting that no matter how firm his views on a knotty question, they are always restrained by courtesy of expression.

In this he suggests another western man whose name carries a weight almost world wide in transportation affairs, Albert J. Earling, president of the St. Paul. Mr. Earling is essentially calm and sane in his views of things and his temperament is reflected in his manner. The clearness of



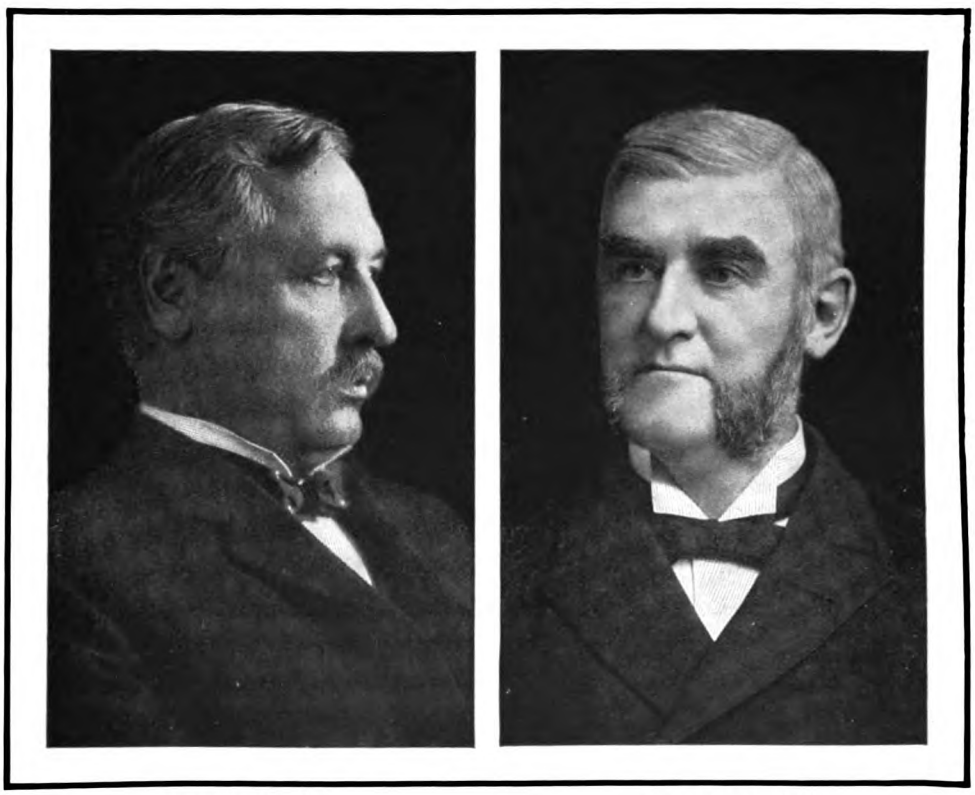
George J. Gould.
In command of the Gould roads.

S. M. Felton.
President of the Alton.

insight. These traits mark the unusual man and they help to explain Mr. Winchell. No one that has listened to a view from him on the possibilities of a new traffic development in a field supposed to be familiar—for he ranks as a traffic man with Darius Miller and Paul Morton—or to his ideas as to the strategic advantages in the opening up of a new territory, or its division among contending interests, will be slow in understanding Benjamin L. Winchell; nor will opinion of him be lessview that is essential when a man gets to the top, if he is to be master of the situation instead of the situation's being master of him, is Mr. Earling's. There are so many excellent American railroads that it is perhaps hazardous to point to one, but if the St. Paul is sometimes referred to as a model railroad, a portion, at least, of the credit must rest with its president. In birth, training and temperament even, if I may at the risk of seeming fanciful add the word, Mr. Earling is a Wiscon-

sin man. Wisconsin people are fond of calling their State the best of all; certainly none of our commonwealths has now a more brilliant day and the St. Paul is closely identified with Wisconsin. In operating, the St. Paul takes rank with the first of our railroads and it would be difficult to conceive a man who would more fittingly head it, understand better its army of employees and more clearly realize its needs than an officer who began has long headed the executive board.

Both in the East and the West one meets a type of railroad men,—and I name only two of them, though many might be named,—such as President Newman, of the New York Central, or Ex-President Horace G. Burt, of the Union Pacific, who have come intimately under the influence of one of the best known of all American railroad executives, Marvin Hughitt, President of the Chicago and Northwestern.

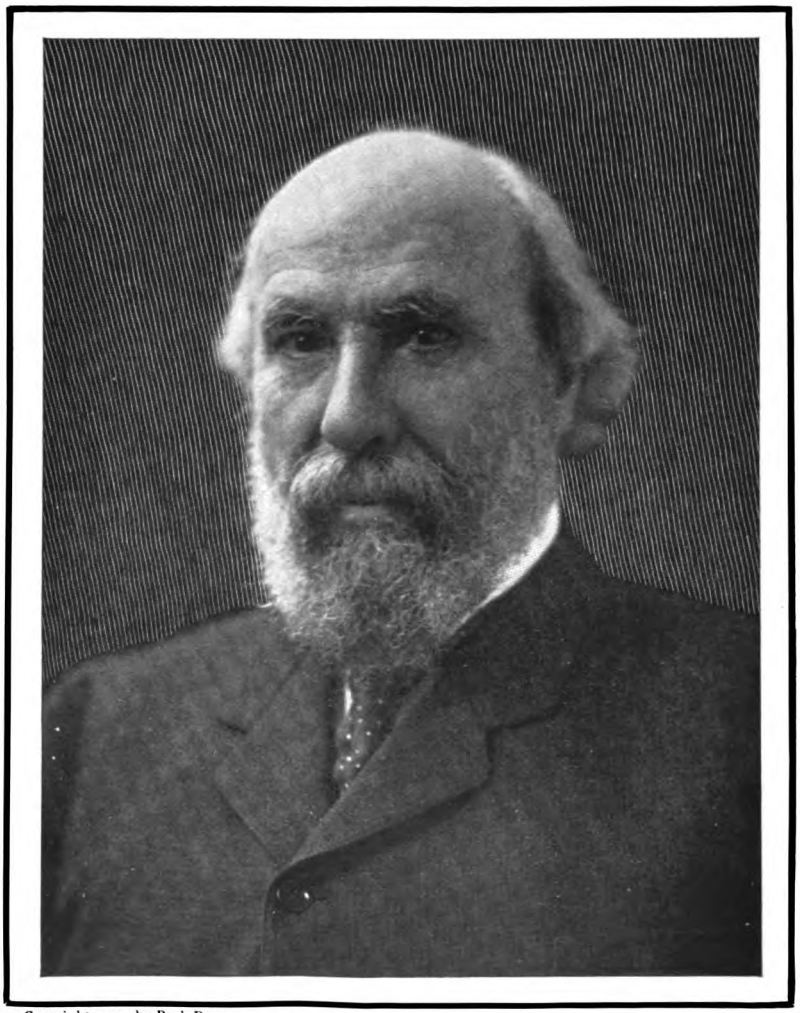


Albert J. Earling.
President of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.

Marvin Hughitt.
President of the Chicago & Northwestern.

railroad life on the system of which he is now the executive head; one whose long career as operator, and in all the steps up to the presidency, has given of his life, health and strength to the upbuilding of the St. Paul and has abundance of all three left. Behind him and with him stands another man without whom mention of the St. Paul cannot be complete, Roswell Miller, chairman of the board of directors, who has been both president and general manager of the road and

The most grateful light one ever gets on a man in this world is from men who have served under him, and who, moving to higher and other fields, recall the debt they owe to men like Mr. Hughitt. To know Mr. Hughitt, one should know the men who have served under him. Few of them forget him, he forgets almost none of them. It is refreshing to sit in offices very far from the scene of Northwestern road activities and hear what men have to say of its president and of the personal



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James J. Hill.

President of the Great Northern and a mighty factor in railroad consolidation.

side of a life that is officially most arduous and exacting. As to the road whose destinies he has guided so long, its strength in maintenance, equipment and operation, is nothing less than astonishing. This president has administered its affairs, has returned to its shareholders ample and regular dividends, double-tracked great stretches of it out of its earnings, and thoughtfully provided at every step for the exigencies of twenty years into the future ; and all this without the misappropriation on the part of the management of so much as a ten cent piece : it may easily be believed that in any conference of railroad executives, Mr. Hughitt's words are esteemed.

From any viewpoint, the most notable figure in American railroad life is Alexander J. Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania system. Whether considered as a student, a strategist or an executive, Mr. Cassatt, in the railroad economics of today, is nowhere approached in achievement. Consider for a moment that in construction he could, as well as any living man, undertake the details of building a railroad from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific ; that in motive power he is, through early training, so at home as to be able to follow the utmost advance in the problems of his motive-power chiefs ; that his ripe experience as general manager, and later as third vice-president of the Pennsylvania

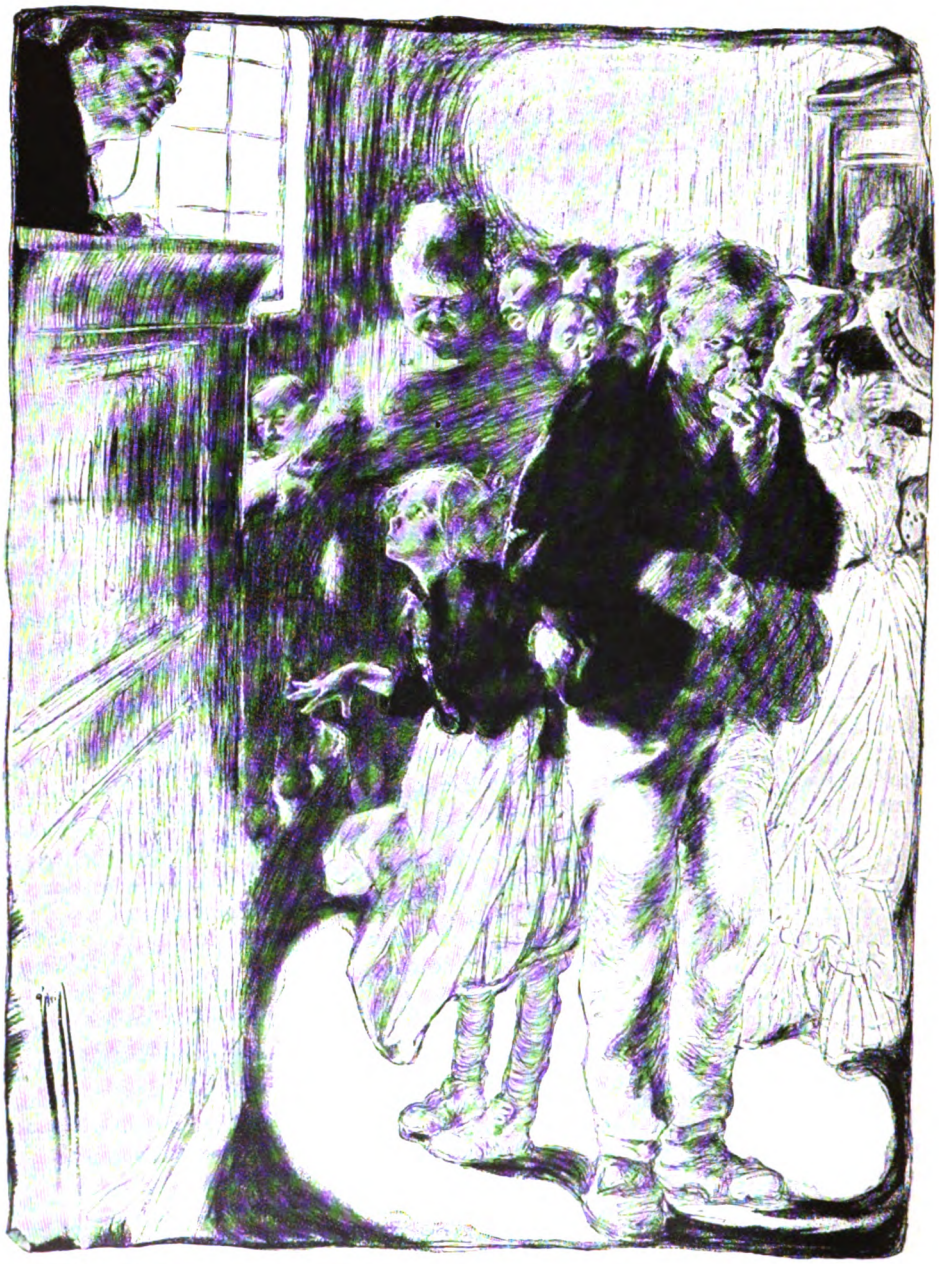
railroad, in charge of traffic, puts him among the first traffic authorities in the world; and that in operating he has grappled with every hard question that can come up, from the superintendent's office to that of the president.

It is less than ten years ago that American trunk lines found their traffic affairs completely demoralized. They were carrying coal to tidewater at a direct loss, and, while receivers administered the affairs of the weaker lines, the stronger, like bears, were living on their own fat. On the Pennsylvania, the death of George B. Roberts, and the short term of Mr. Thomson's presidency, left a condition serious and perplexing. After much anxious deliberation the directors turned in their emergency to Mr. Cassatt, who, nineteen years earlier, had gone into retirement to enjoy the hard-earned leisure of a fortune already acquired, and a career signally successful. The committee appointed to wait on Mr. Cassatt found him working, like Cincinnatus, on his farm. It must not be forgotten, however, that, in this season of retirement, so called, Mr. Cassatt served as a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and continued in touch with the problems that affected that system during those years, when unreasonable competition was so general. He served also as president of a Commission appointed in 1891 by the President of the United States to consider the project of an Inter-continental Railway to connect North, Central and South America, and, as a director in various great financial institutions, was always in touch with the commercial currents of the country. While for a man of average capacity, this would constitute sufficient employment, the strenuous working habits of the retired railway chieftain readily disposed of it, and afforded him sufficient opportunity for rest and for that deliberate consideration of the railroad situation of the entire country, which would have been an impossibility in active railroad life.

The success of the Pennsylvania directors in prevailing on Mr. Cassatt proved a master-stroke. With a swiftness and a certainty that astonished practiced financiers, Mr. Cassatt proved himself to be one of the greatest of financiers. With a surprising decision and a celerity he began acquiring for the Pennsylvania road those lines whose weak condition made living freight rates for his own lines impossible. In quick succession he bought, either directly or through other lines, a substantial interest in the Baltimore and Ohio, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, and later in the Philadelphia and Reading, which controlled the Jersey Central. He put, in a word, the whole trunk line situation on its feet, and, having done so, he applied himself vigorously to the problem on his own system of providing facilities for handling a future traffic, the unexampled volume of which he alone seems clearly to have apprehended must come from the bursting expansion of the country's industries. His plans for the re-building of the Pennsylvania system fairly staggered ordinary men, and brought upon his head the most reckless criticism. But even before the extraordinary improvements are wholly completed, the traffic records of recent years have justified Mr. Cassatt's foresight.

These really tremendous operations seem to have been affected without disturbing his personal poise. He is rarely first to speak or first to announce a conclusion in a conference; and his absolute simplicity is most refreshing.

As a body then, I take it, these railroad presidents of to-day, in ability and integrity, compose a remarkable group of Americans. In contrast with the speculative and stock-jobbing executive of a generation ago they stand out clearly as men of a stronger and higher type. Indeed, their administration of affairs has been so clean-handed and even that the day is already felt when railroad securities themselves will disappear from the speculative markets, leaving them to industrial stocks while the railroad stocks are held purely as investments. A generation ago it could hardly have been thought that this could ever come to pass, yet stock-brokers even now discuss the coming of such a day. One thing alone has made it possible, namely, the growth of a bigger, broader type of the American railroad man and the score of men at the head of the various lines stand for hundreds of vice-presidents and general managers below them of the same caliber—the American railroad presidents of to-morrow.



"A few words of stinging rebuke."

JIM'S JESS

By Marion Hill

WITH DRAWINGS BY ROSE CECIL O'NEIL

"I'D turn summersets, if I was you," counseled Jess, worried but resourceful. "Summersets is the one thing what goes better on a empty stummick nor on a full one."

At the first hoarse wail of the factory horn, which warned Garden Avenue that the day's toil had commenced, Jim's young brood awakened all at once, all together and all shrilly clamoring for food, like a nest of robbins; but, alas, their nest was neither airy nor clean, and the poor little robbins were ragged and dirty, and far scrawnier than should be.

"Jess, milk?" fretted Baby Lou.

"Jess, bread," said Annie Ella.

"Jess, breakfast," demanded Jamie.

"Jess, hu-u-ungry?" they yowled, in starved chorus.

"Youse quit?" shrieked Jess, in the voice of a termagant; but it was anxiety, and not anger, that upset her nerves. By virtue of her twelve years she was guardian of the motherless flock, and the problem of food-getting was a serious one. When they had "quitted," she said, gently temporizing, "nobody eats till they's dressed. That's the lady, Annie Ella, to dress yourself. Ha, Jamie, I'd be shame' to leave my little sister do better nor what I could. A big boy like you and can't dress yourself yet. Ain't you shame'?"

"Nope," chirped Jamie, hopping backward and forward over an imaginary nothing on the bare floor, and dangling a tattered garment under Jess's nose. "Dress me."

"When I've buttoned Annie Ella, and Baby Lou lets go my nose. There. Come, Jamie. Keep still. Quit prancing? I'd sooner button up a billy-goat. It's a good thing youse all sleep in most you' clothes. Folks what dress from the skin out every morning never *do* git done. There."

"Jess, milk," repeated the baby, rolling down her little lip. The sight struck Jess's heart with fierce pain, quite as if she had been a woman grown and a mother.

"Jess, breakfast?"

"Jess, hu-u-ungry?"

"Quit? Did youse ever see breakfast on legs, walking t'rough a door?" shouted Jess, frantic.

"N-no," quavered the children.

"Or wit' wings, maybe, flewing in at a windy?" Her sarcasm was great.

"Nope," said the children, beginning to giggle.

"Don't I have to go out for it?"

"Yep."

"Well, leave me do it, then." She clutched up the heavy baby and staggered to the door. "Jamie and Annie Ella, youse stay here till Jess gits back. Don't you budge. That's good kids. Quit scrapping! Quit! Or you'll wish youse hadn't. Will youse quit, or *will* youse? And I called youse 'good.' Well, where jollying ain't no use, walloping *is*. Ha, you'd better. Play on the bed. Jamie, you learn Annie Ella how to turn summersets, and be glad the both of youse for hollow innards so's to bend easy. Quit! *Do youse want the cat should git there first?*"

This hint was awful enough to put the wrangling Jamie and Annie Ella on their good behavior, and during the lull Jess slid out into the street.

Garden Avenue,—and the irony of the name is enough to make Heaven itself weep,—is squalid indeed, by daylight.

Jess, with her ripped skirt, her unclean face, her touzled hair, holding her smeared burden of a baby, was no reproach to her surroundings. Perhaps an outsider might have been amazed at the innocent and preoccupied smile that she wore, but that was manufactured and put on,—for Jess intended to steal.

Right here may as well be repeated a certain conversation held concerning her, a few days back, between two members of a

"Do youse want the cat should git there first?"

charitable society which labored much in Garden Avenue. Of the two members, one was young and pitiful, the other was elderly and prudent, and the conversation was in regard to a free outing to be given to deserving children.

"Does this Jim's Jess,—I don't know her last name,—deserve to go?" asked the matron.

"Her 'deserts' I cannot answer for," replied the girl, gently, "but her 'need' is unquestionable."

"I wish you would drop your hair-splitting, and give me some direct replies. Is this Jess truthful?"

"She is the most arrant little l— fibber on the avenue, which is saying much; but," qualified the girl, slowly, "she is truer than gold."

"Pshaw! do answer a simple question. Can she be relied upon to behave herself, to speak cleanly? Is she fit to go with the others?"

"She never 'behaves;' and her language is dreadful; but, for all that, she is one of 'the pure in heart.'"

Jess did not go on the outing.

Continually heaving and hoisting the down-sagging baby, Jess eventually reached Miss Galloway's yard, sneaked in by way of a hole in Mrs. Riordan's fence, and hurried to the back stoop. The cat *had* got there first; and was delicately lapping its saucer of milk.

"Ha, pretty kitty. Baby see pretty kitty," cooed Jess, for the deceiving of a possible listener, while she briskly snatched the saucer from under the cat's whiskers and held it to the lips of the baby, who drank contentedly.

At the purloining of his meal, the cat haughtily turned his back upon Jess, sat down, coiled its tail neatly around its dapper toes, and gazed at the sky with the absorbed dignity of an astronomer.

"The likes of a cat for sass," murmured Jess, conscience smitten and impressed. She saw to it that the baby left a taste of milk in the saucer, then she ingratiated it in front of the furry feet. Thomas arched himself with elaborate languidness, stepped airily over the saucer and sat down in a new place, haughtier than ever.

Jess felt the slight.

"You'd think a cat had oughter be 'shameder than sin of being a cat," she told the baby, "but it ain't; it ac's proud to death over it."

The worried look which had left her wizened little face while the baby was

drinking now returned in full force, for Jamie and Annie Ella had to be provided for, to say nothing of Jess herself.

Suddenly she darted through the gap, ran across the "avenue," and boldly rapped at the side door of Mrs. Williams' shack. Mrs. Williams was a fat negress, genial and unreserved, who came to the door in an expansive purple wrapper and a more expansive smile.

"Why, hello, Jess—chile! hello, honey-babe!" she shouted amiably.

"Mis' Williams, please, I want you should leave me feed your chickens."

"Laws-ee! I ent no disobjections, but wha' *for* yo' want?"

"I—I—it tickles Baby Lou."

"Sure. Whoo-ee!" she puffed, rising mountainously with tremendous bursts of laughter at her own hugeness, "I'se got a pan o' leavin's right handy."

Going indoors, she soon returned with a greasy skillet containing scraps of cold mush, bacon rinds, egg shells and crumbs of cornbread. Seeing this, Jess was attacked with a delicious goneness of the insides, and her eyes glittered voraciously.

A sudden suspicion seized her good-hearted friend.

"'Pears to me, chile, yo' mighty peaked lookin'. When yo' eat last? Is yo' Paw lookin' out fo' yo'-all?"

"Yes, *ma'am*," averred Jess defiantly, "he is. Our breakfast is eat up long ago." She hurried away with pan and baby to the back of the lot where the chickens were, while Mrs. Williams yelled after her:—

"It ent no good fo' yo' to lie to me, chile. Ef that shif'less Jim, that rippit-y paw o' yo'-alls, don't wuk decent fo' yo' honey-chilluns, yo' jes' tole him fum *me* I'll smack him fur as I kin send him firs' chanst I gits. I ent skeer'!"

At a safe distance though she was, the mortified crimson burned Jess' face and she hung her head, speechless.

Poor, little, tortured Jess! She itched to fling the contents of the skillet to the winds, but dared not,—for Jamie's sake and Annie Ella's,—and so, when Mrs. Williams, still muttering threats, backed into her domicile, Jess tipped the chickens' food into Baby Lou's dress, fed egg shells to the defrauded fowls long enough to avert suspicion, then left the skillet on the doorstep and sped home quickly.

"Come on, kids," she cried, hailing her brood gaily and dumping the infant to the floor. "Baby Lou's the dish, so we'll set her in the middle and eat out of her."

Jess saw to it that they ate fair, dealt out the mush and cornbread with scrupulous exactness, and gave each a bacon rind as the fit finish to a fine whole.

Their hunger satisfied, Jamie stood upon his head and Annie Ella walked gravely around and around on her hands and feet, like a young cub. Jess fairly screamed to make them attend to her.

"Jamie, do you want that Jess should knock your block off? No? Then turn right side up and listen. Annie Ella, quit playing you was a zoo. Be a lady. A perfect lady always walks on her hindlegs. Listen. Ain't I got to go with Terry Mahone to the police court to tell the jedge to let Dad go, because he's a good Dad, and we want him to home?"

"We don't," said Jamie.

"And he ain't goot," contributed Annie Ella. "He hit yer one in the eye and it's swole yet."

"He'll swole them both if I don't go," said Jess. "Terry Mahone 'll be waiting for me. Youse must stay here by youselfs, and mind Baby Lou. Mind her good. And mind youselfs, too. What would Jess do if she got back and there

Holding her smeared burden of a baby.

wasn't no Baby Lou, no Annie Ella and no Jamie? What *would* Jess do?"

She knelt on the floor and took the three little ones in her loving arms, while quick tears sprang to her eyes,—tears of an affection too intense to find expression in any other way. The rare exhibition sobered Jamie and Annie Ella into promising exemplary behavior. "Don't play with matches. Well, there ain't none anyways. And don't open the door to nobody, only Mrs. Terry Mahone, what said she'd come and bring dinner to youse, and if she don't, may the devil carry her off and fly up with her,—that's what I says."

Tearing herself away, Jess ran as hard as she could to the saloon on the next street, whose wealthy proprietor, the great Terry Mahone, was to pilot her to court.

Terry Mahone was busy looking after some votes which he would need badly in a week or so, and it was worth his while to try, if he could, to save Jim from a workhouse sentence by proving that Jim was his family's sole support and stay.

"If you don't look like the last run of shad," he exclaimed. "Did you think it was a rag-fair that we're to attend? You weedy wafer, I wonder if Mrs. Terry hadn't better clean you a bit. No, perhaps you're valuable just so. Come on. And I'll tell you what you're to say."

He did, but it all passed flightily over her head, she was so busy studying his profile, until she found herself benched in Judge Nutt's court room.

Then there were other things. It was one vast vaudeville, and Jess leaned back and curled her toes and enjoyed every minute of it.

Beside Jess sat a motherly looking woman in charge of a sleek young Chinaman, a missionary and her convert, about whom she talked volubly to anyone who would listen, and for whom she then and there actually wheedled five dollars from a charitable stranger. Jess did not take kindly to the idea that a "chink" had any economic value whatever, except as a target at which to "soak

"The likes of a cat for sass!"

rocks," and she thought that the missionary was both careless and profane in coupling, as she so often did,—the Lord's name with the "chink's."

Finally to her ears came mention of a certain "James Kerrigan," —and looking up she caught sight of her father.

This sudden meeting, touched, in her, unknown depths of love for him, and she turned crimson in her embarrassment of pity and loyalty.

"Oh, Dad, Dad!" she cried, piercingly, holding out her arms, while tears sprang from their near lurking-place and rolled down her cheek. The court-room quivered with the childish call.

Jim grinned sheepishly, shambled his feet, and hung his head.

Then Jess recovered her self-command, for his sake, and grinned too. Her hand was taken by Terry Mahone, who was talking with low rapidity, and she was drawn forward. Then her own name began to figure largely in the conversation.

The great Terry Mahone.

"Poor little creature, is her mother dead?" asked the Judge.

Jess spoke up.

"Yes, Jedge," she said, cheerfully, "some of 'em's dead and some ain't. The dead uns don't give me no trouble; it's the others."

The Judge looked at Jim who hung his head still lower and the great Terry, talking faster than ever, found himself waved aside.

"Come here, Jess," said the Judge, "how old are you?"

"'Leven going on twelve. No, I guess I've gone twelve. I went twelve a while ago. I'm twelve going on thirteen."

"Thirteen,—an unlucky age, is it not, Jess?" The Judge's voice was gentle and pitying.

"I'm the oldest," she answered, vaguely.

"How many are there at home!"

"Baby Lou and Jamie and Annie Ella."

"Who takes care of you?"

"Me."

"What does your father do for you?"

"Nothing, Jedge, nothing," pleaded Jess, mentally denying the blows and threats with which Jim kept his family supplied, such times as he was with them.

"What would happen if I should send him away for a while?"

Jess rubbed her discolored eye thoughtfully and did not say.

"Who buys your food?"

"Me."

"Where does the money come from?"

"Lots of times I sell coal to a Jew what lives in the rear," began Jess, stopping discreetly when she remembered that the legal mind was prejudiced against the picking up of coal from railroad tracks.

"Oh," observed the Judge, with mild irony, "your father owns a coal mine, I suppose."

"Yes," said Jess, relieved, "and other times I turns the wringer for a lady what washes, and this is the day, and I gotter hump myself so soon as you gits t'rough with me, and she gives me a dime."

"Where does your father work?"

"I dunno."

"Do you go to school?"

"Well, wouldn't that rattle your slats?" asked Jess, blithely. "If I was to school, who'd mind the kids and find their breakfast?"

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Popcorn, oysters and ice cream."

"What?"

"Popcorn and oysters," amended Jess, feeling that to repeat the ice cream might be foolhardy.

"Oh, Jess, Jess."

"Popcorn."

"Oh, Jess."

She drooped her head and blushed.

The Judge drew her gently to his side and coaxed the truth from her. She found herself telling him a great deal, past and present. At the end of it he took

Jim in hand, giving him as uncomfortable a half hour as that loafer had ever known, and winding up by fining him ten dollars and costs and sentencing him to the workhouse for thirty days,—equivalent to a six months' incarceration.

"Good-by, Jess," said Jim, lifting her in his arms. He felt respect for her because she had injured him. He had never thought her worthy of any regard, but now she had "done him up," he was touched.

"Look after the kids," he whispered, as he put her down.

"Sure," she promised.

She did not hear the Judge recommend herself and the "kids" to the supervision of the Outdoor Relief Society and consequently had no inkling of the fact that her condition was soon to be much bettered; she was too busy knuckling the angry tears from her dimmed eyes. Limply submitting to some constraining hand, she was lead from the room and found herself out upon the street with Terry Mahone.

Twisting her hand from his, she sped back to Garden Avenue, to the house of the lady who washed.

During a weary afternoon she toiled doggedly and incessantly, running from wringer to clothes line and from clothes line to wringer, and easing her mind by but two remarks :—

"On Gord's earth, there's nothing dirtier than cleaning," she muttered once.

Then, at the end of the day, when she received ten cents, she said, oracularly :—

"There's only one thing worse than having work to do, and that's *not* having it."

Aching less with weariness than with desire to comfort her neglected little ones, she raced to a grocery, bought a supper of buns and milk, and then hurried to the rescue of the shut-in brood.

They were tired, frightened, cross, hungry and crying. Jess was not dismayed, but, with wonderful love and cheeriness petted them back to happiness, feeding them, walking with Baby Lou, binding up Jamie's bruised toe, kissing Annie Ella's bump, romping with them until blissful fatigue took them prisoners, and finally, patting and crooning them off to sleep upon the one lumpy mattress which served them all as a bed.

Jess could not sleep. She found herself going over the day and recalling bits of conversation, unnoticed till now. She remembered hearing Terry Mahone advise a man to try to buy property on Garden Avenue, as it was just possible that the Traction Company might run a car line through it. This visionary trolley terrified Jess. She could see Jamie and Annie Ella under the cruel wheels, mercilessly crushed. How could she protect them? She had promised Dad. Perhaps—a good spanking—

"I gotter do it," she muttered reluctantly. "I promised Dad. I gotter."

Forthwith she dragged the older two of the babies from their sleep, and, by vigorous shaking, aroused them to semi-consciousness. She treated them as marionnettes, they wanted so to drop to the floor.

"Listen," she said, "there's cars going past our door, and youse going to git under 'em and git killed, and I'm going to spank youse for it."

"Oh, we'll be good, we'll be good," implored the drowsy victims.

"I bet youse will, when I'm t'rough," said Jess, grimly, but with tears in her eyes, "I'm going to spank youse fierce."

And she did, explaining her reason.

"Now will youse keep from under?"

"Yes, yes, yes," they sobbed; and then she comforted them and kissed them, and got them again to sleep. Her last thought was of the pampered Chinese boy.

"I wish them Chinks would git to Jesus quicker nor what they does," she ruminated, "and then them mish'nary guys might have time to come pollywogging round and see what they could do for me and the kids. I wish them Chinks would hump."

THE SPY

A True Episode of the Manchurian Campaign Told by a Japanese Officer Who Was Present During the Events Described, and Literally Translated for this Magazine

AUTUMN was in the breath of the evening,—the evening of the 29th of September, 1904. The birds were going home to nest. The day was falling upon us at the entrance of a nameless village to the north of Entai coal mine; we were over our evening meal. A Chinaman passed us, walking away rapidly. Like the birds in the sundown hour, he was perhaps making for his home. He had in his left hand a scythe, and upon the rim of his Chinese helmet the sun was printing his farewell kiss; evidently homing from his work of reaping the kauling. So rapidly was he making his way that one thought he was running. One of our privates caught sight of the native, and he wanted him to help him a little before he went home. He called to the Chinaman, and said in Chinese, "A cup of water, please; fetch it here." He held out a bowl. The Chinaman stopped for an instant. He did not even salute us, and then, as before, he turned his face north and began walking away. Not that our soldier needed his services so very much, but the insolence in that haughty and silent air of the native made a slight impression upon him. Perhaps we were sensitive; most assuredly we have never had much training in receiving this sort of treatment with grace. We had kept company with our swords for now many a day; the edge of our temper had been polished quite as sharply as that of our blades. One of us who read the full meaning across the back which the Chinaman had turned upon us, said: "Um!" and without another word he took after the Chinaman. Without any trouble he caught up with him; and as he laid his impolite hand upon the native of the soil, the Chinese helmet flew away from his head, and before our soldier stood, in the Chinese costume, with a Chinese scythe, a handsome soldier of Russia.

Six of us who were present rushed upon him in an instant, and a moment later he was our prisoner.

And the following I have gathered from his own statement:—

On the 14th day of September, of the Russian calendar—that is to say, on the twenty-seventh of the ninth moon of ours—the company to which he belonged was some ten versts to the northwest of the Entai station. Its position seemed to be desperate. It had lost many men, but the spirit of the commander of this company was not broken. In spite of reverses, the number of which cannot be counted, and the critical nature of which was enough to bury a brave heart in despair, this commander yet dreamed of recovering everything which had been lost. In the depth of humiliation and defeat, he yet dreamed of a victory, all the more glorious because it would come from such a depth of defeat.

What he wished to find out was the exact details of our camp, our position, our strength, our entrenchments and the way we were trying to entrap him. There was no other way to find out these details but to send a man to report upon them. He called for a volunteer. The prisoner answered the invitation. He was the first. He understood the weight of the responsibility he assumed; his commander knew that he was equal to the task. He donned the costume of a Chinaman, and wandered out in the direction of the Nippon camps. Many sentries of ours, the sharpness of whose eyes no one can question, he passed by; it spoke well for his daring and for his presence of mind. He walked and wandered through the country occupied by our army; passed and repassed our camps with that sweet air of saintly innocence of a child loitering through the roads and by-paths of his native village. He had made a critical and detailed examination of our defenses, of the number of our men, of the trenches, of the position of the main force; nothing seemed to have escaped him. At the time he passed by our thirsty soldiers he was on his way home to his comrades; back to his captain. It was then Heaven was unkind to him.

There he stood, in front of our officers; not very tall, neither fleshy nor lean, his militant figure stood out well against the uniforms of the men of the Nippon army, which afforded a brave background. Upon his cheeks he had roses which one sees oftener on the cheeks of a woman, but very rarely upon a battlefield. He stood before his judges; his large eyes, without fear, were fixed frankly upon the men who were the arbiters of his life. There was not the remotest touch of insolence, however; on the contrary, when he was first led out before the court, he saluted the officers with a strict military courtesy, and showed in every feature and gesture a profound sense of respect. Silence fell upon the court. From here and there a number of our men had gathered together to witness the trial of this Russian spy. I venture to say there was not a more respectful crowd of spectators at any court ceremony in Tokio. You would have said the men were hardly breathing.

Major Fukuwara, the chief of the judges, spoke slowly and in a low voice he repeated the facts as he had gathered them from the statement made by the prisoner himself, and from the reports made by his captors. He concluded: "According to the laws of our army, the prisoner has been judged, his sentence shall be read before him." Captain Hamamo rose and read:—

"A resident of the village of Revezyofka (?) in the district of Penzensky (?) in the province of Penzensky (?); a private in rank, belonging to the 284th regiment reserve of the 71st division Chemvalsky(?) of the Fifth army, Wasily Liapoff(?) thirty-three years of age.*

"The prisoner, with the object of spying the dispositions of our army, under the guise of a farmer of China, since the 27th of September of this thirty-seventh year (1904), has been prosecuting his work. Past the Mukden station, and making his way in the direction of the southeast, he penetrated into our lines, and he has been engaged in examining our positions and our activity. He was caught in the act of spying. After due examination, and based upon the facts attained thereby, the prisoner is sentenced as follows :—

"Liapoff is guilty of death.

'Thirty-seventh year of Meiji, thirtieth day of the ninth moon at Chiban, in the Province of Mukden in China.

Chief of Judges,
FUKUWARA TETSUTARO,
Major, Infantry of the General Staff.
HAMAMO MATASUKE,
Captain, Infantry of the General Staff.

The interpreter repeated his sentence to the prisoner. I watched the prisoner closely at this point. He had expected this no doubt. Nevertheless, I was curious to see if the death sentence would have any effect upon this brave Russian; if it would perhaps give him a touch of sadness? Moreover, I was interested to see what effect such a sentence would have on the sentimental life of a western fighting man. I had heard a number of things as to the emotional life of the Western people. I was somewhat surprised, and if all were confessed, my surprise had a touch of disappointment also. I saw before me a man whose features the death sentence had not affected in the least; not a twitch of muscle, not a shadow upon his face. As soon as the meaning of the final

* As these names are spelled in Chinese characters, it is impossible to insure the correct Russian spelling.

sentence was carried to him, once more he saluted his judges. He said simply; his voice was as clear as the sky above us :—

"It is quite satisfactory to me."

And once more his lips were a strong line of determination; not another word came from them. On the fields all about us the gold of the sinking sun was falling upon the gold of autumn leaves.

In the valley of Chiban, under the shadow of a lonely tree, there stood the Russian spy. The judges, the surgeons, and a number of witnesses made a solemn group. Upon them all the pathos of the fall of an autumn day had something of poetry, something of pathos that is beyond words. He was led to the spot of execution. Our soldier who had escorted him untied his cords. I was watching very intently, and at this point there came into my eyes a flood of tears which dimmed my vision and which I could not very well drive away. I saw our soldier who had led the prisoner and had untied the cords that bound him, rubbing the prisoner's wrists where the cords had cut in somewhat; a mother could hardly rub a tired hand of her child with greater tenderness. After rubbing his wrists, this private of ours rubbed down the prisoner's arms. The prisoner permitted this final grace which spoke of the kindness of the human heart; he turned to the soldier and made known to him the last request of his life. He wished to have the permission to communicate with his God in the last prayer of his life upon earth. Permission was given him. He closed his eyes, and for hours, as it seemed to me, he remained perfectly silent, his head upturned to heaven where his God evidently was harkening into him; and then falling down upon his knees, he seemed to bow to the four corners of the skies. We who watched him murdered our breaths.

Under that stainless sun-down sky, Captain Hamamo of the staff, accompanied by an interpreter, made his quiet way to the prisoner. When he was face to face with the Russian spy, he said : "Would you let me ask you a few questions?" The tone of the captain was low, modest and full of respect. I saw from the expression of the prisoner that there was something about the Captain's voice that went home to his heart. The Russian assented humbly.

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"Two."

Oh, yes, there was a tremor, a shudder in the voice of the prisoner that spoke the last word. I could see that his features and the color of his face, which had been so steady, so calm before, under the cold words of his death sentence, were now the very picture of a suppressed storm. The captain, with increasing respect in the tone of his voice, said :—

"Permit me to say that I am facing this day one of the bravest men in any army; perhaps, the bravest among the fighting men of Imperial Russia. I have the distinction of speaking, doubtless, to one of the most loyal subjects of the Russian Emperor. We regret that we are compelled, according to the law of war in practice both in the Imperial land of Nippon, as well as elsewhere, to witness your death. As an individual, however, I cannot refrain myself from presenting to you, humbly, my respect and admiration for your bravery. Permit me to assure you, also, that my sympathy for your wife and children is past all expression. I have presumed to express my respect and my sympathy, and for one reason : Is there anything that you would like to say to your wife, and to your children? At this last moment of your life, is there something in your heart that you would wish to be carried to the people who are waiting your return? As a fellow soldier, and upon my honor, I shall take upon myself, no matter what it may cost, to see to it that your last messages will find the people to whom you wish to send them."

And I saw that in the eyes of the Russian soldier were a flood of tears that would not be stayed, even by his heroic determination. I saw in the eyes of the captain tears that were quite as sincere. There were moments that would rend asunder the hearts of the bravest. There was a brief silence that froze our hearts. At last the prisoner turned his face to the captain. The light of his eyes was trembling through the flood of tears, and he said :—

"At the time when I was captured, I was thoroughly aware that this moment would come to me; nevertheless, your words of sympathy, as you see, have touched me deeply. This life of mine, I

have offered to my master, and at this time I have nothing to say to my wife, to my children at home. I only thank you for your words of sympathy and tenderness." And with that, he stretched out his hand toward the captain. You can believe that the hand of the captain came out promptly, and there they shook hands on the Manchurian field, a Russian soldier and a Nippon officer.

His eyes were covered with a piece of white cloth; he stood under the shadow of a tree. Five soldiers stepped to the front, and a petty officer, with a sword drawn, directed them. All eyes were upon the prisoner. The only sound was the sound of the falling leaves upon the sod. There was a signal and a report, and one of the bravest of Russian soldiers went to a long sleep.

THE APPEASING OF KHALI

The Story of a Dog and a Datto

By Frederick Walworth

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. R. GRUGER

SERGEANT HOOK came off duty with disgust at the soul of him. Peace and quietness lay over the archipelago destroying the zest of life. He had joined the army with intent to fight, and for months now the dead weight of peace had burdened his spirit.

In this condition he met Corporal Toplatch over near the mess hall. The corporal's long cadaverous face announced an uplifted frame of mind. His cheerfulness grated on the sergeant's nerves.

"Hello, Jarvey," called the corporal as though existence were one glad song.

"Oh, go to h—l," drawled Jarvey bitterly.

The corporal halted in his tracks.

"Say," he asked, "what's eatin' into *your* vitals? Sick?"

Jarvey disdained reply and strode on.

"All right," Eleazar called cheerfully after him. "I was going to ask the honor of your presence to a dog fight, but never mind. It's only for white folks anyhow."

"Where?" demanded Jarvey, wheeling abruptly.

"What?" asked Eleazar.

"The dog fight."

"What dog fight?"

"See here, Eleazar," said Jarvey penitently. "I take it all back. I never meant it. When are you going to pull it off?"

"Well," said the corporal. "It'll likely be some little time yet. You know that infernal dog Burkett's got; cross between a bull terrier an' a rattlesnake?"

"Sure," said Jarvey. "Found something to lick him?"

"Look at this here," said Eleazar darkly.

He dug into a pocket of his coat and pulled out a fat and sleepy yellow puppy.

"Brindled bull," he said proudly. "Pedigree from the time o' Moses."

"Where'd you get him?" demanded Jarvey, examining the pup.

"Found him," replied the corporal easily.

"Where'd you get the pedigree?" asked Jarvey.

"Say," snapped Eleazar, "If you didn't ask so many questions you'd be easier in your mind."

"Eleazar," said Jarvey slowly, "that pup's been stole. That kind don't grow wild. Them legs are the result o' civilization."

"Well, what if he was stolen," said Eleazar. "I found him—the feller that had him was right anxious to part with him quick, so I bought him for two dollars."

The puppy meantime had stuck his nose

"What's eatin' into your vitals?"

under Jarvey's arm and gone to sleep. He was not more than four weeks old. Jarvey looked down at the tiny soft wad on his arm, watched the quick breathing of the little fellow, felt him snuggle a little closer, and turned suddenly to the corporal.

"Give you three dollars for him, Eleazar," he said.

Eleazar was from Connecticut.

"Oh, I ain't eager to sell him Jarvey. I bought him to raise—I'm goin' to lick that dog o' Burkett's with him. I wouldn't sell him for ten dollars, I don't believe."

Jarvey thought a minute.

"I'm near broke Eleazar," he said, "but if ye'll wait till pay day I'll give you twelve."

"He's worth more," said Eleazar thoughtfully, "but if you'll make it fifteen you can have him."

"Done!" said Jarvey and bore away his treasure.

From the very start the big sergeant and the diminutive puppy were quite inseparable, and despite his early separation from the natural base of supplies the puppy grew and thrived amazingly.

"I've named him Kais after the Emporer o' Germany," Jarvey announced the day after the transfer.

"Why?" demanded Eleazar.

"Because he's the sort that's always looking for trouble," said Jarvey.

At six months Kais had permanently subdued every four-footed creature in the cantonments, from the Colonel's big Irish setter to the mongrel mascot of E Company, known as Burkett's dog. He was lord of all he surveyed, for the men openly worshipped him.

When he attained his growth he was so ugly he was positively handsome. From the bunch of wrinkles called his nose to the twisted abortion called his tail, he was a highly symmetrical collection of asymmetric curves. He had something of the compactly competent appearance of a battleship. He was all there. He was able. One instinctively shrank from offering him gratuitous indignity.

Yet, despite this somewhat terrifying appearance, he proved upon acquaintance a gentleman of the most exemplary manners, at least towards those whom he considered his equals. Nor was he unduly fastidious in his selections for acquaintanceship. Humanity he divided into two classes,—white folk and others.

Sam, the very excellent darkey who acted as cook of the officers' mess, essayed to pet him in his early youth, and Kais promptly took a sample of African calf. Bung Loo, the bland Celestial who supplied the post with vegetables, lost his dignity and parts of his apparel as the result of an ill-advised attempt at pleasantry with Kais.

The men, sympathizing entirely with his instinctive aversion to color, nourished and developed the same, till it became dangerous for any but a white man of absolutely unmixed parentage to wish the dog good-morning.

Kais first saw active service in a little one-company campaign against Ladrones. He did his share of the work, and came home minus an ear, with a bolo slash across his ribs. These very naturally endeared him to the men, who never wearied telling of the little Malay rascal who would go lame the rest of his days because Kais had closed his jaws upon his shank.

So when the regiment was ordered away to Mindanao, to open up the Lake Lanao district, Kais went along, as a matter of course.

"Jarvey," said Corporal Toplatch, "you better leave the pup to home. Them fellers down there eat dogs, they tell me."

"Don't you worry, Eleazar," replied Jarvey. "He's some able to look out for himself, an' any little nigger that wants to eat him has got to catch him first."

"Yes," agreed the Corporal, "I cal'late he would have something to say when it came to bein' et by them yellow folks."

So Kais went along, and was very seasick on the transport, and arrived at Iligan quite limp and dejected. So much so that the passage of a native scout within a foot of him elicited only a half-hearted growl.

It was a delicate job ahead of the regiment. There was a road to be built through hostile territory, up-hill from the coast to the lake. The region was infested with a hundred little chieflets, each at odds with all his neighbors, but all agreed upon one emotion, unreasoning hatred and suspicion of the whites.

Spain had never succeeded in bringing them to terms, and numerous encounters with her soldiery, in which the dattos had come off with all the honors, had left them with a swollen sense of invincible prowess.

Their weak spot was the mutual jealousy of the chiefs. It was a case for diplomacy, and skilfully were they played upon. Within a month there were squads of brown men working on the road, side by side with the big white soldiers, and the work seemed as good as done, for each succeeding chief was scouring his territory for his henchmen, lest he be outdone by his neighbors in the number of his road-builders.

Kais assisted Jarvey as foreman of a road-building gang, and the sections assigned to these two were always among the first completed, for the little brown men worked with a will under the driving of the big sergeant and his wicked-looking assistant. When a native paused in his labor, the dog had an ominous way of sidling up and looking at him, that was more effective than even the unexpurgated language of the sergeant.

Everything was running smoothly, and the end seemed almost in sight when Kais stepped in like an evil genius and blocked the wheels of progress. The road had reached the boundary line of a certain Datto Khali.

This Khali was represented as inordinately vain, extremely suspicious, but inclined to be friendly with the Americans. The general in command had sent for him to come in and make terms, and, after the usual delay to show his independence, the datto came, surrounded by his suite, all armed with deadly campilan, very dignified and swelled-headed.

By evil chance, Kais had selected for his siesta a shady spot fair in the path by which the party must approach headquarters. He was not accustomed to move for any but white folks. He saw no reason for moving now.

One of the suite aimed a kick at the dog's ribs. The kick would have done no harm, for the gentleman was barefooted, but it was an indignity not to be brooked. Kais sprang back, and since all brown men looked alike to him, and the chief happened to be nearest, he laid hold valiantly a little above the august ankle bone, settled himself firmly, and shut his eyes, prepared for a stay of indefinite duration exactly in that position.

Khali came out of his dignity like an express train emerging from a tunnel. Yells rent the air. Every man Jack flourished a murderous campilan and sought opportunity to prove his prowess on the impious body of Kais.

But a campilan is a very wicked weapon. It is a yard long, and fashioned on the principle of a butcher's cleaver. It will lop off a man's arm at the shoulder with the ease and celerity of a circular saw. And so complicated and sudden were the gyrations of Khali and the parasitic bull-dog that the eager minions of the chief feared to aim a blow at the one least they involve the other also in the process of dissection.

Then the seventy-five inches of Sergeant Hook shouldered through the frantic riot,

grasped the datto with one hand and the dog with the other, spoke a word in the ear of Kais and effected the much desired separation. Then he took the dog under his arm and strode through the murderous crowd without once turning his head.

The horrified minions picked up their fallen chief and faded away by the road they had come, outraged dignity in every line of their unyielding backs.

Early next morning came a messenger from the datto asserting his absolute independence, denying the right of road-making across his territory and demanding the immediate death of Kais as a preliminary to any negotiations.

Jarvey sought counsel of Eleazar.

"Looks to me," he said sadly, "as though this was where the pup makes his finish. Those fellows are after him and we'll have to produce him."

"Hide him," advised the corporal.

"Can't," said Jarvey, "no place to hide him."

Eleazar studied the problem.

"Then let's you an' me go an' bluff 'em out, Jarvey," said he—"Remember them little yellow devils up Cebu way!"

Jarvey considered the proposition.

"This one is another sort," he said, "but we might work it. We can't do any more'n lose the dog, anyhow. I'll go see the cap'n."

He sought Chislett and had a talk with him, after which the captain saw the Colonel and the Brigadier. Some one had to go and open up negotiations once more with the outraged datto. Jarvey volunteered for the somewhat delicate job and advanced reasons why he should be chosen.

The result of an ill-advised attempt at pleasantry.

Chislett knew his first sergeant and ultimately they let him go. Eleazar was included in the expedition and Kais was taken along, to be delivered up as a peace offering.

The company bade Kais a long and affecting farewell. They understood that his sacrifice was necessary. Even such a dog as Kais may not stand in the way of progress for a whole island. The road must go through, Khali must be appeased, Kais must act as the olive branch. The dog knew perfectly that something out of the ordinary was on foot, and when Jarvey

"This handsome pup is the gentleman who took the sample out of Your Highness' nigh hind prop."

hooked a leading chain to his collar, he hung back, reluctant to follow.

The two non-coms were armed with a brace of revolvers apiece but were cautioned under no circumstances to use them unless attacked. It was mid-afternoon when they approached Khali's bamboo stockade and waved a white handkerchief.

Directly the gate was opened and the two marched coolly in, followed by Kais, very meek, owing to the indignity of the chain. Instantly they were surrounded by a crowd of curious ones who jabbered excitedly and pointed at the dog. The two white men were directed down a street lined on either side by grass huts, from which came feminine titterings and giggles.

Before the datto's straw palace, in the center of the village, the procession halted and Jarvey demanded in English an audience with the chief.

"Tell him," he said, "that we have brought the dog."

Some one in the crowd understood and the message was communicated, for immediately appeared the datto Khali, supported by slaves on either side, and his right leg swathed in bandages. His face was sullen, suspicious of trickery and there came a wicked gleam in his eyes when they lighted on the shrinking bulldog.

The two soldiers made profound bows, Eleazar even placing a huge paw over his heart. It was very impressive and the datto was impressed—Jarvey then made an oration, the same being translated sentence by sentence to the chief.

"Your Royal and Infernal Highness," began the sergeant, and evidently the interpreter missed connections in the rendition, for Khali's looks softened as though his vanity were tickled.

"We have brought the animal that did the damage," went on Jarvey—"this handsome pup is the gentleman who took the sample out of Your Highness' nigh hind prop."

Eleazar turned aside with a spasm of coughing. Khali looked positively pleased.

"Of course he's got to take his medicine," continued the sergeant. "That's what we brought him for."

The datto nodded emphatically when this was interpreted.

"No dog can bite a chunk o' meat out o' such a high and mighty son of a hod-carrier as Your Highness, without paying for the fun, more's the pity. Are ye telling him what I say, you scoundrel?" this last to the perspiring interpreter.

"We thought likely you'd enjoy seeing him executed, Your Imperial Meanness," he went on, "so we fetched him over to do the job. Will you have him skinned alive, boiled in oil, or cut in quarters? It can be French-fried or mashed, just as you say."

How much of this percolated through the clogged interstices of the interpreter's brain and was communicated to the datto cannot be determined. Enough, however, so that he understood the dog was to be slain, and at the news his face lighted.

"But," said Jarvey, "there's one thing I'd ought to tell you. This dog has got a holy terror inside him, and none of us want to stand for what's going to happen if he's killed. But maybe Your Two-for-a-nickle Highness is willing to try the job?"

Jarvey paused, and Kahli eyed him suspiciously and then jabbered with his suite. Then he spoke to the interpreter.

"By how is it known there is devil in those dog?" that gentleman asked Jarvey.

"Easy," said the sergeant. "You see the size of him. He's built close to the ground. He's nothing but a one-story dog. He can't run any. His legs are warped. He's awful slow. But ever since he's had this devil he's been able to lick any dog that walks, no matter how big he is. It's all one to Kaiser. Anything on four legs and any number of 'em. If you've got any dogs in this village I can prove this devil business in about two moves."

By the veriest chance at that moment there came poking through the crowd a lean, gaunt, beast of a dog. He halted at sight of Kais, stretched out his neck inquiringly, his nose working like a rabbit's. He was twice the bulldog's height at the shoulder, but Kais viewed him with contempt and growled insultingly. Jarvey unsnapped the chain.

"Sic him, boy," he urged, and Kais leaped at the lean one, while the crowd fled to a safer distance. As Kais closed in the gaunt beast snapped like a wolf and then leaped aside. The bulldog missed his throat and the fangs of the stranger ripped his shoulder open for inches.

"Ay-yi-yi!" yelled the crowd delightedly, and even Khali deigned to smile.

"Nail him down, Kais," shouted Eleazar, and Kais took the advice.

He leaped again at the stranger's throat. The murderous fangs caught him in the face and a fold of skin fell over one eye, but he was game to the backbone of him, and before the big brute could turn aside he had him by the throat and they went down together in a furious struggle.

Jarvey stepped up to Eleazar.

"Set him on the crowd when I give the word," he whispered, "and make out you're scared seven ways at once."

The tussel of the combatants was short-lived. Kais had his hold, and the native dog lasted just so long as it took to choke him into insensibility. His struggles grew feebler till his snarls finally ceased, and he fell over limp with the half blind bulldog glued to his throat as though for all time.

The crowd began to press in nearer, eager to see the finish. Suddenly Kais' instinctive aversion asserted itself, and loosing his hold he looked up at the nearest native with a sidelong leer out of his single eye and growled murderously.

"Look out!" yelled Jarvey with all the strength of a forty-six inch chest. "Run for your lives!"

He turned himself and fled despairingly for the veranda of the datto's house. The crowd, caught at the psychological moment, fled in all directions with shrieks of panic.

"Sic 'em, Kais!" urged Eleazar. "Tear 'em up, old boy. Go for 'em!" and Kais, needing no urging, went for them like an avenging spirit. Eleazar wildly clawed his way to the ridge pole of a nipa hut, and from this point continued to encourage Kais to further efforts.

Fortunately a bulldog is not built for speed, and Kais' intended victims escaped him. Inside the palace the datto and Jarvey watched through a lattice, and Jarvey volunteered explanations.

"The devil's broke loose in him," he said gloomily. "It may last for hours."

Kais tore past the house, growling savagely, blood dripping from his face and shoulders, and Khali shivered.

"You see what an untamed devil it is," said Jarvey, sadly. "There's only one thing will quiet him now. The trouble is, he thinks this village is hostile. That devil of his has an idea you aren't friendly to us Americans."

"I am friendly," said Khali, hurriedly, when this was made known to him.

"Say," cried the sergeant, delightedly, "do you mean it? That'll fix it all right, if you do."

He seized the datto's hand, and looked earnestly into his eyes. Kais came up on the veranda without, sniffing eagerly and growling ominous threats under the urging of Eleazar across the way. Khali looked through the lattice.

"Yes," he said, "I am your friend."

"And you'll come over to-morrow and see the Old Man?" asked Jarvey. "He gave some presents to Datto Mazi down the road a piece, but I think he's got some better ones for you."

"Yes," said Khali, "to-morrow."

"Good enough," said Jarvey, and stepped to the lattice.

"Call him off, Eleazar," he cried. "It's all right. Put the chain on him, and it won't do any harm if he's still ferocious."

Eleazar whistled to the rampant Kais, scrambled down from the ridge pole, and snapped the chain on the dog's collar. Jarvey emerged, followed cautiously by the datto. Kais growled at sight of the chief, and Eleazar let him strain on the leash.

"Shall we leave him with you?" asked Jarvey. "Maybe you'd like to keep him. He's a fine dog, when the devil lets him alone."

"No," said Khali, hastily. "We are friends, but he might not understand."

"Maybe you're right," said the sergeant. He shook hands cordially with the chief. "Good-by, old man," he said. "See you to-morrow. So long," and the three of them stalked out of that village as though they owned it.

While Eleazar patched up the battle-scarred Kais, Jarvey went in to report.

"He'll be over to-morrow, sir, to make terms," he said.

"Did you kill the dog, sergeant?" asked Chislett.

"No, sir, we didn't have to. We cleaned up the village with him, and his Nibs wouldn't take him as a gift when we got through. We'll have to keep him out of sight to-morrow, though, or those fellows won't come within gun-shot of the camp. They've got a notion, somehow or other, that he's got a devil, an' they're a little bit worried about getting too close to him."

Courtesy of Dr. Leo. Stejneger.

THE DISCOVERER OF ALASKA

The Story of the Death of Bering and the Wonderful Voyage of Chirikoff

By Agnes C. Laut

VITUS BERING, a Dane, was commissioned by Peter the Great to lead an exploring expedition to the regions west of Asia, and, after the most elaborate preparation, two ships, one commanded by Bering and the other by his lieutenant, Chirikoff, set sail from Avacha Bay, in Siberia, 1741. They cruised to the South without finding any land, and, on their way out, the two ships lost each other in a fog. How Bering sailed to the West, and, after enduring the greatest hardships, landed to winter on one of the Commander Group of islands, and how Chirikoff, separated from Bering by a storm and fog was unable to rejoin him, and forced into an independent exploration, has been told in the January number of this Magazine.

When the storm, which had separated the vessels, subsided, Chirikoff let the *St. Paul* drift in the hope that Bering might sight the missing vessel. Then he steered south-east in search of the commander; but on June twenty-third a council of officers decided it was waste of precious time to search longer, and ordered the vessel to be headed north-eastward. The wind was light; the weather, clear; and Chirikoff knew, from the pilot birds following the vessel, from the water logged trees churning past, from the herds of seal floundering in the sea,—that land must lie in this direction. A bright lookout was kept for the first two weeks in July. Two hundred and forty miles were traversed, and on a calm night, between the fourteenth and fifteenth of July, there loomed through the horizon the heights of a wooded, mountainous land. Chirikoff was in the Alexander Archipelago. Daybreak came with the *St. Paul* only four miles off the conspicuous heights of Cape Addington. Chirikoff had discovered land some thirty-six hours before Bering. The new world of mountains and forests roused the wildest enthusiasm among the Russians. A small boat was lowered, but it failed to find a landing. A light wind sprang up and the vessel stood out under shortened sail for the night. By morning the wind had increased, and fog had blurred out all the outlines of the new-found land like a washed slate. Here the ocean currents ran strongly northward, and by morning of the seventeenth, when the sun pierced the washed air, and the mountains began to appear through jagged rifts of cloud wraith, Chirikoff found himself at the entrance of a great bay girt by forested mountains to the water's edge, beneath the high cove of

what is now known as Mount Edgecumbe, in Sitka Sound. Sitka Sound is an indentation about fifteen miles from south to north, with such depths of water that there is no anchorage except south and south-eastward of Mt. Edgecumbe.

Chirikoff wished to refill his water casks. Also, he was ambitious to do what the scientists cursed Bering for not doing off St. Elias, — thoroughly to explore the new found land. The long boat was lowered with Abraham Dementieff and ten armed men. The crew was supplied with muskets, a brass cannon and provisions for several days. Chirikoff arranged a simple code of signals with the men,—probably a column of smoke, or sunlight thrown back by a tin mirror,—by which he could know if all went well. Then, with a cheer, the first Russians to put foot on the soil of America bent to the oar and pulled swiftly away from the *St. Paul.* The long boat seemed smaller as the distance from the *St. Paul* increased. Then men and boat disappeared behind an elbow of land. A flash of reflected light from the hidden shore and Chirikoff knew the little band of explorers had safely landed. The rest of the crew went to work putting things shipshape on the *St. Paul.* The day passed with more safety signals from the shore. The crew of the *St. Paul* slept sound out in mid-harbor, without any apprehension of danger. Another day passed and another night. Not so many signals. Chirikoff sent a sailor spying from the lookout of the topmast yard-arm. No signals at all this day, nor the next day, nor the next. The *St. Paul* had only one other small boat. Fearing the jolly boat had come to grief among the rocks and counter-currents, Chirikoff bade Sidor Savelief, the boatswain, and six armed sailors, including carpenters to repair damages, to take the remaining boat, and go to Dementieff's rescue. The strictest orders were given that both boats return at once. Barely had the second boat rounded the elbow of shore where the first had disappeared when a great column of smoke burst from the tree tops of the hidden shore. To Chirikoff's amazement, the second crew made no

Photo courtesy of Dr. Leo. Stejneger.

Steller's Arch on Bering Island, named after the scientist Steller, of Bering's Expedition.

Copyright, 1900, E. H. Harriman

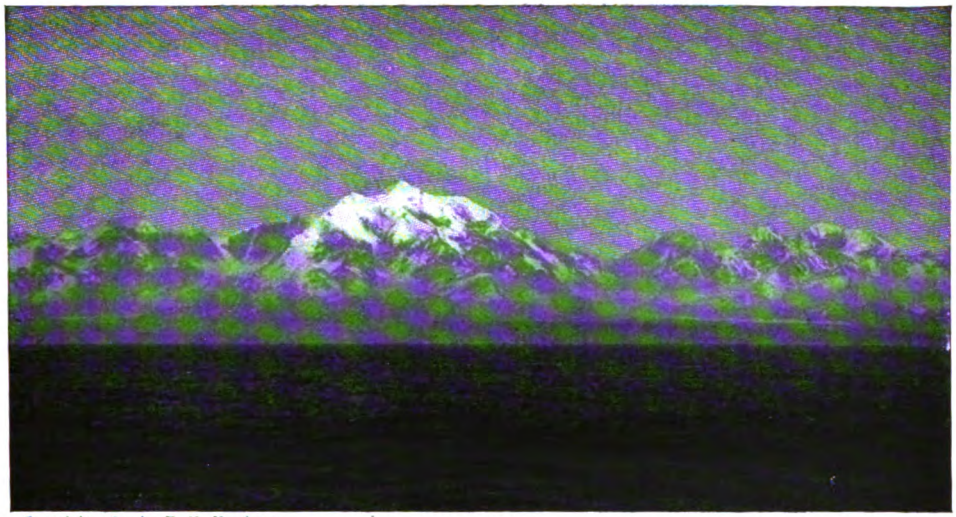
Eskimo group. The clothing is seal or walrus skin with the fur turned in. The oily exterior is a complete protection, even when the wearer is immersed in water.

signal. The night passed uneasily and dawn was witnessed by eager eyes gazing shoreward. The relief was inexpressible, when two boats,—a long and a short one, like those used by the two crews,—were seen rounding the elbow of land. The landward breeze was now straining the *St. Paul's* hawsers. Glad to put for open sea to weather the coming gale, Chirikoff ordered all hands on deck and the anchors up. The small boats came on with a bounce over the ocean swell, but suddenly one of Chirikoff's Russians pointed to the approaching crafts. There was a pause in the rattle of anchor chains. There was a pause in the bounding of the small boats, too. They were not the Russian jolly boats, but canoes, and canoes filled with savages as dumb with astonishment at the apparition of the *St. Paul* as the Russians were at the apparition of the canoes. Before the Russians had come to their senses, or Chirikoff had time to display presents to allure the Indians on board as hostages for the safe return of the missing crews, the savages rose in their places, uttered a war whoop that set the rocks echoing, and, beating their paddles on the gunwales, scudded for the shore. Gradually the meaning dawned on Chirikoff. His two crews had been massacred. His small boats were lost. The fire that he had observed had been a fire of orgies over mutilated men. The *St. Paul* was on a hostile shore, with such a gale blowing as threatened destruction on the rocks. Both small boats were lost. No fresh water had been obtained. Yet there was nothing to do but scud for open sea. When the gale abated, Chirikoff returned to Sitka and cruised the shore for some sign of the sailors, but not a trace of the lost men could be discovered. By this time water was so short the men were wringing drops of rain out of the sails and distilling sea water. A council was called. All agreed it would be worse than folly to risk the entire crew for the twelve men, who were probably already dead. There was no small boat to land for more water and the *St. Paul* was headed about with all speed for the north-west.

Slant rains settled over the sea. The wind increased and grew more violent.

Photo by Curtis. Copyright, E. H. Harriman, 1899.

The Alaskan coast in the neighborhood of Sitka, as it looked to the explorers when the fog lifted.

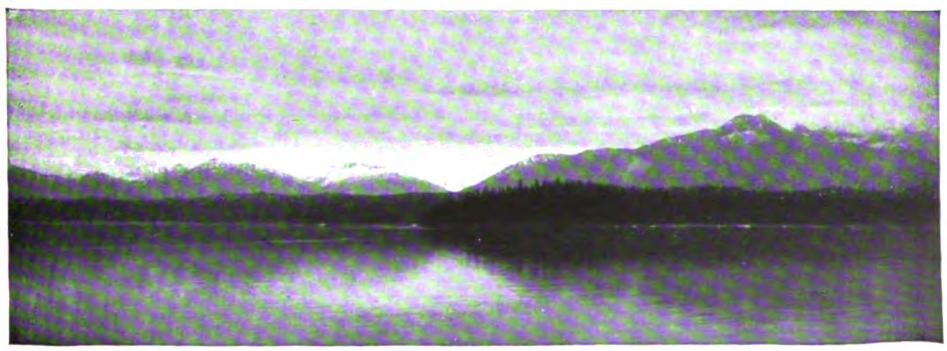


Copyright, 1899, by E. H. Harriman.

Mt. Fairweather, the great peak sighted by Chirikoff, July twenty-second.

The *St. Paul* drove ahead like a ghost pursued through a realm of mist. Towards the end of July, when the weather cleared, stupendous mountains covered with snow were seen on the north-westward horizon like walls of ice with the base awash in thundering seas. Then the foul weather settled over the ocean again and by the first week of August, with baffling winds and a choppy sea, the *St. Paul* was veering south westward where Alaska projects a long arm into the Pacific. Somewhere near Kadiak land was again sighted. When the fog lifted the vapor of far volcanoes could be seen hanging lurid over the mountain tops.

Wind was followed by dead calm, when the sails literally fell to pieces with rain rot in the fog, and on the evening of September eighth the becalmed crew were suddenly aroused by the tide rip of roaring breakers. Heaving out all anchors at once, Chirikoff with difficulty made fast to rock bottom. In the morning, when the fog lifted, he found himself in the center of a shallow bay surrounded by the towering cliffs of what is now known as Adakh Island. While waiting for a breeze he saw seven canoe loads of savages put out from shore chanting some invocation. The Russians threw out presents but the savages took no notice, gradually surrounding the *St. Paul.* All this time Chirikoff had been without any water but the stale casks brought from Kamchatka, and he now signalled his desperate need to the Indians. They responded by bringing bladders full of fresh water; but they refused to mount the decks. And by evening as many as fourteen canoe-loads of these taciturn savages were circling round the Russians



Inland passage to Sitka where Chirikoff's crews were massacred.

Courtesy of Dr. Leo. Stejneger.

Mt. Juneau, with the modern town of Juneau nestling at its base.

in their light skin boats. Luckily at nightfall a wind sprang up. Chirikoff at once slipped anchor and put to sea.

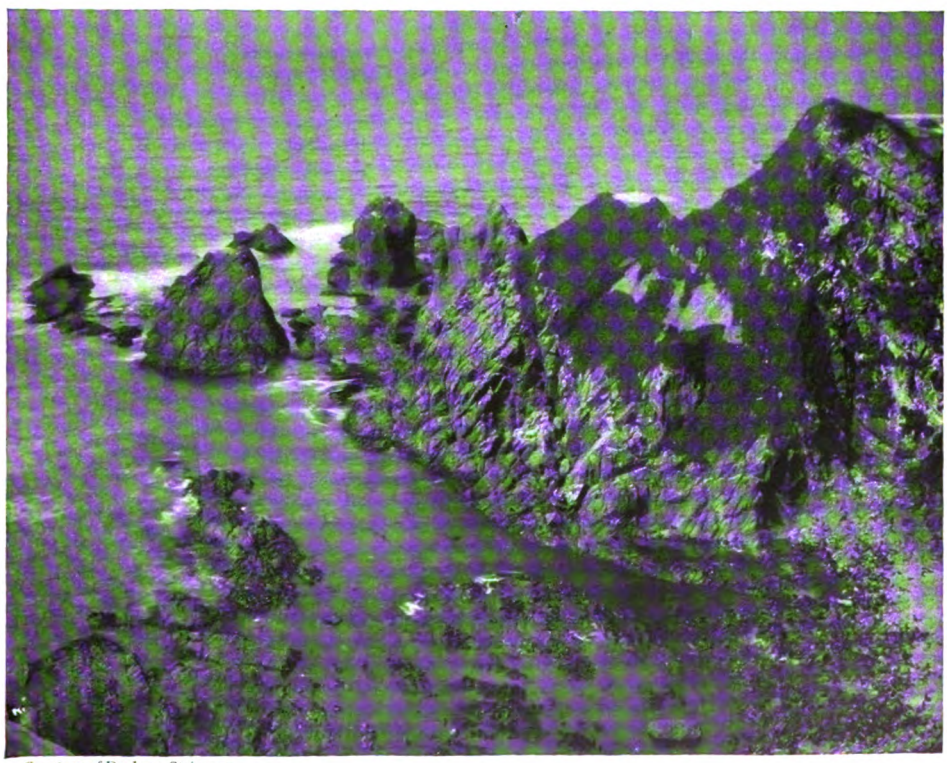
By the third week of August the rations of rye meal were reduced to once a day instead of twice in order to economize water. Only twelve casks remained and Chirikoff was fifteen hundred miles from Kamchatka. Cold, hunger, thirst then did the rest. Chirikoff himself was stricken with scurvy by the middle of September, and one sailor died of the scourge. From the twenty-sixth, one death a day followed in succession. Though down, Chirikoff was not beaten. Discipline was maintained among the hungry crew and each day Chirikoff issued exact orders. Without any attempt at steering the ship drifted westward. No more land was seen by the crew, but on the second of October, the weather clearing, an observation of the sun was taken that showed them they were nearing Kamchatka. On the eighth, to their great relief, land was sighted! Was it a mirage? One man alone, the pilot, Yelagin, had strength to stay at the helm and hold up the boat till Avacha Bay was approached when distress signals were fired from the ship's cannon to bring help from land. Poor Croyére d'Isle, kinsman to the map-makers whose mistakes had caused such disaster, sick to death of the scurvy, had kept himself alive with liquor and now insisted on being carried ashore. The first breath of clean air above decks was enough. The scientist fell dead inside the home harbor. Chirikoff was landed the same day all unaware that at times in the mist and rain he had been within from fifteen to forty miles of poor Bering, zigzagging across the very trail of the afflicted sister ship.

Meantime how fared it with Bering? We left him sick almost to death as the *St. Peter* drifted about in the swirling current of the sea face to face with a craggy coast which the unhappy voyagers supposed to be the shore of Asia but which was in reality one of the westernmost in the great chain of islands which connects with the Siberian coast. The beetling precipices towered sheer two thousand feet above a white fret of reefs that gave the ocean the appearance of a ploughed field. The sick crawled mute and hopeless back to their berths. Bering was past caring what came and only semi-conscious.

The underling officers still upon their

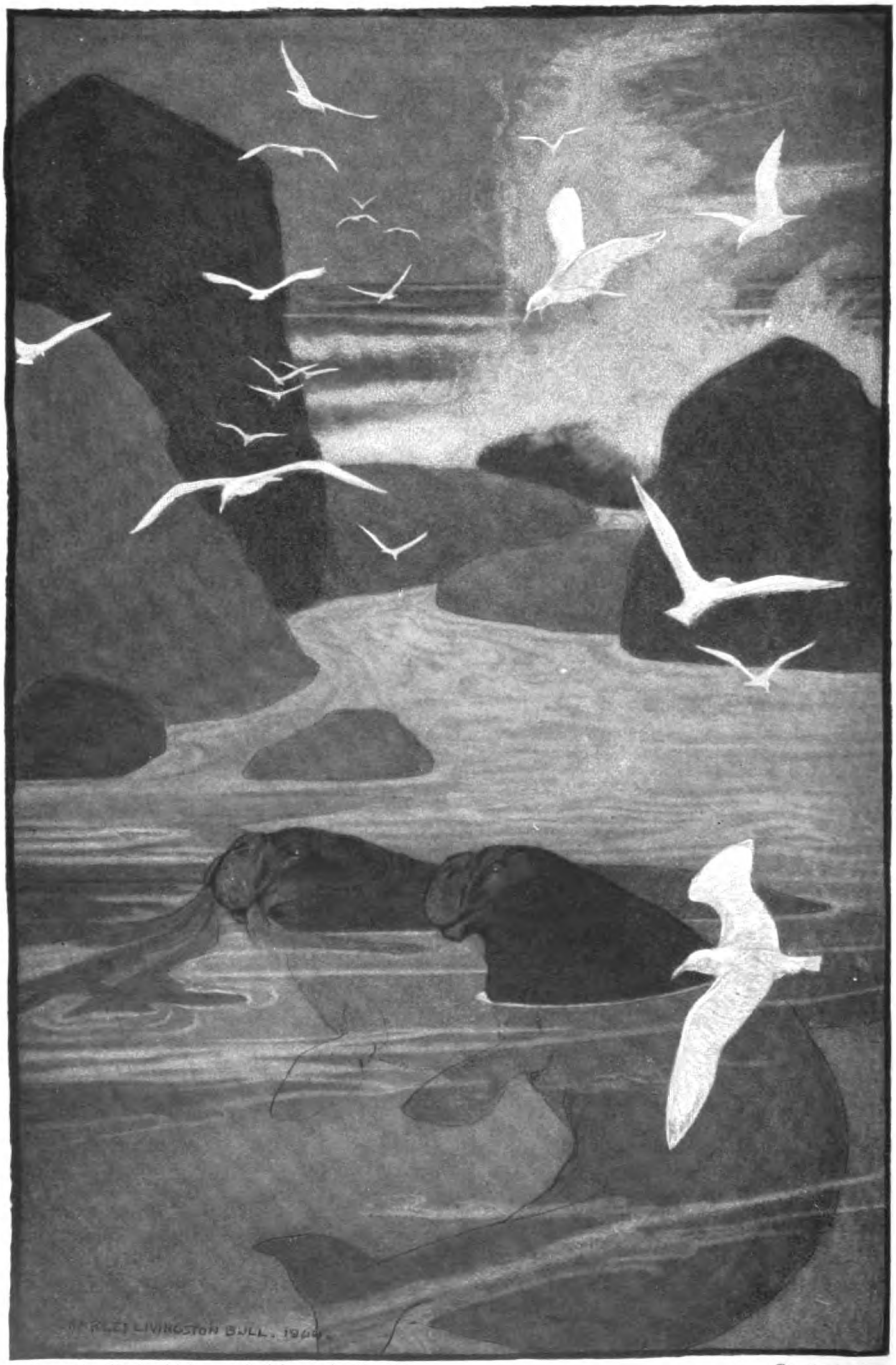
feet, whose fallacious theories had led Bering into all this disaster, were now quarreling furiously among themselves blaming one another. Only Ofzyn, the lieutenant, who had opposed the landing here, and Steller, the scientist, remained on the lookout with eyes alert for the impending destruction threatening from the white fret of the endless reefs. The coast seemed to trend from north-west to south-east, and might have been from thirty to fifty miles long, with strange bizarre arches of rock overhanging endless fields of kelp and sea weed. The land was absolutely treeless except for willow brushwood the size of one's finger. Lichens, moss and sphagnum coated the rocks in a tracery of quiescent beauty that was mockery to these maddened men. Inland appeared nothing but billowing reaches of sedges and shingle and grass.

Suddenly, Steller noticed that the ebb tide was hurling huge combing rollers that must dash the ship against the rocks. Rushing below decks he sought Bering's permission to drop the anchor. The early darkness of those northern latitudes had been followed by moonlight bright as day. Within a mile of the east shore Steller ordered anchor over, but the rollers were already smashing above the decks with a quaking that seemed to tear the ship apart. The sick were thrown from their berths, officers rushed on deck to be swept from their feet by blasts of salt spray; and just ahead, through the moonlight, glimmered the sharp edge of a long reef where the beach combers ran with the tide-rip of a whirlpool. Ofzyn threw out a second anchor—it raked bottom, dragged over the rocks by the driving of the ship before the oncoming seas. Then another mountain roller. The first cable had snapped like a pistol shot. No fate possible but the wall of rocks ahead, the terror-stricken crew began heaving the dead overboard through the shattering blasts of spray, but another sea caught the *St. Peter* squarely broadsides. The second hawser ripped back broken in the rebound like a whip-lash and Ofzyn was in the very act of dropping a third and last anchor when,



Courtesy of Dr. Leo. Stejneger.

Seals in a seal rookery on Bering Island.



Drawn by Charles Livingston Bull from scientific data.

See page 522.

The Sea Cow.

These great mammals, now extinct, were often thirty-five feet long and weighed several tons, and yet possessed no means of defense against their enemies.

straight as a bullet to the mark, drove the *St. Peter* for the reef. A third time, the beach combers crashed upon her. When the sheets of blinding spray had cleared and the panic-stricken sailors regained their senses, the *St. Peter* was swirling landward stern foremost. Ofzyn and Steller between them had heaved the anchor over. The ship lay rocking inside the reef in the very center of a sheltered cove not six hundred yards from the shore. The beach comber had either swept her through a gap in the reef, or hurled her clear above the rocks into shelter.

For seven hours the ship had battled against tide and counter current, and now at midnight, with the air clear as day, Steller had the small boat lowered and with another man rowed ashore to reconnoiter. Some time between the evening of November fifth and the morning of November sixth, their eyes met such a view as might have been witnessed by an Alexander Selkirk or Robinson Crusoe. The exact landing was four or five miles north of cape Khitroff, below the center of the east coast of Bering Island. Poor Waxel, who had compelled the crew to vote for landing under the impression born of his own despair—that it was the coast of Avacha Bay, Kamchatka—saw in the shores gliding past the taffrail momentary proofs that he was wrong. Waxel had fought desperately against the depression that precedes scurvy, but now with a dumb hopelessness settling over the ship, the invisible hand of the scourge was laid on him, too, and he went below completely exhausted and foredone. They were to learn soon enough that the nearest point in Kamchatka was a hundred miles across the sea. Avacha Bay was two hundred versts away and the Spanish possessions of America a thousand leagues.

They found the landing place literally swarming with animal life unknown to the world before. The land was as it had appeared from the ship—utterly treeless, except for trailing willows. The brooks were not yet frozen, and snow had barely powdered the mountains ; but where the coves ran in back between the mountains from the sea were gullies or ditches of sand and sedge. When Steller presently found a broken window frame of Kamchatka half buried in the sands, it gave Waxel some confidence about being on the mainland of Asia, but before Steller had finished his two days of reconnoitering, there was no mistaking the fact—this was an island, and a barren one at the best, where the castaways must winter.

The only provisions now remaining to the crew were grease and mouldy flour. Steller at once went to work. Digging pits in the narrow gullies of sand, he covered these over with driftwood, rotten sailcloth, moss, mud and fox skins. Cracks were then chinked up with clay and more fox skins. By the eighth of November he was ready to have the crew landed; but the ship rolled helpless as a log to the tide, and the few well men of the staff, without distinction of officers from sailors, had to stand waist-deep in ice-slush to steady the stretchers made of mast poles and sailcloth that were to receive the sick lowered over the decks. Many of the scurvy-stricken had not been out of their berths for six weeks. The fearful depression and weakness that forewarn scurvy had been followed by the pains, the swollen limbs, the blue spots that presage death. A spongy excrescence covered the gums protruding from the lips. The teeth loosened. The slightest noise was enough to throw the patients into a paroxysm of anguished fright, and some died above the decks immediately on contact with the cuttingly cold air. Others expired as they were lowered to the stretchers; others, as they were laid along the strip of sandy shore, where the bold foxes were already devouring the dead and could scarcely be driven from the dying. Thus perished nine of the *St. Peter's* crew during the week of the landing.

By November tenth all was in readiness for Bering's removal from the ship. As the end approached his irritability subsided to a quiet cheerfulness, and he could be heard mumbling over thanks to God for the great success of his early life. Wrapped in furs, fastened to a stretcher, the Dane was lowered over the ship, carried ashore and laid in a sand pit. All that day it was dull and leaden, and just as Bering was being carried it began to snow heavily. Steller occupied the sand pit next to the commander, and in addition to acting as cook and physician to the entire crew, became Bering's faithful attendant.

By the thirteenth of November a long sand pit had been roofed over as a sort of hospital, with a rug floor, and here Steller

had the stricken sailors carried in from the shore. Poor Waxel, who had fought against the disease so bravely, was himself carried ashore on November twenty-first. In all thirty died of the scourge on the island.

Daily, officers tramped inland exploring, and daily the different reconnoitering parties returned with word that not a trace of human habitation, of wood, or of the way to Kamchatka had been discovered. Another island there was to the east—now known as Copper Island—and two little islets of rock; but beyond these nothing could be descried from the highest mountains but the sea . . . sea. Bering Island itself is some fifty miles long by ten wide, very high at the south, very swampy at the north; but the Commander Group, to which it belongs, is as completely cut off from both Asia and America as if it were in another world. The climate was not intensely cold, but it was so damp the very clothing rotted, and the gales were so terrific that the men could only leave the mud huts or yurts by crawling on all fours.

The poor old ship rode bravely at anchor through the violent storms, but on November twenty-eighth she was seen to snap her cable and go staggering out to open sea. One can guess all the terrors of the castaways at this spectacle, their one chance of escape from lifelong imprisonment by the sea being carried away, but the beach combers began rolling landward through the howling storm, and when next the spectators looked the *St. Peter* was driving ashore like a hurricane ship ridden by demons, and rushed full force nine feet deep with her prow into the sands, not a pistol shot away. The next beach comber could not budge her. Wind and tide left her high and dry, fast in the sand.

By December, the entire crew of Bering's castaways on the desolate island were lodged in five undergound huts on the bank of a stream. In 1885, when these mud huts, or yurts, were examined by Dr. Stejneger, they were seen to have walls of peat three feet thick. To each man was given a pound of flour. For the rest, their food must be what they caught, or clubbed,—mainly, at first, the sea otter, whose flesh was unpalatable to the taste, and tough as leather. Later, Steller discovered that the huge sea cow,—often thirty-five feet long, and three tons in weight,—seen pasturing on the fields of sea kelp at low tide, afforded food of almost the same quality as the land cow. Sea weed grew in forests on the island, and on this pastured these monster mammals of the sea,—true fish in their hind quarters, ox-like in their head and their habits,—herding together like cattle, snorting like horses, moving the neck from side to side as they grazed, with the hind leg a fin, the fore-fin a leg, udder between the fore legs, and in place of teeth, plates. Blue foxes swarmed about the feet of the men with such boldness that half a dozen could be clubbed to death before the others scampered. On November twenty-second died the old mate who had weathered northern seas for fifty years. In all, out of a crew of seventy-seven, there had perished, by January sixth, 1742, when the last death occurred, thirty-one men.

Steller's hut was next to Bering's. From that November day, when he was carried from the ship through the snow to the sand pit, the commander sank without rallying. Fox skins had been spread on the ground as a bed, but the sand loosened from the sides of the pit and kept rolling down on the dying man. Towards the last, he begged Steller to let the sand rest, as it kept in the warmth, so that he was soon covered with sand to his waist. All night, between the evening of the seventh and the morning of the eighth of December, the moaning of the north wind could be heard through the tattered rigging of the wrecked ship, and all night, the dying Dane could be heard commnning with his God. He was now over sixty years of age. To a constitution already broken by the nagging cares of eight years, and by hardships indescribable, by scurvy, and by exposure, was now added an acute inflammation. Two hours before daybreak, on December eighth, 1741, the brave Dane breathed his last. He was interred on the ninth of December, between the graves of the mate and the steward, on the hill side, and one can imagine the sad-faced, bearded Russians, bowed and hopeless as they came down from the hill side that day. A plain Greek cross was placed above his grave, and a copy of that cross marks the grave to-day.

A dead whale thrown up on the shore proved a Godsend to the weak and famishing castaways. Then, parties of hunters be-

gan going out for the sea otter, which hid its head during storms under the kelp of the sea fields. Steller knew the Chinese would pay from what, in modern money, is one hundred dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars for each of the sea otter skins, and between seven hundred and one thousand were taken by the wrecked crew. The same skin of prime quality sells in a London auction room to-day for one thousand dollars. And in spring, when the sea otter disappeared, there came herds,—herds in millions upon millions of roaring battalions,—of another visitant to the shores of the Commander Islands,—the fur seal, which afforded new hunting to the crew. Some of the most famous seal rookeries are on this desolate island.

The terrible danger now was not from starvation, but mutiny, murder, or massacre among the branded criminals of the discontented crew. Waxel, as he recovered, was afraid of tempting revolt by orders and convened the crew by vote to determine all that should be done. Officers and men,—there was no distinction. By March of 1743 the ground had cleared of snow. Waxel called a meeting to suggest breaking up the packet vessel to build a smaller craft. A vote was taken. The resolution was declared, written out, and signed by every survivor, but afterwards, when officers and men set themselves to the well-nigh impossible task of untackling the ship without implements of iron, revolt appeared among the workers. Again Waxel avoided mutiny by orders. A meeting was called, another vote taken, and the recalcitrants shamed down. The crew lacked more than tools. There was no ship's carpenter. Finally a Cossack, who was afterwards raised to the nobility for his work, consented to act as director of the ship building, and on the sixth of May a vessel forty feet long, thirteen beam and six deep, was on the stocks. All June, the noise of the planking went on, till the mast raised its yard arms, and an eight-oared, single master, such as the old Vikings of the sea used, was well under way.

The difficulties of such shipbuilding can hardly be realized. There was no wood but the wood of the old ship, no rigging but the old hemp, no tar but such as could be melted out of the old hemp in the earth pits. The upper part was caulked with tallow of the sea cow, the under part with tar from the old hull. The men also constructed a second small boat or canoe.

On the tenth of August, with such cheers as the island never heard before or since, the single master was launched from the skids and named the *Saint Peter*. Cannon balls and cartridges were thrown in the bottom as ballast. Luckily, eight hundred pounds of meal had been reserved for the return voyage, and Steller had salted down steaks of whale meat and sea cow. On the evening of August sixteenth, after solemn prayer and devotions, with one last look to the lonely crosses on the hillside where the dead lay, the castaways went silently on board. A sharp breeze was blowing from the north. Hoisting sail, they glided out to sea. The old jollyboat bobbed behind in tow. Later at night, when the wind fell, the eager mariners bent to the oar. By noon next day they had rounded the southeast corner of the island. Two days afterwards rough weather set the old jollyboat bumping her nose so violently on the heels of the *St. Peter* that the cable had to be cut and the old boat set adrift. That night the poor, tallow-caulked planks leaked so badly pumps and buckets were worked at fever heat, and all the ballast was thrown overboard. Some time during the twenty-fifth there shone above the silver rim where sea and sky met—the opal dome of far mountains—Kamchatka!

The bearded men could control themselves no longer. Tears streamed down the lined, unwashed faces. The rough Cossacks wept like children. Men vied with each other to seize the oars and row like mad. And when they saw the home harbor of Petropaulovsk, Avacha Bay, on August twenty-seventh, exultation knew no bounds. The men fired off their guns, beat oars on the deck rail, shouted—shouted—shouted—till the mountains echoed and every living soul of Avacha dashed to the water side, scarcely believing the evidence of their eyes—that the castaways of Bering's ship had returned. Then one may well believe that the monks set the chapel bells ringing and that the cannon roared a welcome from Avacha Bay.

Chirikoff had in May sailed in search of Bering, though firmly believing the search was useless, and passed close to the island where the castaways were held prisoners of the sea, but in the fog he had missed

the Commander Group and all hope of news of the *St. Peter* had beeng iven up.

Waxel wintered that year at Avacha Bay, crossing to the mainland in the spring of 1743. In September of the same year, an imperial decree put an end to the Northern Expedition, and Waxel set out across Siberia to take the crew back to St. Petersburg. Poor Steller died on the way from exposure, and so ended the greatest naval exploration known to the world.

Where does Bering stand among the world heroes? The world loves success better than defeat, and spectacular success better than duty plainly done. If success means accomplishing what one sets out to do in spite of almost insuperable difficulties—Bering won success. He set out to discover the north-west coast of America, and he perished in doing it. But if heroism means something more than tangible success, if it means that divine quality of fighting for the truth independent of reward, whether one is beaten or not, if it means setting to one's self the task of perishing for a truth, without the slightest hope of establishing that truth, if it means setting out to be beaten for a lost cause—then Bering stands very high, indeed, among the world's heroes. Steller, who had cursed him for not remaining longer at Mount St. Elias, bore the highest testimony to his integrity and worth. Only a high type of hero willingly partakes of other men's disasters. While Bering *might* have avoided the disaster that attended the expedition, it must not be forgotten that when he perished, there perished with him the very soul of the great enterprise, which at once crumbled to pieces.

On a purely material plane, what did Bering accomplish worth remembering?

He dispelled forever the myth of a north-east passage; and ignorance dispelled is darkness giving way to light.

The coast of Japan was charted under his direction.

The Arctic coast of Asia was charted under his direction.

A country as large as from Maine to Florida, or Baltimore to Texas, with a river comparable only to the Mississippi, was discovered by him. The furs of this country for a single year more than returned all that Russia spent to discover it; all that the United States later paid to Russia for it. The gold of this country for a single year is a million dollars more than the sum which the United States paid Russia for Alaska.

A LAMENT

By Joseph Mills Hanson

"RAWHIDE" Smith's gone crazy.
"Rawhide" was my pard,
Used to be a daisy;
Say, it's mighty hard!

Down at Twin Buttes City
"Rawhide" met a maid,
Young an' slim an' pretty,
An' she turned his haid.

We jest started dancin'
Frolicsome an' gay;
Hang the pay-day prancin'
When it ends that way!

Fer that little creature
Got him roped, all right;
First I knew, a preacher
Had 'em knotted tight.

Now he's gone to farmin'
'Way off from the range.
Says his place is charmin';
Lord, he's gettin' strange!

No more pal to cheer me
Ridin' herd at night,
No more comrade near me,
Game fer fun or fight.

One coat did fer cover,
Cold nights when it stormed.
But them nights is over;
"Rawhide" Smith's reformed!

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE

By Anna Katharine Green

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE AMETHYST BOX," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. *At a ball, the heroine, Miss Van Arsdale, who tells the story, becomes engaged to Anson Durand, a dealer in diamonds. An hour later, a Mrs. Fairbrother is found murdered in an alcove, and the police searching for clues, discover her gloves and a great diamond which she wore, in the reticule on Miss Van Arsdale's arm. Miss Van Arsdale denies all knowledge. Durand, however, admits that he placed the gloves, which earlier in the evening Mrs. Fairbrother had given to him, in his fiancé's bag, but did not know the diamond was in them. He confesses having come upon Mrs. Fairbrother's body, but protests his absolute innocence. Miss Van Arsdale believes his protestations.*

V. SUPERSTITION

I HAD gone upstairs for my wraps—my uncle having insisted upon my withdrawing from a scene where my very presence seemed in some degree to compromise me.

Soon equipped and all ready for departure, I was crossing the hall to the small door communicating with the side staircase where my uncle had promised to await me, when I felt myself seized by a desire to have another look below before leaving the place in which were concentrated all my deepest interests.

A wide landing, breaking up the main flight of stairs some few feet from the top, offered me an admirable point of view. With but little thought of possible consequences, and no thought at all of my poor, patient uncle, I slipped down to this landing, and protected by the unusual height of its balustrade, allowed myself a parting glance at the scene with which my most poignant memories were henceforth to be connected.

Before me lay the large square of the central hall. Opening out from this was the corridor leading to the front door, and incidentally to the library. As my glance penetrated this corridor, I beheld approaching from the room just mentioned the tall figure of the Englishman.

He halted as he reached the main hall and stood gazing eagerly at a group of men and women clustered near the fireplace—a group upon which I no sooner cast my own eye than my attention also became fixed.

The Inspector had come from the room where I had left him with Mr. Durand and was showing to these people the extraordinary diamond, which he had just recovered under such remarkable if not suspicious circumstances. Young heads and old were meeting over it, and I was straining my ears to hear such comments as were audible above the general hubbub, when Mr. Grey made a quick move and I looked his way again in time to mark his air of concern and the uncertainty he showed whether to advance or retreat.

Unconscious of my watchful eye, and noting, no doubt, that most of the persons in the group upon which his own eye was leveled stood with their backs towards him, he made no effort to disguise his profound interest in the stone. His eye followed its passage from hand to hand with a covetous eagerness of which he may not have been aware, and I was not at all surprised when, after a short interval of troubled indecision, he impulsively stepped forward and begged the privilege of handling the gem himself.

Our host, who stood not far from the Inspector, said something to that gentleman which led to this request being complied with. The stone was passed over to Mr. Grey, and I saw, possibly because my heart was in my eyes, that the great man's hand trembled as it touched his palm. Indeed his whole frame trembled, and I was looking eagerly for the result of his inspection when, on his turning to hold the jewel

up to the light, something happened so abnormal and so strange that no one who was fortunate, or unfortunate enough to be present in the house at that instant will ever forget it.

This something was a cry, coming from no one knew where, which, unearthly in its shrillness and the power it had upon the imagination, rang reverberating through the house and died away in a wail so weird, so thrilling and so prolonged that it gripped not only my own nerveless and weakened heart, but those of the ten strong men congregated below me. The diamond dropped from Mr. Grey's hand, and neither he nor any one else moved to pick it up. Not till silence had come again —a silence almost as unendurable to the sensitive ear as the cry which had preceded it, did any one stir or think of the gem. Then one gentleman after another bent to look for it, but with no success, till one of the waiters, who possibly had followed it with his eye or caught sight of its sparkle on the edge of the rug, whither it had rolled, sprang and picked it up and handed it back to Mr. Grey.

Instinctively the Englishman's hand closed on it, but it was very evident to me, and I think to all, that his interest in it was gone. If he looked at it he did not see it, for he stood like one stunned all the time that agitated men and women were running hither and thither in unavailing efforts to locate the sound yet ringing in all ears. Not till these various searchers had all come together again, in terror of a mystery they could not solve, did he let his hand fall and himself awake to the scene about him.

The words he at once gave utterance to were as remarkable as all the rest.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you must pardon my agitation. This cry,—you need not seek its source, is one to which I am only too well accustomed. I have been the happy father of six children. Five I have buried, and, before the death of each, this same cry has echoed in my ears. I have but one child left,—a daughter,—she is ill at the hotel. Do you wonder that I shrink from this note of warning, and show myself something less than a man under its influence? I am going home; but, first, one word about this stone." Here he lifted it and bestowed, or appeared to bestow upon it, an anxious scrutiny, putting on his glasses and inspecting it carefully on all sides before passing it back to the Inspector.

"I have heard," said he, with a change of tone which must have been noticeable to every one, "that this stone was a very superior one, and quite worthy of the fame it bore here in America. But, gentlemen, you have all been greatly deceived in it; no one more than he who was willing to commit murder for its possession. The stone which you have just been good enough to allow me to inspect, is no diamond, but a carefully manufactured bit of paste not worth the rich and elaborate setting which has been given to it. I am sorry to be the one to say this; but I have made a study of precious stones, and I cannot let this bare-faced imitation pass through my hands without a protest. Mr. Ramsdell,—" this to our host,—"I beg you will allow me to utter my excuses, and depart at once. My daughter is worse,—this I know, as certainly as that I am standing here. The cry you have heard is the one superstition of our family. Pray God that I find her alive!"

After this, what could be said. Though no one who had heard him, not even my own romantic self, showed any belief in this interpretation of the remarkable sound that had just gone thrilling through the house, yet, in face of his declared acceptance of it as a warning, and the fact that all efforts had failed to locate the sound, or even to determine its source, no other course seemed open but to let this distinguished man depart with the suddenness his superstitious fears demanded.

That this was in opposition to the Inspector's wishes, was evident enough. Naturally, he would have preferred Mr. Grey to remain, if only to make clear his surprising conclusions in regard to a diamond which had passed through the hands of some of the best judges in the country, without a doubt having been raised as to its genuineness.

With his departure from our midst, the Inspector's manner changed. He glanced at the stone in his hand, and slowly shook his head.

"I doubt if Mr. Grey's judgment can be depended on, to-night," said he, and pocketed the gem as carefully as if his belief in its real value had been but little disturbed by the assertion of this renowned foreigner.

I have no distinct remembrance of how I finally left this house, or of what passed between my uncle and myself, on our way home. I was numb with shock, and neither my intelligence nor my feelings were any longer active. I recall but one impression, and that was, the effect made upon me by my old home on our arrival there, as of something new and strange; so much had happened, and such changes had taken place in myself since leaving it five hours before. But, nothing else is vivid in my remembrance, till that early hour of the dreary morning, when, on waking to the world with a cry, I beheld my uncle's anxious figure, bending over me from the foot-board.

Instantly I found tongue, and question after question leaped from my lips. He did not answer them; he could not; but, when I grew feverish and insistent, he drew the morning paper from behind his back, and laid it quietly down within my reach. I felt calmed in an instant, and when, after a few affectionate words, he left me to myself, I seized upon the sheet and read what so many others were reading at that moment throughout the city.

I spare you the account so far as it coincides with what I had myself seen and heard the night before. A few particulars which had not reached my ears, will interest you. The instrument of death found in the place designated by Mr. Durand was one of note to such as had any taste or knowledge of curios. It was a stiletto of the most delicate type; long, keen and slender. Not an American product, not even of this century's manufacture, but a relic of the days when deadly thrusts were given in the corners and by-ways of mediæval streets.

This made the first mystery.

The second, was the as yet unexplainable presence on the alcove floor, of two broken coffee cups, which no waiter nor any other person, in fact, acknowledged having carried there. The tray, which had fallen from Peter Mooney's hand,—the waiter who had been the first to give the alarm of murder,—had held no cups, only ices. This was a fact, proved. But the handles of two cups had been found among the debris,—cups which must have been full, from the size of the coffee stain left upon the rug where they had fallen.

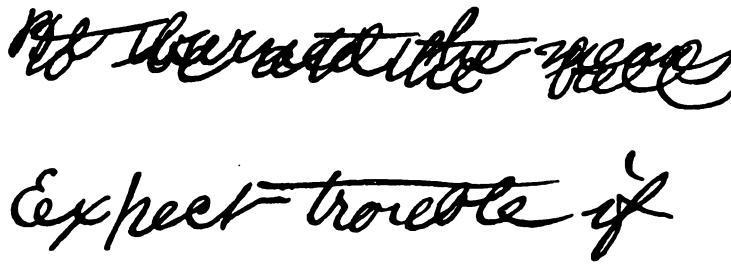
In reading this I remembered that Mr. Durand had mentioned stepping on some broken pieces of china in his escape from the fatal scene, and struck with this confirmation of a theory which was slowly taking form in my own mind, I passed on to the next paragraph, with a bouyant sense of expectation.

The result was a surprise. Others may have been told, I was not, that Mrs. Fairbrother had received a communication from outside only a few minutes previously to her death. A Mr. Fullerton who had preceded Mr. Durand in his visit to the alcove, owned to having opened the window for her at some call or signal from outside, and taken in a small piece of paper which he saw lifted up from below on the end of a whip handle. He could not see who held the whip, but at Mrs. Fairbrother's entreaty he unpinned the note and gave it to her. While she was puzzling over it, for it was apparently far from legible, he took another look out in time to mark a figure rush from below towards the carriage drive. He did not recognize the figure nor would he know it again. As to the nature of the communication itself he could say nothing save that Mrs. Fairbrother did not seem to be affected favorably by it. She frowned and was looking very gloomy when he left the alcove. Asked if he had pulled the curtains together after closing the window, he said no; she had not requested him to do so, so he left them just as he had found them.

This story, which was certainly a strange one, had been confirmed by the testimony of the coachman who had lent his whip for the above purpose. This coachman, who was known to be a man of extreme good nature, had seen no harm in lending his whip to a poor devil who wished to give a telegram or some such hasty message to the lady sitting just above them in a lighted window. The wind was fierce and the snow blinding and it was natural that the man should duck his head, but he remembered his appearance well enough to say that he was either very cold or very much done up and that he wore a great coat with the collar pulled up about his ears. When he came back with the whip he seemed more cheerful than when he asked for it, but had no "thank you" for the favor done him, or if he had, it was lost in his throat and the piercing gale.

The communication, which was regarded

by the police as a matter of the highest importance, had been found in her hand by the coroner. It was a mere scrawl written in pencil on a small scrap of paper. The following *facsimile* of the same was given to the public in the hope that some one would recognize the handwriting.



The first two lines overlap and are confused, but the last one is clear enough. *Expect trouble if*—If what? Hundreds were asking the question and at this very moment. I would soon be asking it, too, but first, I must make an effort to understand the situation, a situation which up to this time appeared to involve Mr. Durand and Mr. Durand only, as the suspected party.

This was no more than I expected, yet it came with a shock under the broad glare of this wintry morning; so impossible did it seem in the light of everyday life that guilt could be associated in any one's mind with a man of such unblemished record and excellent standing. But the evidence adduced against him was of a kind to appeal to the common mind—we all know that evidence—nor could I say after reading the full account, that I was myself unaffected by its seeming weight. Not that my faith in his innocence was shaken. I had met his look of love and tender gratitude and my confidence in him had been restored, but I saw with all the clearness of a mind trained by continuous study, how difficult it was going to be to counteract the prejudice induced first by his own inconsiderate acts, especially by that unfortunate attempt of his to secrete Mrs. Fairbrother's gloves in another woman's bag, and secondly, by his peculiar explanations of the same, explanations which to many must seem forced and unnatural.

I saw and felt nerved to a superhuman task. I believed him innocent, and if others failed to prove him so, I would undertake to clear him myself, I, the little Rita, with no experience of law or courts or crime, but with simply an unbounded faith in the man suspected and in the keenness of my own insight; an insight which had already served me so well and would serve me yet better after I had mastered the details which must be the prelude to all intelligent action.

The morning's report stopped with the explanations given by Mr. Durand of the appearances against him. Consequently no word appeared of the after events which had made such an impression at the time on all the persons present. Mr. Grey was mentioned, but simply as one of the guests, and to no one reading this early morning issue would any doubt come as to the genuineness of the diamond which, to all appearance, had been the leading motive in the commission of this great crime.

The effect on my own mind of this suppression was a curious one. I began to wonder if the whole event had not been a chimera of my disturbed brain—a nightmare which had visited me, and me alone, and not a fact to be reckoned with. But a moment's further thought served to clear my mind of all such doubts, and I perceived that the police had only exercised common prudence in withholding Mr. Grey's sensational opinion of the stone till it could be verified by experts.

The two columns of gossip devoted to the family differences which had led to the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbrother, I shall compress into a few lines. They had been married three years before in the city of Baltimore. He was a rich man then, but not the multi-millionaire he is to-day. Plain-featured and without manner, he was no mate for this sparkling coquette, whose charm was of the kind which increases with its exercise. Though no actual scandal was ever associated with her name, he

grew tired of her caprices, and the conquests which she made no endeavor to hide either from him or the world at large; and some time during the previous year they had come to a friendly understanding which led to their living apart, each in grand style and with a certain deference to the proprieties which retained them their friends and an enviable place in society. He was not often invited where she was, and she never appeared in any assemblage where he was expected; but with this exception little feeling was shown; matters progressed smoothly, and to their credit let it be said, no one ever heard either of them speak otherwise than with consideration of the other. He was at present out of town, having started some three days before for the southwest, but would probably return on receipt of the telegram which had been sent him.

The comments made on the murder were necessarily hurried. It was called a mystery, but it was evident enough that Mr. Durand's detention was looked upon as the almost certain prelude to his arrest on a charge of murder.

I had had some discipline in life. Although a favorite of my wealthy uncle, I had given up very early the prospects he held out to me of a continued enjoyment of his bounty, and entered upon duties which required self-denial and hard work. I did this because I enjoy having both my mind and heart occupied. To be necessary to some one, as a nurse is to a patient, seemed to me an enviable fate till I came under the influence of Anson Durand. Then the craving of all women for the common lot of her sex became my craving also; a craving, however, to which I failed at first to yield, for I felt that it was unshared, and thus a token of weakness. Fighting my battle, I succeeded in winning it, as I thought, just as the nurse's diploma was put in my hands. Then came the great surprise of my life. Anson Durand expressed his love for me and I awoke to the fact that all my preparation had been for home joys and a woman's true existence. One hour of ecstacy in the light of this new hope, then tragedy and something approaching chaos! Truly I had been through a schooling. But was it one to make me useful in the only way I could be useful now? I did not know; I did not care; I was determined on my course, fit or unfit, and in the relief brought by this appeal to my energy, I rose and dressed and went about the duties of the day.

One of these was to determine whether Mr. Grey, on his return to his hotel, had found his daughter as ill as his fears had foreboded. A telephone message or two satisfied me on this point. Miss Grey was very ill, but not considered dangerously so; indeed, if anything, her condition was improved, and if nothing happened in the way of fresh complications, the prospects were that she would be out in a fortnight.

I was not surprised. It was no more than I had expected. The cry of a banshee in an American house was past belief, even in an atmosphere surcharged with fear and all the horror surrounding a great crime; and in the secret reckoning I was making against a person I will not even name at this juncture, I added it as another suspicious circumstance.

VI

THE MOUSE NIBBLES AT THE NET

To relate the full experiences of the next few days would be to overweigh my narrative with unnecessary detail. A few new developments cropped up in the course of the coroner's inquest, held, as it seemed to my inexperience, too close upon the crime for the proper collection of all possible witnesses; but, nothing to materially affect Mr. Durand's position, which, in spite of some few facts in confirmation of his story, continued to be almost universally regarded as that of a suspect.

No clue having been obtained from any of the members of Mrs. Fairbrother's household, or even from her many friends and personal adherents to the writer of the warning found in her hand, a warning which had been deciphered to read: "*Be warned. He means to be at the ball. Expect trouble if—*" the obvious conclusion that, whatever its source, it had been directed against Mr. Durand, received no contradiction from anyone, and soon became the secret, and, in some cases, the expressed belief of many who might otherwise have accepted as true, his certainly rather bizarre explanations.

The circumstance, however, which affected me most at this time, and which gave to the affair its most tragic import, was the unexpected confirmation by ex-

perts of Mr. Grey's opinion in regard to the diamond. This gentleman had not been called as a witness, nor did his name appear, but, the hint he had given the Inspector had been acted upon, and the proper tests having been made, the stone for which so many believed a life to have been risked, and another taken, was declared to be an imitation,—fine and successful beyond all parallel, but still an imitation,—of the great and renowned gem which had passed through Tiffany's hands a twelve month before: a decision which fell like a thunderbolt on all such as had seen the diamond blazing in unapproachable brilliancy on the breast of the unhappy Mrs. Fairbrother an hour or two before her death.

On me the effect was such that for days I lived in a dream; a condition that, nevertheless, did not prevent me from starting a certain little inquiry of my own, of which, more hereafter; and when, in the course of time, it became evident from a telegram received from Mr. Fairbrother, who had finally been reached at some point in New Mexico, that, whatever the character of the gem now occupying the attention of the New York police, the veritable jewel returned from Tiffany's, and none other was what had passed from his possession into that of his wife on her departure from his house, the question with me was not so much through whose cupidity, or for what reasons of personal safety or enjoyment the false had been substituted for the true, as the time *when*.

To the police and such higher officials as were interested in solving this curious mystery, it appeared to be a conceded fact that this exchange had been made prior to the ball, and with Mrs. Fairbrother's full cognizance. The effectual way in which she had wielded her fan between the glittering ornament on her breast, and the curious glances constantly leveled upon it, might have been due to coquetry, but to many it looked more like an expression of fear lest the deception in which she was indulging should be discovered.

But, these men were all interested in proving Mr. Durand guilty, while I, with contrary mind, was bent on establishing such facts as confirmed the explanations he had been pleased to give us; explanations which necessitated a conviction, on Mrs. Fairbrother's part, of the great value of the jewel she wore, and the consequent advisability of ridding herself of it temporarily, if, as so many believed, the full letter of the warning should read: "*Be warned. He means to be at the ball. Expect trouble if you do not give him the diamond.*"

True, she may herself have been deceived concerning it. Unconsciously, to herself, she may have been the victim of a daring fraud on the part of some hanger-on who had access to her jewels. But, as no such evidence had as yet come to light,—as she had no recognized, nor, so far as could be learned, any secret lover or dishonest dependent; and, moreover, as no gem of such unusual value was known to have been offered within the year, here or abroad, in public or private market, I could not bring myself to credit this assumption; possibly, because I was too eager to credit another, and a different one; one which you have already seen growing in my mind, and which, presumptuous as it was, impressed me so much with its truth, that, on the jury rendering a verdict which, while not accusing Mr. Durand, did not completely exonerate him, I worked my courage up to the point of begging an interview from the Inspector, with the intention of confiding to him a theory which must either cost me his sympathy, or open the way to a new inquiry, which I felt sure would lead to Mr. Durand's complete exoneration.

I chose this gentleman for my confidant from among all those with whom I had been brought in contact by my position as witness in a case of this magnitude, first, because he had been present at the most tragic moment of my life, and secondly, because I was conscious of a sympathetic bond between us which would ensure me a kind hearing. However ridiculous my idea might appear to him, I was assured that he would treat me with consideration and not visit whatever folly I might be guilty of, on the head of him for whom I risked my reputation for good sense.

Nor was I disappointed in this. Inspector Dalzell's air was fatherly and his tone altogether gentle, as, in reply to my excuses for troubling him with my opinions, he told me that in a case of such importance he was glad to receive the impressions even of such a prejudiced little partisan as myself.

The word fired me and I spoke.

"You consider Mr. Durand guilty and so do many others I fear, notwithstanding his long record for honesty and uprightness. And why? Because you will not admit the possibility of another person's guilt, a person standing so high in private and public estimation that the very idea seems preposterous and little short of insult to the country of which he is an acknowledged ornament."

"My dear!"

The Inspector had actually risen. His expression and whole attitude showed shock. But I did not quail, I only subdued my manner and spoke with quieter conviction.

"I am aware," said I, "how words so daring must impress you. But listen, sir; listen to what I have to say before you utterly condemn me. I acknowledge that it is the frightful position into which I threw Mr. Durand by my officious attempt to right him, which has driven me to make this second effort to fix this crime on the only other man who had possible access to Mrs. Fairbrother at the fatal moment. How could I live in inaction? How could you expect me to weigh for a moment this foreigner's reputation against that of my own lover? If I have reasons—"

"Reasons!"

"—Reasons, which would appeal to all, if instead of this person's having an international reputation at his back he had been a simple gentleman like Mr. Durand, would you not consider me entitled to speak?"

"Certainly, but—"

"You have no confidence in my reasons, Inspector; they may not weigh against that splash of blood on Mr. Durand's shirt front, but such as they are I must give them. But first, it will be necessary for you to accept for the nonce Mr. Durand's statements as true. Are you willing to do this?"

"I will try."

"Then, a harder thing yet, to put some confidence in my judgment. I saw the man and did not like him long before any intimation of the evening's tragedy had turned suspicion on any one. I watched him as I watched others. I saw that he had not come to the ball to please Mr. Ramsdell or for any pleasure he himself hoped to reap from social intercourse, but for some purpose much more important and that this purpose was connected with Mrs. Fairbrother's diamond. Indifferent, almost morose before she came upon the scene, he brightened to a surprising extent the moment he found himself in her presence. Not because she was a beautiful woman, for he scarcely honored her face or even her superb figure with a look. All his glances were concentrated on her large fan, which, in swaying to and fro, alternately hid and revealed the splendor on her breast; and when by chance it hung suspended for a moment in her forgetful hand and he caught a full glimpse of the great gem, I perceived such a change in his face that, if nothing more had occurred that night to give prominence to this woman and her diamond, I should have carried home the conviction that interests of no common import lay behind a feeling so extraordinarily displayed."

"Fanciful, my dear Miss Van Arsdale. Interesting, but fanciful."

"I know. I have not yet touched on fact. But facts are coming, Inspector."

He stared. Evidently he was not accustomed to hear the law laid down in this fashion by a midget of my proportions.

"Go on," said he, "happily, I have no clerk here to listen."

"I would not speak if you had. These are words for but one ear as yet. Not even my uncle suspects the direction of my thoughts."

"Proceed," he again commanded.

Upon which I plunged into my subject.

"Mrs. Fairbrother wore the real diamond and no imitation, to the ball. Of this I feel sure. The bit of glass or paste displayed to the coroner's jury was bright enough, but it was not the star of light I saw burning on her breast as she passed me on her way to the alcove."

"Miss Van Arsdale!"

"The interest which Mr. Durand displayed in it, the marked excitement into which he was thrown by his first view of its size and splendor, confirm in my mind the evidence which he gave on oath (and he is a well-known diamond expert, you know, and must have been very well aware that he would injure rather than help his cause by this admission) that at that time he believed the stone to be real and of immense value. Wearing such a gem, then, she entered the fatal alcove, with a smile on her face and quite prepared to

employ her fascinations on whoever chanced to come within their reach. But now something happened. (Please let me tell it my own way.) A shout from the driveway without or a bit of snow thrown against the window, drew her attention to a man standing beneath holding up a note fastened to the end of a whip handle. I do not know whether or not you have found that man. If you have—" The Inspector made no sign. "I judge that you have not, so I may go on with my suppositions. Mrs. Fairbrother took in this note. She may have expected it and for this reason chose the alcove to sit in, or it may have been a surprise to her. Probably we will never know the whole truth about it; but what we can know and do, if you are still holding to our compact and viewing this crime in the light of Mr. Durand's explanations, is that it made a change in her and made her anxious to rid herself of the diamond. It has been decided that the hurried scrawl should read: "Take warning. He means to be at the ball. Expect trouble if *you do not give him the diamond*," or something to that effect. But why was it passed up to her unfinished? Was the haste so great? I hardly think so. I believe in another explanation which points with startling directness to the possibility that the person referred to in this broken communication was not Mr. Durand, but one whom I need not name; and that the reason you have failed to find this messenger of whose appearance you have received definite information, is that you have not looked among the servants of a certain distinguished visitor in town. Oh," I burst forth with feverish volubility as I saw the Inspector's lips open in what could not fail to be a sarcastic utterance, "I know what you feel tempted to reply. Why should a servant deliver a warning against his own master? If you will be patient with me you will soon see, but first I wish to make it clear that Mrs. Fairbrother, having received this warning just before Mr. Durand appeared in the alcove, it would be just like the reckless, scheming woman she was to seek to rid herself of the object against which it was directed in the way we have temporarily accepted as true. Relying on her arts, and possibly misconceiving the nature of Mr. Durand's interest in her, she hands over the diamond hidden in her rolled-up gloves, which he, without suspicion, carries away with him, thus linking himself indissolubly to a great crime of which another was the perpetrator. That other, or so I believe from my very heart of hearts, was the man I saw leaning against the wall at the foot of the alcove a few minutes before I passed into the supper-room."

I stopped with a gasp, hardly able to meet the stern and forbidding look with which the Inspector sought to restrain what he evidently considered the senseless ravings of a child. But I had come there to speak and I hastily proceeded before the rebuke thus expressed could formulate itself into words.

"I have some excuse for a declaration so monstrous. Perhaps I am the only person who can satisfy you in regard to a certain fact about which you have expressed some curiosity. Inspector, have you ever solved the mystery of the two broken teacups found amongst the debris at Mrs. Fairbrother's feet?"

"Not yet," he cried, "but— *You* cannot tell me anything about them!"

"Possibly not. But I can tell you this. When I reached the supper-room door that evening I looked back and, providentially or otherwise—only the future can determine that—detected Mr. Grey in the act of lifting two cups from a tray left by some waiter on a table standing just outside the reception-room door. I did not see where he carried them; I only saw his face turn towards the alcove; and as there was no other lady there, or anywhere near there, I have dared to think—"

Here the Inspector found speech.

"You saw Mr. Grey lift two cups and turn toward the alcove at a moment we all know to have been critical? You should have told me this before. He may be a possible witness."

I scarcely listened. I was too full of my own argument.

"There were other people in the hall, especially at my end of it. A perfect throng was coming from the billiard-room, where the dancing had been, and it might easily be that he could both enter and leave that secluded spot without attracting attention. He had shown too early and much too unmistakably his lack of interest in the general company for his every movement to be watched as at his first arrival. But this

is simple conjecture; what I have to say next is evidence. The stiletto—have you studied it, sir? I have, from the pictures. It is very quaint; and among the devices on the handle is one that especially attracted my attention. See! This is what I mean." And I handed him a drawing which I had made with some care in expectation of this very interview.

He surveyed it with some astonishment.

"I understand," I pursued in trembling tones, for I was much afflicted by my own daring, "that no one has so far succeeded in tracing this weapon to its owner. Why didn't your experts study heraldry and the devices of great houses? They would have found that this one is not unknown in England. I can tell you on whose blazon it can often be seen, and so could—Mr. Grey."

(*To be continued.*)

THE FREEDOM OF LIFE

By Annie Payson Call
Author of "Power Through Repose," Etc.

XIV—THE RELIGION OF IT

THE religion of it is the whole of it. "All religion has relation to life and the life of religion is to do good." If religion does not teach us to do good in the very best way, in the way that is most truly useful to ourselves and to other people, religion is absolutely useless and had better be ignored altogether. We must beware, however, of identifying the idea of religion with the men and the women who pervert it. If an electrician came to us to light our house and the lights would not burn, we would not immediately condemn all electric lighting as bosh and nonsense or as sentimental theory; we should know, of course, that this especial electrician did not understand his business, and would at once look about to find a man who did, and get him to put our lights in order. If no electrician really seemed to know his business, and we wanted our lights very much, the next thing to do would be to look into the laws of electricity ourselves and find out exactly where the trouble was, and so keep at work until we had made our own lights burn and always felt able, if at any time they failed to burn, to discover and remedy the difficulty ourselves. There is not a man or woman who does not feel, at some time, the need of an inner light to make the path clear in the circumstances of life and especially in dealing with others. Many men and women feel that need all the time, and many more are not satisfied until the need is supplied and they are working steadily in daily practical life, guided by a light that they know is higher than theory. When the light is once found and we know the direction in which we wish to travel, the path is not by any means always clear and smooth. It is often full of hard, rough places, and there are sometimes long miles where our light seems dim; but, if we have proved our direction to be right and keep steadily and strongly moving forward, we are always sure to come into open resting places where we can be quiet and gather strength, and then see the light more clearly for the next stage of the journey.

"It is wonderful," some one remarked, "how this theory of non-resistance has helped me; life is quite another thing since I have practiced it steadily"—and yet, she was answered, it is not wonderful when we realize that the Lord meant what He said when He told us not to resist evil. At this suggestion the speaker looked up with surprise and said: "Why, is that in the New Testament? Where, in what part

of it?" She never had thought of the Sermon on the Mount as a working plan, or, indeed of the New Testament as a handbook of life,—practical and powerful in every detail. If we once begin to use it daily and hourly as a working plan of life, it is marvelous how the power and the efficiency of it will grow on us, and we shall no more be able to get along without it than an electrician can get along without a knowledge of the laws of electricity.

Some people have taken the New Testament so literally that they have befogged themselves entirely with regard to its real meaning, and have put it aside as impracticable—others have surrounded it with an emotional idea as something to theorize and rhapsodize about, and have befogged themselves in that way with regard to its real power. Most people are not clear about it because of the tradition that has come to us through generations who have read it and heard it read in church, and never have thought of living it outside. We can have a great deal of church without any religion, but we cannot have religion without true worship, whether the worship is only in our individual souls, or whether it is also the function of a church to which we belong, with a building dedicated to the worship of the Lord to which we go for prayer and for instruction. If we could clear ourselves from the deadening effects of tradition, from sentimentality, from nice theory, and from every touch of emotional and spurious peace, and take up the New Testament as if we were reading it for the first time, and then if we could use it faithfully as a working plan, for a time simply as an experiment,—it would soon cease to be an experiment, and we should not need to be told by any one that it is a divine revelation. We would be confident of that in our own souls. Indeed that is the only way any one can ever be sure of revelation; it must come to each of us alone, as if it had never come to any one before; and yet the beauty and power of it is such that it has come to myriads before us and will come to myriads after us in just the same way.

But there is no real revelation for any one until he has lived what he sees to be true. I may talk like an angel and assert with a shining face my confident faith in God and in all his laws, but my words will mean nothing whatever unless I have so lived my faith that it has been absorbed into my character and so that the truths of my working plan have become my second nature.

Many people have discovered that the Lord meant what He said when He said: "Resist not evil," and have proved how truly practical is the command, in their efforts to be willing to be ill, to be willing that circumstances should seem to go against them, to be willing that other people should be unjust, angry or disagreeable. They have seen that in yielding to circumstances or people entirely,—that is, in dropping their own resistances,—they have gained clear, quiet minds, which enable them to see, to understand, and to practice a higher common sense in the affairs of their lives and which lead to their ultimate happiness and freedom. It is even clear now to many people that much of the nervous illness of to-day is caused by a prolonged state of resistance to circumstances or to people, which has kept the brain in a strained and irritated state so that it can no longer do its work; and that the patient has to lie by for a longer or a shorter period, according to his ability to drop the resistances, and so allay the irritation and let his brain and nervous system rest and heal.

Then, with regard to dealing with others, some of us have found out the practical common sense of taking even injustice quietly and without resistance, of looking to our own faults first and getting quite free from all resentment and resistance to the behavior of others, before we can expect to understand their point of view, or to help them to more reasonable, kindly action if they are in error. Very few of us have recognized and acknowledged that that was what the Lord meant when He said: "Judge not that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; *and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.*"

It comes with a flash of recognition that is refreshingly helpful when we think we have discovered a practical truth that works, and then see that it is only another way of putting what has been taught for the last two thousand years.

Many of us understand and appreciate the truth that a man's true character depends upon his real, interior motives. He is only what his motions *are*, and not, necessarily, what his motions appear to be. We know that, if a man only controls the appearance of anger and hatred, he has no real self-control whatever. We must stop and think, however, to understand that this seems to be just what the Lord meant when he told us to clean the inside of the cup and platter, and we need to think to realize the strength of the warning that we should not be "whitened sepulchres."

We know that we are really related to those who can and do help us to be more useful men and women, and to those whom we can serve in the most genuine way; we know that we are wholesomely dependent upon all from whom we can learn, and we should be glad to have those freely dependent upon us whom we can truly serve. That the Lord Himself, with all his strength, was willing to be dependent, is shown by the fact that, from the cross, He said to those who had crucified Him, "I thirst." They had condemned Him, and crucified Him, and yet He was willing to ask them for drink, to show His willingness to be served by them, even though He knew they would respond only with a sponge filled with vinegar.

We know that, when we are in a hard place, if we do the duty that is before us, and keep steadily at work as well as we can, that the hard problem will get worked through in some way. We know that this is true, but how many people realize that it is because the Lord meant what He said when he bid us "Take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought for the things of itself."

I am reasoning from the proof of the law to the law itself.

There is no end to the illustrations that we might find proving the spiritual commonsense of the New Testament, and, if by working first in that way, we can get through this fog of tradition, of sentimentality, and of religious emotion, and find the living power of the book itself, then we can get a more and more clear comprehension of the laws it teaches, and will, every day, be proving their practical power in all our dealings with life and with people. Whether we are wrestling with nature in scientific work, whether we are working in the fine arts, in commerce or in the professional world, it is the same,—we find our freedom to work fully realized, only when we are obedient to law, and it is a wonderful day for any human being when he intelligently recognizes and finds himself getting into the current of the law of the New Testament. In the light of the new truth, we see that many things which we have hitherto regarded as essential, are of minor importance in their relation to life itself. The old lady who said to her friend, "my dear, it is impossible to exaggerate the unimportance of things," had learned what it meant to drop everything that interferes, and must have been truly on her way to the concentration which should be the very central power of all life,—obedience to the two great commandments.

Concentration does not mean straining every nerve and muscle toward obedience, it means *dropping every thing that interferes.* If we drop everything that interferes with our obedience to the two great commandments, and the other laws which are given us all through the New Testament to help us obey, we are steadily dropping all selfish resistance, and all tendency to selfish responsibility; and, in that steady effort, we are on the only path which can lead us directly to freedom.

With this paper ends the series of articles in which Miss Call has set forth her wonderfully helpful ideas about the conduct of life. In inviting these contributions, the editors knew that they were departing sharply from magazine tradition, but they wished to print Miss Call's articles because they felt that the gospel she preaches ought to be read by great numbers of Americans. The number of letters of thanks of a singularly intimate and personal character, which Miss Call has received, are the strongest proof of useful work well done. The editors take the utmost satisfaction in announcing that Miss Call is now working upon a new series of short articles designed to show the practice of what she preaches. Instead of dealing with theory and belief, she will take up specific instances typical of the lives of all of us and show us definitely and suggestively how we may obtain that perfection of living which she calls "The Freedom of Life."

MORMON OR PATRIOT

The Church, Its People and Their Life

By W. M. Raine and A. W. Dunn*

WHEREVER the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has planted itself firmly, the issue is clearly defined. Not merely the propagation of superstition or the continuance of ecclesiastical bigotry, for these are results; not polygamy, for that is but a degrading incident; not alone contempt for law, bold, persistent and defiant. But deeper and more inclusive than them all is the question whether the United States or the Mormon Church shall be regnant throughout much of the great West. Americanism versus Mormonism! Rule by democracy or by a hierarchy! There is the issue in a nutshell.

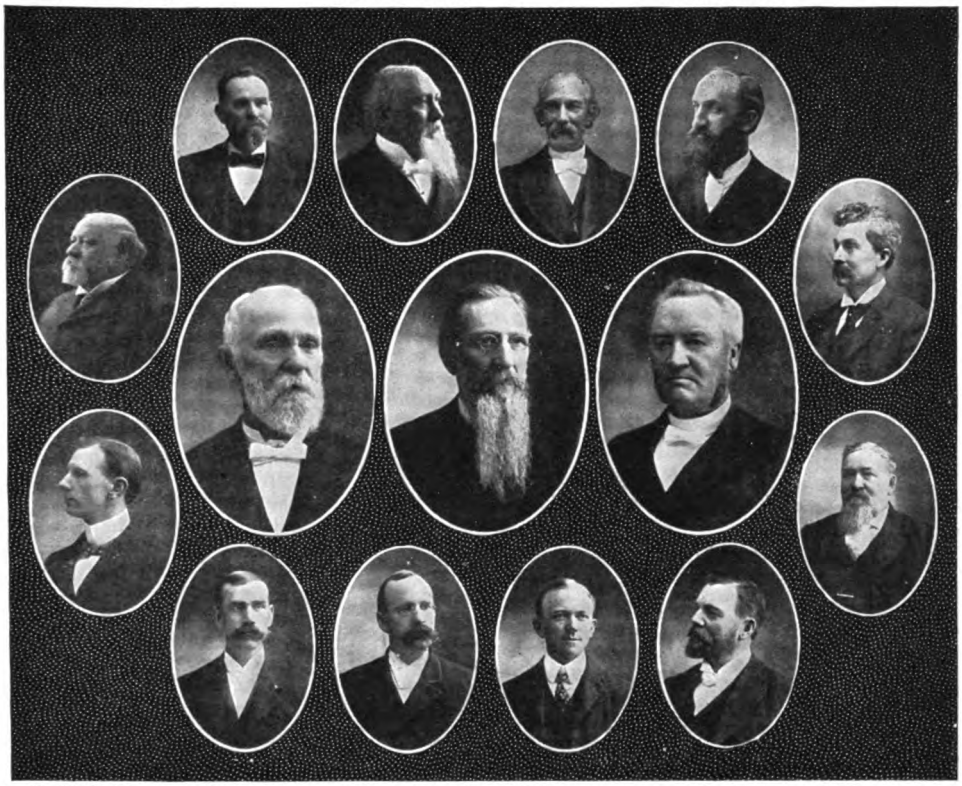
The agitation against the Mormon Church, the name by which the organization founded by Joseph Smith has come to be known, has been almost continuous from the time the Church was organized until the present day. At times the movement seemed to lag, but when occasion demanded it has flamed forth and created a public opinion that has compelled Congress to act with vigor against the Church and its practices, while to-day the movement is more general, more determined than it has been since the Mormons established themselves in Utah. Anti-Mormon influence brought about the Edmunds-Tucker act against polygamy, which forced the Woodruff Manifesto suspending that practice as one of the tenets of the Church; it compelled the House of Representatives to refuse a seat to the polygamist Brigham H. Roberts, and it has brought about the present inquiry before the Senate committee on Privileges and Elections as to the right of Apostle Reed Smoot to occupy a seat in the United States Senate.

As the case is now made up, the question at issue is: Can a good Mormon be a good American? It will not be decided by a prompt declaration of all Gentiles in the negative, nor by the oft repeated assertion of all leading Mormons that they are good Americans, nor by their frequent demonstrations of loyalty to the flag, in spite of the fact that leaders of the Church, down even to Wilford Woodruff's time, have repeatedly prayed in public for the overthrow of the United States government. It is not a question, either, that finds its answer in what the Church has been in the past, nor in what have been the practices and professions of its members. It is solely a question of what the Church is to-day, of its present professions, its performances in religion and morals, and of what the relations of its people are to the Republic.

THE THRIFTY MORMONS

As a people the Mormons have been frugal, industrious and thrifty. They have entered the wilderness and wrung from the arid lands a living, at the same time creating an empire. Through a most complete organization for the control of men and women, they have peopled the Rocky Mountains and established thriving cities and towns and farming communities. No

* *Mr. Raine was sent to Utah by this magazine to study social conditions there. Mr. Dunn is an authority on the political side of the subject.*—THE EDITORS.



President Joseph F. Smith and the Twelve Apostles.

one can visit Utah, Idaho, Arizona, or any other part of the Western country colonized by the Mormons, and not be favorably impressed with what they have accomplished. The idea of community of interest has reached its highest perfection in this great region where every person works for the general good, but at the same time acquires a home and a tract of land for himself. They have erected tabernacles and schools; in every community of any considerable size a theater and dancing hall have been built, managed and controlled by the Church authorities, for the Church believes in amusements for its young people as one means of keeping them contented.

No system of colonization has been more successful than that which has been operated by the Mormons. When a colony is planted it is not left alone to work out its own destiny, but it is carefully nurtured and given aid until it becomes self-supporting and able to contribute its share to the Church. Always it is overlooked by some one near the head of the Church, and the relations of every new colony with Salt Lake City are of the closest character. Mormons are promoters of immigration, and converts from England, Germany and Scandinavia are cared for from the time they embark until they are planted in a new colony, or join one already started in some remote and fertile valley of the mountains. Distance from railroads or from civilization has not deterred the Mormon colonizer; in fact he rather prefers remote sections where no other people have located, or where the Gentiles are so scarce that the Mormon's influence will largely predominate. In such far-away communities, left entirely to themselves, these people may be said to be good American citizens. Were it not that they do not and will not amalgamate, or assimilate, with peoples outside of their Church there would be no question raised concerning them. Few non-Mormons can live in these communities, and if they do they must remain quiet as to the Church, its

President Joseph Smith in the bosom of his family.

President Smith is the husband of five wives and the father of forty-two children.

doctrines and the practices of the leaders, if it should happen that polygamists are among them.

A PERFECTLY ORGANIZED DESPOTISM

The Mormon Church is a one-man power. It is absolutely dominated by the President, although the governing body is called the First Presidency, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and the Seven Presidents of the Seventies. As a matter of fact the First Presidency consists of the President and two councilors, whom he selects and who may be removed by him. The Quorum of the Twelve Apostles has equal power, when united, with the First Presidency, but as Apostles are chosen by a revelation from the President, and as the President is promoted from the President of the Twelve Apostles to be the head of the Church and is made Prophet, Seer and Revelator, his power is absolute. His edicts and decrees are binding whether in temporal or spiritual affairs. Obedience is a Mormon watchword. Disobedience, whether in church or secular matters, has been and still is punished. The offender may stand out for a time, but he must either bend to Church authority or be disfellowshipped and cut off from the Church. He cannot remain a member in good standing, or exercise the rights and privileges of a member until he has recanted and accepted the terms of the Church authorities. Besides there is never a division between the Apostles and the First Presidency. They are constantly in harmony. When any one of them is not in harmony he is dropped. The President controls the Apostles and the Apostles loyally support the Presidency. There is no difference of opinion on this score.

On the business side, beneath the Apostles, come the State Presidents and their Counselors, having jurisdiction over a territory corresponding to a diocese. Subordinate to these is the Bishop of the Ward, a secular official with some ecclesiastical functions, and under his direct eye is the block teacher whose duty it is to visit weekly each Mormon in his block, noting that the tithing is paid, keeping in close touch with his temporal and spiritual affairs, observing any tendency to grow lax in church duties, and reporting all duly to his Bishop. Nobody is too insignificant to be under espionage. A message may be transmitted from the President of the Church, supposed to be the mouthpiece of God, to every member within reaching distance, in a very few hours. At a recent municipal election of Salt Lake, the odds were ten to one in favor of the Republican ticket twenty-four hours before the election, but, to the surprise of all Gentiles, the other side won. The "whisper" had been passed that the Democratic candidates were, on this occasion, chosen by God's elect to rule. As a result, the political complexion of the State had been entirely changed in a day.

The organization is the most perfect in the world. When "the word is passed" as to what the Church desires, enough of the Mormon vote is swayed to make the result certain. The fact that equal suffrage obtains in Utah is an added element of strength to the hierarchy, because the woman vote is more largely amenable to the Church influence than that of the men. For, in addition to the ordinary political motives, there are added the pressure of a final religious authority, the memory of common hardships and persecutions endured, the oaths of a fraternal secret order, and the cementing tie which a knowledge and approval of a general lawless practice engenders. One-third of the men and many of the women hold official positions in the priesthood. Theoretically, the Church is Democratic, and the general conference meets twice a year to ratify measures taken, but, practically, this is a mere formality. On all but one or two occasions the will of the big fifteen has been accepted by unanimous vote. One case of recent dissent was that of a daring young man who protested against the appointment to some position of a man who had just taken in marriage as a "plural" the young woman with whom he was in love. For a few days after the ecclesiastical marriage, the young man had much to say in protest. Suddenly he ceased talking. The authorities had put a padlock on his mouth.

It is inevitable that such wonderful solidarity of organization should be used for political purposes. Instances of actual demands upon the rank and file of Mormons to vote a certain ticket may be rare, but, in an organization, with power so centralized, it has been found that the best policy is to vote according to the ad-

Joseph Smith.
Founder of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

Brigham Young.
Who led the Mormons across the desert.

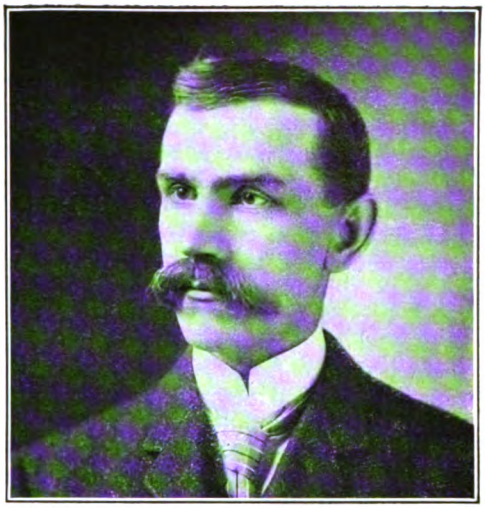
vice of the Church authorities. Whatever may be the true inwardness of the methods by which results are accomplished, it is known that the vote of Mormon communities is uniformly for persons and measures favored by the Church authorities.

THE TRUTH ABOUT POLYGAMY

From the first, the salvation of the Church has depended upon its numbers. To this in large measure is due the introduction of polygamy by which the race has multiplied. Wifehood and motherhood were and are passports to Heaven. To be barren is a disgrace; to raise a large family, a mark of grace among the saints. To multiply and replenish the earth is the first and great commandment of the Mormon Church.

It is beyond question that, with the ruling body of the Church, polygamy has been practically a continuous practice, as well as a tenet and a teaching. Since the manifesto in 1890 when Utah prepared the way for statehood by the promise of the Church to bar the practice of polygamy, President Smith has become the father of thirteen children. Apostles Teasdale and Taylor have both taken plural wives since statehood. Apostle Merrill has seven wives and forty-five children. Brigham Roberts and Moses Thatcher are "three-ply" polygamists. Apostles John Henry Smith, Grant, Lyman and Cowley, have only two wives each, so far as is known. At least six apostles have had children born to them of plural wives since the manifesto. The entire presidency of the Salt Lake City Stake (consisting of Joseph E. Taylor, Angus M. Cannon and Charles Penrose, the editor of the Deseret *News*, the official organ of the Church), is living in polygamy. Many of the Stake Presidents and a large number of the bishops are pluralists. So, too, is J. M. Tanner, Superintendent of Sunday-schools for the Mormon Church throughout the world. Two years ago President Smith admitted that a recent census showed eight hundred and ninety-seven men living in polygamous relations. This means a total of more than three thousand, and it is extremely likely that this is an understatement. But, to prove in court a single case, even when, as rarely happens, exact knowledge is obtainable, is quite a different matter. The record of births required by law is suppressed. Knowledge of the child's paternity is denied by the mother, even though to do so is to stigmatize herself falsely. Another obstacle is, that the first or legal marriage cannot be proven, it probably having occurred before records were kept. Nor, is there any proof of the plural one, unless it be in the ecclesiastical books, which are locked up. The result is, that at most, an offender can be charged only with "living in the habit and repute of marriage with more than one woman." A test case was made of President Lorenzo Snow several years ago, on an attempt to prove polyg-

Mrs. Reed Smoot.



Reed Smoot, Mormon Apostle.

amy, but the prosecuting attorney refused to indict on the evidence secured as being sufficient.

Occasionally this excess of wives leads to amusing consequences, as when lately one of the Apostles invited a visiting Gentile to dinner. The guest lost the address, and looked up the Apostle in the directory. He observed that his hostess, though she answered to the proper name, seemed unprepared for him, and presently he heard her at the telephone. "Oh, Emma? Is John living at your house this week? Is he expecting somebody to dinner to-day? Very well. The gentleman will be there in a few minutes." Then, returning to the stranger, she handed him a paper slip. "You came to the wrong house, sir. This is the address you want." On another occasion, a little girl came running into the parlor while a visitor was calling. "Mamma, mamma, papa wants his suit case packed. He is going to live with Aunt Emma this week."

It used to be the fashion for the different families of a polygamist to live together in the same house, but experience has demonstrated that harmony is better maintained by separate establishments. This method now obtains almost entirely.

During the long drawn out Smoot inquiry, efforts have been made by the prosecution to prove that plural marriages had occurred since the Manifesto of 1890. No definite proof was adduced, save in the case of one woman saying she had contracted a plural marriage in Mexico since that date. But the men who were alleged to have become pluralists since the Manifesto, and the women who are reputed to have become plural wives of men high in the Church, could not be secured to testify. Their whereabouts were unknown, or they were in foreign countries. It is claimed by the Church authorities that the Manifesto of President Woodruff was issued because of a desire on the part of the Church to comply with the law of the land. Hence it is denied that polygamous marriages in this country are sanctioned or performed by the Church. There was no proof to the contrary. Taken literally, the evidence shows that polygamy is still practiced by those who were married to plural wives previous to 1890, and that they who maintain such relations do so defiantly, and claim they are doing right; that it is a matter in which they follow the dictates of their consciences.

To the fair-minded observer this claim of Mormons seems well founded. Polygamy is a dying practice, though it is mighty lusty in death. Necessarily it is by reason of expense confined to the well-to-do. Many of the men and most of the women have always regarded polygamy as a burden laid on them by the Lord. Among its own people it has so many enemies that we have nothing to fear from it, even though sentimentally and religiously numbers of the younger Mormons, especially women, regret the departure of this "great system of patriarchal marriage so well designed to prove the hearts of men and women and to

develop in them the principles of pure love, charity, justice and impartiality." A young Mormon woman, modest and intelligent, with clear, honest, gray eyes, deplored the prohibition of polygamy. "We lose something the last generation had," she said. "Our family would have seemed lopsided with only one mother. And was it not worth something to us children that we had to divide everything—even our father?" She said she would not object to marrying a polygamist if she loved him, though she confessed she would a little rather be the first wife. When asked if he would be willing to have his daughter marry a pluralist, her father said he would prefer it. She would be conforming to the laws of the Church, besides which she would be marrying a tried man, one already proven to be a good husband.

To the American living in Utah it is a blot and an eyesore, but long custom has made him immeasurably indifferent to it. Besides the commercial instinct is involved. When a Mormon elder buys two rocking chairs and orders them to be sent to different addresses, the Gentile dealer in furniture from whom he purchases does not immediately hie him to the authorities with this information. The dollar speaks in Utah even as it does elsewhere, and a Mormon boycott is something not to be courted lightly.

Whether the Church has dealt honestly in its compact with the United States or not in this matter, whether or not plural marriages are still performed, the fact remains that the institution of plural marriages, so obnoxious to the American people, condemned and prohibited by the laws of the United States, and even suspended by a President of the Church, is practiced and defended by the Church leaders, and that not one Mormon is found to condemn it or to utter a protest against the practice by the officers and members of his Church. Good Americanism of such people may well be questioned.

THE SMOOT CASE BUT AN INCIDENT

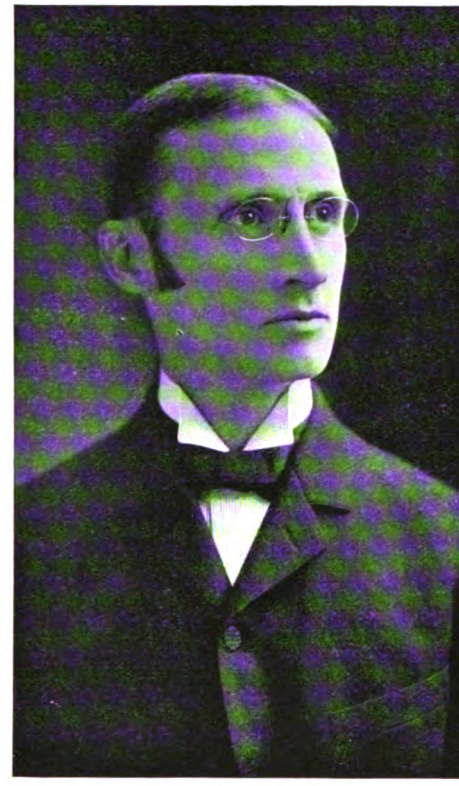
But polygamy is at best but a side issue of the momentous question, although the scandal of it is what has aroused the American people from the indifference with which they regarded Mormonism, and has lent such a notoriety to the Smoot case. No matter what the investigating committee may decide, or what the Senate may do, the great court of public opinion will render its own decision on the facts adduced. No question of the constitutional right of Smoot, or his election in the prescribed manner, will enter into its consideration of the case. Smoot will be judged by the people according to the standard of men. He will be measured by the morals and works of his associates and the organization which holds his allegiance, whose decrees he is bound to obey. The American people will decide whether the Mormon Apostle, the man who is churchman first and a citizen of the country second, is a good American. He may retain his seat. His connection with the Church may not be declared sufficient ground upon which to deprive him of it, but the investigation of his election, and of the Church, has been sufficient to determine that a member of the Mormon Church in good standing has sacrificed to his religion that independence of thought and action necessary for American citizenship.

THE POLITICAL DANGER

It may be asked how it is possible for the Mormon Church in communities and States where it does not have a majority of the votes to control elections. It is because it unites with one party or another, with sometimes this and sometimes that faction, throwing them its solid support, that it is a powerful and controlling factor in politics where it has even a third of the votes. Political parties seek its aid to carry elections and so secure offices. Both parties and all factions will seek and accept aid from the Mormon Church, for that aid means success. In Utah, it is absolutely essential, for political successes have the support of the Church. This support is given to the party, the faction, or the person that, in the opinion of the Church officials, is for the best interests of the organization. Politicians anxious to win, and men seeking office, are not over nice or scrupulous about these matters. A Mormon vote is as much to them as any other, and even if they may secretly condemn the practices of the Church, they accept its assistance, and, to the extent of the obligation they feel, they do favors to the Church in return for the support they have received. The support of the Mormon Church is not given to any party or

faction permanently. So long as the party, or faction, or men in control, seem to favor the Church, or at least do not attack the Church organizations, or the practices of its leaders, it is almost sure to have the support of the Church. When changes are made from one party to another, it is for a cause which the Church leaders think is for the benefit of the Church.

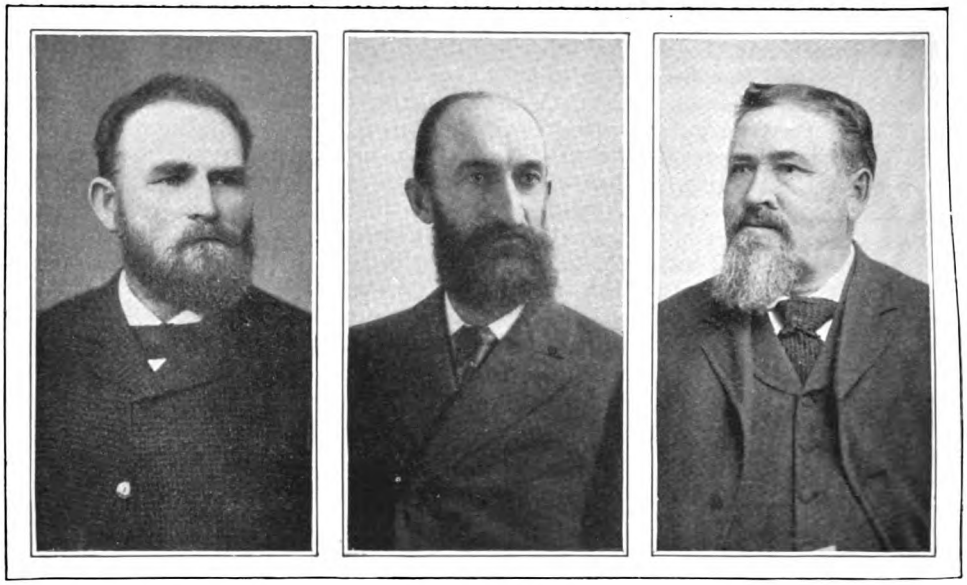
It is an undisputed fact that, as soon as a campaign begins in Idaho, delegations from all parties go to Salt Lake City to use their influence to secure the support of the Mormon Church. All parties have sought this assistance, and have, at times, returned, believing they had secured favorable answers, but it is not often known until near election day, what the Mormons will do. Then, some leading Churchman takes a stand for the party the Church has decided to support, and it is evident which way the Mormon vote is to be thrown. It is estimated that there are two thousand Mormon voters in Wyoming. Leaders of both political parties go to Salt Lake City before every election to secure orders for this vote. In a close contest, these two thousand votes would decide an election in Wyoming, and, should it be an election in which the Church had a vital interest, there is no doubt that the vote would be cast as directed from Salt Lake City. At present, the divisions are on party lines. Politicians of Wyoming say that they handle the Mormons by leaving them alone, and by not interfering with them. That is satisfactory to the Mormons. Nothing suits them so well as to be left alone, to live in their colonies by themselves, without neighbors of any other faith, and without the criticism that is sure to be made against any organization clannish in practice, and professing a religion subject to suspicion. Up to the present time, neither the Wyoming authorities nor the Wyoming people have interfered with the Mormons. They have been so far away from other people that there has been no clash, and no cause for interference, but it is a well-known fact that politicians seeking public office are careful to do nothing, or take no steps which might cause a clash, or turn this Mormon vote against them.



Robert W. Tayler.
Leading counsel against Smoot.

WHERE THE MONEY COMES FROM

The contributions which a Church exacts, and which its members are willing to pay, ought to be of no concern to any person outside of the Church, still there is a complaint against the Mormon Church because a tithing of one-tenth of all incomes is exacted and paid by all good Mormons. There are Mormons who do not pay this tithing, and who are not cut off from the Church, but they are considered bad Mormons, and cannot expect to hold positions in the Church, nor receive the support of the Church for positions outside of it. Men who live in Mormon communities say this tithing, one-tenth of everything that is produced, creates an immense fund which is used for the benefit of the Church in political and business affairs, as well as in ecclesiastical matters. The tithing is paid to the head of the Church, and he does not account to anyone for it, neither as to its receipt, nor its disbursement. As

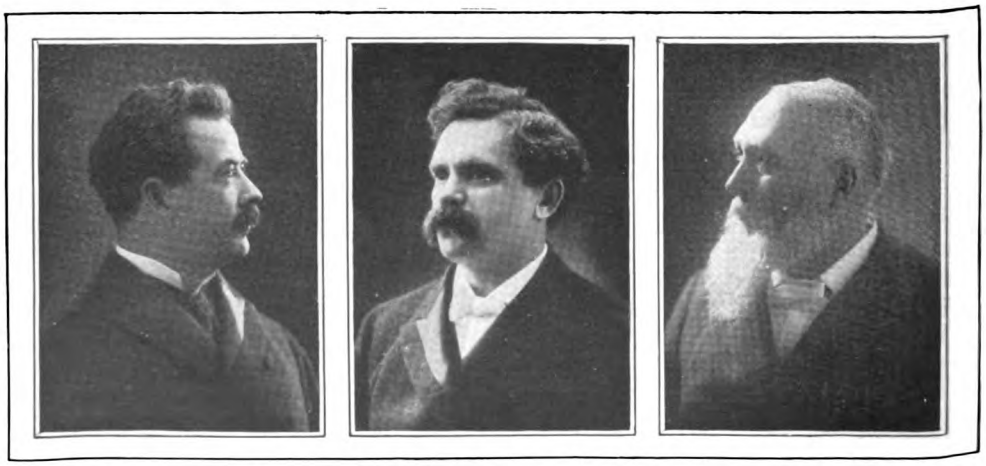


Francis M. Lyme.
President of the quorum of apostles.

Heber J. Grant.
Apostle and two-ply polygamist.

Ioseph F. Smith.
Nephew of the president and five-ply polygamist.

the Church engages in a great deal of business, this tithing fund gives it a heavy advantage over every other competitor, an advantage which is often used with great effect. Viewed commercially, the Mormon Church is a menace to all other business institutions which attempt to compete with it. The Church leaders, backed by this immense fund, constantly coming in, have become interested in many business concerns, and their families have acquired wealth and power. Another great advantage of this system of tithing to the rulers of the Church lies in its moral effect on the humbler members of the Church. An involuntary tax of ten per cent. on everything produced in addition to taxes paid to support the State and county, compels frugality among the poor classes, and keeps them in a condition of absolute subjection to their leaders. Men who submit to the payment of any



Frank J. Cannon.
A vigorous anti-Mormon leader.

Brigham H. Roberts.
Who, as a polygamist, was barred from Congress.

J. H. Smith.
Political leader of the Church.

such tax to support a Church, are lacking in that independence of spirit necessary to be good Americans.

ARE MORMONS SINCERE?

"Are Mormons sincere, or are they fanatics?" is a question that is frequently asked. There is some question whether many of the able men who have advanced to high rank in the Church, advanced because of their superior intelligence, can believe in the organization, whether they can believe that Joseph Smith found the plates containing the Book of Mormon, and that he was selected to receive revelations and make religious laws. Belief in the Book of Mormon, in the Prophet Joseph Smith, and in the Book of the Covenants, necessitates a belief in the revelation concerning polygamy. The fact that the most prominent Mormons practice and defend polygamy, would indicate that they believe in every dogma laid down by Joseph Smith. For the most part, the Mormons are zealots. Belief in martyrdom is easy; and it has not been difficult to show every Mormon that he has been persecuted on account of his religion. As to the rank and file, there is no question as to their sincerity.

THEIR BURNING MISSIONARY ZEAL

In nothing is the devotion of Mormons to their Church more evident than in the burning missionary zeal, which inspires many of them. With its customary literal interpretation of the Scriptures, the Church of Latter Day Saints sends its missionaries to their fields of service without providing at all for their temporal wants. In some cases, the missionaries are financially able to defray the expenses of their undertaking. Usually, however, they go as people of the lower middle class, working at their trade, or whatever they can find to do, to support themselves. Many of these are unable to find means of earning a living in the foreign countries to which they are sent, and are forced to call upon their families to assist them. Many cases are on record in which those at home have stinted themselves of the necessities of life in order to keep one of the family in the field as a missionary. It is the policy of the Church to send on missionary service any young man of promise who shows signs of religious doubt. The result of the experiment is, that he is either confirmed in the faith or driven to agnosticism.

But though the Church on principle refrains from assisting its missionaries, its revenues are used to defray the expenses of thousands of immigrants who are themselves unable to pay their way. Originally, the most fertile field for converts was Great Britain, but of late Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland and Germany are furnishing most of the recruits, though many of them come from the poorer white class of our Southern states.

The Church is necessarily recruited from the ignorant classes, both in this country and abroad. A glance at a Mormon congregation is enough to convince one that intelligence is lacking. In appearance, it is far below the average American audience, and in the generous mixture of foreign types, there is a notable absence of the bright, keen faces, that are seen in nearly every assemblage outside of Mormon communities, even when the foreign element predominates.

From the recruits, the converts, and the descent from early founders of the Church, come the men who are now its leaders, its bishops, and lesser officers. When a young man is found to be particularly intelligent and bright, he is advanced to higher position. He was encouraged to enter polygamy in the old days, and it is alleged by the anti-Mormons that such encouragement still continues, giving the Church a firm and lasting hold upon him. Ignorance is not allowed to gain ascendency. Those whose wits are not sharp enough to make them dangerous, continue in the lower ranks. Some may get small preferment and be given petty authority, but only those whose ability is unquestioned, attain prominence.

THE CHURCH A SECRET SOCIETY

When the Church of Latter Day Saints was created, the prophet made of it a secret society, in certain of its forms very much like the Masons, from which organization he borrowed largely. The greatest event in the spiritual life of a Mormon is the "taking of his endowment," or going through the Endowment House. A kind of union garment is here donned which is a protection against evil, and must never be wholly removed. When a change is necessary, before it is taken off entirely, another of the same kind is partially put

on. Formerly, terrible oaths were administered, one of which was to avenge the blood of the Prophet Smith on fearful penalties in the event of failure to do so. These are now in all probability largely omitted. One curious custom which obtains is baptism of the dead. This is done by professional substitutes for the souls of the dead who are thus regenerated at the expense of living "saints." Hannibal, Julius Cæsar and George Washington, have each been represented vicariously thus.

All Mormons who go through the Endowment House, or take their vows in the Temple, now that the Endowment House is no more, are compelled to subscribe to bloody and preposterous oaths, oaths which must be binding upon the ignorant, and which few Mormons familiar with the sanguinary history of their Church would care to violate. Vengeance is a principle of the Church, and while it is scarcely to be expected that any one who should reveal the secrets of Mormonism would now undergo all the mutilations of the body which are the penalties for betraying such secrets, yet any man who had made these vows and revealed them would naturally feel uncomfortable while living in a Mormon community. Oaths of that nature are not thought necessary in any other Church. No church in America finds it expedient to have ceremonies of a secret character. Every other form of worship is open to inspection. This fact alone is obnoxious. When a Church also becomes a political machine it combines in itself a secret political order, something that has never been tolerated in free America, and which makes it impossible for good Mormons to be good Americans.

THEIR HOSTILITY TO OUTSIDERS

It has been stated that Mormons do not like the association of people of other denominations. From the time when they located in Nauvoo, on the banks of the Mississippi, until to-day they have had trouble with and a distrust of neighbors. Bloodshed resulted in the early years, both in Illinois and Missouri and later in Utah, when Gentiles began to settle in that part of the Great West. The Mormons have constantly sought isolation, but they have also colonized in places where pioneers of other faiths had gone before. When they have been the pioneers they have resented the appearance of the new settler and have often made it difficult for him to live adjacent to them. In those places where the Mormons and the other people mingle, by reason of a general movement to some fertile valley, the tranquility of the non-Mormon depends upon his neutrality and attitude toward the Church. Criticism of the Church or Mormon methods and practices bring about unpleasant results. "Things happen," is what the anti-Mormons say. The fences of the non-Mormon are constantly broken down and his crops destroyed by the cattle. If he has stock on the range they stray away and are lost. He is ostracised, and if any Mormons support him they also come under the ban. A man who has offended the Mormons cannot well continue to live in a Mormon community. This applies particularly to agricultural regions where men must have neighbors and be at times dependent upon them.

"Jack-Mormons" is a term applied to those who are not of the faith, but who are on friendly terms with the Mormons. These are the Gentiles who decry the agitation against the Church, who say that polygamy is passing away; that the Mormons are striving to live as good citizens of the country, and that the anti-Mormon crusade has developed into a persecution of them. "Jack-Mormons" are those who have business dealings with the Mormons, especially the higher officials. Many of them secure office with the assistance of the Mormons, and in turn they help the Mormons into office. "Jack-Mormons," in the eyes of the average anti-Mormon, are little better than the real Mormons and by some considered worse, because they hinder every movement against the Mormons. Were it not for them, a division on strict lines might be made. A conflict of more bitterness might result, but it would probably not be so prolonged. Not all of the "Jack-Mormons" benefit from their position. Many are sincere in believing that the continuous conflict makes martyrs of the Mormons, solidifies them, and that no good can be accomplished by keeping the warfare alive. But their advice is not heeded. In fact the anti-Mormons do not consult or advise with them.

There are Mormons in Utah who oppose the political pretensions of the Church, who resent its dictation, and who remain

independent; but there are not many. They can live only in communities where there is a large Gentile population, because they are not in harmony with the Church, which means they are practically ostracised. They are not good Mormons. The Church leaders so declare, and the acknowledged books of the Church sustain the leaders in this, by declaring that opposition to the priesthood is not only wrong, but not to be tolerated. These independent Mormons have to hold strong positions in order to maintain themselves. Their business suffers. Few can continue long in any community and not feel the heavy hand of the Church. Whether the orders are direct or not, Mormons fail to do business with the men who are outspoken against the Church leaders. These independents claim to be as good Mormons as ever, but courageously assert that the leaders of the Church must not use the great religious engine as a political machine. They take a bold stand for free and untrammelled citizenship. They are good Americans, but they are not good Mormons.

The record of the Mormon Church is its own condemnation. No other sect in America has caused the government so much trouble; no other Church has left a trail of blood along its pathway. No prelate is so powerful as the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. No people are so subservient to the will of their master as are his people. The promises regarding polygamy have been evaded, and the practice so odious to the people of the United States is flaunted in their faces and defended. The political power of the Church and its control of the suffrage of its followers has been demonstrated. It cannot be that a Mormon, believing in the Church, obeying his superiors, casting his ballot according to their dictation, taking his orders in every walk of life from the priesthood of the Mormon Church, can be a good American.

COLONEL TERADA

A Picturesque Incident of the Hana to Hand Fighting in a Fort Before Port Arthur by an Officer of the Japanese Artillery

NIGHT attack after night attack,—the persistence of our men of the center in conjunction with the men of Azabu and Sakura, seemed to outrage the night of the twenty-second of October. It is difficult for me to tell how we managed to deliver so many attacks, and with so much persistence against that grim wall, the thousand eyes of which were the flashes of Russian rifles. The persistence of our night attacks which shocked the night, shook and outraged the Russians also. It did more. Coming as they did, one upon another, it surprised our good friends, the Russians behind the walls. To this surprise, at four o'clock in the morning of the twenty-third of October, was due a rather pleasant surprise to us. Without knowing how it came about, suddenly, in the uncertain light of the dawn, we found ourselves within the Russian wall, in one corner of the height extending to the north-west of the fort which we were storming, and which is called Hachimaki-yama. When we had time to turn round in the enemy's fortification, treading always upon the heap of the enemy's dead, we saw that the position that we, through a miracle gained, was a magnificent one. It commanded the flanks of a number of forts.

Bloody, worn, and our eyes burning within their sockets, our smiles of satisfaction must have been rather grim. The enemy did not allow us many minutes to congratulate ourselves upon the occupation of this important position. Upon the broad grins of our satisfaction, from four sides, we saw the enemy hurl themselves in a deadly counter attack. No better

emphasis on the importance of the position could be had. Even more important must have been the position in the eyes of the Russians than in our eyes. I do not know how many of us were in the forts. The enemy's fire from the forts on both of our flanks poured upon us all the fire that they could maintain. It is indeed a very strong imagination to even conceive of a possibility of anything human living under that concentrated fire. The guns of these forts, moreover, cut off our line of retreat. They checked the reinforcements. Those of us who were within the wall, had been pretty badly handled.

In this isolated position we faced the enemy that stormed upon us from four sides. Men become as indifferent as fate under some circumstances. I am surprised when I recollect how calmly we went about the work; how peaceful our men were. I remember that our hearts were warm with a certain touch of satisfaction, and the men who opened fire point blank against the Russians crowding upon us, did so with smiling faces. It was pleasant to us, and quite satisfactory, that Heaven at last in its impartiality had seen fit to give us one opportunity in which we could turn the table upon our good friends, the Russians.

All the sad stories up to this point had been written mostly with our blood; and our friends always behind the permanent fortifications. Now, with the Russians in the open and we upon the height, the story is entirely different. To be sure we were unprotected from the Russian fires by a wall or a trench. The wall that we had behind us did us precious little good; nevertheless, we had a commanding position from which we could entertain the Russians. To be sure, also, as we were completely isolated, our ammunition was necessarily limited; nevertheless, we were quite satisfied with this arrangement. We felt as if we were at last standing on equal footing to entertain our friends, and we did so. Once, twice, three times they came, always from four sides, once, twice and three times they went back.

It was on the fourth and last desperate counter attack that I saw a Russian officer make for us. We had to economize our shots. We allowed our enemies to approach us quite close—so close that it was impossible for us to miss when we fired. And I saw this Russian officer within less than a hundred meters. In his right hand he carried a sword stained with blood. The fingers of his left hand were crushing a pistol. His face was patched up with bandages. He made for us with teeth set and eyes blazing. Certainly he received sufficient attention from us. It is impossible for me to tell, of course, how many bullets were necessary to persuade him to lay down and take his well-earned rest. And on this fourth attack the enemy managed at last to break into our lines. Upon one side of us was a cliff, and I saw a number of our men locked in a death grapple with Russians and tumbling down into the chasm on the sharp slope of the cliff. Most of us took to the swords of our ancestors, in which, after all is said and done, we found the most faithful friends. The mêlee was beyond words. Here and there and everywhere were the explosions of hand grenades.

It was in this mêlee that I saw our commander Colonel Terada. When I caught sight of the flash of his sword, he was the center of the fiercest struggle of them all. Cut into the sheen of his goodly blade were these words: "Ten-sho-ko Dai-jin-gu." (Those six characters stand for the divine presence of the supreme diety of the Shinto. They are the name of the sun-goddess to whose shrine at Ise his Majesty pays his annual respects). Most of us under him had heard of this famous sword of his, and when those six words flashed in the icy light of his sword above our heads, there seemed to come upon us a light from above. We received, so to speak, a baptism of the Heaven's fire.

By this time the Russians were thickly mixed with our men. It was just then that I saw in one corner of our position a sight that it would be impossible for us to forget. Upon the mêlee in which the Russians and our men were piling upon each other and slashing away at each other, the hostile forts opened their fire. Only a writer of a mad farce would think of using human adjectives to describe the scene. I saw one and the same shell hurl both the Russians and the Japanese into the air and into a heroic memory.

THE DOCTOR'S SISTER

A Tale of Two Telephones

By Crieff Dalzell

WITH DRAWINGS BY GORDON H. GRANT

WHEN I came home from boarding-school where I had been placed at the death of my mother, I had my choice of keeping house for my brother or going to college, or marrying one of three life-long admirers,—and I chose to keep house for my brother Neil and his little motherless boy.

Our house is a huge old colonial affair and the offices are on the first floor. So is the kitchen. A long flight of stairs leads from the front gate to the house door in the second story. Patients have a separate entrance on the ground floor. It is necessary for you to bear this in mind in order to appreciate my situation.

The house servant is supposed to answer the telephones, but there is always some hitch about it, and at the time of which I tell, I had suddenly realized that I had degenerated from a leader in my set of girls, a fair athlete, a reputable musician, to a mere receiver of telephone messages. I had even gotten out of the way of flirting and had come to look at a man as a mere patient. The doctoring business became a kind of mania with me.

Last fall, however, things came to a crisis. I shall always contend that Uncle Pierson Jackson and Aunt Henrietta Luther were to blame, not to mention Dr. Stone Fairly,—but I must tell you who he was. It seems that this physician and Neil were classmates in the University of Medicine, and ever since they graduated, once a year it was agreed between them that he should come South and investigate some special subject. He was very learned and quiet and from Massachusetts and Neil explained when I first came home that he came strictly on business and would be bored if I tried to be nice to him, and so I had not given much thought to his entertainment. I simply accepted him along with the telephones and the patients. He generally stayed in the office when he was not making rounds with Neil, and I always encouraged this commendable habit.

He had a splendid face and was a very courteous man, but when he wasn't answering Neil's questions he was usually in a brown study. But I started to tell about the crisis.

For weeks the office rush had been something fearful, and the telephone bells were not simply metallic rings, but human shrieks for help.

The thing wore upon me, and I wanted Neil to myself with a persistent, unappeasable, immediate craving that made me fairly desperate. Added to the disappointment of never seeing more of him in the day time than the merest passer-by in the street, he had had a typhoid patient to whom he paid a visit just after supper—really the only half hour in the twenty-four he spent with me—and for a week he had been called out regularly to the man at two o'clock in the morning. This was bad enough of itself, but for some masculine reason he left the door unlocked, while I, frightened into rigidity, lay trembling and listening for some one to turn the handle

and walk in. So I had abundant opportunity in the lonesome, wee hours of the night, to turn over plans in my mind with the hope of finding some way to have a reunion with Neil.

The morning following one of these owlish nights, Neil, without a word of warning, brought Dr. Stone Fairly in to breakfast.

"I was so rushed yesterday, Daisy, I didn't think to tell you Fairly was coming, but he is so used to our ways, that I know it will not matter," Neil said apologetically and I greeted Dr. Fairly with a sinking heart. (While he was with us the house door used to stand open all night. It was part of the program.) Our guest said something so graceful about Southern hospitality and our especial dispensing of it, that I forgot my night's anxiety in my surprise, but my spirits sank again when a telegram was received while we were still at breakfast advising us that Uncle Pierson Jackson, who had sailed from Liverpool for America two weeks before, was about to leave Charleston for Leabury and we might expect him at any time. This time he had planned to go to see all his relations, collecting material as he went for a book he was writing,—"Southern America As It Really Is" I wonder if all Englishmen are as absorbingly, irritatingly interested in America as Uncle Pierson?

As soon as the news came I determined to give my tea before he arrived. I could not give him the opportunity to bore so many people at one time. I do not believe in drastic measures, neither does Neil.

"I greeted Dr. Fairly with a sinking heart."

"Stone has come down to look into the Hookworm Disease, Margaret," Neil explained after breakfast while he was giving me instructions about various things and telling me what to say to different persons who might call him up. "We will be out until dinner time unless I decide otherwise, and we may not return till dark."

I was arranging an apronful of chrysanthemums and stuck a lovely pink one jauntily in the middle of the vase. "Very well," I returned, biting off a superfluous stem—imagine then, after thinking I was

at liberty to pursue my tea plans, imagine hearing this:—

"If you will excuse me, I believe I'll stay here this morning, Neil. I have some notes to write up, and I rested so poorly in the sleeper I will greatly enjoy the comforts of home."

Think of it! I dropped the flowers, the whole apronful, and the gorgeous pink bloom drooped over on the side of the vase and turned pale,—honestly and truly it did. I know my eyes fairly bulged with amazement, but Neil said:—

"I beg your pardon. I am a strangely neglectful host," and he departed in an absent-minded hurry.

And that Northern doctor, after a short time spent in his room, established himself in a comfortable chair in the sitting-room, with a sheaf of papers and a fountain pen, and I wondered how much distraction he could work through. However, I went on with my preparations for the tea; but before I could get Neil, junior, started to school, with his lunch and a series of "don'ts," Uncle Pierson arrived.

I am very particular in the matter of dress. Neil says I am just saved being old-maidish, but in the presence of this bewilderingly immaculate English uncle, I saw myself through the microscope of his criticism and instinctively put my hand to my rebellious, wavy hair to smooth it into order. The negro porter who carried Uncle Pierson's suit case mopped his perspiring forehead with a handkerchief. I suppose reams of paper *are* very heavy.

Uncle Pierson took off his silk hat at the foot of the long flight of front steps. As he had just come from Charleston, he thought it was necessary in Leabury also to wait at the gate for admittance. The porter urged him on with host-like cordiality, and I met him at the door as I opened it to let Neil junior out.

Uncle Pierson has a peculiar way of introducing all his remarks with a little involuntary ejaculation people make when they plunge into freezing cold water.

"Oo-oo-oo, Margaret, I am very glad indeed to see you again. Allow me—do you know—" he continued, turning to the porter. Horrors! he is going to introduce me to Jim Washington; we never *could* make him understand.

"Dear Uncle Pierson," I interrupted hastily, "come right in, while Mag carries your suitcase to your room."

I had had time to ring for the house girl while Uncle Pierson was settling the Charleston-Leabury gate question. He turned to her now with hand extended to offer a family greeting, but, fortunately for me, Mag is a little near-sighted, and with an effusiveness I was far from feeling, I seized my uncle by the hand and drew him into the sitting-room, after I had introduced him to Dr. Fairly.

Then the 'phone screamed impatiently—the Bell 'phone. I excused myself, and left the Hookworm Pursuer and the Southern American Observer to entertain each other while I went to answer it. For some inexplicable reason the Bell 'phone is in the dining-room and the Interstate 'phone in the hall. The sitting-room is between the two.

"Hello! Is that two-forty-seven?" some one called.

"Yes," I answered.

"Margaret, this is Alice Leslie. The doctor told me last night that he would write out directions for treating Kate's throat, and leave the paper with you, so you could telephone them to us early this morning. You didn't call us up, and Kate is lots worse. What shall we do?"

Oh, my unlucky star! Kate Leslie, my best friend, whose presence in the receiving party that night was absolutely indispensable! She must be cured, and that quickly. But the directions. Neil had not mentioned them to me. Bent on saving his reputation and Kate's life, I said, with a confidence I was far from feeling, that I would go at once and get his instructions.

I slung the receiver over the transmitter and rushed to the office. To my dismay Uncle Pierson had deserted Dr. Fairly, and in his zest for information had been jotting down my side of the conversation in his stenographic notebook, and now followed me as I rushed madly downstairs, and turned over letters and billheads and ink on the desk, and medical journals, pill boxes and stethoscopes on the table searching for something which I doubted I would know if I found. Uncle Pierson, who had probably never seen an Englishwoman under similar circumstances, rubbed his hands together (there was no conversation to take down) and occupied himself picking

up the various things that gravitated to the floor as I searched, saying all the while with profound agitation, "Very extraordinary, very extraordinary indeed."

Meantime, after searching the microscope table, I found a paper under a dish of cultures Neil was raising, which, from its purport, I decided was the right one.

I had scarcely delivered the directions and hung up the receiver before Uncle Pierson began his audible pursuit after knowledge.

"Oo-oo-oo, am I right in stating, Margaret, that physicians in Southern America always marry female medical graduates?"

Dr. Fairly, who had apparently begun to transcribe the Hookworm notes, looked up from his work and shot a glance of sympathetic enjoyment at me, thereby giving me the second surprise of the kind I had had that day.

"Mercy on us," I began in terrified expostulation, when the door opened and Mag announced the arrival of the smilax ordered for decorations.

"And, Miss Margaret, Bob got ter go ter a funeral; one of his brothers is dead."

"But he *can't* go," I cried in dismay; "he knows I can't spare him to-day of all days—"

"Oo-oo-oo," Uncle Pierson froze in my ear. "Am I right in stating that employers in Southern America may forbid the—ah, the attendance of a servant upon his brother's funeral?"

I know I stared at Uncle Pierson, but it was the stare of incomprehension.

"It is not his *natural* brother," I blurted out at length; "the man is simply a member of the lodge."

"Ooo-oo-oo," Uncle Pierson began in the surprised tone of one having come unexpectedly but gladly upon long desired information, "the lodge is—" the Bell 'phone puffed with periodic repetition.

I rushed to the 'phone; as I snatched the receiver from the hook the Interstate rang in the hall.

"Is the doctor there?" some one asked breathlessly in my ear.

"No, why," I returned, wondering if Mag would find time to answer the Interstate, or if Bob would go, and if Uncle Pierson would contrive to take down all the things every one was saying at once, and if that was intelligible stuff Dr. Fairly was writing.

"Terrible accident at the press; two men bleeding to death, and,—but *can't* you tell me where the doctor is?"

"I can find him, I reckon," I cried, feverishly.

"Oh, Central," I gasped, as the front door bell clanged through the house. "Can you tell me where Dr. Cameron is?"

As soon as the operator recovered from the shock of being asked a direct question, she said reassuringly, "Yes, Ma'am, he's at five hundred and nineteen."

How I love that telephone girl, next Christmas—

"Oh, is that you, Neil; oh, Neil, go to the press, two men bleeding to death—"

Neil dropped his receiver with a bang, and I put mine up, relieved, for if *Neil* could be gotten for the men, of course they would not die.

I turned from the telephone to give orders to the florist about the bamboo, and beg Bob to have the funeral postponed, and came face to face with Aunt Henrietta Luther, energetic individual and enthusiastic club woman.

"My dear child," she cried, greeting me warmly, "I came down to spend the day, but am cheated out of three-quarters of an hour, because the train was late. Really, the club must take that in hand—"

"Have you met my Uncle, Aunt Henrietta?" I asked, nervously, wondering whether it was Uncle Pierson or Uncle Ferndom who loathed Women's Clubs.

"And Dr. Fairly, you have met Dr. Fairly, have you not?"

Yes, Aunt Henrietta *had* met Dr. Fairly, and was delighted to see him again, but she turned to Uncle and said, "Oh, Mr. Jackson, I am so glad of this opportunity to ask—"

I lost the rest, and turned with a sigh of relief to an immense center piece I *must* finish for my tea.

As I bent over my silks to match a lovely pink, Dr. Fairly, who had never before spent two minutes with me, save at meal times, Dr. Fairly left his Hook-worm researches and drew a chair close to mine, and asked in the kindest, gentlest way possible:—

"Is it often so bad as this?"

It flashed over me all at once, "How I have misjudged the man," and I was absolutely *grateful* for his sympathy, but,

before I could do more than smile my thanks, the Bell 'phone called lustily, strenuously.

"Can you tell me where I can find the doctor?"

"No, I am sorry, I cannot," I said.

"I want him very much. He promised to wash out my stomach,—but, I suppose you do not know anything about it—"

"Indeed I don't," I cried, indignantly, and slammed the receiver on the hook.

"My dear Margaret," Aunt Henrietta said peremptorily, "am I never to get a chance to speak to you? I came to see you, especially to tell you that you are appointed Chairman of the Street-Cleaning Committee for Leabury."

Uncle Pierson wrote like mad. The Interstate 'phone brawled and wrangled, and lost its temper.

I answered it, and then turned to Dr. Fairly, who seemed to be waiting for my return, when he said abruptly:—

"When you have an opportunity, I would like—"

But I didn't have an opportunity to even *hear* what he liked, for Mag brought me Mrs. Henry Gaston's card. She is the wife of one of Neil's most intimate medical friends. I remember only one thing that she said.

"When I hire a cook I never ask her if she can make biscuits, or waffles, or syllabub, or cake, my only requirement is ability to answer telephones."

I sighed in sympathy, but I don't know what I said, for I heard the familiar beat of Neil's horses' hoofs, and was crazily, perceptibly anxious for Mrs. Henry Gaston to take her leave. The moment she was gone, I rushed to the office stairs.

"Neil," I called.

"Go right back, Daisy," he shouted anxiously, "just come from a small-pox case. Got to change my clothes. Please call Cornelius, and give him that lancet in my room, to sterilize."

I hurried back in the flush of my disappointment, got the knife, and rang for the office boy.

"*Think of it!*"

The door opened a little crack, "It's rainin' Miss Margaret, an' Neil didn't take no umbrella."

"Cornelius take an umbrella to him, and Mag, you sterilize the lancet," I decreed, my patience reaching a low ebb. It was two o'clock, almost dinner time. Surely I would see Neil before any more demands were made upon my time and ingenuity. Incredible as it may seem, in the next ten minutes the man came to take the census and some colored children came to beg flowers for the funeral.

Then dinner was announced, and we went in. Cornelius took this opportunity to bluster in at the door.

"Miss Marg'ret, lady say Neil ain't up to dat school where yer sent me."

"Where did you go?" I asked in real alarm.

"Up the street ober yonder."

"For whom did you ask?"

"I say 'here a umbrel for Neil' an' she say, 'Neil who?' an' I say jus, 'Neil, I don't know no udder name, but he got a red belt on.' She say dere's seven hundred chillen up in dat school an' how kin

she tell by jes' dat?' An' so I tun on roun' an' come back home."

I excused myself and went out to have the remainder of the interview.

When I returned Neil had come in.

"Can you dispense with a course dinner and have everything at once, dear?" he asked, "I am due at a consultation in fifteen minutes."

Such a jumble as we had. All sorts of things jostling each other on the table at once.

The cook ventured to add the dessert, but on this point I was obdurate. Wasn't Uncle Pierson accustomed to the most pompous and ceremonious service, and was he not even now taking notes surreptitiously on his cuffs of the style in which a Southern American Medical man dines? And as for Dr. Fairly, wasn't he accustomed to perfect table appointments? I looked over to him and his eyes met my glance with the same sweet-tempered humor and sympathy that had pleased me in the morning, and I promised myself to make an opportunity for whatever he liked. Still I felt myself growing wildly, uncontrollably nervous. The meal galloped through with mortifying rapidity. Neil was silent and abstracted. He was expecting a patient to die and another to have convulsions. I looked forward, however, to the night. He had promised me solemnly that nothing should prevent his staying at home for the tea.

The office bell rang three times in the next half an hour, and on each occasion a doctor, a personal friend, came to borrow something and I had to go down and exchange greetings with them and hear about their families. Uncle Pierson did not lose sight of me for a minute. I remember a song we sang when I was a child that had a chorus that the teacher called tongue gymnastics. The things I said to distract those men's attention from Uncle Pierson kept my tongue in continuous calisthenics. Meantime Aunt Henrietta had gone out to inspect the streets and divide the town into districts. Bob, who had been persuaded to forego the pleasure of attending the funeral, drove my aunt around in the Victoria.

To my utter surprise, contrary to all expectation, Dr. Fairly made further excuses for not going with Neil in the afternoon. I actually believed the man was sorry for me and wanted to help me. When there came a lull in that dreadful day and I again took up my embroidery he said:—

"When you have an opportunity, will you—"

"Oh, Miss Marg'ret," Mag cried hurrying in greatly excited. "Mis' Johnson an' her nurse done brought de baby here for Doc' Neil ter see, an' its got convulsions an' he ain't here an' what kin I do?"

"Oo-oo-oo," Uncle Pierson began. I gave him one exasperated look and turned to Dr. Fairly with appeal in my eyes.

"Will you allow me?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh *please*," I cried.

He bowed slightly and turned to Mag and said with the utmost quiet. "Bring a bucket of hot water to the office and some ice," but before he got the words out of his mouth, Cousin Sallie appeared with the wriggling child and in the course of walking the baby, they, and the hot water reached the parlor at the same time. The carpet is a tan velvet rug with great sprays of pink roses on it and resents a drop of water as a child resents a dose of castor oil. In spite of the pitable circumstances, I insisted upon bathing baby in the hall, and Cousin Sallie was so overwrought that she didn't take any exceptions to my reluctance to spoil my beautiful carpet.

The doctor was lovely to the child and succeeded in bringing it around so quickly that the *Mother* stayed and paid me a visit. Opportune, wasn't it?

All things end, and even that visit came to a close. As I turned from seeing my relative out Dr. Fairly came into the hall to meet me. His face was wrinkled with anxiety and perplexity and he said:—,,

"When you *can* spare the time—"

"Oh Daisy, here you are," Neil called in a relieved tone. "Aren't we going to have a lunch or something before the tea? Do see about it."

"Yes, certainly," I answered and had only time for a little nod and smile for Dr. Fairly and received in return that same sympathetic look, but this time mingled with regret instead of humor. What could he want? Perhaps he had promised to bring his sister or a friend something that he wished me to get for him down street. I really would do it when I got a chance.

"Very extraordinary. Very extraordinary indeed!"

We had scarcely sat down to a light lunch before Cornelius appeared at the dining-room door.

"Doctor, gen'man in de office wanter see yer."

"Cornelius," Neil began in stentorian tones, "who's in the office?"

"I dunno his name, sah."

"*Cornelius, — Is he White, or Black?*"

"He's—colored, sah," Cornelius returned, choking over the word.

"How *many* times have I told you, if the patient is *black*, you must *not* call him a *gentleman*?"

"Oo-oo-oo," Uncle Pierson ejaculated, "am I to understand that there are no colored gentlemen?"

I closed my eyes wearily; was this dreadful day to end with a discussion of the Race Question?

Just before the time appointed for the reception, Neil came rushing upstairs to say that he had had a call from Aunt Susan, but would hurry back as soon as he could. The guests arrived, but no Neil, and, all through that long evening, while Aunt Henrietta buttonholed Aldermen and citizens about the street conditions, and Uncle Pierson made notes stealthily on my mother of pearl fan, I wished in the bitterness of my soul that I had gone to college, or,—or married—one of—well,—maybe—I might,—*one* of the three!

When, at last, it was all over, when every guest was gone, and I stood quite alone in the brilliance of the long, smilax-hung, flower-decked room, and saw myself indefinitely repeated in the huge mirrors, my head swam with the indefinable sense of a turmoil of noise that follows a clatter of things and tongues, and I marveled in a vague way that the telephone had been mute for an hour, and I smiled weakly at the self-suggestion that for once every one was well or dead.

Thieves could have robbed me, murderers could have killed me, for I sat and

grieved without even hearing foot-falls on the stairs behind me, so you may imagine my start of amazement when a man in full evening clothes, irreproachable in every particular, splendid in bearing, with the ease and assurance of a person used to the best,—stood before me.

"Why, Dr. Fairly," I cried, thoroughly aroused from my reverie. "Did you mean to surprise me? You have certainly succeeded beyond your wildest expectation."

"I hope I did not startle you?" he asked considerately, appropriating the other end of the settle. "So *this* is my opportunity," he went on with a deep inhalation. "The opportunity I have waited for for a year or so, and *think* of the attemps I have made to get it, all during this day!"

"Oh," I said self-reproachfully, fanning my guilty cheeks with a fragrant sandal-wood fan. "I quite forgot there was something you wanted me to do. Is it too late for me to do it now?"

At that moment a stick of very fat light-wood that had fallen between the andirons flared up sputteringly, and the light illuminated the dark face of the clock on the mantel—it was a quarter after twelve!

"Marry a doctor?" I gasped.

"Why, the truth is," he said gravely, relieving me of my fan, "I want to apologize to you, though I think Neil deserves half the blame. Without really intending to coerce me into the path of duty, he has not allowed me any opportunity for the amenities of life. In fact, it looks as though I had merely made a convenience of your hospitality to further my scientific work."

"Why, Dr. Fairly," I cried heartily, "you really owe me no apology. We always wish our guests to please themselves, and I never expected for a moment to have you pay me any attention."

Then I blushed horribly, for I had not thought how that would sound until the words were out.

"No," he returned quickly, "that is just it. I wish you had. In fact," he went on very quietly, "your brother was mistaken in saying that I came South to investigate the Clay Eaters' Disease,—my errand was entirely with you. I have tried several times to-day to find an opportunity to speak to you, as you know," he interpolated with a teasing smile, "but I began to fear that my errand would have to be done by correspondence, as I am leaving to-morrow,—tell me, are many days like this?" he asked with the old sympathy shining in his eyes.

"Yes," I said very self-pitiful, "they are all as bad, though different," and I took his offered hand because it seemed somehow a *helping* hand.

"Will you *marry* me, Margaret?" he asked with a curious, embarrassed eagerness. "I—"

And then, will you believe it? I hate to write the incongruous thing, I hate to admit that such a thing could happen, but that old, tyrannical telephone fairly howled.

A look of supreme annoyance and vexation came over his face.

"Answer me *first*," he demanded fiercely, "for there is no telling *when* I will have an opportunity to speak to you again."

Before he finished his sentence the telephone vociferated with such violence that I put my hands over my ears to exclude the deafening din, and *ran* to answer the thing. Dr. Fairly followed me.

"Will you?" he repeated pleadingly, as I put up the receiver after taking the message, "will you?"

"Marry a *doctor?*" I gasped. "You

can ask me that after to-day's experiences? Oh, I couldn't, *couldn't*, COULDN'T !"

"Do you care for me, Margaret?"

There was a fumbling of a latch key and I heard Aunt Henrietta and Uncle Pierson talking in the hall.

"*Interrupted again*," Dr. Fairly muttered under his breath. "Dear, *please* —do you?"

"Oo-oo-oo—"

And b-r-r-r-r-r, expostulated the telephone, and I answered it, but I don't any more know what I said than you do.

"Margaret," Dr. Fairly implored, "I am a professor, *not* a practitioner, and we will not have a telephone in our house if you will marry me—oh, will you, will you?" he besought me.

"Oo-oo-oo," Uncle Pierson shivered, coming toward us, "and what are you doing, Margaret?"

There was a moment's perceptible embarrassment, and then I answered: "I believe I'm determining to marry a man who will promise *never* to subscribe to a telephone!"

FIRST IN PEACE

When the Trusts Went to War with the President

By James Edmunds

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. R. GRUGER

MR. PHOTOR'S back, sir," said the boy at the door.

"I'll see him," replied Anchester expectantly, pushing away from his desk.

A weary man presently threw a bag into one chair and himself into another.

"You saw the President?" inquired Anchester.

"Yes; I was at the White House this morning."

There was a heavy-charged silence. Photor, desperately fatigued, expressed the failure of a forlorn hope. Anchester's mind was busy with news of men who wanted Photor's place and salary. His voice was not pleasing when he leaned his chin on one hand and said:—

"And you failed!"

"No!" cried Photor, as if stung by that scorn. "I didn't fail. He failed. The President failed, that's all. He failed to see our point. You can't move him. He's bound to declare war."

"You failed!" Anchester repeated, as if he had heard nothing. "You failed in the greatest crisis in our history. Two days ago I told you the United Trades had pooled in an independent corporation, of which I am the head; that Congress was ready to declare war, but would follow the President either way; that a war at this time would act dangerously upon the United's profits, and that the only result of herculean efforts in Congress had been to pledge members to stand by the President for peace or war, whichever he chose. Then I sent you to see him to induce peace, and you have failed. I tell you, Photor, we can't have a war. The United is now the center. The Meat Trust, the Utensil Combine, the Transportation Pool, the Fuel Federation, the Federation of Labor, the Mine Managers, and the Machinery Corporation, embracing every kind of business in these two great countries, have pooled with us,—with me,—and I say we can't have a war,—not this year. I need time to get ready."

"The President is ready now," Photor replied. "He will recommend war within a week. His mind is fixed, and Congress will follow him, no matter what we spend."

Anchester glanced at his calendar-clock.

"Photor," he said, "drop Washington till further notice. I want you to take that typewritten list I filed with the intelligencer on Monday, and wire every man on it to be here to-morrow at ten o'clock.

It's the new executive board, one from every trust in the combine. Wire them all to be here at ten to-morrow."

At ten next day the board assembled. At twelve, one minute following adjournment, Anchester called for his car to be hooked on the Washington Limited. When he got aboard, he was armed with full authority to personally see the President, and to force peace at any price, with the whole mass of units making up the United Trades behind him. The President saw him. That almost disappointed Anchester. He was looking for trouble.

It was a queer pair they made standing in the middle of the lofty room, the youngish man fate had burdened with the greatest public office in the world, and the thick, florid, bulldog head of the biggest corporation.

"Mr. President," said Anchester, without a particle of ceremony, "we can't have a war now."

"Who can't?" retorted the President with equal candor.

"*We* can't," replied Anchester, coming to the point defiantly.

"Very likely," said the President, "but *we* can!"

Anchester unbuttoned his coat and laid his hat on the table. Then, coming back to where the President continued standing, he put both hands behind his back and said smartly:—

"Now we've got down to business early. The United Trades is against war. It will ruin this corporation, which employs two million five hundred thousand men, two-thirds of whom have families. I'm the two million five hundred thousandth man, and what I say goes with two million and a half voters of this country, and I say to you we can't have a war."

"And I," replied the President, "say we shall have it. The final step is to be taken within an hour."

"You're a young fool," cried Anchester recklessly. "Don't think a man in my position is going to be impressed by any bluff of office or tradition. I'm not going to see you send off a fool message that will ruin plans I've been a whole lifetime in building am I? No, sir, you're in a hard place, but you've got to come up to the dough dish with the rest of them, and,—and,—well, I'm here to to say you musn't declare war."

"War will be declared to-day!" The President's face was calm. He spoke rapidly, but in a low voice. "The honor of the country is at stake. To refuse to fight now would not only deprive us of valuable privileges in a quarter of the world where American domination must be maintained at any cost, but would put us back a hundred years in prestige and the sort of power that makes government worth while. Besides, you have no kind of right to come here with these threats, and I warn you—"

"And I warn you," Anchester's voice broke in, high and angry, "that if you think I've been making threats, you just listen to this: You're first in war, well, I'm first in peace. I'm the master of hundreds of thousands of votes, and I control five hundred newspapers all over this country. You declare war, and I'll play the highly moral game and tell the women of the United States you're going to rush their sons and husbands and fathers to death for the sake of some foolish, boyish idea of foreign policy! I'll say you'll ruin the country with war debts and fever and all that sort of thing, and I'll send the best speechmakers and the cleverest writers, and more money than your treasury department has seen in six months to rub that in and sandpaper it down until women and children will be calling you a murderer and a thief, and somebody with a liking for that kind of thing will shoot you for a tyrant. That's what I'll do for you, my young sir, if you dare declare war to-day!"

The President walked to the far end of the room and back before he replied:—

"Yet Congress will declare war to-day."

Anchester's cheeks blazed redder than his round eyes.

"If you're going to have a war, you have it, d—n you, have it, have it, *have it!* But you start it and I'll stop it in three weeks, and whip you like a pup into the bargain. For you've got to fight *me*. I've got an undivided surplus of a hundred and five million dollars, and I can raise a hundred million more by wire in ten minutes after I get back to my office in New York. Of the two and a half million in my employ, I'll threaten every married man with ruin if he takes up arms. Moreover, this evening I shall cable my agents in the very country you propose to fight, and offer to loan that government sufficient funds to purchase every available warship in Europe

and charter every merchant steamer outside the great Atlantic lines,—which are personally controlled by me. Besides which ''—Anchester put on his hat with a triumphant gesture—"I shall decline to sell a pound of meat, or a ton of fuel, or a yard of cloth, or a pair of shoes, or to ship them, from to-night at twelve o'clock. Go ahead," he was at the door and growled it back toward the still figure in the center of the room, "go ahead and declare war, but remember you're fighting me, and I'm going to win in three weeks."

"One moment!" cried the President.

"What!" sneered Anchester, turning.

"Let us see," said the President, lifting his right arm in a peculiar gesture, "you threaten to join the enemy with funds and ships and men, and to cripple the forces of the United States until we can be successfully attacked by invasion?"

"If war is declared," said Anchester, complacently. "I guess you'll—"

"Then sir," said the President, "I say to you that as Congress has by now received my message asking for the beginning of hostilities, and has doubtless voted unanimously to declare and has declared war, a state of war now actually exists. Thus, you, an avowed enemy to your country, in time of war, have penetrated in a friendly guise to the White House, and have threatened the honor of the nation and the life of the commander-in-chief of its army and navy. I therefore place you under arrest as a prisoner of war to be dealt with according to usage in due season."

Anchester sprang forward, but was suddenly checked up by a hand from behind. He wheeled and exclaimed, in the very jaws of a familiar face :—

"Photor!"

"Yes. He will place you under formal restraint," said the President. Anchester laughed.

"Why, he's my confidentlal clerk," he said. "Somebody has been making game of you."

"Of you, sir, probably," replied the President. "Mr. Photor is an agent of the United States, and has been in its employ at my direction during every hour of his service with you."

Anchester's tense arms dropped hard. He went over to the window, and they let him stand there a long time. Nobody spoke a word until he came slowly back.

"And how does my great and good friend Mr. Photor propose to satisfactorily account for my absence?" he asked.

"Mr. Photor," replied the President, "has done harder tasks than that in your service, Mr. Anchester; I believe he will be able to make equal use of himself in mine!"

Anchester bowed profoundly. It was his sign of surrender.

"Well, finish it up," he said. In two minutes the commercial Goliath had become a worn, wavering, beaten old man, borne down with the weight of cares which at last had overtaken him in his impetuous race to keep ahead. Photor pitied him a little. The President rang in an officer of the navy.

"This is your prisoner, Captain Maxim," he said. "You will give him a cabin on the *Mariposa*, as the admiral has already directed, and will keep him on board throughout the progress of the hostilities about to commence. Every freedom and comfort the vessel offers are to be his, but I hold you responsible for his keeping, and charge you that this is by all means the most important commission of the war. Mr. Anchester, I'm sorry. Mr. Photor will attend to your board of directors, and will relieve the anxiety of your friends. You said you could fight. Perhaps Captain Maxim will give you a chance. His battleship goes to sea with the fleet to-night."

Anchester bowed again. "The *Mariposa* is a comfortable ship," he said, in low-voiced sarcasm consistent with humility. "I built her two years ago in the Consolidated yards. Before I board her, Mr. President, I will ask you to let me wire a single message to my family."

"Write your message at my desk, Mr. Anchester," said the President, "and I suggest that you be brief."

Anchester wrote carefully, on a pink telegraph blank, which he slid into a White House envelope. He got up and brought the message to the President, smiling frankly.

"If you please," he said, in that low and gentle voice, "I would like to have it telegraphed forthwith. It is to my daughter,—as you see."

The President looked at the envelope.

"I see,—to your daughter,—to Miss Anchester, in New York." The President handed it to Photor.

"You may send it," he said.

But Photor was not so chivalrous. Without a word or a look for anyone, he tore the envelope open, and, read aloud:—

"Mary, tell William to send my mail to Number Nineteen, regardless of danger or expense.

"FATHER."

Photor looked up suspiciously. The President was visibly embarrassed, Maxim amused. Anchester's face betrayed neither insolence nor interest.

"Exactly so," he remarked, to the President. "Mr. Photor seems to be familiar with my handwriting."

"I did not intend this discourtesy," said the President. "Mr. Photor has—"

"He is perfectly excusable," interrupted Anchester. "But I have a butler named William, and, as there is to be a war, I want my private mail to be sent to a place of safety during my retreat. Number Nineteen is the number of a house."

"Very good, sir," replied the President. "The message shall be telegraphed to your daughter at once."

Then he held up a commanding hand before the eager face of Photor, whose lips were signalling: "Cipher! I've seen that smile before!"

"Never mind if it is," replied the President aloud. "I would rather lose a battleship than be a cad, sir."

So Photor, beaten but unconvinced, rang for the messenger.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the President. "Maxim, do not let them hull you."

But Photor returned, when the others had gone away with two lusty sailormen close by them, and was admitted to the President once more.

"Mr. President," he said, "that was a cipher message. Number Nineteen, as Anchester told us, might be the number of many a house, but also it was the *Mariposa's* yard number when she was on the stocks; and William is the name of the Emperor of Germany. Anchester's girl is a chip of the old block, and she'll put it together right. Now, then, the fleet—"

"The fleet," replied the President, "will go to sea at sundown. Let them hunt him, if they will."

When Anchester went on deck next morning nobody spoke to him, so, after a few turns he climbed the ladder to the *Mariposa's* superstructure and walked forward between groups of men who watched him indolently. It came over him that he wasn't wanted, and for the first time in many years he had a queer pain in his chest.

The *Mariposa* was steaming ten knots due south, as part of the open fleet formation. Ahead, Anchester could see another battleship and a sizable cruiser. On the port bow he made out two more battleships, and to the starboard there were half a dozen torpedo craft guarding the flank. Ducking his head a bit, he saw across to port on the *Mariposa's* beam two other cruisers and a battleship, and beyond them more torpedo boats. Every ship was painted blackish gray. Anchester sized them up with a critical eye. He knew them for the Flying Squadron. Just then an officer came up deck.

"What do I do?" inquired Anchester.

"Anything you please, sir," replied the officer, and passed on.

Anchester considered something terrible. But by night his proud spirit was broken. He missed the formality of his office. Nobody wanted to see him about anything. A Japanese boy brought food to the stateroom on the lower tier reserved for his use. And it was this youngster that reported the prisoner missing from his quarters, soon after breakfast, three days later.

If Captain Maxim felt the loss he had no time to give to his regrets. For there was smoke to the eastward.

It was a spotless morning, and the horizon line was a gash of purplish black between the sea and sky. The smoke was reported to the bridge at just before eight bells in the forenoon watch. Then it dropped away again and nobody caught sight of it for an hour, when a big cloud of it stained the blue.

Twenty minutes afterward his marine orderly spoke to him.

"Mr. Matson makes out six ships, sir, and would like you to come out."

"The flagship is signaling, sir," called a quartermaster to Mr. Matson. And then they read the orders: "Enemy approaching. Clear for action. Cruiser division fall out and form second line within signal distance. Torpedo boats

"You've first in war, well I'm first in peace."

stand by in rear of first division. Take position and heave to, awaiting orders."

And while the ships were cleared the smoke grew denser. By the time the boats were put overboard and set adrift the enemy was in sight as to the tops of him, and they could reckon him up,—five battleships and an armored cruiser, coming along fast. That settled the second division. The flagship signaled again:—

"Second division make port of rendezvous. Await orders. Torpedo vessels close in. First division advance in line, best speed. Follow general orders already bulletined. *Mariposa* take enemy's armored cruiser."

"That means every ship for herself," said Captain Maxim, eagerly. "Full speed ahead, Mr. Colbath, and we will engage the ship on his extreme left. Do you make her out?"

"*Salamanca*, or her class," said the executive, and then the gongs rang far below and the *Mariposa* steamed due east at seventeen knots.

"Mr. Colbath," said the captain, "we will sink the *Salamanca*, and watch out for torpedoes."

But the *Salamanca* had her own opinions about that. Her bow turret dropped a ten-inch shell within a hundred yards of the *Mariposa's* stern before Mr. Colbath could address some purely official remark to the young gentleman in command of the forward turret, and the next shot spouted salt water just before her.

"They brought their shooters with them this time," observed Mr. Matson, whom excitement rendered reasonably amusing, though in peace he was dignified as a church picnic. At the same moment the *Salamanca's* Number Three shot came aboard. It struck the top of the forward turret a glancing blow, passed under the bridge with a slant to starboard, knocked a six-pounder off its pins, and exploded on the superstructure wall, blowing the starboard end of the bridge to pieces, and raising an agonized cry from the men near by, some of whom were hit.

"Get to work," directed Maxim, "and watch out for torpedoes."

"Every possible gun," was the order. *Salamanca* was coming in range, and the *Mariposa's* marines went to the secondary battery ready to pepper the destroyers,

which were plainly manœuvering to get on the flank, and at the torpedo boats behind our battleships.

Meantime, the ships were getting into comfortable reach for a hammering, and small-sized projectiles began falling on the *Mariposa's* deck The *Salamanca* came on in spite of everything. Twelve-inch shells were dropped in and around her as fast as the bow turret could deliver them, and the two forward eight-inch rifles knocked the funnels out of her after they got the range. Still she came on. Matson noticed that she was signalling from her after mast, up and down which ran strings of little flags, though there wasn't a thing in sight through the dense smoke.

"Hit lower!" called Maxim. "D—n it, we're just tickling her!"

"A hundred if you hull her this shot," whispered the turret officer to his gun-pointer.

And Bill Grenquist, the star gun-pointer, had his best eye on the mark that day, when the *Mariposa*, steaming seventeen knots due east, met seven hundred pounds of nickel steel traveling due west at a somewhat higher rate. It took her fair in the face at the base of the forward turret, exploding on the armor and tearing a big hole in the armored deck. At the same moment an eight-inch shell pierced the *Mariposa's* bow almost squarely on the stem, passing through the forward chain compartment, and exploding on the base of the military mast. These shocks were felt in all parts of the ship, and immediately following them there was complete silence. Not a gun fired. The men were momentarily stunned by the indescribable jar of the impact. A great many of them were killed, and when Maxim tried to signal the forward turret, he learned something more.

"Forward turret jammed, sir, and cannot be trained."

"We must sheer off and go about to give the after turret a chance," said Maxim.

"They'll use their torpedoes on our broadside, sir," suggested Colbath.

"Let them," snapped Maxim. "Go about, Mr. Matson. Colbath, be ready with every gun that bears. Clear the forward turret if you can."

But it was past clearing, a long way. That one shot had put the two big guns out of action. As the *Mariposa* swung off to go about the enemy swung off, too, greatly to the surprise of Maxim, who expected that the *Salamanca* would be content with the greater target offered during her adversary's manœuver while keeping herself head on and thus as small as possible. But when she headed south, in exact imitation of the *Mariposa's* movement, Matson cried excitedly:—

"Torpedoes, captain! She's going to fire one now. And she's signaling like mad to something coming up astern of her. There's something going on, sir,—something."

The *Mariposa* at this moment looked in bad shape. Her mast had toppled over like a crumpled geranium. One funnel was missing so that the dense, black smoke from its ragged stump poured down along her decks. Her port engine had a shot in its bowels and there was an ugly fire in the after compartments. The *Salamanca*, well crippled, hung deep down by the head, with a deadly starboard list.

But from around the *Salamanca's* tilted stern there darted the greenish body of a fresh destroyer, which bore down on the *Mariposa* at high speed. She was flying special signals and wig-wagged others violently from her deck. A few of the remaining American guns were trained on her, when from the conning tower came a cry:—

"Hold up! She's flying a flag of truce!"

The blear-eyed gunners made it out, and all ceased firing. The *Mariposa* pitched ungracefully, the desperately battered remnant of a ship. There was a strange and inharmonious silence at that end of the battle line. The destroyer came close down to port and hove to. To the weary crew the smart, immaculate white duck of the three young fellows on her after deck was a hellish aggravation. One of them hailed in English, excessively polite:—

"Is the Honorable William Anchester on board?"

The gun crews were for opening fire at short range, but Captain Maxim groaned in spirit and put his head out of the conning tower to get at Colbath.

"Tell those youngsters to run along home," he called. "We can't transfer passengers in the middle of a fight. Tell them to get out of the way."

Colbath merely walked out on the top of the forward turret and shook his head. The destroyer hailed again :—

"Is the Honorable William Anchester on board you?"

Colbath lost patience. He was tired. He grabbed a megaphone, tasting the battle dirt on it as he did so.

"The Honorable William Anchester," he bawled, "is at present closeted with a deputation of the naval engineers' international union, and begs to be excused. Good morning."

The destroyer's people, evidently unsatisfied, prepared to hail once more, when there was a noteworthy stir among the live men clustered in the *Mariposa's* citadel, and another man came out and stood by Colbath on the forward turret. He was stripped to the waist, excepting a thin silk shirt, and his hands and arms were covered with a sooty dust. His white hair was sooty, too, and scraggled down over his head in gawky wisps, which would have been pitiful at some other time ; and his face was streaked with muddy sweat. But in his lips was a full half of a long black cigar, and as he stood there with his smooched hands resting on his hips, he looked like a triumphant ward politician after a successful caucus on the water-front. There was a pretty general jump of surprise, when he said, in a most unseamanlike and unmilitary way ; he was blunt as the butt of a twelve-inch shell—

"What's wanted of me?"

"Who are you,—who is he?" called he destroyer's people, evidently concluding not to trust him.

"I'm Anchester," he said. "Who wants me ?"

It was the tone of a man not accustomed to being sent for.

"We have special orders," said the torpedo lieutenant through his megaphone, "to take you off, sir, and remove you to a place of safety. If you are being forcibly detained, we shall capture that ship ; otherwise, we shall sink her as soon as you have left her. We are here on behalf not only of your daughter, the Duchess of Brew, but also of His Majesty himself, who begs to be of this small service to you."

Anchester rolled the half of his long black cigar over in his mouth, and then said :—

"Thanks !"

Captain Maxim felt the inadequacy of that, and came out of the conning-tower.

"Mr. Anchester," he said, "I shall have to ask you what you have been doing since the beginning of this action, and what you propose to do."

Just then the dispatch boat hailed again: "Will you please send your passenger on board? Shall we come alongside and take him off?"

"You need not !" replied Anchester himself. Then he grabbed Colbath's megaphone and aimed it straight at the destroyer.

"You may say to your people, or the Duchess of Brew, or whoever wants to do me a favor, that Mr. Anchester's will is made, and that he is at present engaged as second assistant on duty at the for'rd twelve-inch ammunition hoist on board the Yankee Battleship *Mariposa*, and that he concludes to hold the job so long as he can make good. Speaking unofficially, as a private citizen, Mr. Anchester would like you to go to the devil before the U. S. navy blows you there ! That's all, good morning !"

The destroyer hesitated. Her officers consulted. She steamed nearer, evidently to get a plainer view of the man. Then her commander shouted out :—

"You've made way with your prisoner, and put out this imposter. Will you send Mr. Anchester on board us, or not?"

Maxim turned to the war-worn figure on the forward turret.

"You say," he said.

"Not till we've licked 'em," declared the prisoner, cheerfully, "and we've got a lot of shells to fire off yet !"

And, while Maxim's watchful eyes noted two victorious American ships, both speeding to his aid, the President of the United Trades walked off the forward turret and made his way below, the cigar still sticking in his teeth between the two soiled sides of a wide, mysterious grin.

A NEW THEATRICAL STAR

Nance O'Neil and Her Art

By Walter Prichard Eaton

PROFESSOR PHELPS of Yale once said — or is credited with having said by certain of his admiring pupils—that "the ultimate test of art is, after all, the spinal shiver." If this be so, it can hardly be denied that Miss Nance O'Neil, the young actress who has recently come into considerable prominence on the American stage, is an artist. Her first vibratory effects that attracted public attention were achieved during the season of 1903-04 upon the rigid back bones of Boston. She came to Boston after a three year tour of the globe, practically unknown, with a bad company and to a second rate theater. Before the season was over she had played in three of the best theaters there to audiences that taxed the seating capacity of the houses, she had shown herself in a range of characters from "Magda" to "Lady Macbeth" and she had been proclaimed by the more impressionable residents of the Hub as "great," "a true tragedienne," "a second Charlotte Cushman," and the like. Moreover, she had found—what could hardly be of less interest to her—an influential manager in the person of John B. Schoeffel, of the late firm of Abby, Schoeffel and Grau. Mr. Schoeffel secured for an addition to her repertoire this season a new tragedy in verse by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, called *Judith of Bethulia*, organized her supporting company on a somewhat higher plane, and launched her on the country, beginning late in November at Daly's theater, New York, to cause commotion amid the popular vertebrae.

Thus the new star swam suddenly into ken, and many wondered, after the fashion of the rhyme, what she might be. As a matter of record, Miss O'Neil is a Californian, about thirty years old, and a product of McKee Rankin's training. Mr. Rankin engaged her in 1893, in San Francisco, "because of her height," as he puts it, to play a "thinking" part in a drama called *Sarah*. The next part she tried she failed in because of stage fright, but she succeeded better in Mr. Rankin's production of *The Danites*, and continued with her career. In 1897 she reached the East and became leading woman at the Murray Hill theater in New York, where a stock company put on, at popular prices, a fresh play every week. Then followed a long tour, under Mr. Rankin's direction, that took in all sorts of places from mining camps to cities and ended up with a trip around the world, through Australia and South Africa, concluding with an engagement at the Shaftsbury Theater, London. This experience of the life strenuous over, Miss O'Neil crossed the Atlantic and re-entered America, by the intermediate stage of Boston.

That New York's spine has been as agitated as Boston's it would be useless to affirm. Miss O'Neil in New York met with a lukewarm reception. This was in part due, perhaps, to the fact that she appeared first at Daly's Theater in Sudermann's well-worn *Magda*, and next in Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*, which Mrs. Fiske was even at the time presenting in the same city. But it was still more due to the fact that New York, with all its faults of taste, not given to chasing fads and from its position as the theatrical center of the country, somewhat scornful of Boston and Chicago verdicts, saw plainly Miss O'Neil's shortcomings as an actress and was not disposed to overlook them.

Miss Nance O'Neil.

e shortcomings may be briefly though they mean much. First he seems to lack concentration of n, that is, she does not apply her o each moment of the play as it to bring out the significance of the it that moment. For the space of act or more she will make meaning- tures, she will talk in level, un- monotonous tones, she will not sual in the least for her audience the character she is portraying. She seems to wait almost listlessly for the "big moments" to arrive. It is something more than mere lack of training in the elementary technique of acting which causes these long lapses into the commonplace, and the something more appears to be intellectual inertia. That Miss O'Neil is deficient, however, in many of the rudiments of technique (which can be taught to anyone) there can be no doubt. She does not

stand naturally, but poses after the fashion of the stock company "leading lady;" she does not walk well, and she has much to learn about the important art of dressing.

Miss O'Neil is, however, a tall and superb figure of a woman, her face is mobile and extremely attractive, her voice rich in its level moments and probably capable of being trained into beauty in its moments of strong declamation. And, when all is said, she does inspire the spinal shiver! She does it by some force of sheer eloquence there is in her, and the drama which has been dragging wearily leaps into life. We can only hope that she may profit by the training of some skilled instructor and acquire a more resourceful technique, a more subtle perception of the shifting moods of the human heart, yet keep her elemental eloquence undimmed.

AN AUTOMOBILE LOVE STORY

By George Hibbard

WITH DRAWINGS BY A. DE FORD PITNEY

ALMOST any girl, I believe, would have done the same under the same circumstances. That a desperate case at times justifies a desperate remedy, every one must admit. I do not know otherwise how I could defend my conduct.

Still, as the automobile, under my management, stole down the lane for the second time, I felt nervous enough. My life had not prepared me for such an undertaking as kidnapping a perfectly unknown young man. I was bold and frightened by turns. One moment I wanted to fly, the next I was carried away by the excitement of the adventure, and ready for anything.

As to the desperate nature of the case, there could be no doubt at all. When I

ran over,—I made the twenty-two miles under three-quarters of an hour,—to see Sally Osborne the very first afternoon after I got home I found her in a tea-gown and in tears. For two days she had refused sympathy and solid food. Shut up alone, she had lived on memories and dry toast. She had put aside life with her engagement ring, and surrendered all hope in sending back every thing which Arthur Frewen had ever given her.

Of course, I insisted on seeing her. I found that she and Arthur had quarreled irretrievably, irrevocably, irreconcilably, or so she said.

"Isn't it strange," she sighed, "that any one ever thinks that anything can ever go right when every body is always so horrid about everything?"

"At least," I answered, "no body need cry their eyes out over it, anyway, for nothing ever came out, anyhow, in anyway that any body ever expected any where."

After which perfectly satisfactory conversation we were both silent for a moment.

I think I cheered her up. At least, before I went, she had got over the droopy state, and into the angry one. She had found fault with her maid, and decided she would go down to dinner.

The next morning when I arrived I discovered her on the terrace with de Polisson. I put myself down in a chair and did not stir until he went. She asked him to stay to luncheon, but my frowning countenance showed him what he might expect. No. I was not going to have that. Just because she was angry with Arthur Frewen, she must not throw herself away on any little monkey of a fortune-hunting foreigner. That Arthur, whom I had never seen, was rather a colorless young man, I understood. I *had*, however, seen de Polisson, and from what I knew about the other, I was sure that he would always behave himself and be nice to Sally.

I might have asked something more myself. Sally, however, appeared perfectly satisfied, and I saw that she was only longing for the chance to throw herself into her former lover's arms. My duty, I concluded, was to give her that chance. How this was to be managed I did not quite know. That, having bitten off their own noses, they were now eating out their hearts just from pride, I was convinced. Consequently, I was determined to do something,—and the thing to do seemed to be to bring them together as soon as possible. That neither would listen to any plan for a meeting, I was aware. Consequently, I should be obliged to play the part of a small Destiny and willy-nilly,- nolens - volens,- coûte - que - coûte, make them see one another. As nearly as my powers and the limitations of custom, permitted, I had, as one might say, to pound their heads together.

Therefore,—as they say in formal resolutions of thanks, which I do not believe I shall ever have,—I found myself dodging about the approach to the Matagansett Country Club. I looked hither and thither anxiously. The small caddy by my side did the same. I had not liked to obtain information from any one I knew, and had impressed him into the service.

"He's mostly along at this time," my guide informed me, confidently. "There," he cried, and pointed excitedly. "There's Mr. Frewen now."

Looking up the road, I saw a tall young man swinging vigorously forward. I studied the lines of his broad shoulders and the shape of his head with interest. The moment had come. I must make a dash for it, or I should lose courage. I put on a little more speed, and started in pursuit. As I thought of myself thus tracking down an utter stranger, I wished I was anywhere else than in the automobile.

In an instant I was up with the unknown and beside him.

"Oh!" I cried, as I brought the car to a stand still.

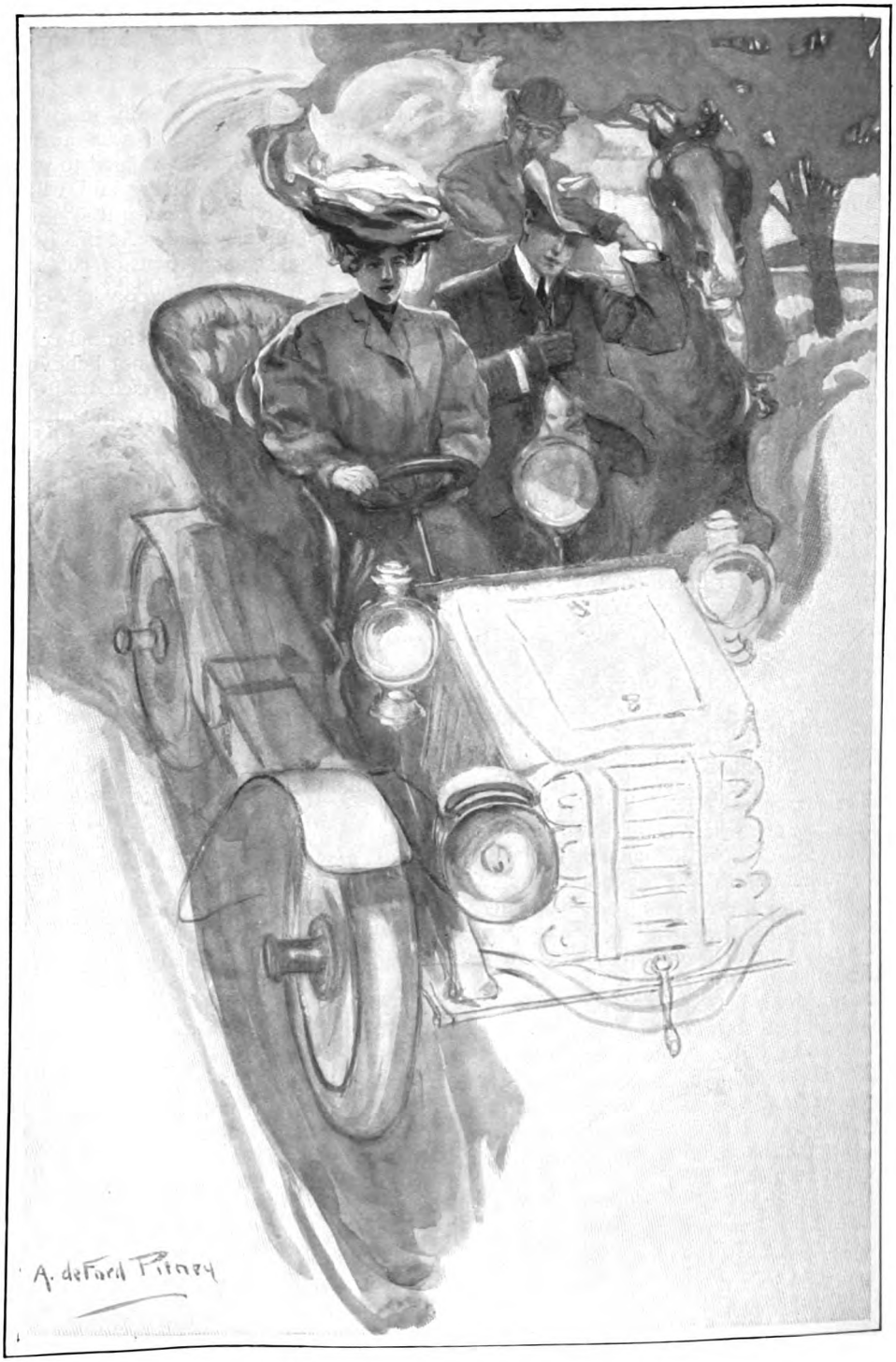
Hearing the warning toot of my horn, observing the sudden stop of the machine, catching my short exclamation, the young man also paused. He raised his hat a little, and stood watching me expectantly.

"Oh, come! Come!" I cried, in a little shriek of importunity.

He took another doubtful step forward, looking at me in natural astonishment.

"Come," I repeated.

I had arranged a number of more or less plausible tales with which to bait my trap, which was the automobile, and lure my victim into my toils. I had devised a story of an accident, with a need for instant assistance. All thought of my carefully invented histories went from my mind on the instant. I could not bring myself to



" I acknowledge myself your prisoner," he said.

capture him under false pretenses. In the moment of execution, that did not strike me as being sportsmanlike. There was something about it which seemed like shooting a bird setting. All I could do was to sit and utter vague supplications, gazing with what I felt was imploring eyes. Anyway, the performance appeared to be sufficiently effective. He drew nearer.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Never mind," I continued mysteriously. "There is no time to be lost. I'll tell you—"

He threw hesitation and the cigarette which he had in his amazement unconsciously retained between his fingers to the wind. He put his foot on the step and the next instant he was seated beside me. The caddy, having been feed before, had slipped out as he had been instructed to do. We were alone.

I threw on the second speed at once. As the big Paillard with a lunge jumped forward we were both jolted out of our places. I did not mind. Without time to gain headway I went into the fourth speed. The road was straight and not bad. We whizzed on at an altogether illegal pace. I felt upon an altogether lawless expedition.

"I don't understand," he repeated as he put up his hand to keep his hat from blowing off.

My eyes were glued to the road. I did not answer. I felt that I had all I could do to guide and control the thunderous onrush of our chariot. I saw him half turn and caught him looking at me with a puzzled, not to say anxious inspection. Out of the corner of my left eye I could see the expression which showed in his face. I laughed a little hysterically at his queerly doubtful investigation.

"No, I'm not insane," I gasped. "You need not fear that you are in the power of a maniac."

"You'll confess it might look like it," he commented coolly.

"Yes," I admitted as I swerved aside to avoid a hay cart, the wheels nearly kidding into a ditch.

I knew that he was turning over proble and possible explanations in his mind, ebating what course to follow. The crisis ad arrived. What would he do? I can uly say that I was not frightened. As I id argued I felt that he was a gentleman id would certainly not think of laying violent hands on me. Without this he could not stop the car. At the rate at which we were going any escape was impossible. He was as completely at my mercy as if I had him boxed up and were conveying him under lock and key.

Evidently this view of the situation was the one which he finally accepted. He stretched out his feet and settled himself more comfortably against the cushions. He took off his hat and held it in his hands. Then he smiled in a pleasant way which instantly won my heart. He was clearly a person of experience, whom the surprising could not find unprepared. He was manifestly one who was willing to tempt the unknown with the gaiety and confidence of self-reliance and courage.

"I acknowledge myself your prisoner," he said. "Why or wherefore I am one, I cannot tell. Undoubtedly there is some good reason."

"There is," I answered, "as you will learn."

"Until I may," he replied calmly, "manifestly the only thing for me to do is to enjoy the ride. A charming afternoon."

As he gravely made the banal remark I noticed the lurking smile about his mouth. I loved the way he was taking it and—oh, he was very nice. From what I had heard I had wondered how Sally could even have cared for him. Now my only astonishment was that she should have thought for a moment of quarreling with him. He easily might have been either objectionable or absurd. He had been neither. I noticed with his easy acceptance of the position he was making me feel more uncomfortable—and for some strange reason I liked him for it.

"Very," I answered biting my lip with annoyance. "I assure you though that this is not a ride for the fun of it."

"No?" he remarked in civil inquiry.

"Not at all," I replied sharply. "I should not capture a strange man in this way unless I had a very important motive for it."

"I am perfectly aware of that," he answered seriously. "Therefore I am the more curious."

At that moment we narrowly missed an overthrow from a pile of stones.

"You appear to be in haste," he said.

"I am," I replied. "There is some-

thing else though which makes it impossible for me to slow down."

"What?"

"I've got to go so fast that you cannot get out."

He appeared to consider the matter for a moment. As he pondered we skimmed past a pedler's cart with hardly a foot to spare.

"For the safety of the public," he said, "I might agree not to attempt any escape."

"Would you?" I demanded.

"To protect the lives and limbs of the innocent I would do a good deal," he answered with the same smile I liked. "I might even agree to intrust myself unquestioningly to your hands."

"Will you," I asked, "give me your word of honor not to try to leave the automobile?"

"Yes," he answered after an instant's thought. "I give my parole."

I decreased our rate of speed. The fence no longer seemed a ribbon bordering the road. The landscape was no longer a blurr in our eyes, like a photograph with a too quick exposure.

"Now," he said, while with one hand I adjusted my hat and veil, "if I might be allowed to ask how long the excursion may last. I have an engagement for dinner at eight."

"You probably will be able to keep that," I informed him grimly.

"The hour is now half-past four," he said looking at his watch. "However, if I am late, I can truthfully say that I was unexpectedly and unavoidably detained." I comprehend that he was laughing at me and I did not like it.

"You can say to yourself at least," I exclaimed with asperity, "that all that is happening to you came from your own stupidity and obstinacy and pride."

I thought he appeared even more astonished than he had been when I had swept down on him like a Goddess on a Homeric hero and borne him off, if not in a cloud at least in an automobile and a cloud of dust.

"I am somewhat bewildered—" he stammered, startled by my sudden attack.

I was delighted. I saw that I had at last disconcerted this imperturbable person. I felt reinstated in my own opinion.

"If you had not been so foolish as you have been, and done as you have done, there wouldn't have been any trouble."

"What do you know about what I have done or about me?" he inquired shortly.

"I know all about you."

"That," he said, "is certainly more than I know about you."

"In this," I retorted, "I do not matter. I am a mere intermediary,—a means of Fate,—a simple intermeddler, if you like—"

"Far be it from me to dream of suggesting anything of the sort," he said with extreme politeness.

"I do not care what you think or might say," I declared vigorously. "I've taken this affair in hand and I intend to see it through. I'll not have any more nonsense about it."

"Might I ask—" he inquired.

"No," I continued, "I will not listen. You have got to hear me. I am going to give you a piece of my mind."

"That is very kind," he murmured.

"I don't see how a girl ever could fall in love with you."

My remark seemed to rout him completely. I was overjoyed with my success. I longed to make him feel as uncomfortable as he had made me, and I could please myself by thinking I was succeeding admirably in my endeavors.

"You have no right to behave as you have. It's outrageous. Because Sally was a little exacting—and perhaps unreasonable—you should not complain."

"Sally?" he said.

He did not look stupid, but the complete absence of understanding which at times he appeared to have was most extraordinary.

"Miss Osborne—"

"Oh! Miss Sally Osborne," he cried, a gleam of intelligence appearing at last. "It's her affairs you have taken in hand. Aren't you afraid, perhaps—just perhaps, you know—afraid of getting them and—yourself into a muddle?"

"I can take care of myself," I replied reliantly.

"But if you are making a mistake."

"You need not think that you can set me right," I answered abruptly.

"You do not want me to try to do what I can?"

"No," I answered. "I take all responsibility on myself."

"Oh, very well," he replied with the air of one dismissing a doubt from his mind.

"As I tell you," I said, rubbing it in, "I think she was very foolish to say that she would marry you. She did, though, and you ought to be very thankful,—and considerate of her,—and not dare to have any ideas of your own. You are only too lucky to have her care about you at any price—"

"She does care?" he asked as if deliberately desirous of information. "About the—the prisoner at the bar?"

"She's been crying out her eyes, she's so miserable."

"I'm glad," he said amiably.

"You heartless brute," I ejaculated.

"Why—" he exclaimed again, gazing at me in consternation. "Oh, yes, I see, of course. I am extremely sorry, but as a sign that she does care it is to be welcomed."

"She has only seen de Polisson, and she is only going to accept him out of pique—"

"Miss Osborne.—Sally is thinking of marrying that little beast de Polisson?"

"She will if she isn't stopped."

"Then she must be stopped," he replied quickly.

"That's the reason I'm in such a hurry," I exclaimed. "He's coming to see her this afternoon. I want to get you there before he comes. If she only knew that this was all a mistake and that the man she loves is as heart-broken as she is, as I believe is the case—"

"As I am able, as it happens, to assure ou, is the case," he answered bowing owly.

"She'll be only too glad to make up ain, and will throw de Polisson over hout a thought."

"Then for Miss Osborne's,—Sally's in-st—the best thing we can do is to see as soon as possible."

If you can assure her that there has a mistake and can comfort her—"

I can," he said with conviction.

Then we must beat de Polisson," I "and not give him a chance."

evel stretch of road lay before us and on speed.

ally," I explained, "should never iven a thought to de Polisson, or you, a, Dick or Harry. She should have n love with your friend, Mr. Gilbert Ramsay, about whom she has been telling me."

The automobile bounded over a slight inequality in the road. To be sure my companion's appearance of disconcertion might have been caused by the way in which he had been catapulted into the air. There was, however, an expression for which no cavorting of the car could fully account.

"That's the man for me," I said boldly.

I did not understand it. I could not help it. I longed to say sharp and disagreeable things to him and yet I liked him. I had to steel myself against the liking. Did he not belong to Sally? Was I not taking him to her at that moment for the express purpose of reconciling them? I had to remind myself that I was not on in this scene. Anyway if I were, I appeared only as the good angel uniting two loving hearts and then going away to suffer and be strong. I accused myself of abject silliness and became more severe and downright than ever.

"There's a man," I announced, "who would be worthy of any girl. When he hasn't been climbing the highest mountain he could find unclimbed he has been poking down in the slums to improve the lives of the people. When he hasn't been riding steeplechases he's been running for office."

"You approve of him?"

"He gives a girl a chance to think interesting things about him. I believe that I'm half in love with him myself."

"Could you be wholly?"

"If he's as nice as I think he is."

"Well, you see he is rather a friend of mine and I may be prejudiced." The speaker paused for a moment. "I think I have heard him speak of you. Miss Osborne,—Sally, you see has talked a great deal about you."

I could see that we had come more than half way. The village lay before us beyond which was the Osborne country place. I could spy the houses through the trees and reaching a cross road I turned abruptly off. At the speed we were going I could not tear through the main streets without an accident and I should gain time by going round. My companion looked at me, discovering that I was not taking the most direct route.

"We'll get there quicker this way," I said concluding that the most dignified course was for me to appear perfectly indifferent no matter what he might say. "And de Polisson comes at a quarter after five."

"Thirty minutes," he commented after again examining his watch.

There the automobile gave out. I had heard for the last two or three miles that it was not running true. The perfect rhythm of sound was interrupted. I could tell that it was giving out as one might tell from the broken breathing of a runner making for the goal.

"Oh, dear!" I said as perforce I brought up. "I could cry."

"Never give up the ship," he said.

"But an automobile is different," I replied. "There's no honor in going down or breaking down with that."

"We'll have to do what we can—"

"If I had not left Duval at home," I mourned.

"I'm something of a chauffeur myself—"

"Oh!" I cried, "can you make it right."

"I can have a try."

"You will promise to get back in the car?" I said doubtfully.

"Yes," he replied. "Aren't we going to the rescue?"

"You've only got a little time," I warned him.

He tore open the tool box. He appeared as interested now in getting on as I was. In a moment he was poking and and puttering among the screws and pipes.

"You'll never be able to do anything," I wailed, "until you lie on your back under it and look up. No one can ever mend an automobile until he does."

"True enough," he said. "One must grovel in the dust before it to propitiate the demon."

I had got out also and watched him working underneath the machine.

"There," he said rising hot, grimy and triumphant. "The carbureter was out of order. The needle valve needed adjusting, and the gasoline was not feeding properly."

"We've lost fifteen minutes," I cried as we tumbled back into our seats.

"No running on schedule now," he said. "We've got to make up for lost time. How many more miles?"

"Seven or eight," I said.

"We've got to do them in ten minutes," he replied, "if we bust—a tire."

The racing spirit had got into me. There was no visible adversary whom I was trying to beat. The race was only against time. I thought, though, of Sally, I thought of de Polisson arriving,—of his proposing, as I knew that he was going to do that afternoon. I had to beat him out, and to beat him out I must almost make a record run. How we tore along! The speed was so great that we did not feel the jounces so much, seeming to sail over them. We rocked, though, from side to side in a distracting fashion. With my eyes fixed on the road before me, I kept my hand firmly on the wheel. With it all,—the excitement,—the rushing sense of speed,—the wind whistling past my ears and sending my hair streaming behind me, I was perfectly conscious of the eyes resting on me. I was aware of the admiration in them and the knowledge that I had never looked better in my life caused me to feel glad with a gladness that made me look better still. My cheeks glowed with a deeper color than even the motion gave them. My eyes sparkled with a brighter light than the excitement imparted to them.

"I'm going to win," I cried.

"So am I," he answered in a low tone.

We swung out of the road into the smooth drive of the Osborne place. We tore up it. Twisting in and out among the trees it went, and so did we. Over the bridge across the little stream we thundered. With a jerk I pulled up the machine at the foot of the terrace steps.

"There's de Polisson's trap under the *porte cochère*," I cried.

"A close finish," he said.

"He may be with her. He may be talking to her. He may be asking her to marry him at this very moment," I cried in an agony of apprehension. "Come, if we run this way we may find her in the conservatory and head him off."

Leaving the automobile in final immobility, we scampered up the steps. We made a dash past the fountain and stood before the door of the room where I expected to find Sally. Peering in, I discovered her dolefully picking the dead leaves from a rose tree.

"Sally!" I cried, "I've got him. It's all a mistake. I'll leave you to settle it between you, and I know it will all be right now."

I seized my captive by the arm and dragged him forward. I felt that I was making an effective entrance. As I advanced and introduced my prize I expected that Sally would look astonished, even amazed. I was not at all prepared for the unmoved countenance with which she very coolly came forward.

"Mr. Ramsay!" she said, "I am very glad to see you."

"Who?" I cried, falling back and putting my hand instinctively for support on the edge of the flower stand.

"Mr. Ramsay," Sally said, looking from the one to the other of us.

"What!" I murmured, and I wished that, instead of the clear afternoon light in the conservatory, the blackness of night enveloped me.

"Finding it is you, is a great surprise," Sally said, turning to him.

"It certainly is," I declared vigorously.

He advanced with a composure which, in a manner, saved the situation and made my predicament a little less terrible.

"I come on the part of Arthur."

Sally started and gasped.

"I want to tell you that he is all broken up. He is miserable and broken-hearted about this—and desperate."

"He was to blame," said Sally.

"He is willing to admit it," Gilbert Ramsay replied.

"Perhaps I was a little too,—" Sally conceded slowly.

"Have I authority to tell him that? To let him know that you will receive him?"

"Yes,—yes," Sally cried eagerly.

"Count de Polisson," announced a servant at the door.

"What a bore," Sally exclaimed, impatiently. "I must see him, I suppose. I'll get rid of him in a moment, and,—and give you a note to take to—Arthur."

She hurried from the place. We, Gilbert Ramsay and I, stood staring at each other.

"The caddy made a mistake. Can you forgive me?" I cried impulsively, "and try to forget?"

"Not forget," he said, drawing a step closer. "Don't you see what you have done,—made them make up their silly quarrel? All is for the best in this best of possible worlds, and I never felt so much like agreeing with the sentiment as now—"

"But,—but," I stammered, overcome with confusion and mortification. "What can I say?"

He smiled again, in a way that pleased me.

"There is not anything for you to say. That is for me. You said a little while ago that you were going to give me a piece of your mind—"

"Oh," I wailed indignantly.

"I want you to give me something else."

"What?" I demanded in desperation, the flower stand preventing me from drawing back.

"A piece of your heart. Don't you think you can give me a piece of that too?"

"Perhaps I have," I answered vindictively.

I knew it then,—that I had given him my whole heart,—but I did not tell him until three whole days later.

THE MAKING OF A MEDICINE MAN

Dosing the Public as a Business

By Philip Loring Allen

WITH DRAWINGS BY L. D. FANCHER

WHEN a young man arrives at the time when he must pick out his life calling, it is wise for him to look over the field and weigh the advantages of this profession or business and that. He wants something big enough and important enough to offer large prizes to the successful, something that will give a chance for the exercise of talent and ingenuity and finally something in which the danger of being gobbled up by a predatory trust is as small as possible.

There is one business that fulfils these conditions pre-eminently. You can get at its magnitude by comparing it with other commercial enterprises of importance. Take all the cocoa and chocolate manufactured in this country in a year. Add all the blacking and the bluing, the flavoring extracts and the axle grease. Take next a year's product of that beet sugar industry which was important enough to hold up a great treaty for two years in the Congress of the United States. Throw on all the glue, the refined lard, the castor oil, the perfumes and cosmetics, and the kindling wood. Finally put on top of the pile the entire output of ink and mucilage. The total value of this accumulation will still be less than that of a year's product of what we call "patent medicines."

$59,611,335 worth of dosing a year.

Then make another pyramid by collecting for twelve months from every factory in the United States all the billiard tables, buttons, combs, files, firearms, fireworks, flags and banners, gas and oil stoves, hammocks, hooks and eyes, lamps, matches, needles and pins, pencils, safes and vaults, steel pens, watches, and wheelbarrows. You could buy it all and more if you had the ready-made medicines compounded in the same time.

The census of 1900 placed the valueof "patent medicines," produced in this country annually at fifty-nine million six hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and thirty-five dollars. As the average profit is about one-third, this means that the sum paid over the retail druggists' counters, taking no account of increased consumption in the last four years, is something like eighty millions of dollars a year, about a dollar for every man, woman and child in the country. At that figure it had more than quadrupled in the preceding twenty years. The capital invested had trebled in ten years and, if the census is to be trusted, was in 1900 about equal to that employed in cheese, butter and condensed milk making, or in the manufacture of hardware, paving and paving materials, soap and candles, or in carpets and rugs, or in the canning of fruits and vegetables. In 1880 there were

e hundred and sixty-three factories, in 90, one thousand one hundred and enty-seven, and in 1900, two thousand ıd twenty-six.

It is a big enough proposition for any ıne's ambition. Let us see what qualifi-:ations it demands.

The manager of a medicine company, the name of which is as familiar to newspaper readers as that of the President of the United States, was recently asked what was the secret of success in the career to which he had given his life. His thoughtful answer, which should be committed to memory by every ambitious young man on the threshold of the proprietary medicine business, named two and only two requisites. Excellence of the remedy offered for sale and candor in explaining what it will do? Not exactly. "First," he said, "a man must be a born advertiser, he must have the nerve and the faith to put out his money freely in advertising—map out a plan and stick to it; second, he must have patience to wait for returns."

Guided thus by one of the deans of the calling, you will look to your advertising first of all. It may stagger you to learn what some of your competitors are doing to forestall you. The man whose advice we have just read is said to have had at his disposal in one year some eight hundred thousand dollars for advertising. That particular company is a strong believer in the newspaper as a medium and in the cheerfully optimistic method of celebrating the virtues of its preparation. It employs good artists and pays as much as fifty dollars apiece for the pleasant domestic scenes which greet the reader of every country newspaper. Some of its rivals, however, spend almost as much money on advertising of the harrowing sort. Still others combine the two in the never outgrown "before and after taking" form.

The ways of persuading a man that he is sick and needs to buy medicine are just the same as those the revivalist uses to lead him to the mourner's bench. You may wheedle him, cajole him, intoxicate him with promises, tickle his fancy or frighten him out of his boots.

These, we might say, are the established, conservative lines. But men of brains are constantly thinking out departures from them and custom cannot stale their infinite variety. When New York was moving

Jeffries has given testimonials.

heaven and earth to raise money for a pedestal to the statue of Liberty it was a patent medicine manufacturer who offered to pay for the structure out of his own pocket if only he might be permitted to place the name of his medicine upon it for a few years. The proprietors of St. Jacobs' Oil undertook one of the most daring of advertising ventures when they first put their remedy on the market more than a score of years ago. They placarded the country and even sent a fleet of steamers up and down the western rivers distributing hand bills before a bottle of the oil was to be had for love or money. They had laid out an enormous sum for those days on such advertising before they received a penny in return, yet when their agents at last were sent out they found every country druggist overrun with orders which he had been unable to fill. There was no need for arguing that the remedy was good and that the public *would* want it. The demand had already shown itself.

But, whether you have much or little to spend, of course you will want testimonials. They will be the least of your troubles. Some will come without solicitation. You can get a great many others for the asking. Small inducements of one kind or another will procure the signatures of many more estimable men and women to the statement that "I have used your Curo with benefit." You want, of course, not only testimonials

from people in the neighborhood where you are advertising, but also some from persons of distinction. You can get these too, if you go about it in the right way. Do not be deterred merely because the particular celebrity whose recommendation you want has already endorsed some one else's medicament or because no symptoms of bodily ailments are apparent. There is James J. Jeffries, for instance. He is not supposedly an invalid, but he has given testimonials to Swamp Root and Stuart's tablets, and he may help you. Or, try an actress. Julia Marlowe. has given her endorsement to Peruna, Orangeine and Topaz tonic. Or, if these fail, go ask your congressman. He will perhaps oblige you, just as Congressman Powers, of Vermont, used to oblige Paine's Celery Compound, Greene's Nervura and Peruna.

Right here a very important decision must be made. How much are you going to claim? You are treating one of the common ailments, of course. They are the profitable ones. Now there are a great many people who will buy your medicine for fifty cents a bottle if they believe it to be about the same thing a doctor would charge them two dollars for prescribing. They will be all the more willing to buy it, if you let them know frankly just what it is made of. But will you be satisfied with the trade you get in this way? Assume that ten men will buy your preparation if you say it is as good as a physician's prescription, while cheaper and more convenient. Will not twenty buy it if you tell them it is better? Will it not be good policy to tell them that you possess secrets of which the medical profession knows nothing, and that you are therefore pretty certain to cure where doctors fail? Experience shows that you will make more money that way, and the only remaining question is, how to state your claim most convincingly.

The old German chemist.

As to this, every medicine maker must work out his own programme, yet for a novice, the "old German chemist" may be recommended as one of the most trustworthy and reliable of patron saints. Through years of poverty,—years varying in number from fifteen to fifty,—this venerable man toiled in his laboratory in search of a cure for the ailment which had hitherto baffled the world's scientists. Trials and discouragements beset him, but at last his precious elixir was perfected. —That's the way to talk to the public.— You, the advertiser, have obtained the right to put it on the American market, and have erected enormous laboratories for its manufacture. This priceless boon has been brought by you within reach of the humblest. You can depend upon the old chemist, for he fills the same place in the therapeutics of to-day that the sages of the Orient did in the superstitious medical practice of the middle ages. He is not necessarily a German, but he had always better be old, always industrious and patient, always philanthropic and anxious to extend the blessing of health to all his fellow men. And he must be treated respectfully, for there have been disasters through the careless use of his name, as in the case of one of his discoveries, Scotch Oats Essence.

In that case the patient old chemist happened to be Samuel A. Buckland, M.D. Dr. Buckland had hit upon the only infallible cure for the morphine habit. His own portrait, beaming with benevolence, headed every advertisement. So kindly was the visage that it seemed to every sufferer like the face of an old friend. And such it proved to be, for after a few years some one found its exact duplicate in a dictionary of biography. There it was labeled "Ludwig Spohr, German Composer." It was discovered at the same time that the morphine cure contained about half a grain of morphine to the ounce. No wonder the taking of the elixir satisfied the craving for the drug.

Next to the venerable chemist, as an set in the advertising of patent medicines, ould be ranked the returned missionary, ough his name is generally used in a mewhat different way. It is easy to be- ieve that "all the drowsy syrups of the East" are locked up in his satchel. His office had best be located in one of the New York office buildings owned by and named after a religious society. As one might expect from his calling, he is more generous than the German chemist. That savant arranged for the distribution of his discovery by ordinary commercial methods. The missionary gives his away. For illustration take one recent instance.

The advertisement stated simply that the Reverend So-and-so had learned from some native tribes the secret of their wonderful remedy for some disease or other. For the sake of suffering humanity he would impart the secret gratis to any one in need of it. When a person wrote for this he received a printed copy of a prescription, which, as a rule, he took at once to a druggist to be compounded. The druggist, in turn, took it up, only to find that the mixture demanded one ingredient which he did not have in stock. He might write to his wholesaler, but in the end he was compelled to report to the customer that "Arabian sea grass" was not to be had in the American market, and that without it he could not undertake to put up the prescription. There was nothing for it then but to write for a second time to the missionary. He, being a man of thrift and foresight, happened to have some on hand, though the demands on him had been so great that he was forced to ask a high price for the few pounds still remaining.

He imparts the secret gratis.

This is ingenious and profitable enough in its way, though you can see that it is complicated and slow in its returns, with constant chance that the customer will lose interest before you get his money.

After you have found a satisfactory origin for your remedy, you will next want a "staff of skilled physicians" to carry on the beneficent work. The simplest plan is to hire some qualified person to write for you as many sample letters as there are different sorts of advice to be given to sufferers from the particular disease with which you are dealing. Then it is only necessary to sort the morning mail into piles and let typewriter girls copy the stereotyped letters of advice. It is customary to advertise that "correspondence will be held sacredly confidential." Your rivals all make this promise, too, yet, as the history of the business shows, you will have occasional chances to buy lists of "ten thousand persons with fits" or sufferers from any of the other diseases of which you and your kind make a specialty. Such lists are even advertised for sale in mail-order journals. Their origin is altogether mysterious, for, of course, no medicine manufacturer would reveal, even on the rack, the names of the unfortunates who have placed their trust in him.

If, now, you are satisfied that the part of wisdom is to keep the nature of your remedy a profound secret, it will be best not to patent it. The public applies the term "patent medicine" roughly to any ready made medicine sold over the drug store counter. Captious reformers denounce these because the buyers do not know what they are made of. Now a patent medicine is a medicine that is patented, and when a medicine or anything else is patented, every one can find out from the records at Washington exactly how it is made. Most of the widely advertised medicines are not patented at all. In the whole history of the Federal government only about nineteen hundred patents have been issued in the class of "medicines," while the "proprietary list" of a leading drug trade journal includes more than twenty-eight thousand titles, and many drug stores carry thirty-five hundred or more proprietary medicines. Patent your medicine and you can go to law against any one who infringes your patent, but there is small satisfaction in that.

Castoria is an example of a patented medicine. The proprietor thought it good

policy to print his formula on every bottle and therefore had to depend on the patent laws to protect his business. This was all very well so long as the patent lasted, but four or five years ago it expired. Now any one can make Castoria under the original formula, just as any one can make a Bell telephone or a sewing machine under the original specifications. As a matter of fact several brands of Castoria are now offered to the trade. It is not merely a case of "something just as good." The substitutes purport to be identically the same thing. If they are not, it is because their makers are not conscientious in using the formula which time has placed at their disposal. There is a strong feeling among the better class of druggists that in such a case the manufacturer whose efforts made the good will of the business valuable, is still entitled to the field. Efforts to secure this are perhaps as successful as those made for keeping down the sale of pirated books, and are aided by lavish advertising on the "accept none but the old, reliable" order.

It is a great thing to have a clientèle that believes in you. One of the ways to get one is to advertise satisfaction or money refunded. You may think this risky when you consider how often sick people under the advice of a skilled physician are prone to declare that they have received no benefit, and have thrown away their money. Yet, you may do it safely enough. A dozen of your rivals do already, some under restrictions setting a time limit and requiring the return of wrappers or labels, but others with the same prompt liberality with which a first-class restaurant would take back an oyster stew on a patron's complaint that is was burned. One very widely exploited remedy, composed of slightly acidulated water and worth,—bottle, packing and all included,—certainly less than a dime, gets back scarcely a tenth of its sales in this way, though it stands ready to pay spot cash to anyone who is dissatisfied.

Why is this? You had better accept it as a fact, and not inquire the reason. It would take a professor of psychology, a doctor and a hypnotist in collaboration to give you a complete explanation. Why will a bread pill make quick cures when the patient does not know it is a bread pill?

A hale New England farmer died last year at the age of ninety-seven. The editor of one of the magazines devoted to health culture wrote to the old gentleman's son, asking to what he attributed the father's longevity. The answer astonished the advocate of the hygienic regimen. Instead of describing teetotalism, cold baths, regular exercise and a diet of graham bread, the son observed: "He used tobacco from the time he was a boy, and took more patent medicines than any other man in the state of Massachusetts." There is a great deal in that story. A man arrives at the age when a stimulant at dinner time would very probably be advised by his regular physician. He doesn't feel well. You have a good chance of interesting him if you enumerate a very imposing list of common symptoms, including that "general disinclination for work," which is the common lot of humanity. If, by taking a tablespoonful of your medicine every four hours, he can secure the same sensation of general well being which he would from a glass of good whiskey, you have made a friend of him. Remember, fortunes are not made from the customer who occasionally takes a box of pills, or a dose of cough mixture, but from the men and women who regularly and systematically empty quart bottles, and buy them a dozen at a time.

A bit of western history may give you another hint. When Kansas declared for prohibition, wholesale houses that supplied this territory immediately remarked an increase in the sales of certain pleasant tasting medicines, especially bitters, tonics and cordials. This demand kept up so long as the prohibitory law was enforced. Then, when the State ceased to be "dry," except in name, the business went back to its normal level.

The sixty or more tonics and bitters which have been analyzed by the Massachusetts State Board of Health, showed percentages of alcohol varying from six,—about twice that of lager beer,—to forty-four,—about that of ordinary whiskey or gin. Among those advertised as strictly non-alcoholic and specifically recommended for the treatment of inebriates, were six which contained respectively, 41.6, 28.2, 26.5, 25.6, 20.5, and 19.5 per cent. of alcohol. The Ohio Supreme Court has decided that so-called malt extracts come under the head of intoxicating beverages, and can be

sold only by such druggists as carry a Dow liquor license, while the federal internal revenue authorities have repeatedly made similar rulings.

There is a thorn with every rose, and, while you are reaping your harvest, there will be impractical reformers who rail against you. They will talk of fiery liquors in the guise of non-alcoholic tonics, cocaine in supposedly harmless catarrh powders, corrosive sublimate in soothing face bleaches. They will argue that, even when you have used good drugs, and mixed them honestly, it is dangerous to let the public dose themselves without restriction after merely guessing what is the matter with them. These reformers may try to bar you from the use of the mails, and they will be constantly at work to make you print your formula on every package or bottle you sell. Tyrannical governments in Europe have taken this step, but this is the land of the free. There are ways of meeting all such attacks.

The first of the fakirs.

Some of these ways were ably described a few years ago before the Association of Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in Proprietary Articles, which was in session at Delmonico's. Mr. F. J. Cheney, of Toledo, whose name is known to everyone who reads the advertisements of Hall's Catarrh Cure, made some especially noteworthy statements. He had advertising contracts, he said, with fifteen or sixteen thousand newspapers.

"As you all know," he went on, "there is hardly a year but we have had a lobbyist in the different State legislatures; one year in New York, one year in New Jersey, and so on, and there has been a constant fear that something would come up. So I had this clause in my contract added. This is what I have in every contract I make. 'It is hereby agreed that, should your State, or the United States Government, pass any law that would interfere with or restrict the sale of proprietary medicines, this contract shall become void.' In the State of Illinois, a few years ago, they wanted to assess me three hundred dollars. I thought I had a plan better than this, so I wrote to about sixty papers, and merely said: 'Please look at your contract with me, and take note that, if this law passes, you and I must stop doing business, and my contracts cease.' The next week, every one of them had an article."

Only a year ago when a bill was before the Ohio legislature requiring the publication of the formula of all proprietary medicines, the threat was made that if it passed, the members of the three leading newspaper associations of Ohio would adopt the policy of printing the name of the attending physician with every death notice.

The establishment of a proprietary medicine business differs in this from the making of a rabbit pie. The last thing, not the first, is to get your medicine. Get it from a book, get it from any doctor, get it out of your own head. It makes little difference. Roughly, all proprietary medicines can be put into three classes. First, remedies honestly made and really valuable if one knows when to take them. Second, nostrums which owe their popularity to the presence of a large percentage of alcohol or of more dangerous drugs. Third, concoctions which have absolutely no character one way or the other. The buyer can find these three side by side on the drug store shelf, though there is nothing to tell him which is which. The names are the least reliable guides. Not long ago a tonic which bore some such name as "Elixir of Pepsin" became very popular in the middle west. One of the large manufacturers of pepsin thought he saw a possible market and sent an agent

to the makers of the Elixir. "Good Lord," they exclaimed, "What do we want of pepsin? We don't use a grain of it." The manufacturer of one "Syrup of Figs" once sued the manufacturer of another "Syrup of Figs," for infringement of the copyrighted name. He lost his suit, for the court held that no one could claim exclusive right to the word "figs," which was common property, and that there was an additional reason for witholding relief in this case for the evidence proved that no such thing as a fig entered into the composition of the medicine which claimed prior right to the name. Probably that was nothing against its efficacy.

"The preparation contains no honey," reported the analyst of a certain "Honey Cream," "but it is probably much more valuable than if it did."

Perhaps the most remarkable illustrations of what can be done with simple means are furnished by the famous Mattei remedies, which made an extraordinary impression on the London public a little more than ten years ago, and obtained so distinguished a champion as Mr. W. T. Stead, who visited Count Mattei in the romantic Italian castle where he was supposed to guard his secrets. Three of his preparations, "Elettricita Bianca" (white electricity), "Elettricita Verde" (green electricity) and "Elettricita Rossa" (red electricity) were sent to a chemist for analysis. He suspended them in glass tubes to see if they were magnetic, made electrical experiments, tried them with litmus paper, took their specific gravity, used a microscope, applied every known test, but nothing happened.

"There is but one substance which possesses all the above qualities," he finally reported. "That is water. None of these fluids differ at all from water in any of their properties." The remedies which essayed to cure nearly every ill that flesh is heir to, and which hundreds of honest people were sure had benefited them, were, so far as the chemist could find out, only water—water, sold at one dollar and twenty cents an ounce.

There has never been a case which quite equalled that one, though many approach it.

And yet, for all such blemishes, few businesses can beat this as a commercial enterprise. "American patent medicines" have had their part in the invasion of Europe. Our liver pills are swallowed in the shadow of the pyramids. The blood of the Vikings is purified by American sarsaparilla, and in the Imperial City the oiled flamingo feather, which the gluttonous guests of Lucullus or Petronius employed as a relief from the evil effects of overeating, has given place among their descendants to the American digestive tablet.

The hosts who are carrying the banners of this great new world industry own no single motto. Yet, should they seek one, they would find none more apt than the remark of one of the great and successful men of their calling, several times a candidate for a congressional nomination: "I have never taken my nerve cure," he said, "but my nerve cure has done me a great deal of good."

GETTING INTO LINE

The Story of a New Life

By Henry M. Rideout

IT was on a June day, at the time when the results of Billy Drummond's second-year exams were beginning to appear behind the glass front of the bulletin board in the Medical School corridor, that Nason Sawyer called him up on the telephone from Cambridge to appoint a meeting with him. And it was on the same evening, cold and rainy, when the saloons and Chinese laundries across Harrison Avenue were beginning to show lighted windows, and the rumble of drays was lessening, that Billy heard the door bell of two twenty nine jangle down on the ground floor, and encountered Nason in the obscure light at the head of the spiral stairway.

"Sawyer the lawyer," was Billy's greeting. "So you're really off for New York for good, to begin the great fight. Come in here and sit down, won't you? There are some fellows in the next room playing checkers or something. I don't believe you're anxious to meet them."

In this way it fell out that, with the red baize table and the student lamp between them, they sat in the main room of the Lying-In branch, and drifted into serious talk. Out of the lighted doorway behind them came the click of checkers, the scratching of matches, drifting layers of pipe-smoke, and fragments of medical conversation. The evening grew along toward half past nine.

The two men had known each other well in college, and it was their last chance for a long talk. Sawyer had managed the business of college teams and papers, managed many bits of undergraduate politics, managed his studies in college and law school,—always cool, without apparent enthusiasm or discouragement. Now, as they chatted, his long, sharp face and bulbous gray eyes showed a droll, elderly interest in Billy.

"You're such a kid still," he said calmly, crossing his lean shanks. "I can't seem to see you as a doctor, somehow. Honestly now, Billy, aren't you just paying your compliments to medicine, as you have to football, and,—and books, and pictures, and the rest?"

Billy looked aggrieved. He had a fine face,—too fine, some people thought,—and quick, black eyes. The odd little feminine quirk in his lips grew plainer as he retorted :—

"Well, why not?—But that's not it. I've been carried away with this thing ever since I saw my first operation."

He sprang up, lithe and eager, crossed the room and stood by the window, in one of his most handsome attitudes. He seemed, this evening, to be more alert and nervous even than usual.

"I can see that affair now," he exclaimed. "By George, I'll never forget it." For a moment he pondered, with introverted gaze,—then became voluble—"You see, one day, junior year, Joe Kimball took Mac Dawless and me through a snowstorm down to the Operating Theater,—up a long flight of stairs, you know, and then we came out at the very ceiling of the amphitheater. It was all terribly light,—a dry, white light,—and there were rows on rows of big brown seats, with high backs, that shelved down to the pit. Joe wanted us to go down front; but, there

were pails of blood,—chloride of mercury, you know, but I thought it was blood then,—down there on the tables; and, right beside them, an array of cold, steel instruments; so I was too wise to go down, and we sat at the very top, up by the ceiling.

"And ether! It came up to us in great waves, and seemed to make everything hazy and fumey. The whole business went to my head. And, when the old bald-headed surgeon got through chatting down there, and the doors at the back of the pit swung open, and a push of men in white coats rolled in a long table covered with cloth,—why, gad! there was a glow all over my body. You couldn't help craning forward, somehow, to see what would follow. I wouldn't have missed anything then for the world. When they took off the cloth, and showed only another cloth and a yellow square of flesh, I was actually disappointed!"

Drummond broke off sharply, and stood listening, with a look of dismay:—

"By gad, I thought that was the bell,—lucky it wasn't."

"Anyway," he went on, "it was so. It was through a mist that I saw the old boy take up his scalpel, and heard him talk in just a rumble of sound about appendicitis, and 'it is now the ninth day,' and so on. Then he bent over the square, and made a stroke like an engraver. It was hours in coming; when it came, it was just a thin red line on the yellow square; but somehow I didn't have to look any more, and sat up straight, as if a charm had broken, you know. When I raised my hands to wipe the sweat off my forehead, I found them shockingly light, and small, and wa-a-ay off. Everything got dark round the edge, except Joe and Mac, grinning like asses. And then a little bit of a voice came from somewhere and said: 'You'd better get out; you look pretty bad.' So I grabbed my ulster, and groped down the stairs, and sat down in the snow on the courtyard steps and looked up into a great whirl of snowflakes, and fanned myself with my hat."

Billy paused, his face bright with enthusiasm for this recollected scene. His listener sat frowning slightly, as if over a puzzle.

"In two weeks I was back seeing more of them," Billy concluded. "It fascinated me. And next year I went in for chemistry and hygiene—and here we are. And it's fun!"

"Well," said Sawyer, deliberately. "Very good, so far. But if you don't mean to see it through, it's silly nonsense."

"Excuse me, but I don't see that at all," cried Drummond, with some heat. "If I don't want to spend my summer talking to a lot of seaside Flossies, or going to Europe again, why can't I choose my own amusement? If it's all as horrible as you say,—and perhaps I'll know before morning—I'll simply throw the whole thing overboard, boluses, powders, and all, and look for something new." And Billy's black eyes shone. "But it *is* amusing, and just now it's mighty exciting. Why, an hour before you appeared, up came Kimball—he's senior here, you know—all white and haggard, and fagged out. He wiped his name off the slate there on the door, and entered something in that little brown book—it's full of names, Jewesses and Irish women—and went to bed. I'm sorry you can't see him, but he's too tired for us to wake. Now that man has been through Experience with a great E; and do you think that I'm not on my toes to see whether I can go through it, too? I'm 'Pup,' and the next case is mine."

"I know, my dear Billy," said Sawyer, in his cold and misanthropic voice. "But the waste of time, the waste—"

"Yes, yes! Dozens of people have said that," was the reply. "Joe Kimball told me pleasantly that I'm a fool and a fungo. But your argument—"

Off they went into more talk about law and medicine, and about dabblers in both. Nason, smiling in his feeble, skeptical way, adjusted his finger tips nicely on the arms of the chair; Billy talked eagerly, and at great length.

"Oh pshaw, Nason!" he broke in at last. "You're hopeless. But just in point of utility, then; suppose I, when a middle-aged and worthless city bachelor, should happen to notice that my coachman had toe-drop. It might save me from having him fall off the box some fine night, with the horses at full gallop. Wouldn't that be as useful as the knowledge of conveyancing is to a golf-playing country squire?"

"And you really don't mean ever to practice?" asked Sawyer.

"No," answered Billy, in polite surprise. "Why should I? My income's at least sufficient. I haven't a living to make—fortunately."

"But interest in your profession," said the other, soberly; "pleasure in healing grievous disease—"

"Oh, yes, I know; you mean the sort of thing that Howard Blair and Mitchell Hall are doing,—working for the fun of it in dirty alleys, or else shutting themselves in a laboratory until they can't come among decent people without bringing along a collection of old and rare stinks. That's mostly done for effect; or at best it's morbid pleasure and misdirected charity. To make a whim serious, is poor taste. How many children in the slums will have Howard Blair to curse for dragging them into their wretched life, or keeping them in it afterward? None of that for me. In *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, you remember, there's a lawyer who says, 'I incline to Cain's heresy; I let my brother go to the devil his own way.'"

And Drummond waved the subject aside, to talk of Nason's prospects in New York.

By ten, the two men had said good-by; at eleven Billy had gone to bed in the little back room where Kimball was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. When Billy at last dozed off, it was with somewhat the feelings of a small boy who must rise to take a whipping next day.

It seemed hardly a minute before the electric bell above them gave it's long whirr, with the dismal ring at the end. Kimball, in the next bed, groaned and swore. Billy jumped up, shuffled for his slippers, and stumbled down the winding stairs to the front door.

Outside, in the darkness of the steps, stood a small boy, shivering.

"Oh, doctor," he whined, "they wantcher at 14 Gill Court. The McAvoy's. Please hurry, Doctor."

In five minutes Drummond and the lad were off through the streets, dark with midnight, splashing with rain—into some unknown quarter in the direction of the harbor. What with the cold, the sudden awakening and the strange excitement, Billy's nerves misgave him as he strode along beside the trotting urchin.

After some time the boy stopped and pointed into a dark passage between two buildings.

"Gill Court's in there. Fourteen's on the right, and it's the top floor," he said, and instantly disappeared.

Drummond plunged into the mud and blackness of the alley. Stumbling round the court and striking many matches at the doors, he came at last upon Number Fourteen. The damp and sordid entry was dimly lighted from an open side-door, through which came the smell of tobacco and cabbage, and a chatter of vile words in Italian. Two, three, four flights he groped upward on creaking stairs, and came at last to another open door, and the smoky light of a tin hand-lamp.

Within, upon a low stool, he saw a woman who sat as one forlorn of hope, her face buried in her hands. At the sound of his feet upon the landing, however, she looked up wearily, and on her patient, dull, pug-nosed, Irish face Drummond saw —what took hold of him unpleasantly—the great tears rolling down.

"Are ye the doctor?" she asked in a whisper; and when Billy answered—"Oh, doctor, doctor, what'll we do?" she whispered and fell once more to weeping silently.

Not set at ease by this reception, he entered the stuffy room, where the air was glutinously close with heat and evil smells.

"My good woman," he said rather helplessly, "this is no place for you. You ought to be in bed."

"Sssh, for God's sake!" she replied in a frightened voice; and without looking up, pointed behind her to the corner. There, upon the only bed in the room, sprawled a man, unshaven, foully clothed, and with the heavy breathing and flushed face of drunken sleep; one hairy, corded hand dangled over the side of the bed.

"He'll be a roarin' divil if ye wake him," continued the woman. "He's been there since nine o'clock, and he tould me to go to Hell with the baby."

Drummond's flesh quailed, and for an instant he stood gripped by the most cowardly fear. That brute might easily kill him in such a house of thugs. "This is Mr. McAvoy," he caught himself thinking, "apparently this is Mr. McAvoy," and he felt a touch of wonder at his own flippancy. The sense of what would happen if the man woke rushed upon him with

the weight of a suffocating dream; next he was aware only of the smell of whiskey, and that huge hand by the bedside! But finally, as by a clearing of haze, shame rose in him, and he recalled that at least he had never before been afraid of a drunken man.

He took the sleeper by the shoulder.

"Come," he said, "get up."

The woman cried out upon the love of God; the man, with a jumble of oaths, sat up, swaying, and stared at Drummond.

"Wha'—wha'—who in Hell are you?"

"I'm the doctor," said Drummond stoutly. "Do you want your wife to die?"

"Do I want—want," muttered the man getting to his feet, and then, in a burst of fierceness, "Don't ye lay a finger on her!" he cried huskily.

"I don't want to," answered Billy with a great deal of truth; "but I'm going to save her life and the child's. See, there she sits nigh dead with pain and you were snoring on the bed. Shame! What way was that for an Irishman to act? It's more like those Dagoes downstairs!"

"I'm no Dago," cried the man angrily. "No wan iver called Gaun McAvoy a dirthy Dago."

"Then don't treat your wife like one."

The reason in this seemed to penetrate the fumes of liquor. From blind agressiveness the man's face fell to stupid meditation.

"What'll we do?" he whispered at last. "Docthor, let's put her t' bed. That's it. That's it. Let's put 'er t' bed, Doc."

"No," said Drummond, "I'll look to that. Let me see. Haven't you a pitcher or a pail, or something? Take it down to the nearest all night hash-house and get it filled with hot water. I'll pay them. Lug up enough water to fill that tub in the corner."

Still grumbling about Dagoes, the man groped out a can from behind the stove.

"That'll do," said Drummond; "but hurry up." And as he turned toward the woman he heard the man's steps reel downward, then a bumping noise and a crash of tin on the landing below.

"He's broken his neck, I trust," thought Billy; "anyway, I've cleared the decks."

Then his work began. The rest was a nightmare, crude and terrible; a nightmare of bestial squalor, of fierce pain, of groans, of curses that were prayers, and prayers that were blasphemy; yet a nightmare in which, for the first time, Drummond felt some one else working in him, some one clear-headed, quick, and of an undivided resolution.

And outside the weather cleared, as the dawn began to stir somewhere through the wide darkness. Every half hour Gaun McAvoy, each time nearer to tears, clumped in to pour the hot water into the tub.

"She'll not die, Docther?" he kept asking, and Drummond threw over his shoulder the answer:—

"No, of course not,—if you keep on helping me."

And so passed, in the heat, the dim light, the smell of drugs and the throes of travail, the strangest night in Billy Drummond's experience. Yet when the worst of the work was over, when young Mr. McAvoy, dressed in his father's only white shirt, lay quiescent at his mother's side, and when the smoky lamp had at last gone sputtering out, there came the strangest thing of all. For as Drummond, his dripping hair plastered to his forehead, and his shirt bosom cleaving to his chest with sweat, looked abroad from the dingy tenement window upon the harbor, and the first sunrise he had seen in years, a deep soberness filled his mind. After much smaller achievements he had often felt a heady exultation; but now, when this great, brutal miracle had been accomplished, and they were four in that room who had been three, he was only thankful and serious.

As the red light went leaping up the sky he looked at it as at some prodigy. A snatch of Grieg—"Morgenstimmung"—ran through his head; but he hardly noticed it, for grave thoughts were hammering at his conscience. He had nearly been a coward that night; he had been a fool every day of his life. Sawyer's phrase, "pleasure in healing grievous disease," recurred to him with almost Biblical dignity. The sense of responsibility toward men and things began to crowd in upon him, to cry out within him so insistently, that he was amazed.

He wiped the sweat out of his eyes and turned to pack the handbag.

"I'd be an ass to buy those polo ponies now," he thought. "They'd only eat their heads off."

Stirrup to stirrup, never speaking.

WHEN THE BREACH WAS CLOSED

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

TWO men rode down a stony gorge in the Kentucky mountains one soft night in summer. They rode knee to knee, stirrup to stirrup, silently. The moonlight fell brokenly through the trees and vines and bushes. The men were far past middle life. The beard of one was gray, and the beard of the other was white, but they rode sturdily and upright. Upon the crupper of the horse on the right a little girl was seated astride, with her arms around the man as far as they would go. The men were thoroughly a part of the wild scenery which surrounded and enveloped them. Their clothing was of the coarsest kind; the unearthly glamour of the witch-light falling over them could not hide their unkempt appearance,—their obvious scorn of personal seeming. But the horses were sleek and in good trim. Down the gorge, through the moonlight, rode the queer pair, stirrup to stirrup, never speaking.

For more years than a person of that region could vouchsafe with any degree of accuracy there had been trouble, deep and deadly, on Crowfoot. Crowfoot was a trifurcated spur of the Cumberlands, and from one end to the other the ground was hostile. The Skidmores lived on the point further east, and the Buckleys lived on the point further west, and the intervening point of the spur,—completing Crowfoot,—was without occupants. Wild Bill Skid-

more was the head of his clan, and Long Jake Buckley was the head of his. They had it from their fathers, and their fathers from their grandfathers, that years ago a Skidmore had wronged a Buckley, or *vice versa*, according to who was telling the tale, and that constant and continued bloodshed was the only means of redress.

It was blackest treason for a man of one house to look upon a girl of the opposite clan with any feeling save that of disgust and hatred, and it was equal heresy for a girl to accept attentions from an enemy to her blood. But all such mundane arrangements Fate laughs to scorn in her own good time, and so it came about that after years and years of open warfare, a Skidmore loved a Buckley. He was a hardheaded, hardfisted fellow, young Pete Skidmore. And Rosie Buckley was like a wild flower of her native heath. He saw her first at a dance on Big Goose Creek. It was a Buckley dance, and a Skidmore hadn't any business to be within miles of the place, but with characteristic deviltry Pete had fared over the intervening spur to have a look at the festivities. Skulking in the shadows at a safe distance he watched the scene, and he saw that the life of it was one buxom, red-cheeked lass, with black-braided hair, and a merry laugh always on her lips. Before he left he heard some one call her name, so he knew who she was. Not many days later he chanced to see her alone, and his heart warmed with longing. He had swung down a ravine early one morning with a string of squirrels in his hand and his gun over his shoulder, and so on to the dirt road leading to the nearest town. Directly before him was Rosie Buckley, riding by herself to market. She had not seen him, and he stepped back to the side of the road. She came jogging on, singing as she came. Ten feet away she raised her head, and their eyes met. She stopped singing, but rode on bravely, eyeing him coldly all the time. When she was opposite him, Pete smiled and bowed, and when he saw the quick blood mount up to her face his heart exulted. After she was gone he stood a long time without moving, looking at the trail her horse's feet had left in the dust.

He came upon her in the burying-ground of her people a few days later. He risked a greeting, flushing as he spoke the simple words. She barely nodded, then rode slowly away from him towards the western spur, whither he dared not follow. He hovered about the spot thereafter, lonely and desolate though it was, and one afternoon she came again, blithe and happy. Pete, screened by some bushes, waited until she had slipped from her horse and had made her way through the weeds and matted grass to one of the newest graves in the place, then, as she stooped to place some wild flowers upon it, he came and stood quite near.

"Evenin'," he said pleasantly.

The girl stood upright and trembled violently, with a scared look on her face.

"You—you're a Skidmore!" she answered, but there was more of fright than repulsion in her voice.

"I'm Pete Skidmore. Your name 's Rosie, ain't it? I seen yo' at the dance on Big Goose."

"How—why—"

"Oh, I 'uz aroun'. I come to see whut' uz goin' on. I'm not 'feered uv any man!"

She looked at him and believed it to be true.

"Yo' mustn't talk to me," she faltered; "I'm a Buckley!"

"I know yo' air, but love don't take no 'count uv sich things. Come, an' le's talk it over, Rosie. They's no use bein' foolish."

He was standing close by the grave then, and he stretched his hand out over it as he spoke.

"It's foolish to keep on killin' each other," he said earnestly. "Le's you 'an me marry, an' put a stop to it all!"

She looked in a desperate way at his strong frame, then his steady eyes caught hers and held them.

"Come, Rosie," he said again pleadingly.

She gave a shivering sigh, then put her hand in his across the low mound which one of his house had caused to he made.

"I can't! I can't!" she said, but all the time he was gently but forcibly drawing her towards him.

Her feet passed over the line marked by the fresh earth between them, and she stood beside him.

"S'pose any uv 'em 'd see!" she moaned. "S'pose dad 'd see; he'd shoot me!"

"Don't be 'feered, Rosie," said Pete soothingly; "thar's nobody to see, 'n' if

thar wuz''—he drew forward the rifle which he had been holding behind his back with his left hand. "I c'n cut a turkey's head off at a hund'ed yards!"

"Don't!" she said, with a gesture of protest. "I'm so tired uv livin' this way."

He led her silently to an uncouth stone sarcophagus which the whim of some Buckley had caused to be reared over the bones of a slain ancestor. Drawing her down beside him upon this, he leaned his rifle against the crude stones and faced her again.

"I loved ye that night when I seen ye on Big Goose," he said, holding her gaze by the sheer mastery of his will, "'n' I want ye to marry me, 'n' holp stop all this bloodshed. Thar's no use in it, 'n' people c'n jist as well live peaceable."

"Dad 'll never let me come back," she whispered; "yo' don't know Long Jake!" A vision of his own stern sire flashed across Pete's mind, but he persevered doggedly.

"'N' ef they won't, won't we be enough fur each other? But soon or late, they'll come 'roun'. Will ye go? Will ye go with me?"

With sudden fierceness he gripped her hands and leaned towards her.

"Where, Pete?" she asked, bewildered.

"Away, fust! Then we'll come back, 'n' ef they won't take us in, thar's the middle toe uv Crowfoot, 'n' nobody c'n keep us from buildin' a house 'n' livin' thar. Rosie, won't ye come?"

"When?—'N' not say good-by?"

"They'd lock ye up till some o' yo' people killed me. Now, Rosie; now! My hoss 's out yonder, 'n' he's big 'n' strong. Won't ye trust me, Rosie, gal?"

"Y—yes!" she sobbed, and fell forward, trembling upon his breast.

All that night over the yellow mountain road a big horse traveled with a double burden. Morning found the fugitives in a small town, and by noon they were wed.

"S'pose dad 'd see; he'd shoot me!"

Then the foolhardy nature of Pete asserted itself again. Leaving his wife safe in another part of the mountains, he rode with one other companion—a stranger to the parts—back to Crowfoot, up to the crest of the central spur which no one owned. There he waited while he sent his friend on an embassy to his father, Wild Bill, telling him he wanted to bring his wife there and live with him, as he had always done. The old man's answer was—"I'll see 'im in hell fust!" Then the messenger went westward, bearing word to Long Jake Buckley that Pete and his wife would like to come and live with them. Long Jake said—"I'll kill 'im, damn 'im, the fust time I see 'im!" When these respective replies had been received, Pete, not at all astonished nor disconcerted, began the erection of a cabin on the neutral spur of Crowfoot. He didn't intend that anyone should drive him from the spot where he was born and raised. When the humble shelter was finished he brought Rosie to it, and there they began their life of loneliness.

The act of the two young people, instead of placating hardened consciences, seemed but to embitter the more the hearts of the outraged families. They lived and moved

upon their respective preserves, and the lone cabin upon the central spur never had a visitor. Its inmates were let alone; that was all they could ask. Were they in want? No one knew. Were they sick? No one cared.

It was at this stage of affairs that a wandering preacher came among the Skidmores one day. He had heard of the recent marriage; he came to see if he could not employ it to bring about a reconciliation between the two factions. The Skidmores grew angry and would not listen. But the preacher was a determined man. He got them together one evening and fired the straight gospel at them from a stump in the yard. He did not spare invective, and he did not say Hades when he meant Hell. He did not broach the forbidden subject, but he talked all around it, and sometimes he brushed against it. Wild Bill sat on a chair beside his door with his tribe around him, and took it all in. The language he listened to was plain; he understood it.

The next day the preacher moved over to the Buckleys, and there his special subject was again tabooed. But that night the Buckleys came, big and little, to listen to him, and after the talk was over Long Jake wondered to himself if what the fellow said was true. The preacher went to the lonely cabin. Pete and Rosie were willing and waiting for a friendly move. The preacher told them to grasp every chance for making up the fuss; that he had sown good seed and he hoped the fruit would come in time. Then he sought other fields.

In the rugged bosoms of each of the feudist patriarchs strange thoughts were struggling into form. "Kill or be killed" had been their motto for years. "Forgive or be damned" was a new creed, and a startling one. The clan wondered what had come over Wild Bill. He seemed never at ease, and was restless and afraid; he of all men! The Buckleys looked at Long Jake in wonder as he sat day in and day out, with his chin sunk in thought.

Winter passed and spring bloomed upon the hills. Like the flags of a conquering army the trees shook out their green banners, and the birds sang in the thickets. Then summer came and the wild grapes ripened in their tangled coverts. In the little cabin on the central spur Rosie's hour had come. She lay upon her rude pallet, her face stamped with an undefinable terror. The holy mystery of motherhood confronted her. Pete was there, silent, helpless. His ox-like strength could not help her. An old woman and a little girl were in the room. The woman lived in a miserable hut at the base of the mountain, with her grandchild, and sided with neither faction. Pete had prevailed upon her to come. With the rising of the moon a boy was born. The mother lay very still.

"Pete," she said, after a long time, "send fur 'em—your dad, my dad."

The man was dumb, he could not leave her. He swept his eyes around helplessly. The ten year old girl understood, and came forward.

"I'll go," she said, "to Long Jake's fust, 'cause it's the clostest. Then him an' me c'n ride. I'm not 'feerd."

She slipped out into the night.

Long Jake listened to the story, jerked out in gasps, for the child had run most of the way. He thought for a few minutes, then went and saddled his horse, took the child up behind him, and rode off. Half way to the Skidmores he stopped, dismounted, spoke briefly to his companion, then sat down on the roots of a tree to wait, with his head in his hands. The elfin figure astride the big horse sped on alone. Wild Bill blinked and stared at the tale he heard.

"He's waitin' fur ye at the ben' in Possum holler," the girl concluded, "an' he ain't got nary weepon. 'N' it's a boy!"

Two men rode down a rocky gorge one summer night, stirrup to stirrup. There were no signs of weapons upon either, and they said never a word. A child rode behind one, holding with both hands to his coarse shirt. After a while the horsemen debouched into a small open, then trailed diagonally up the side of the neutral spur. Before the lonely cabin upon its top they drew rein, swung themselves to earth, and hitched to different limbs of the same tree. Long Jake reached the door first—it was his daughter. Wild Bill and the little messenger followed closely behind, and they all went in. The tallow candle on the shelf above the cot guttered, and shed a yellow, unnatural light around. No

"We'll call him Buckley Skidmore."

one had thought to snuff it. Wild Bill walked over, and with his horny finger and thumb pinched off the charred wick. The candle blazed up afresh. With the heavy tread of boots on the oak floor the young mother opened her eyes wearily. She saw her father standing at her feet, wordless; a little distance away was the ancient enemy of her house.

"Dad," she said, in a faint voice, "come 'ere."

She raised her right hand and beckoned feebly. The gaunt figure obeyed, but still stood, awed, and not knowing what to do.

"Pete's dad! I want Pete's dad, too!" moaned Rosie, with the querulous wail of a child.

Wild Bill moved to her other side.

"I'm here, gal!" he said, but through the gruffness in his voice ran a strain of pity.

The sufferer looked up, and a smile came to her face.

"You—Wild Bill Skidmore—an' you, dad,—it's time to quit killin'. The blood's the same now—here's the fust!" She placed her hand on a little knot in the bed-clothes near her breast. "His blood is your'n, dad, an' his blood is your'n, Wild

Bill. I'm goin' to die, I'm feerd, but yo' mus' make up fust, fur the sake uv the boy!''

She stopped, with Pete's shaggy head bent low over the hand he held.

Slowly her free hand wandered back to the knot in the bed clothes again.

"We'll call 'im Buckley Skidmore," she said.

"'N' we'll lay down the gun frum this night!" spoke Long Jake, thrusting out a big, hairy hand.

Wild Bill took it.

"So holp us God!" he said.

THE MEN AND THE HOUR

A Crisis in the Land of Disasters

By Ellery Sedgwick

ON the sixth day of December last, President Roosevelt sent his annual message to Congress. All the problems confronting the nation claimed his attention. To meet them, he made thirty-two specific recommendations, but first and foremost he demanded this:—

"The passage of a law requiring the adoption of a block-signal system has been proposed to the Congress. I earnestly concur in that recommendation, and would also point out to the Congress the urgent need of legislation in the interest of the public safety limiting the hours of labor for railroad employees in train service upon railroads engaged in interstate commerce, and providing that only trained and experienced persons be employed in positions of responsibility connected with the operation of trains. Of course nothing can ever prevent accidents caused by human weakness or misconduct; and there should be drastic punishment for any railroad employee, whether officer or man, who by issuance of wrong orders or by disobedience of orders causes disaster."

There he passed on to other subjects, and presently reverted to the railroads, suggesting that the vexed question of freight rates be submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Instantly Congress grew interested, and ever since that interest has been at fever heat. Why? At bottom the reason is just this: You can argue about the value of American lives, but hands off American business! The thought is not definite, of course, but that's the feeling which prompts it.

Congress in its wisdom represents pretty accurately the temper of the American people and the measure of their determination. The reason Congressmen take to heart the

matter of American dollars and make light of American lives is precisely because their constituents do. That is a point to remember. We are a boss-ridden people only because the boss system is the easiest known form of government. It takes the least time, it makes the least trouble, and we like it. We delegate to our bosses the appointment of Congressmen because that's part of the system we have adopted. But in the bargain it is quite understood between us that anything we really *mean* to have done, will be done.

Take the specific instance before us. The matter of preferential freight rates is one which touches the bottom dollar in a good many million American pockets. Railroad presidents may testify that there is nothing the railroads more desire than the suppression of rebates and the various varieties of "come back" which railroad ingenuity has in the past devised, and then go on as they always do to warn the President in solemn terms of the pregnant dangers of allowing the Interstate Commerce Commission to see that they are suppressed. The American people have made up their minds that something ought to be done about the question of rates, and Congress knows it. Senators may squirm and Representatives wriggle, but in one form or another the rate question will be settled by direct legislation—mark that—just because the people want it settled in that way.

And the one reason our statute books to-day do not bear a law requiring the adoption of a block signal system, a law earnestly recommended by the President, a law which if passed to-morrow would save life or limb to some seventy thousand Americans every year of its existence, is because the American people do not care enough about it.

Why, if even the three hundred thousand people who buy this Magazine cared enough about it to write one letter apiece, that legislation would surely come to pass. Think of the effect upon the minds of Congressmen if three hundred thousand letters were delivered at their desks, each reading somewhat as follows:—

SIR: Believing that the preservation of life and property is the first object of government, and that the death or mutilation of seventy thousand Americans on the railroads of this country in a single year is a crime against the citizenship of the United States, I require and charge you as my Representative in Congress, to forward by every means in your power the bill drafted by the Interstate Commerce Commission, already introduced into Congress and earnestly indorsed by the President, requiring the general adoption by the railroads of the United States of the Block Signal System. This letter is the result of my earnest convictions. In proportion as your zeal is shown in the matter, I must hold you personally responsible for the death or safety of the army of our fellow citizens who must die on our railroads unless something is done.

I remain, yours very respectfully,

——— ———

Can you imagine, reader, anything better calculated to bring results than this simple expedient? Are you willing to take the trouble? Can you rest easy if you don't?

At this writing we hope to substitute for less timely matter in this number of the

Magazine, an article which we have had prepared with much care on the personalities and qualifications of our great railroad presidents. More than any representative body of men of achievement, they are unknown to their fellow-citizens. Several of them on account of individual accomplishments, have been widely advertised, but when we consider the immense public importance of their positions, it is surprising how fragmentary our information concerning them has been until the question of suppression of railroad rebates has brought them suddenly into the notice of the nation. But we have a greater interest in publishing this article than the mere seizing of current interest. We want our readers to know what men are these who direct the destinies of American transportation and who are directly and personally responsible for the efficiency of the railroad armies beneath their control. The author's account of them is laudatory. Yet Mr. Spearman is not a writer to set statements down at random, and we believe there is no exaggeration in the high opinion he gives of their ability to serve the public. There's the question. Will they use to the full their energy, capacity and power to bring about reform, which they know to be right? Will they place the public first, or stockholders first? Or will they take the larger view that the railroad which serves the public best must in the long run serve its stockholders best?

There is not to-day a single president of any important railroad in the United States who does not believe in the efficacy of the Block System as a preventive of accidents. I will go further and say that no railroad president in this country would dare to state either in writing or in public that he does not believe in the Block System.

The papers of every day tell us how wrecks occur; an over-worked or under-trained engineer, misread telegrams, rotten ties, careless track walking. It is all owing to the hideous complications of human carelessness. Give us the Block System, the rigid system of signals invariably displayed at the same place and to the same man. Then give us a disciplined railroad force—the discipline enforced from the top down, with one man responsible and he the man at the top. Give us these and America will no longer be the Land of Disaster.

There is the situation. With the ablest men of the country managing our railroads, with power in the hands of the people, with the President urging reform, delay is worse than needless. It is wicked. Let each of us look sharply to himself lest in his heart he find himself responsible.

THE PIRATE'S GUEST

By Theodore Roberts

A SCHOONER up from Santa Cruz, with treasure in her hold—
Silks, and gems, and silver bars, and Spanish wine, and gold.
A schooner up from Santa Cruz, with something to forget,
And rubies on the captain's hands, and in the lazarette.

* * * * * * * *

The captain spilled his liquor. The captain banged the board.
His guest leaned back—his voice was soft, his smile was like a sword-
Sudden and thin—the lantern swung and tossed the shadows wide.
They heard the black wind overhead, the waves along the side.

They threw for gold. They threw for souls. The captain's face shone white
Between the ruddy table and the swinging of the light.
His great, brute face shone white like milk. His great hands twitched and spread.
"Bare to the skin—naked as sin—now take my knife," he said.

The dirk flashed up, and trembled like a moonbeam in the air.
The glasses rang a warning. The shadows waved "beware."
The captain's guest laughed soft and low. "What use, my friend?" he said,
"To knife old Richard English?—men say how he is dead."

They found the knife in the bulkhead—the good haft bent and split.
They found the body sprawling, with the soul gone out of it.
The red wine lay in puddles on bench, and board, and floor.
"By the bones of old Dick English, he's dead of the rum," they swore.

"Mates," said the guest, "that swine was no fit chief for you—
"He rattled the dice with me—you're mine now, ship and crew.
"Gold and silver and wine, windlass and spar and bell—
"I won you here with the dice, and I'll take you along to Hell."

The lamp swung up, and smashed on the deck-beam overhead.
The bulkheads buckled and split. The spars came down like lead.
The seamen reeled with the shadows—the dead man rolled between.
"I'll pilot you down," the thin voice cried, "by a light you have never seen."

* * * * * * * *

A schooner up from Santa Cruz, with store of gems and gold—
The altar-pomp of churches for ballast in her hold.
The timid traders crowd along, and scan the heedless main
For a fearful, swelling topsail that will never lift again.

MARGINALIA

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR

By Seumas MacManus

WITH DRAWINGS BY R. KIRBY

IRELAND is pre-eminently a land of contrasts and paradoxes. It is the land of sun and of shadow; the land of smiles and tears; of mirth and melancholy; of finest wit and of broadest humor.

Yes, it is the land of smiles and of tears, both literally and meteorologically,—especially meteorologically. A Cockney tourist was touring in our country one time. Our skies were weeping copiously just then (as often they are), and for ten consecutive days he experienced nothing but a mizzling rain. "Is it halways raining like this 'ere?" he at length, in disgust and downheartedness, inquired of his jarvey. "Arrah, not at all, sir," Tarry replied, in such a cheery voice that the Cockney's sinking heart began to rise in hope again,—"sometimes it comes down in bucketfuls!"

The jarvey is ever one of our rarest wits, and oftentimes by his wit he lives, rather more than by the poor animal which he drives,—and from a too persistent brooding on which he finds it his business to divert the tourist's attention. Ready wit, jests, song and story, do the business for him, and the fare, absorbed in the jarvey's conversation, is all oblivious of the fact that Molly the mare, is indulging in an indolent crawl,—nibbling an occasional mouthful of grass from the roadside even, when away back in his sub-consciousness he believes he is being whisked around the country at race-horse rate.

The Irish jarvey will not deign to be unenlightened upon any point. Around the base of the great statue of Daniel O'Connell, in O'Connell Street, Dublin, is a circle of figures, representing different trades and professions. "What are those figures?" the tourist, who was (on a rainy day, too) seeing the sights of Dublin, inquired of his jarvey. "Them, sir?" said the jarvey, who had never thought upon the subject before, but who now glanced at the figures. "Why, them is the twelve apostles, of course." The tourist was a Scotchman, so he counted the figures. "There's nae mair than ten in't," said he, in indignation. "Then the balance of them has gone in out of the rain.—Jump up on the car, sir, until I show you the Phoenix Park, the grandest Park in Europe, or in Ameriky, either, for that matter."

Larry Kearney, a Donegal jarvey, was one of the dryest wits that ever cracked a whip or a jest. He was wont to have the privilege and profit of driving the bishop when he came that way upon his usual rounds. But one time Larry was anticipated by the local

"Sometimes it comes down in bucketfuls."

parish priest, Father Dan, who, having come into possession of a remarkable old chaise, and a quadruped almost as ancient, thought to do both himself and the bishop the honor of driving his Lordship to the Parochial house. "I am sorry, Larry," the bishop humbly apologized, "not to go with you, but, as you see, Father Dan, having done me the honor of coming specially for me, must be patronized this time." "No apologies, my lord," said Larry, dryly, in the hearing of the good old parish priest. "But, if Father Dan's first trade was a failure, why didn't he drop me a hint that he was taking to driving, and I would not stand between him and your lordship's shilling." Notwithstanding the bishop's hearty laugh, no smile broke the solemnity of Larry's visage. "Larry, Larry," said Father Dan, "I am sorry for my stupidity, but it never entered my head that I was doing anything you would object to." "Thanky, thanky," said Larry, still dryly, "wouldn't your reverence think me a mighty mean man, if, when you were going to preach on a Sunday, I stepped up into the pulpit afore you and took the words out of your mouth?" Larry had his revenge, however, for, on a time about twelve months later, when he had driven the bishop to Father Dan's, and there waited for some hours, in order to bear the bishop therefrom into the next parish, and being, contrary to custom, and through an oversight of Father Dan's housekeeper, neglected and not asked to partake of a meal, or refreshments of any kind, he paid Father Dan off quite satisfactorily. When the bishop emerged from the parochial house, accompanied by Father Dan, and attempted to mount the car, his foot slipped, and he narrowly escaped falling. "Take care, my lord," said Father Dan, in alarm. "Ay, take care, my lord," said Larry, from his seat on the dicky of the car,—"take great care, my lord, for it's easier breakin' your neck than breakin' your fast hereabouts."

"Single misfortunes seldom come alone."

The proverbs of a nation are the distilled wit of generations of its people; and the true wit of the race is oftentimes in proportion to the truth and beauty of its proverbs. Few nations, and few languages, possess more beautiful sayings than the Irish. Their sayings are singularly rich in poetry, in philosophy, in satire, in wisdom at large. "The silent mouth is melodious," is an Irish aphorism pregnant with beauty and poetry. And another saying, inculcating a charity which is spiritually needed in this modern world of ours, is that which tells us "Our eyes should be blind in the abode of another." The beautiful faith and the magnificent optimism of the Irish race is well pictured in their proverb, "God never shuts one door but He opens two." "A man with one eye is a king among blind men" is a saying, the truth of which we can every day see ludicrously exemplified around us. There is a class of improvidently generous people who flagrantly sin against true generosity, and to whom this saying should bear weighty meaning, "Don't take the thatch off your own house to buy slates for another man's." "Autumn days come softly, quickly, like the running of a hound upon a moor," is poetic, vivid truth. "The three sharpest things in the world are a hound's tooth, a thorn in the hand, and a fool's retort." And here is a sharp, satirical one that cuts several ways at the same time: "A poem ought to be well made at first, for there is many a one to spoil it afterwards." Many a learned and labored treatise has been written with the object of investigating what seemed to the writer the complex causes of light-heartedness; and many a man has worried himself to death in the vain endeavor to find for himself the key to the secret. Many will say that there is more than little truth in our proverb, "It is a heavy purse that makes a light heart." "What would cure a tinker might kill a tailor"; this, if properly understood, appreciated and applied, on our way through the world, might save people many a perplexity and many a misfortune, and obviate much ignorant grumbling against the Fates. Many a head is shaken in sad affirmation of our proverb, "In slender currents comes good luck, but in roaring torrents rolls misfortune." It was Sir Boyle Roche, our

great, original and brilliant bull-maker, who rightly said that "Single misfortunes seldom come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is almost always followed by a still greater." It was this Sir Boyle Roche —who flourished a hundred years ago and sat in the Irish Parliament as a member for Cork, and made that melancholy Parliament almost merry,—who earned for the Irish race the false reputation of being bull-makers. In one of his Parliamentary flights of oratory, Sir Boyle said: "I smell a rat, I feel him floating in the air, but I shall nip him in the bud." Sir Boyle loved his king. He got audience of the king one time. Describing it afterwards, he said, in a burst of enthusiasm, "I assure you I stood prostrate at my sovereign's feet." Sir Boyle, in the hour of extremity, when the English Minister Pitt sought to rob us of our Parliament, proved a traitor to his country, accepted the bribes of Pitt, and lost no opportunity of preaching union with England. "This glorious union," he informed a startled Parliament one time, "will convert our barren hills into fruitful valleys." He solemnly warned the House once that "These rascally Irish rebels will break into our honorable House, cut us into mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads on that table to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle has a rival in modern days, for there is at the present time in the House of Lords a peer who indulges in bull-making by privilege of his having derived his title from an Irish town. "This," said he excitedly in the House of Lords recently, "is the keystone of the bill; are you going to kill it?" At another time he paused in his speech to complain to the House, with some bitterness, "The noble and learned lord on the Woolsack shakes his head, and I am sorry to hear it!"

Our Irish people are in reality too quick-witted to indulge in bulls. It is very seldom that we happen upon an actual Irish bull anywhere outside the comic papers. I have heard bulls occasionally. I have also heard some blunders that might come under the head of bulls. At a costume race in one of our villages some young fellows tried to persuade a simple country fellow to lend his donkey that he might be decked and run in the race. When he had heard the matter explained to him, he said: "The divil take me if I make an ass of my donkey and run him up and down the street for the fun of corner boys." A member of a geological society had spent some time in a remote part of the country seeking mineral specimens. "Who or what is that gentleman?" a stranger asked of a turf-cutter as the geologist passed by. "I am tould," was the innocent reply, "that he is a member of a theological society thravelin' through the country looking for nice millin-ers!"

In repartee you have the witty Irishman at his best. Curran, the lawyer and orator, who was a contemporary of Sir Boyle Roche, was a typically witty Irishman. Boyle Roche had, somehow or other, succeeded in marrying the daughter of an eminent man, Sir John Cave, and Roche bored all his friends with unceasing boast of how Sir John Cave had given him his eldest daughter. "Ay," said Curran once, when Roche had disgusted him for the hundredth time with this boasting, "Ay, Roche," said he, "and depend on it, if Sir John Cave had had an older one still it's her you would have got." In Curran's day, Lord Norbury, who delighted in sending United Irishmen to the gallows, was known as the Hanging Judge, for few that came before him ever escaped the rope. Curran heartily hated and despised Norbury. He said: "I could spit on him in a desert." Norbury, in turn, did his best to slight and insult Curran when he pleaded before him in court. One time, when Curran represented the defense in a most important case, Lord Norbury took on the bench with him a favorite mastiff, and while Curran soared in his flights of

"The divil take me if I make an ass of my donkey."

oratory, the judge ostentatiously bent down to his dog, played with him and fondled him. At one of these times Curran suddenly stopped in his speech. There was a dead lull in the court. Norbury, still fondling the dog, glanced up to see what was the matter. "Go on, Mr. Curran, go on," he said, "why do you pause?" "I paused," said Curran, "because I thought your lordship was in consultation."

On an occasion, Norbury, at a dinner, objected to some boiled tongue that was tendered him, and he added that "if it had been hung he would have tried it." Curran, who was at the opposite end of the table, said: "If you only consent to try it, my lord, it will be hung for a certainty."

Curran was much annoyed at the perversity of a judge named Bushe, before whom he frequently pleaded. This Bushe had an unjudicial mind; he anticipated evidence, and very early in a case formed an opinion that could not be changed by subsequent evidence. Curran, who would be glad of an opportunity of rapping this judge, once found himself late at a dinner to which he had been invited. He kept the guests, among whom was Judge Bushe, waiting. He felt heartily ashamed of himself, when, as he entered the house, he looked at the clock in the hall and saw that it was thirty minutes after the time named for dinner. Curran's ingenuity never deserted him. With a terribly excited look in his face, breathing hard, and mopping his brow, he burst into the dining hall, sank into a chair, exclaiming, "My God! My God!" All the guests, startled, sprang from their seats. "What is the matter, Curran, what has happened?" they shouted. Judge Bushe, in his own impetuous way, ran round, shook Curran by the shoulder, and said: "For the Lord's sake tell us what has befallen." "I will, my lord; I will, my lord. Just let me get my breath." He laid both hands upon his heart, evidently to moderate its frenzied gallop, and he gasped for breath a few times. "You know the Coombe, my lord?" "I do, I do." "And Francis Street?" "Yes, yes, go on." "You know the butcher's shop at the corner?" "I do. What of it?"

"Looking for nice milliners."

"Well, my lord, as I was coming from the Coombe, and hurrying into Francis Street on my way here, the butcher at the corner had a calf in front of his door, going to kill it. There were three little children playing in the gutter close by, and throwing a ball from one to the other. Now, just as the butcher was getting ready to strike the calf with a hatchet, the ball was thrown from the children right over the calf and fell behind it, and one of the little children,—a little boy of about seven years of age,—ran after the ball." "Yes, yes," said the judge, getting excited. "Oh, he was a fine child, my lord," "Yes, yes." "Red-cheeked, blue-eyed, innocent and sweet as a cherub." "Yes, yes, Curran, go on, go on." "Oh, I shall never be able to wipe the scene off the tablets of my memory." "Go on, Curran, go on," said the judge, with frenzied impatience. "Well, this child, my lord, —this innocent, bright-faced, blue-eyed child, ran right between the butcher and the calf. The butcher, thinking only of the calf, and having eyes for nothing else, raised the hatchet in the air just as the child came forward, and, with one terrific blow, down came the hatchet, and,—and,—oh, my lord, down came the hatchet, as I said, and,—and,"— "Killed the poor child!" shrieked Bushe. "No, my lord," said Curran, immediately doffing his excited manner and assuming a very calm, cold one. "No, my lord. You always anticipate. He killed the poor calf."

The wit of the great Daniel O'Connell, the Irish liberator, was, and is, and will be, world-renowned, and many and wonderful were the ways in which he outwitted witnesses, plaintiffs, jurors, counsellors, and judges. One time, however, he was himself outwitted. He had undertaken to defend a woman who was arraigned on the charge of stealing and selling a neighbor's calf. The evidence was so clear and conclusive that there was no doubt in the minds of any of the woman's friends, that she would be transported. But, as Dan O'Connell had the name of being able to do everything short of working miracles, it was thought advisable to put the case in his hands anyway. Dan's ingenious mind was not long in discovering for the

woman a clear way out of the case. Acting on his advice, she went into the dock with a silly look upon her face, and in reply to the question whether she was guilty or not guilty, as well as in reply to all subsequent questions that were put to her, the woman rocked to and fro and said: "Ah, my poor calf, you're sold, you're sold!" Both the judge and jury said, without losing much time in deliberation, that this poor woman did not know what she was doing or saying, and was not responsible for her actions. And her friends welcomed her out of the dock a free woman. In the midst of a rejoicing circle, she started forward to leave the court-house. Dan O'Connell, however, who always had his commercial sense about him, leaned over from his seat amongst the other counsel, and tapped her on the shoulder. The woman turned around to him, and Dan said: "Five guineas is my fee, madam," and then she, in reply, assumed her most ludicrously silly look, and said: "Ah, my poor calf, you're sold, you're sold!" and strode off with her friends.

SONG OF THE GRIST

Charlton Lawrence Edholm

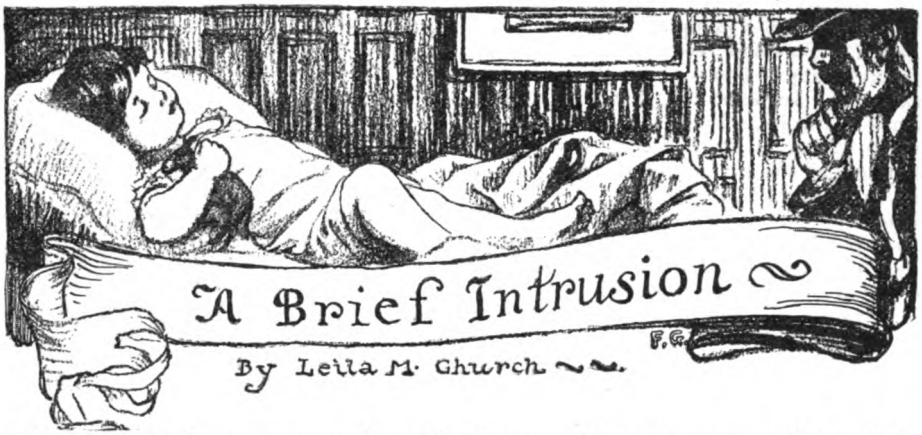
LEST the millstone grind his brother
He must have some grist or other,
That's the great Non-unionized and Uncombined;
'Twixt the "Heartless Corporations"
And the Labor Org'nizations
For the Public it is one "demnition grind."

Oh, the Motormen are striking
But the rest of us are hiking
Sixteen miles from Subbubville to town each day.
As we foot it to our suppers
We are walking on our uppers
For the "Soulless Shoe Trust" makes our shoes that way

When the Butchers have a lockout,
(If you buy, you risk a knockout
And you tremble at the husky picket's cough),
Solar James who makes the health food,
Booms the price, for him it's wealth food,
And he smiles the sunny smile that won't come off.

'Twixt the upper and the nether
Grinding stones, I wonder whether
If to die and go below were not the best.
Where the Lake of Fire is bubbling
There the Unions cease from troubling
And the Trusts do rest,—and give the rest a rest.

But last week the Undertakers
Walked out with the locked-out Bakers;
Guess I'll have to live until they arbitrate.
Then the Coffin Combination
Raised its dividends, tarnation!
I'm too poor to die just yet, I've *got* to wait!



THE dusk of the summer evening had settled into the darkness of night. Along the dark avenues and streets, where the jingling trolley did not trespass, the verandas were dotted, now and then, with the spark of a lighted cigar, and enlivened with occasional laughter and merry talk. It was the sort of evening when all humanity, as far as possible, lives out of doors.

At the rear of a large house, well surrounded by trees, a man hovered in the shadow of a tall shrub, listened intently for a few moments to the gay sounds from the front of the house, then boldly crossed the walk to the back porch, and entered the house. He paused at the threshold, and listened again. Everything in the house was dark and silent. Then softly he tried one door which led to the cellar, and another showing the back stairs, which he immediately ascended with noiseless steps.

From the landing he groped his way along the corridor, then up two steps and on into the front hall, where the soft pile of the rugs and carpet deadened the slightest sound of his progress. A faint light came from one of the rooms. Someone was talking. He drew farther back into the shadow where, unseen, he could look into the dimly lighted room.

It was not a large room. The walls were done in a bold design, a series of bright pictures from ceiling to floor. Near the door were a pile of blocks and a tiny shoe, much stubbed at the toe. The small bed was occupied. Sheet and blanket had long since been tossed aside by a vigorous kicking of both pink feet. He lay at full length, his fine light hair much betousled, and one dimpled arm, with sleeve pushed up, clasping to him tightly, a plump, flannel animal of a dark color and a shoe-button eye.

"Now, donkey, I'll tell you a stowy," he said, in a comforting and comfortable voice. It told nothing to the onlooker of his satisfaction at the withdrawal of the maid, who, until recently, had bored him extremely with her superfluous presence. "What shall I tell you about,—little boy blue come blow his horn, ze sheeps an' ze meadow an' ze cows an' ze corn? Or ze little boy zat went way, way away in ze woods?"

There was no answer. The man in the hall started to go forward, then hesitated, gazing as if fascinated at the childish figure.

The speaker resumed. As the donkey had made no reply, it was a matter of his own choice and decision which story he should tell. He patted lovingly the stout flannel back and his voice grew confidential.

"Well, once zere was a little boy who lived in a gweat big house wis lots an' lots of people, an' one day he ran away, way, way, away where zere wasn't any houses or anyzing, only woods, donkey." He waited for this to take effect. "Nossing but woods," he repeated. "An' ze little boy played an' played all day an' all night, an' zen bimeby it grew dark,—dark as—dark as everysing, an' ze little boy wished he could go home. Are you listening, donkey?"

The intruder out in the shadows of the corridor cast furtive glances in the direction of the other rooms, still he lingered, and while he lingered he listened. The donkey did not reply, but this caused his interrogator no uneasiness.

"Zen a big man came, donkey, right out of ze woods an' he told ze little boy not to be afraid, an' he told him to come wis him. Ze big man was a nice man, an' he loved little boys, he did, so ze little boy he went wis him a long, long ways, an' bimeby zey come to a little house where zey had ice-kweam, donkey, lots an' lots of kweam, nossing but kweam, wis pink stwipes an' every kind of stwipes." He paused a moment over the deliciousness of this thought, and his eyes closed dreamily.

In the next room on the dresser was an open jewel case, where some one had hurriedly and carelessly thrown in some beautiful rings. On the table was a valuable watch of exqui-

site design, and the shopping bag hanging by the back of the chair contained an attractive sum of money. The stranger there in the darkness did not know this, but he imagined it almost perfectly. Yet he did not enter and quickly gather these treasures, but waited and watched for the sound of the childish voice to go on with its story.

When his mind had become accustomed to the overwhelming thought of the ice-cream in such wonderful quantity and quality, the small narrator opened his eyes, and sighed a little, perhaps from reminiscence or from longing. At last he spoke.

"An' ze little boy had all ze ice-kweam he wanted, an' ze man had some, too, an' zey ate, an' zey ate, an' zey ate."

The donkey maintained an agreeable silence. From the veranda came sounds of laughter and joyousness. Again the speaker's eyes closed, this time for a few minutes. When he spoke again it was in a dreamy, far-away voice, like one whose thoughts are of another world.

"An' zey ate—" he murmured. Then he hugged to him a trifle closer the donkey till the brown flannel nose rested in the white hollow beneath his chin.

"An' zey ate—" He paused, and then silence reigned.

The man in the hall looked in upon him for some minutes as he lay there,—the baby mouth parted ready to pronounce the next word that sleep had stolen from him, the soft gold of his hair and the pink roundness of his arms and legs, which the twisted and contorted nightgown laid bare; then, with a smile, he softly crept back along the dark corridor to the stairs, down to the deserted kitchen, and passed out of the house.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"THE LADY OF THE NORTH," by Randall Parrish.

The chivalrous Confederate Captain Wayne very properly hates the cruel Yankee, Major Brennan, and just as properly loves Mrs. Brennan, who, he thinks, is the major's wife. But she really is the widow of the major's brother, as the gallant captain happily discovers, after 360 pages of rapid fire adventure with both armies and the guerrillas. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP," by Anne Warner.

There is little story in this entertaining gossip over a back fence, but there is humor and a pleasant appreciation of eccentric character. A book to read aloud. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"THE BUCCANEERS," by Henry M. Hyde.

Business warfare carried on without regard to any laws of honesty, humanity or morality, but with great vigor and enterprise, is the real subject of this story. A rapid, interesting narrative, that gives a vivid picture of these pirates of peace. (Funk & Wagnall's Co.)

"TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES," by Rudyard Kipling.

This collection of short stories, most of which were recently published in magazines, contains the much discussed "They," and tales of the Boer War, the British Navy, and many other things. This is a different Kipling from the one we used to know and admire, but still his stories are like no other man's and are surely worth reading. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"THE MILLIONAIRE BABY," by Anna Katharine Green Rohlfs.

How a mother kidnapped her own child. A story cleverly veiled in mystery but overmelodramatic in method, and with little of the excellent logic of plot which makes Mrs. Rohlf's best work the best of its kind. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"THE UNDERCURRENT," by Robert Grant.

Another divorce novel that teems besides with ideas on the advancement of civilization. It is done in good taste, and although not without frequently prosy pages, and also reminders of New England narrowness, it is a book to awaken thought and stimulate ideas. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"THE PROSPECTOR," by Ralph Connor.

No one who liked Ralph Connor's other books can fail to enjoy this one still more. It is, as the readers of LESLIE'S MAGAZINE well know, a manly, religious story of the Great Northwest, wherein the spiritual and physical adventures of the hero are equally rugged and stirring. (Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Holman F. Day.

Mr. Day, who made an early and we believe a lasting reputation as a writer of homespun verse, has become a short story writer of the first rank. His stories, which borrow their characters and surroundings from the Maine country which Mr. Day knows with his eyes closed, owe their genuine interest to the problems in human nature with which they deal and which they may often be truly said to solve.

Drawn by Herman C. Wall. See "Her Son."

Mrs. Ethridge had seldom seen a more radiantly beautiful face.

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A MODEL AMERICAN ART GALLERY

The Carnegie Foundation at Pittsburg for the Encouragement of Living Artists

By Charles De Kay

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM AUTHORITIES

AND Birmingham shall be a famous city, of white stone full of brave architecture carved and painted," writes Edward Burne-Jones, of the city of his birth, the smoky town of the Black Country, and in a letter of 1880, advocating an Art Museum, he says: "I write very feelingly, for I know that if there had been one cast from ancient Greek sculpture, or one faithful copy of a great Italian picture to be seen in Birmingham when I was a boy, I should have begun to paint ten years before I did; it was not till I came to London that I saw anything of the sort. In the course of time I know that even the silent presence of great works in your town will produce an impression on those who see them, and the next generation will, without knowing how or why, find it easier to learn than this one does whose surroundings are so unlovely."

Although these remarks have been published only recently, Mr. Andrew Carnegie seems to have felt with regard to Pittsburg the same yearning to plant in that smoky metropolis of Western Pennsylvania the seeds of art which caused Burne-Jones so deep an interest in an Art Gallery and School of Art for Birmingham. It has been said, with I know not what truth, that Mr. Carnegie has sworn to make Pittsburg the art center of the Union. Certainly, if that can be done by force of millions wisely expended, it will be accomplished; for, after building the Institute to include Art Gallery, Museum of Natural History and Music Hall, and endowing them with two millions, he has given further, five millions to enlarge the foundation, so that the Institute will eventually cover three and a half acres at the entrance to Schenley Park, which is a pleasure ground of four hundred and forty acres on high rolling land above the Monongahela, in the heart of the residential quarter of Pittsburg.

The successful career of Burne-Jones, who was born and educated in Birmingham, gives a warrant for belief that unexpected talents may lie hidden in men whose early life has been starved, so far as things of

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John White Alexander.

Portrait painter, decorative genre illustrator. Born at Pittsburg in 1856, he studied in New York and Paris. He has a picture in the Luxembourg, and received the Legion of Honor from France in 1901. In Paris he was one of the founders of the New Salon.

beauty are concerned. Birmingham has not even the fine natural surroundings of Pittsburg, neither the noble rivers, nor the hilly tracts into which it is easy to escape from the noise and cloudy veils of a great manufacturing center. Thanks to Carnegie, the best music, a splendid collection of objects of natural history and a constantly growing gallery of permanent works of art, may be enjoyed by the youth of both sexes

William Merritt Chase.

***Painter** of landscape, portraits, still-life. Born at Franklin, Indiana, in 1849, he studied at Munich and Paris. He has more pupils than any other American painter, and is the winner of many medals.*

who have in them the capacity to be moved by the fine arts and sciences. Already the smoky city possesses in John W. Alexander, a painter whose works have reflected credit on his birthplace. And it may be noted that in Alexander's case, as in Burne-Jones's, the home of clashing machinery, of glass-kilns and mighty, thunderous forges, has brought forth a delicate, poetic offspring instead of the strenuous artist one

"The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester," by E. A. Abbey, R. A.

This picture took the Chronological Medal, 1900, at Carnegie Institute, and the Gold Medal at the Pan-American, Buffalo, 1901.

"The Wreck," by Winslow Homer, N. A.

Mr. Homer is sometimes called the first of living painters of marine. Of late he has retired to Scarborough on the coast of Maine.

might expect to spring from a spot where Vulcan is the patron god.

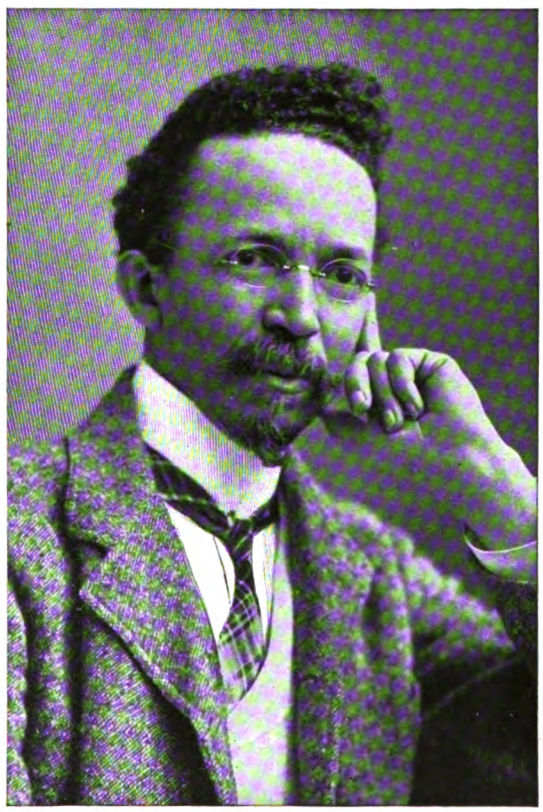
In certain respects, Pittsburg might seem well chosen for a center of the arts in view of the number of well-to-do people whose fortunes have been made in manufactures. The geographical position of the city on the direct line by rail between New York and Chicago, at the head of the navigation of the Ohio, central in the sense of being accessible to such rich and populous States as Pennsylvania and Ohio, makes it a natural goal for students of art, who find the seaboard cities too distant. The international exhibitions held at the Carnegie Institute have attracted many exhibits from Europe. The collecting of the picture shows have not been in the hands of artists, but of laymen; they have been widely advertised, and special artists have been asked to send their works, free of charge, with the possibility of selling them, or obtaining very substantial prizes. The latter are adjudged by juries composed of artists of other nations, as well as American artists, and the foreign jurymen have been brought across the ocean at the expense of the Institute. The result has been that very often Pittsburg has seen choice pictures by European artists when New York, Boston and Philadelphia have not. It may be counted a novelty in the history of art that painters like Anders Zorn, of Sweden, or Benjamin Constant, of France, may be asked to visit the United States, to serve on the jury of awards at an exhibition in the Carnegie Institute, and, while having their expenses paid, obtain many commissions for portraits during their trips to Pittsburg and return. The nearest approach to such honors occurred in the seventeenth century, when French monarchs imported and plied with commissions the artists of Italy such as Leonardo da Vinci, Primaticcio and Benvenuto Cellini. But in their cases it was the aim of the French Kings to have the Italians establish themselves permanently and become French artists.

Robert Henri.

Painter of portraits and tonal pictures. Born in Pennsylvania. Mr. Henri passed a number of years in Paris. He is a disciple of Whistler and lives at present in New York.

On the other hand, there are difficulties in the way of the forcible production of an art center in a place where it does not grow naturally. The art buyers cannot be improvised, and without them artists cannot exist. Gatherings of art students are of slow growth. Youth will to youth, and where students are few, teachers are not many. The wealthy men of Pittsburg are great travelers, and travel brings comparisons and comparisons tend to a preference for great centers already established; so that one sees a steady exodus of the rich from Pittsburg to New York. Mr. Andrew Carnegie himself is the shining example of the attractive power of New York for men of great wealth. Pittsburg slowly but surely loses the very men who by leisure and travel have learned to value works of

art. There cannot be, for a long time to come, any art-life in Pittsburg, any large circle of artists in touch with laymen who keep art topics alive by discussion and the infection of sympathetic tastes. There are no art sales to speak of, those public functions which do far more than is realized to start people on the pleasant paths of collecting, and end by making some of them connoisseurs. Mr. Carnegie is therefore making a gallant fight to educate Pittsburg to the level of an art center; but he is a commander-in-chief far away from his troops; he is not there to encourage them by his presence, cannot be there very likely, and must perforce be content to lavish his wealth in a good cause and leave it to his generals to make the best of it with every material assistance at their hands.



Henry Ossawa Tanner.

Painter of domestic genre, historical and Biblical pictures, portraits and landscapes. Mr. Tanner was born at Pittsburg in 1859, and has African and Indian blood. He shows a fine sense for color in his art.

In the course of this struggle the Carnegie Institute has done something to remove the reproach brought against the United States by foreign artists that there is small welcome for their wares on our part, save through the agency of the dealers who import European pictures. Our own painters, on the other hand, consider it a grievance that the dealers have preferred foreign to native work and use their capital and skill as salesmen to the advantage of Europeans; and our artists who manage the regular annual exhibitions in New York and other cities feel this discrimination so keenly that they do not go out of their way to invite the foreigner; generally speaking, they adhere to native work alone. Owing to the disadvantages under which the home artists labor, this attitude, if it cannot be altogether commended, is at least understandable. But the continuance of this position is not probable in view of the frequency of world's fairs and that example of international exhibitions set by the Carnegie Institute, and occasionally followed by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

In New York a number of gentlemen who have galleries of modern pictures associated themselves recently under the title of the Society of Art Collectors, and held an exhibition of foreign and native paintings, the object of which was to show that America, during the past four score years, has produced painters who stand on an equality with the best produced in Europe during the same period.

Seen side by side, it was possible to note wherein the easel paintings of Europe are better, but also wherein they are inferior to American pictures of the same class, the foreign showing for example more temperament, the native more poetry, the foreign an intimate charm within narrow limits, the native a breadth of view and clarity of perception that reminds one of the atmosphere and landscape on this side of the Atlantic. Though certain categories of painting were absent, such as historical and domestic *genre* and portraiture, yet in the departments of tonal

"Sailor and Sweetheart," by Julius Gari Melchers.

Born at Detroit, pupil of Boulanger; passes a large part of the year at Egmont, Holland.

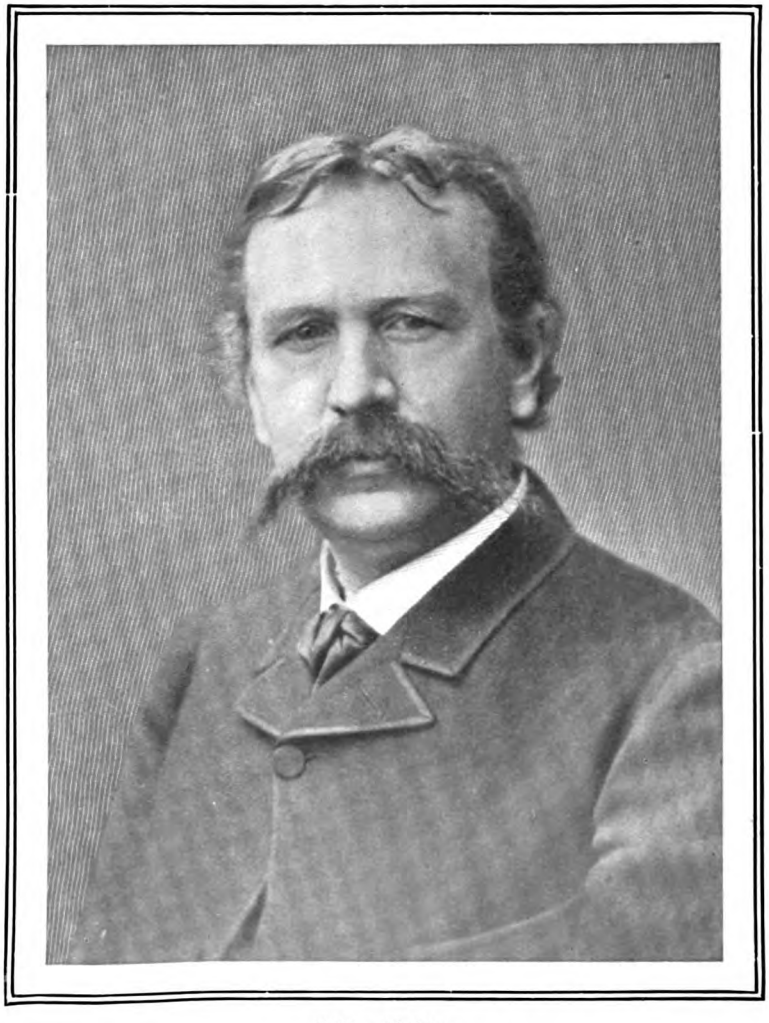
"Did You Speak to Me?"—A portrait of the artist's daughter, by William M. Chase.

" Señor Pablo Sarasate," by J. McNeil Whistler.

This picture was shown in the Paris Salon of 1880, as an "Arrangement in Black."

pictures, pictures of delicate sentiment, landscapes and marines that rise above ordinary photographic realism, the foreigners were distinctly, as the French duelists say, in a position of inferiority.

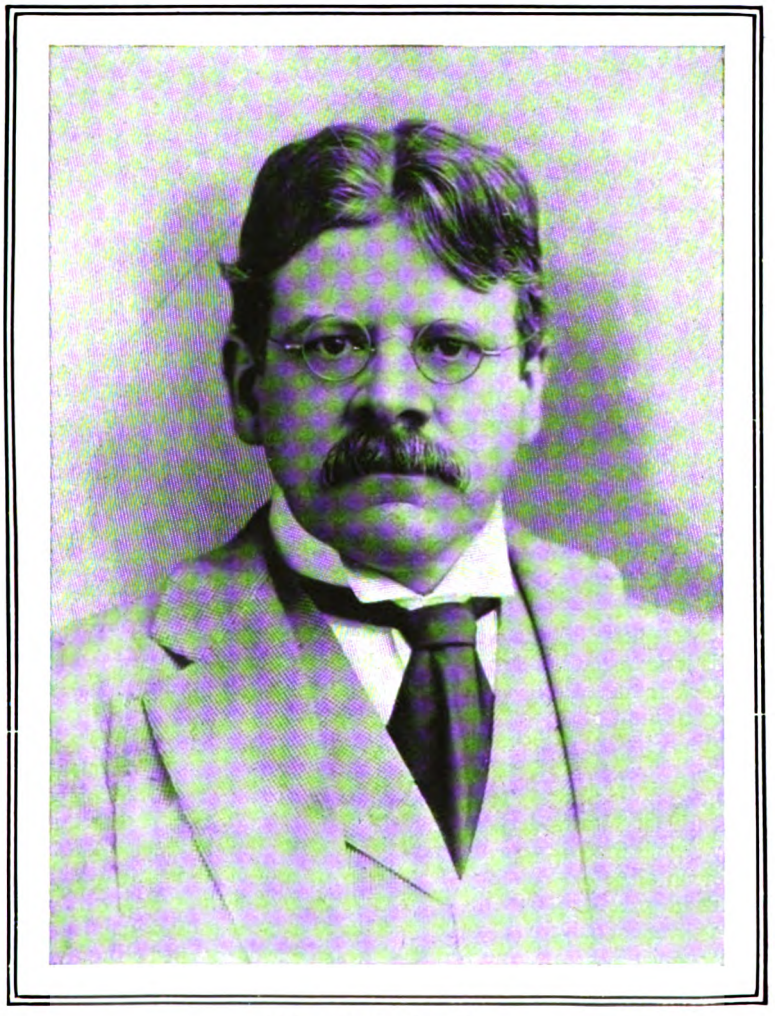
The seven international exhibitions held by the Carnegie Institute, from 1896 to 1903, offered to the people of Pittsburg examples of work by such leading foreign painters and sculptors as George Frederick Watts, Antoine Vollon, Fritz von Uhde, Franz Stuck, José Villegas, Ferdinand Roybet, Giovanni Segantini, Auguste Rodin, Claude Monet, Antonio Mancini, Puvis de Chavannes, Josef Israels, John Lavery, Henri Harpignies, Cazin, Thaulow, Gérôme, Degas, Fantin Latour, Detaille, Dagnan-Bouveret, Alma-Tadema, Benjamin-Constant, Besnard, Rosa Bonheur and Jules Breton. It would take too long to complete the list. Of Americans residing abroad, there were examples by Whistler, Sargent, Dannat and Abbey, by Gari Melchers and Pennell, by Elihu Vedder, Alexander Harrison, and McEwen, by Julian Story, J. J. Shannon and others. Along with these appeared works by Winslow Homer, John La Farge, Albert Ryder,



Elihu Vedder.

Painter of symbolical and mythological pictures, illustrator, sculptor. Mr. Vedder has lived long in Rome and Capri. Born in New York, in 1836, his famous illustrations of Omar Khayyam appeared in 1880.

Horatio Walker, Brush, Abbot Thayer and their contemporaries. It will be seen with what care the exhibitions have been brought together, the intention being to make the shows and the purchases from the shows as far as possible independent of any feeling in favor of locality or nationality.



Edward Austin Abbey.

Illustrator of books, painter of history and genre, Mr. Abbey has lived long in London, where he repeats the history of Benjamin West. Born at Philadelphia in 1852, he has distinguished himself in illustration and since his settlement in London has been chosen to paint the coronation of Edward VII.

Keeping this in view, the Carnegie Institute has become the owner of about ninety paintings of great value and equally divided between American and European pictures.

In collecting this little gallery of choice canvases, the director has not followed his own taste entirely, but left it to a jury. Even the choice of pictures for an exhibition has been delegated, although this has proved an obstacle to the securing of many desirable exhibits.

From the start, the Board of Trustees decided that no works of art should be solicited unconditionally, and so, certain artists declining to submit their works to a jury, not a few of them who at home are exempt from examination withheld their works.

To give some idea of the way in which the Carnegie Institute provides for the

"A Corner of Fifth Avenue," by Childe Hassam.

(This picture took a silver medal in Paris, 1900, a gold medal in Munich, 1892, and a gold medal at Chicago, 1893). Mr. Hassam was born in Boston in 1859, studied at Paris under Boulanger, and underwent the influence of Monet and the plein-air painters. He is the winner of many medals, etc.

public, and what glittering and what substantial awards it offers to artists in order to secure their work at the exhibitions, let us consider the exhibition of 1903. Because of the World's Fair at St. Louis, only native art was solicited. These were the prizes and honors :—

A prize of fifteen hundred dollars, accompanied by a gold medal, went to Frank W. Benson for an oil, "A Woman Reading." A second prize of one thousand dollars, with a silver medal, went to Bryson Burroughs for an oil, "Ariadne Abandoned." A third for five hundred dollars, with a bronze medal, went to William Langston Lathrop for an oil, "Abandoned Quarry." Such prizes are a novelty in the field of art, not absolutely unprecedented, to be sure, but never before established as the permanent feature of an annual show.

Founder's Day for 1904 (November 3d) was graced by the presence of the Hon. John Morley, the Hon. Seth Low and the French painter, M. Edmond Aman-Jean, and was the opening of another international exhibition, the sixth of the kind. In his speech on that day, the French painter just mentioned made a pretty antithesis between work-a-day Pittsburg and the newer city where the tall campaniles of the Carnegie Institute call attention to the home of music, the fine arts and science. Art, he remarked, which is also the contrast and opposition of things, manifests itself here by the very aspect of this city, or rather of these two cities, one very distinct from the other, and the two forming the whole of Pittsburg. "The one which is wedged in by the rivers has streets swarming with people, has newspapers, banks and theaters ; it is, so to say, under a net of electric wires, and always darkened by the oppressive fumes. The other, the one which begins right here, wedged in between two parks, is really more than a city, it is an immense garden divided off by beautiful avenues lined with trees, where houses rise which for the greater part would be considered chateaux in Europe. No stone walls, hardly an enclosure, even, an aspect of confidence and wealth which gives to this part of the city the air of a

"Waiting for the Fishing Fleet." *Breton Shore Scene, by C. S. Reinhard.*

beautiful and admirably kept park . . . . Work without rest in one,—the repose of the family home in the other. And that repose of your home is the repose which belongs to great civilizations ; for, if in one home Rembrandt is admired, and in another Gainsborough, in many others the masters of France occupy good places."

The success of the art department at the Carnegie Institute is largely due to the director, Mr. John W. Beatty, who has managed the sometimes invidious affairs of exhibitions and purchases with a good deal of skill and tact. His position is less difficult because there is no local body of artists to advise and criticise him, as would be the case in half a dozen other cities of the Union. Certainly it is a noble endeavor going on in Pittsburg, which will come to harvest during the present century.

THE STORY OF THE PINKERTONS

The History of the Most Remarkable Detective Agency in the World, Taken From Original Sources and Now Told Comprehensively for the First Time

By Charles Francis Bourke

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ESPECIALLY TAKEN FOR THIS MAGAZINE BY THE GIBSON ART GALLERIES

JUST then Old Hunks, the stage driver, sprang suddenly to his feet. With one hand he threw off the long white beard and wig, which had so successfully disguised him. With the other, he drew four revolvers from his belt, and covered the now terror-stricken bandits.

"Throw up your hands!" he cried, in a voice which rang like a pistol shot. "The first man who moves dies in his tracks like a dog!"

One by one the weapons of the desperadoes dropped from their nerveless hands. Giants as they were, they cowered and trembled before the flashing eye of the slight figure on the driver's seat.

"My Gawd!" whispered their leader, with pallid lips. "We are foiled again! It is DEMON DICK, the BOY DETECTIVE!"

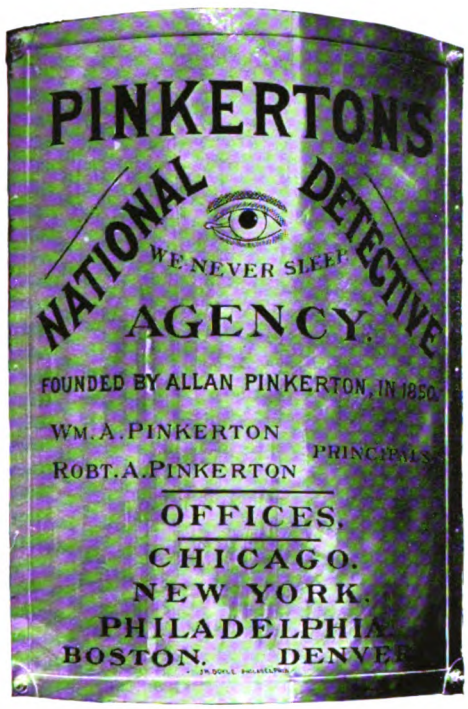
"Right you are, Wolf Face," answered the boy on the box. "And I have come to teach you and your pals that Uncle Sam's mail coach has the right of way."

Yes, you did, too. It may have been a great many years ago and you may have kept it hidden under a pile of sacks in the hay-mow, or tucked away at the very bottom of your bureau drawer, under your Sunday necktie, but,—providing you were a normal and healthy-minded boy,—it is a perfectly safe guess that at some time in your career you were tremendously interested in the thrilling exploits of DEMON DICK, or some one of his colleagues. And, why, after all, need one blush as he makes the admission? Is not virtue always triumphant against impossible odds? Does not vice, always and invariably, land behind the prison bars? And is there any harm in the patriotic thrill which always steels the muscles and steadies the nerves of the BOY DETECTIVE when the name of Uncle Sam is pronounced?

As a matter of fact, DEMON DICK, grown somewhat older and slightly disguised,—as is quite proper for a detective,—is a general favorite with grown-up readers. Witness your very good friend, Sherlock Holmes, who writes three volumes on the text of a pinch of cigar ashes; witness all the bold and dashing youths who fight a dozen villains on the staircase and up and down the pages of historical romances; witness the late Senator Hoar, most revered and most honored of recent statesmen, who was wont to take the BOY DETECTIVE, himself, into the Senate chamber, and find therein a pleasant anæsthetic for the pains of senatorial debates on the hemp schedule in the tariff of 1897.

Mr. Bourke first gained his knowledge of Pinkerton affairs through close association with the Agency in an important case. He was never directly in the employ of the Agency itself.

One may as well be honest about it. We all like detective stories. But why need we take them with a fictional coating? Here,—as in every other walk of life,—truth is far the stranger. See then the sinister figure of the outlaw slinking across the background of these photographs from life,—watched always by "the eye that never sleeps,"—and listen to these true stories from the annals of the Pinkerton Detective Agency.



ON January 30, 1859, a telegram came to Chicago over the lonely telegraph wire which then crept across the Alleghanies from the East. It was addressed to George B. McClellan, general superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and announced the startling fact that on January 28, at Montgomery, Ala., the Adams Express car had been robbed of a package containing forty thousand dollars in cash.

As being more directly connected with his line of work, the startling message was turned over to Allan Pinkerton, a bearded young Scotsman, then forty years of age. In 1850 young Pinkerton had officially opened "the eye that never sleeps" upon the underworld of craft and cunning. He had started a little detective office in Chicago and had employed, as his assistants, George H. Bangs and Timothy Webster. At the same time he had made arrangements with McClellan to organize a secret service to operate along the line of his railroad. So to Pinkerton was handed the announcement of the forty thousand dollar express robbery.

In those days there were no newspaper telegrams to give the complete details of every sensational crime; there were no systems of telephones putting all parts of the country into instant communication with each other. One must wait for the mails —and they were slow—to get more than a bare statement of a fact.

It is easy to imagine how the message from Montgomery aroused the professional ambition of the born detective. But, apparently, the case was not for him. There were thief-catchers better known in the East who must first have their fling. They tried and failed. Then McClellan suggested that the chief of his secret service, in whose ability he felt justified confidence, be given a chance. So the opportunity came and Allan Pinkerton rose to meet it.

It may be that, being a Scot, Pinkerton was a natural psychologist. At any rate, he thoroughly understood human nature. He worked on the conviction that no man can permanently keep a criminal secret. Given favorable conditions, a criminal will always relieve his own guilty conscience by taking some one into his confidence. So in these early days, with no complicated organization to aid him, he set the individual wit of himself and his trusted operatives against the craft and cunning of the criminal, and waited in patience for the inevitable result. It was work which required ready address, great persistency and complete personal fearlessness. The first step was to locate the suspect; to find the man to whom all the circumstances pointed as the guilty man. This was accomplished by careful inquiry, by persistent shadowing of every person who might be involved in

the case. Sooner or later some clue was discovered; some train of circumstances pointed irresistibly in a certain direction. Then the toils tightened and Pinkerton himself, or Bangs or Webster, his identity carefully concealed, apparently drifted into close touch with the men under suspicion. Weeks, perhaps months, went by. All the time the casual acquaintance between the detective and the suspect deepened into intimacy. Finally the guilty man gave some proof of his guilt. Then followed a speedy arrest; the prisoner was confronted with the facts, in many cases he broke down, confessed and made restitution of the proceeds of his crime.

Among the archives of the Pinkertons one will find the following receipt:—

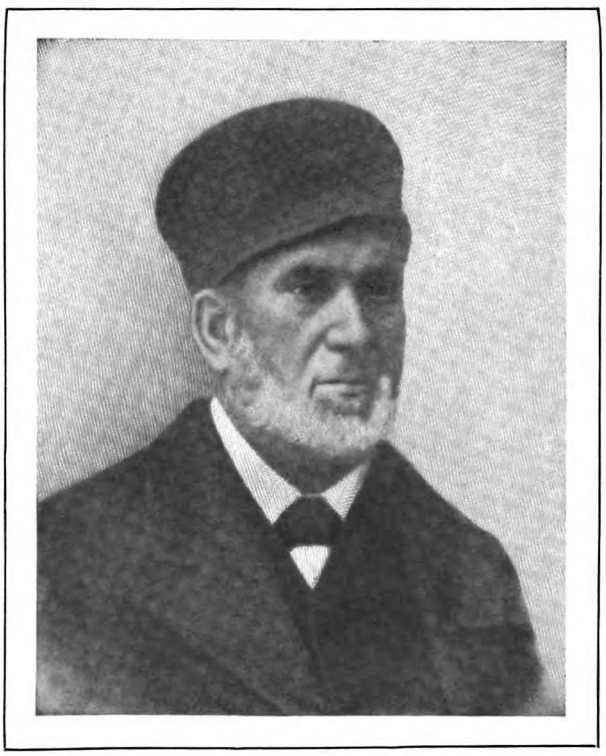
LA PIERRE HOUSE,
Philadelphia, Pa.,
August 3, 1859.

Received this date from Allan Pinkerton, of Chicago, Ill., $39,515.00, being the amount recovered of $40,000 stolen from the Adams Express Co., at Montgomery. Ala., on the 28th day of the previous January, and delivered to the undersigned, in the original sealed package, in which it had been buried in the cellar of a dwelling-house in Jenkintown, Montgomery County, Pa.

(Signed) E. S. SANFORD, Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Supt. Adams Express Co.

Within a few months after the case was turned over to him for solution, Pinkerton had fixed the crime upon the express messenger, had secured from the guilty man a practical confession of his guilt and had succeeded in recovering almost the whole amount of the money stolen. It was such early successes as this which firmly established the Pinkerton reputation and laid the foundations for the great business which to-day keeps an army of one thousand two hundred men and women permanently busy in the United States alone.

Here is another case which shows the uncanny way in which the old time detective went about his work. In pursuance of his regular duty, Allan Pinkerton was traveling in the South and happened to reach a certain city on the very day when the robbery of a bank and the murder of the cashier of the bank had thrown the community into wild excitement. Without revealing his identity he started to study the case and shortly decided in his own mind, that a somewhat prominent citizen, a friend of the cashier, who was not at all under suspicion, was in reality the guilty man. This much settled he succeeded in getting one of his operatives introduced into the house of the suspect in the guise of a servant. For the purpose of working on the already overwrought nervous system of the suspect, the operative was instructed to sprinkle on the towels, handkerchiefs and other linen used by the man a certain perfume which had been a favorite with the murdered cashier. Through the wall of the bedroom occupied by the guilty man ran a speaking tube, the mouthpiece projecting close to the



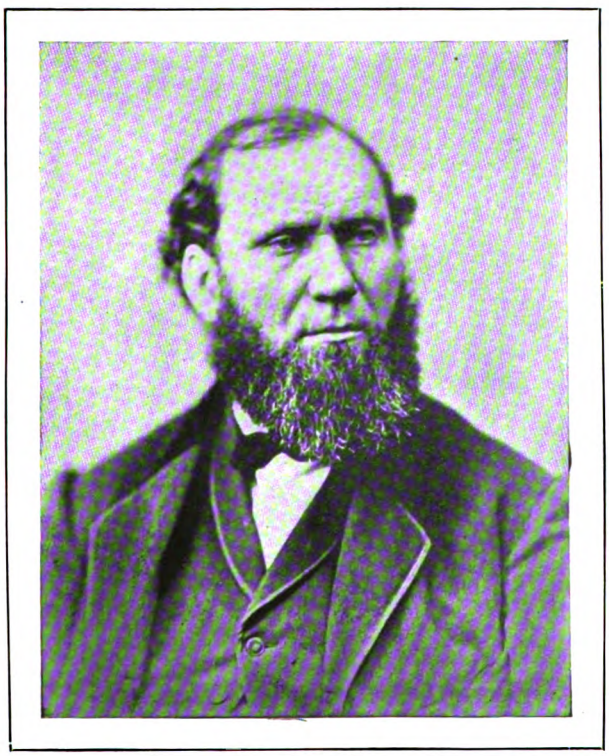
Allan Pinkerton.

From a photograph taken toward the close of his life.

head of his bed, and through this tube the operative woke him up in the dead of the night by agonized groans and cries for mercy. These methods proved even more effective than had been anticipated. After enduring the strain for only a single night the suspect fled for parts unknown, leaving behind him virtual acknowledgment of his guilt.

In these days the business of detecting criminals had become a highly organized science, forming the most striking contrast possible with the crude, individual efforts of the pioneers.

Suppose, for instance, that a forged draft on New York is cashed this morning by a bank in the village of Momence, Ill. Within a few days the forgery will be discovered and the paper sent back to the bank which cashed it. Immediately then, if the bank is a member of the American Bankers' Association, the facts will be telegraphed to the Chicago office of the Pinkertons, the agency handling, under yearly contract, all criminal cases for members of the association.



Allan Pinkerton.

As he looked during the Civil War when he was Chief of the Secret Service Department.

The moment this telegram is laid on the desk of the general superintendent in Chicago, all the resources of the organization are set to work. In the first place a visit is paid to the rogue's gallery, where, among the others, are kept on file photographs of all the bank forgers who have hitherto been arrested in any part of the country. With each photograph is kept a specimen of the handwriting of the original, his Bertillon measurements, a description of any physical peculiarities which might help to identify him, a complete history of his criminal record, and his location when last heard from. It is also known to the agency that bank forgers usually work in gangs, the man who does the actual work of forging signatures or altering amounts, rarely, if ever, presenting the completed work at a bank for payment. The photographs and record cards of men who have cashed, forged or altered paper in the past are also taken from the files. With all this material in a satchel a trusted operative is dispatched to Momence on the first train. He exhibits his photographs to the banker who paid the forged draft and, in most cases, the latter recognizes some one of them as the picture of the man to whom he paid the money. The operative then calls the Chicago agency on the telephone and immediately every effort is concentrated on the location and capture of the criminal identified and of the other members of the gang with whom he usually works.

In the meantime, the agency has been busy in other ways. The first telegram, announcing that the bank has been swindled, also brought the information that that cashed draft was drawn January 6, 1905, by a bank in Lincoln, Nebraska, on its correspondent in New York, and that the serial number of the draft was seven thousand, six hundred and fifty-nine. Immediately a telegram is sent to the Lincoln

bank, asking the name of the person to whom draft number seven thousand six hundred and fifty-nine was sold, and the original amount for which it was made out. At the same time, a telegram was sent to the Omaha office of the agency, ordering an operative sent to Lincoln, with duplicate photographs and records of forgers and their pals. Warning is also sent to each of the eighteen officers of the agency all over the country, giving full details of the swindling of the Momence bank, and ordering a close watch to be kept on all criminals involved in that particular branch of crime.

It may be, that before the operative who has been sent to Momence has been heard from, word will come in response to this telegram, from the office in Kansas City, that a well-known bank "worker" has just arrived in town, and that he seems to be plentifully supplied with money. He has recently been released from State's prison in Minnesota, and has just had time to get into touch with his old gang and start active operations once more. He is kept under constant surveillance, as is every other bank forger whom it is possible to locate.

"*Look pleasant, please.*"

Taking the photograph of Jack Phillipps, a notorious crook. One of the first examples of criminal photography.

By the time word comes from Momence that the swindled banker has identified one of the photographs as that of the man for whom he cashed the check, it is probable that some office of the agency, located, it may be, in a remote part of the country, has the suspect located, and is able to lay its hand on him in a moment. Then pains are taken to secure the proper warrants and other necessary legal papers, in order that there may be no escape on technicalities, and the local police in the town where the suspected man is located are called on to assist in making the arrest.

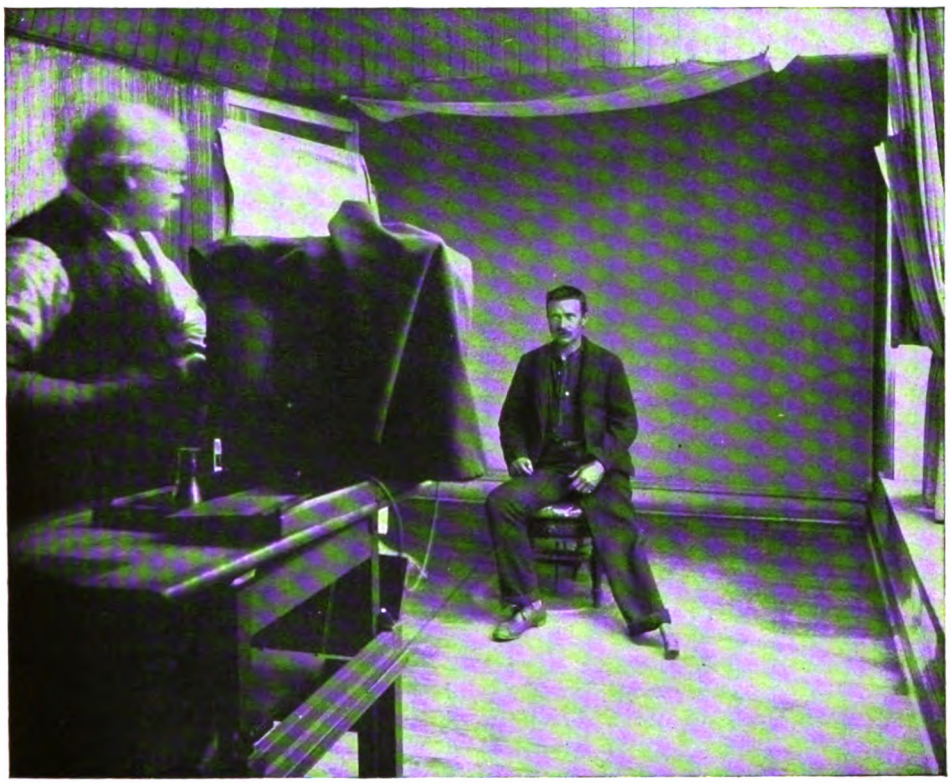
On the other hand, the Momence banker may utterly fail to recognize any of the photographs shown him as in any way resembling the face of the man who presented the draft. In that case, the operative will get from him, backed by the testimony of all other available witnesses, as complete a description as possible of the man who uttered the forged paper. This description will be telegraphed to the Chicago agency, which will send it at once to all its other offices, and at the same time will send a special warning to all banks, which are members of the association, advising them to be on their guard against a man of that description.

Failing an identification by means of photographs, the operative at Momence makes a hurried, but careful, study of the hand-writing on the draft and its endorsements, and compares it with the specimens of forger's handwriting in his collection. Presently he may be able to decide that the endorsement was written by "Blinky" Hall, a well-known bank "worker." He communicates that information to the Chicago agency, and, forthwith, the police departments of the country, from San Francisco to Portland, Me., are notified that Pinkerton wants "Blinky" Hall for a big bank "job." The agency works hand-in-glove with the various police departments of the country, and, inside of twenty-four hours, fifty thousand police officers may be looking for him.

But Mr. "Blinky" Hall may have suc-

cessfully disguised his appearance. He may have cut off his moustache, let his hair grow long, put on glasses; even knocked out a front tooth, or acquired a painful limp in his left leg. He may have gone to a remote part of the country where the officials have never seen him before.

Not yet is he secure from arrest and identification. The minute an alarm goes out that a big bank robbery has occurred, the police in all cities and towns within



Photographing a murderer at the Pinkerton Agency. Pat Sheehan, known as Peg-leg, sitting for his portrait.

five hundred miles of the robbery are likely to be ordered to "bring in" all suspects. As the result of such an order hundreds of professional criminals may be temporarily locked up, until investigation shows whether or not they are connected with the case. From a small town in Michigan a telegram may reach the Pinkerton agency in Chicago to this effect:—

"Have man locked up who was picked up in the railway hotel this evening. Has eight hundred dollars cash on his person. Height, five feet nine and one-half inches. Otherwise he does not answer description of Hall."

Back will go the answer: "Send us Bertillon measurements of suspect."

Every officer of the law in the country, and every criminal as well, knows what that means. Given these measurements: The length of the head, from the base of the nose to the base of the dome behind; the width of the head at the widest part; the length of the forefinger of the left hand; the length of the right forearm, and certain others which it is not necessary to specify, and any one man can be positively identified out of a million. They make disguises ridiculous. They are never the same in any two individuals. In the Bureau of Identification at the Harrison Street Station, in Chicago, are kept the Bertillon measurements of between seventy thousand and eighty thousand criminals, and it is impossible to confuse any two of them.

Presently the measurements of the Michigan suspect reach the Chicago office of the Pinkertons. Fifteen minutes' work will make it absolutely certain whether or not the man under arrest is in fact "Blinky" Hall or any other well-known criminal, and will, if he prove to be such, furnish at the same time a complete criminal history of his career.

But the chiefest terror of the Pinkerton's to evil-doers lies in this: they never stop; they never give up a case in which a member of the American Bankers' Association is involved. They will follow even the slightest clues for years, and, almost without exception, they will, sooner or later, run down the criminal and bring him to justice.

So thoroughly is this recognized that the little sign hanging in many banking offices and reading, "Member American Bankers' Association," serves as the best possible insurance against the exploits of safe blowers, sneak thieves and forgers. An amusing instance of the influence of this reputation is found in a case reported from Wisconsin. Sneak thieves entered a banking house in an interior city and succeeded in getting away with negotiable bonds valued at fifty thousand dollars. At the time the robbery was committed the thieves did not notice the sign of the American Bankers' Association which was hanging in an inconspicuous position. When the affair became public the fact that the bank which had been robbed belonged to the association was also stated. Next day the bank in question received by express from Milwaukee a package containing the stolen bonds intact. With it was a note: "Please put your sign where people can see it and save trouble," it read.

All this detail, all this simultaneous working of widely separated but still harmonious parts of the one great machine, are developments of the last fifty years. When Allan Pinkerton began business in 1850, detectives as we know them to-day were practically unknown outside of Paris and London. He was the creator of scientific detective methods in America. As criminals adopted new methods of work, he devised new methods of detecting and identifying them. The result is, that to-day a criminal has less chance of escape,—less chance of enjoying his booty in security,—than ever he had before. He can go nowhere in the world without the practical certainty of, sooner or later, stumbling over one of Pinkerton's live wires, and so sounding an alarm which will land him behind the bars.

It will be interesting to believers in heredity to note that Allan Pinkerton's father was a sergeant of police at Glasgow, Scotland, where the future father of detectives was born, in 1819. In cannot be said, however, that young Allan received from his father any training in his future profession, for, while he was still a young lad, the "physical force" men of the revolutionary Chartists of those days killed Sergeant Pinkerton, and left the care of his family on the shoulders of Allan, and his brother, Robert. The young Allan learned the trade of a cooper,—which some wag has pointed out is the next thing to that of a copper, anyhow,—and worked hard at it for some strenuous years. Finally, in 1842, when he had reached the age of twenty-three, and circumstances had relieved him of the care of his father's family, he took two important and decisive steps. He married on one day, and on the next he started with his wife for Canada. His idea was, that he was going to find a better place to work at his trade of coopering. As a matter of fact, he was going to meet a very different destiny. By way of foretaste to a stormy and adventuresome life, the ship on which the Pinkertons sailed was wrecked on Sable Island. But the young Scotsman and his wife escaped, and made their way by schooner around the great lakes to Detroit, and thence in a mover's wagon to the swampy little prairie village of Chicago. Necessity helped him to find immediate employment at the work of making barrels in a Chicago brewery, at a wage of fifty cents a day.

Presently he found that there was a little settlement of Scots at the village of Dundee, Kane county, Ill. It was a most natural thing that he should move to that friendly neighborhood with his wife, and start a cooper shop of his own. And now, mark how Mother Nature, having made of this man a detective, fairly drove him to taking up what she intended should be his life work.

Cooper Pinkerton, looking about for a promising place to cut hoop poles for his shop, chanced upon Fox Island lying in the river of the same name and not far

Present Principal William A. Pinkerton in his office.

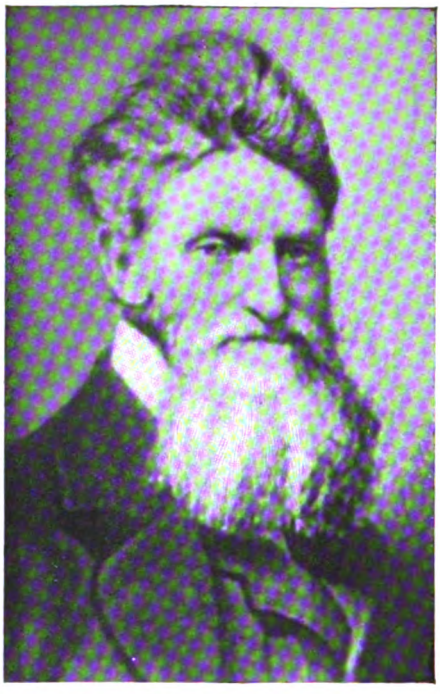
from Dundee. The island was a sort of unclaimed, no-man's-land. It was covered with a dense growth of the proper kind of timber, and there was no reason why he should not help himself.

But it chanced also that these were the days of wild-cat currency. The whole country was overrun with gangs of counter feiters, who flooded the cities with bogus greenbacks. It chanced, again,—if one will have it that way,—that a gang of local counterfeiters had picked out Fox Island as a lonely and inaccessible place where they could set up their printing press and do their work in complete safety. They had already taken possession, before the first trip after hoop poles was made.

So it happened that one day Allan Pinkerton rowed out to Fox Island a cooper and came back a detective. He found himself that summer afternoon. From that time on, there was never a doubt as to the work he was to do in the world. He stayed on the island just long enough to satisfy himself that he had stumbled on a nest of counterfeiters. Then he quietly slipped back to the main land,—all the detective instinct in him aroused,—and notified the sheriff of Kane County of what he had discovered. He did more than that. He became a member of the sheriff's posse, and personally assisted in the somewhat dangerous arrest of the members of the desperate gang. In this work he showed so much bravery, and so much natural skill, that the grateful sheriff promptly offered him a commission as one of his deputies. And so Allan Pinkerton was first enrolled as the sworn foe of the enemies of society.

The country was unconsciously getting ready for the coming war over slavery. All over the North little bands of Abolitionists were doing their part towards making the conflict inevitable. And at Dundee, the liberty-loving Scots, who made up its inhabitants, established a station of the underground railroad. Allan Pinkerton became the head of this work, and to his ingenuity and address many a fugitive slave owed his final escape to permanent freedom in Canada. While actively engaged in this work, Pinkerton made the acquaintance of John Brown.

Meanwhile, in the midst of these various activities, the young deputy sheriff was



John Brown, friend of Allan Pinkerton.
From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

also fast making a reputation as a detective. He had run down and captured several horse thieves and had been chiefly instrumental in the destruction of several gangs of country outlaws and the punishment of their members. Presently the sheriff of Cook County, in which Chicago is located, heard of the prowess of the young Scot, and offered him a place as a deputy on his staff. Here was a larger field, which Pinkerton at once accepted. A little later he was made a special agent at the postoffice department; then, when the police force of Chicago was put on an organized basis, he was given a position as its first and only detective.

In those days the scattered railroads ran through much wild and thinly settled country, affording plentiful opportunity for the operations of train robbers; that was also before the time of steel express safes, with time locks set so that they cannot be opened until the end of the run; consequently the express companies, which frequently carried large quantities of cash, bullion and valuable papers, were often made the victims of the hold-up men. It was to the task of preventing crimes of this kind, and properly punishing the men who committed them, that Allan Pinkerton and his men of the railroad secret service set themselves. They were successful—so successful that, as has already been described, the Eastern railroads presently began to look to them for help. As a result of the capture of the men who robbed the Adams Express Company, at Montgomery, Ala., in 1859, Allan Pinkerton was asked the next year to form a secret service on the lines of the Pennsylvania and several other Eastern railroads.

In 1860, when Allan Pinkerton began his work on eastern railroads, the whole country was already in the throes of what was practically civil war. The feeling of bitterness in the South had been intensified, in fact doubled, by the election of Lincoln to the presidency. Pinkerton's operatives in Baltimore and Philadelphia presently learned of the existence of a plot to assassinate the President in the city of Baltimore when he reached there on his way to Washington to take the oath of office. Allan Pinkerton promptly reported the facts to friends of Lincoln in Chicago and it was arranged that, without any public announcement, the plans should be changed and the new president practically smuggled into the capital by another route. All the arrangements were put into the hands of Pinkerton and he successfully carried the responsibility. Without difficulty of any kind the President was safely brought to Washington and the plans of the conspirators entirely foiled.

When, shortly after, the war actually began, Allan Pinkerton's old employer and friend, George B. McClellan, happened to be in Washington and was at once given a high commission in the federal army. One of his first official acts was to send for Allan Pinkerton and persuade him to organize a secret service for his army. A little later, President Lincoln, whose personal relations with the detective had given him great confidence in the latter's powers, called Pinkerton to Washington and put him at the head of the national bureau of Secret Service, under the name of Major E. J. Allan. Then began the most adventuresome and thrilling period of Allan Pinkerton's life. Washington was a perfect hot bed of treason, and it became the duty of the head of the secret service not only to ferret out traitors in the city, but

to secure from various parts of the Confederacy accurate information as to future plans and prospects. Acting on a principle which is still the rule in the Pinkerton agency, Major Allan refused to send his operatives where he would not go himself. Many times he penetrated in disguise even to Richmond, the rebel capital, and at imminent risk of his life, brought back vitally important information. He also employed many daring operatives, both men and women, who made repeated trips to the Confederate lines, often remaining for weeks in positions where detection meant a short shrift and a long rope. Yet so cleverly was the work done that during the whole period of the war, while Pinkerton remained at the head of the government secret service, only one of his operatives was captured and executed as a spy. The one victim was Timothy Webster, Allan Pinkerton's first assistant, and the manner of his arrest and execution is a good instance of the constant danger which surrounded these daring operatives.

Webster had already done several pieces of work which were of great importance to the government. He had, for instance, joined "The Knights of Liberty," a secret organization in Baltimore, which had for its object the murder of President Lincoln and other heads of the Federal government. Through the information he obtained the band of secret assassins was broken up. Finally he was sent on what proved to be the fatal trip to Richmond. Soon after his arrival in the Confederate capital he was taken ill and was confined for some weeks in his room at a hotel. During all this time no reports came to Major Allan and the latter began to fear that some harm had befallen Webster. With that fidelity to the interests and welfare of his trusted operatives which always distinguished him, Allan Pinkerton presently sent two other men, Scully and Price, to Richmond with instructions to discover what had become of their colleague.

Shortly before Scully and Price were dispatched on their dangerous errand the family of former Governor Morton, of Florida, which had been living in Washington, fell under suspicion of disloyalty. An investigation made by Major Allan proved that members of the family were actually in communication with the Confederate authorities. The family was therefore sent to Richmond. The very day that Price and Scully reached Richmond they were recognized on the street by one of the Mortons, who promptly informed Gen. Winder, the Provost Marshal. He had the two Pinkerton men arrested; they were tried by a court martial and sentenced to death as spies. Then, under the shadow of the gallows, and hoping to gain leniency for themselves, they broke down and implicated Timothy Webster, who was arrested in his sick room, tried and sentenced to death as a spy.

When word of this catastrophe reached Allan Pinkerton he went to work with incredible energy to save the threatened lives of his operatives. By an appeal directly to Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln, he secured the dispatch of a cartel of exchange to the Confederate authorities at Richmond, offering them their choice of Confederate prisoners held by the Federal government in exchange for Webster, Secretary Stanton finally refusing to move on behalf of Scully and Price.

To this offer the Confederate authorities returned a decided negative. Then a second message was sent, threatening severe reprisals in case the sentence of the court marshal was carried out. That, too, proved ineffective, and Webster was executed.

With the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, there closed the first great epoch in the career of Allan Pinkerton, but a life-time's work remained. No school for outlaws was ever better fitted to turn out post-graduates in that line than that which gathered about the banners of the heartless and unprincipled guerrilla chieftains who operated in Missouri and the other border States, now on one side and now on the other, owning loyalty to no flag and governed only by their own unbridled passions. The declaration of peace meant nothing to them. They simply turned their evil activities into certain other directions. They organized raids on banks and postoffices. They rode into country towns, armed to the teeth, and shot down unoffending citizens in the street.

But Allan Pinkerton was on their track. How he and his men followed the Renos and the Jameses, the Molly McGuires and all those other post-bellum desperadoes, makes a detective story more thrilling than any DEMON DICK, the BOY DETECTIVE, ever imagined.

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLE OF WOOLLY FIELD

A Story of "Old Mutton" Cross

By George Allan England

WITH DRAWINGS BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

"I EAT raw mutton wunst," said Purrington Sessions comtemplatively, crossing his lean legs and swallowing a mouthful of tobacco juice that impeded his utterance. "D' I ever tell you 'bout that? No? Huh, that's cur'ous!" and then he told me.

I never shall fergit it in the world. We was in the Shennondoah Valley, '62, Fifth New Ham'shire Volunteers, marchin' up the Peninsula to'ards Gettysburg. 'Twas right after Fair Oaks, where the Rebils shot them blacksmith tools, chains an' railroad irons at us, same's I tol' you last week. We got sep'rated from our comm'sary train some way er 'nother, an' fer two days, sir, we hadn't not so much to eat's a chickadee. Forage? Shucks! The kentry was peeled cleaner 'n an onion! Two blessed swelterin' days we marched, an' two nights we camped, an' all 't *I* got, speakin' fer myself, was one hard tack an' half a plug of mouldy "Soldier's Pride." I had ta swap my socks fer *that*, too!

'Bout noon of the third day we couldn't drag no further, so old Colonel Cross he halted sech of us as was still a-crawlin'.

"Rest at ease!" he c'mmanded, ridin' up an' down along the line, but it didn't have much effect, 'cause we was already restin'. Then he cantered off, 'cross country.

'Twan't more'n ten minutes 'fore he come gallopin' back, ridin' like the devil an' Tom Walker, an' wavin' his old saber. On he come, lickety split on that long, slim, dark red hoss o' his'n, his stern old voice flarin' out on the wind:—

"'Tenshun *Batallion!*"

We all scrambled up like the Johnny Rebs was after him, an' jostled inta our ranks. Some had guns an' some hadn't. Down old Cross come a-runnin', saber glitterin' in the sun:—

"Rear rank open *order!*"

Six paces back the ragged rear rank wavered.

"Boys!" he hollered, pullin' up sudden, "ther's the damndest, biggest flock o' sheep

Ridin' like the devil an' Tom Walker.

One yell an' the reg'ment was off, puttin' fer them sheep.

ever I see over yender, an' I can't see a damn one of 'em! Break ranks *march!*—"

Jeems Rice! You ever see yaller jackets jostled outa their nest? Well, we was yaller jackets, that's all. One yell an' the reg'ment was off, puttin' fer them sheep as tight as they c'd put, over rough land, ploughed fields, hedges an' ditches, fifteen hundred men, three thousan' blue legs twinklin' like blazes, eager fer mutton.

We found it, too, in a hill side pastchure half a mile from the road, hundurd an' a half o' the han'somest, fattest, longest wooled critters ever I laid my eyes onto. My land, how the wool did fly! In ten minutes the hull field was lined with sheepskin, an' they was wool even a-hangin' from the red haw bushes. One slick ram got away—a big black cuss that bounded over our heads an' made off inta a piece o' woods—but every other livin' critter we stuck with our jack knives, an' jerked the hide off'n right then an' thar. You never see such a lookin' lan'scape in this mortial world, now *I'm* a-goin' ta tell ye! Woolly Field we called it. Looked like a meat market had exploded all over the scenery.

We cut 'em up an' et 'em right thar in that field, squattin' round the carcasses jes' as they laid. In less 'n five minutes hundurds o' bresh fires was sendin' their little colyumes of smoke up inta the still aft'noon air; an' 'round each fire a bunch o' soldiers was jostlin' fer room ta poke their mutton inta the flame. We whittled sticks down peekid, jabbed 'em inta the hunks o' meat an' tried ta roast it so, but 'twan't no use; nubbody c'd wait fer the stuff ta cook, an' 'twan't more'n scorched on the outside an' half warmed through, all smoky an' singed blacker'n charcoal an' without a grain o' salt, when we went at it, tearin' an' gnawin' with our teeth, an' the grease a-runnin'—hunks o' fat as big's yer fist—an' oh! the smell o' that thar scorched raw meat!

We et purt' nigh all them Southdowns right on the spot, an' what we didn't eat we lugged back ta camp. By night they wan't a thing ta show fer that thousan' dollars' wuth o' blue ribbon critters but a fringe o' bones along our line an' fifteen hundred bulgin' bellies. Praps we didn't sleep some that night! I know I fer one was poundin' my ear fit ta kill when Alph Coffin kicked me in the ribs an' told me ta git up quick. Alph was my bunkie.

"What's up?" I whispered.

"'Spection, fer them sheep!" he whispered back. "Don't you hear old Cross jawin' along the line?"

Sure enough, old Cross was comin' along, with a couple lieutenants, routin' out the orderlies.

"Fer Heaven's sake, you fellers," says he to ourn, when he reached 'em, "git

your men up jes' as soon 's God 'll let ye! You'll all be 'spected in the mornin','' says he, ''an' it's past three o'clock already. Have your men put these bones out a sight *at wunst, immejiate*, an' bury what meat there is left, also have 'em clean up pers'nally. Th' owner of them sheep has reported to McClellan, an' they'll be the devil ta pay if they's a *speck er spot* ta be seen! Rustle 'em out in a hurry, an' don't let 'em make any noise, nuther ! ''

The orderlies understood, all right enough, an' don't ye doubt it; an' 'twan't more'n a quarter of an hour 'fore the darndest clean-up was a-goin' on that ever you hear tell of. Meat was buried, haversacks scrubbed, linin's ripped out an' burnt, an' everything in camp gone over inch by inch. As fer the bones, we took an' carried *them* (bushels of 'em!) down the road quite a piece ta the camp o' the Seventh New York Zouaves—them critters that wore big pants. The Seventh was a crack reg'ment an' allus looked down on us fellers from New Hampshire—called us hay-seeders, bummers an' the biggest darn pack o' thieves that ever came out-a the States. We never said nothin' in return, but that time I'm thinkin' we made 'em take their back-tracks mighty lively.

When it come mornin', sure enough we was all turned out fer inspection an' stood up in a row like so many ten-pins. Th' owner come pikin' down the line, madder'n hops, an' with him some little Jack o' Diamonds of an off'cer. Sech an inspection I never hope ta see agin ! It's a wonder they didn't prospec' down our throats with a telescope.

When they came ta me, after a 'tarnal long time, old Jack o' Diamonds stopped short and said:—

''This man here *looks* like he's had some fresh meat lately. Open yer haversack!''

I opened it, an' they wa'n't nothin' in it but my dishes an' sugar sack.

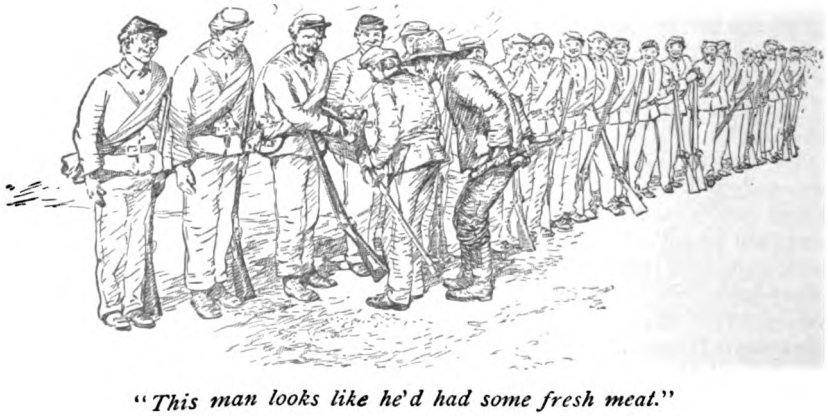
''Where's the linin', you?'' snaps the little Jack.

''Jeems Rice! I chawed that up an' swallowed it years ago!'' says I.

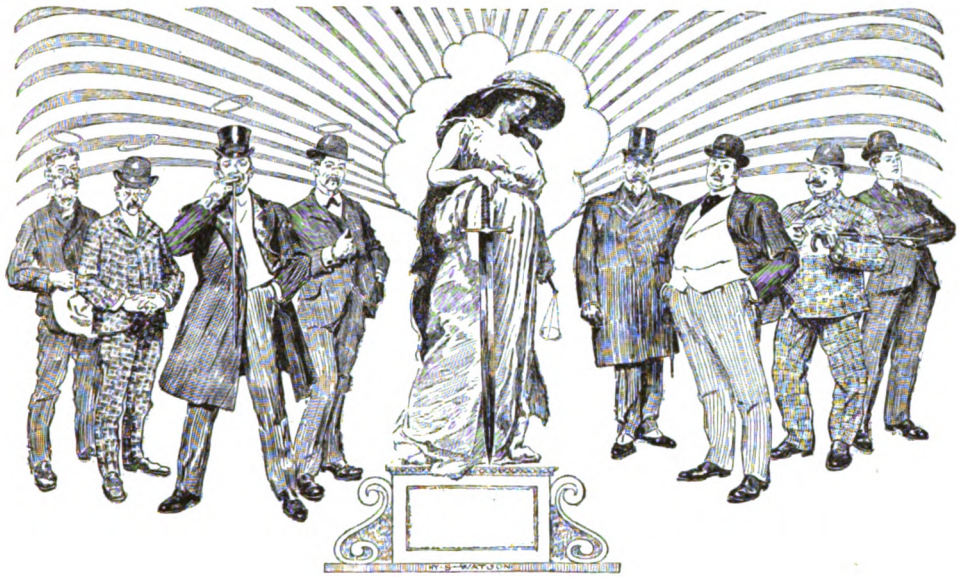
Well, sir, they never convicted us after all, hunt as much as they'd a mind to. But, say! You'd just ought-a ben thar when they come 'long ta the Seventh New York! Don't say a word! . . . . At peep o' day they was routed out, the most s'prised lot-a men ever you see, an' *mad?* Now you cert'nly are talkin'! Their reg'mental front looked like that thar Valley o' Bones it tells about in the Scriptur, som'eres. I cal'late that's whar I learned some o' my fanciest cuss-words, that thar summer mornin' in the Shannondoah.

Well, that's most all. We was all lookin' fer another inspection, but it never come, an' peace descended on us like a snappin'-turtle-dove. We had all kinds-a sympathy an' ta spare fer them Zouaves, you bet; they had ta pay some ten hundred odd dollars fer our little meat-lunch, an' we c'd afford ta be gen'rous with sympathy. Old Cross he come along nex' day.

''Lord, boys!'' he said to our mess, ''I wisht I'd-a had salt ta give ye, but I done my best! Nex' time, praps, I kin put ye onta better forage. Mum, boys, mum!'' They wa'n't never a better off'cer in this vale o' tears than old Mutton Cross, now *I'm* a-goin' ta tell ye.



''This man looks like he'd had some fresh meat.''



THE CITIZEN AND THE JURY

How Men Hurt Themselves by Neglecting to Serve the State

By George W. Alger

THE first thing the average business man does when the jury notice is served on him is to swear. Then he either looks up his pull, that expressive American name for the underground railroad around the law, or he consults his lawyer. For next to paying his taxes there is no other responsibility of citizenship which seems so galling to him as the very thought of sitting on a jury.

After the affable Irishman who served the hated paper on him has left, he sits with it in his hand and broods over the bitter visitation. He thinks of forty things that he has not thought of before which he now sees that his business absolutely requires him to perform and which he will be unable to do because he has to serve on a jury. The more he thinks about it the worse it becomes until bankruptcy stares him in the face. Job with his many afflictions never had anything so grievous; by divine mercy he was not compelled in addition to his own woes to pass judgment on the quarrels of Bildad and Elihu. After he has vented his feelings for a few more minutes on his clerk and the stenographer he can bear it no longer, so he telephones to find out about his pull. If he has no pull he goes to see his lawyer.

When he puts the jury notice in the lawyer's hands the look of pleased anticipation fades from the latter's face. Getting an old client off the jury is usually regarded by the client as a favor not requiring a fee and the lawyer knows it.

"Didn't you get another notice six months or so ago," the lawyer asks in an abstracted tone, "telling you to go down to the Commissioner of Jurors' office to be examined as to your qualifications as a juror?" Yes, the man has a vague recollection of some notice—had intended to take care of it at the time but had mislaid and forgotten it. Moreover he had not paid much attention to it for it was not a regular jury

notice anyway as it did not say anything about going to court.

"Well," says the learned one, "perhaps it isn't too late yet. We will look and see if you are on the exempt list. He takes down a big book and finds the list of persons whom the law, which falsely claims to have no favorites, exempts from jury duty and together they scan it for a means of escape. It is a fairly long list. To the biased mind of the afflicted one everybody appears to be on it but the plain business man.

First comes the clergy, "ministers of any religion officiating as such and not following any other profession." Now through just what special claims the clergy is exempt from jury duty is not very plain. It appears to the business man's prejudiced mind that the men who make a life work of talking about divine justice and the golden rule should seize upon jury work as a great opportunity for service well within their calling, instead of being the Abou Ben Adhems of the exempt. But his lawyer with a touch of professional cynicism assures him that it is easier to expound from the pulpit theoretical or ideal justice than to bring in a fair verdict in a dog case and adds that there is no demand in the law courts for jurors with lawn ties and reversed collars.

Following the ministers in the exempt classes come the other professions—the lawyers, the doctors, the teachers, editors, officers of railroads and vessels, national guardsmen, honorably discharged firemen, and then hope comes, "persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder." "Well," the man tells his lawyer with a sigh of relief, "I've got a doctor who has tended my family for fourteen years. If he don't fix me up a certificate that will get me out of this jury business after all the money I've paid him—well, something will drop. My hearing never has been quite the same since I had a boil in my ear seven years ago."

The lawyer looks at him skeptically. "You should have tried that on the Commissioner when you got the first notice to come down to see him," he says at length. "Still, if you are physically incapable of serving, and your doctor makes up a good, stiff certificate, perhaps the judge will let you off this time. You'll get called again, though, pretty soon, and have to go through the same business, unless you get the Commissioner to mark you off his list."

With this small crumb of comfort, the business man goes up town. He understands now why Wilkins, his corpulent competitor in the knit goods line, was for five years the local jest of his suburban town, because of his membership on the volunteer fire department, and why Taylor, the lace importer, is in the National Guard. They were exempt, or soon would be, when the term of service which the law requires for exemption had expired. For himself, not being a member of either of these jury clubs, he thinks there is nothing but the temporary relief to be afforded by the accommodating conscience of the family doctor.

Now, as a matter of fact, if the dodger had further inquired, there are plenty of other good excuses, suggested as well as sanctioned by the law. The death or dangerous sickness of the juror's wife or of a near relative, or even of a near relative of his wife, will do. With a green or credulous judge, a well told story that the juror's "business will be materially injured by his attendance," may be successful. But the business man has an almost superstitious faith in the doctor's certificate. By common tradition it is a precious amulet, a potent charm against jury business and all its attendant troubles. The hearing of the manifold excuses by which a large percentage of "drawn" jurors try to avoid serving is part of the regular work of a trial judge on the opening day of the court term, and long experience makes the average judge exceedingly suspicious of all kinds of juror's excuses, particularly of physicians' certificates. For to such bad eminence has the profession attained by yielding to the pressure of "old patients" suffering from incipient jury duty, that a special statute has been enacted in New York, making it a misdemeanor for a physician to give a false certificate "for the purpose of enabling a person to be discharged, or excused, or exempted as a trial juror." The judge rarely takes a doctor's certificate for quite its face value, and looks for further evidence of the juror's disability.

Some years ago a juror came before a Supreme Court judge in Brooklyn with a

certificate that he was incapacitated for jury duty by deafness. The certificate was couched in the most technical of medical phraseology, and the judge gravely read it through while the afflicted juror stood by, his hand behind his ear, in an attitude of pained attention. Finally the judge looked up and said softly: "I'm sorry for you, sir, you can go."

"Thank you," said the delighted juror, starting to leave the platform.

"Back and sit down," roared His Honor, "where you will be in readiness to act as a trial juror in this court. This certificate is a lie."

Another doctor's certificate story has as its subject a somewhat miserly East Side Jew, the owner of many tenements in the neighborhood of Delancey street. Being of a saving nature and having no family physician, he had gone to Gouverneur Hospital and obtained from a young ambulance surgeon a certificate which he presented with much confidence to the judge. His Honor read it, put on his glasses, read it again, and a quiet smile came over his face. "Mr. Kominsky," said he, holding up the paper, "do you know what this says?" The latter shook his head mournfully. "Listen, then, and see if you understand it. 'This is to certify that I have carefully examined Ahab Kominsky, and find his cerebral contents such that he is unfit to serve as a trial juror. J. P. Ryan, M. D.'"

While the clerk pounded for order, the Court continued drily,—glancing at the amused faces of the other jurors,—"Mr. Kominsky, I am very sorry, but this is not a legal excuse. If it were, the Court would often be without sufficient jurors for its work. You must serve." A few moments later, when an interpreter translated into Yiddish the mysterious words "cerebral contents" to the unfortunate Kominsky, his distress was pitiable. "Mein Gott!" he moaned, "that I should give that young doctor mans two dollars for such a paper."

Another story of a somewhat similar nature is told of an East Broadway merchant of the same race, named Hyman Pelkin. Having been drawn for jury service in the Supreme Court in New York City, he went down town to the court house the day before that on which he was summoned to appear, to see if he might learn of a way of escape. In one of the parts of the Supreme Court there is a middle-aged Irish clerk known to a host of lawyers as "Mac," the rest of his name being shrouded in obscurity. A fine compound of kind-heartedness, irascibility and a vast amount of knowledge of that branch of the law known as "practice," a fund constantly drawn upon by lawyers and by lawyers' clerks, who want accurate information about such matters without having to look them up.

Hyman Pelkin followed the procession of inquirers and came to "Mac," who listened sympathetically to his trouble. The Irish oracle bethought him that the law requires a trial juror to be worth two hundred and fifty dollars. "Hyman," said he, looking at his questioner's somewhat shiny garments, "are you worth two hundred and fifty dollars?" Hyman did not fancy the question, but he grudgingly admitted that he was worth that amount, adding irrelevantly that he "vas a poor man, and could not pay that much."

"You never were a soldier—you never got discharged as a fireman, did you?" continued his questioner facetiously.

"What, 'a fireman,' you don't say. Why you're all right, Hyman, my boy. You get your certificate showing you got honorably discharged and hand it to the judge. He'll let you off all right. Get along now and don't bother me any more."

The following day in the list of jurors with excuses appeared Hyman Pelkin with a document in his hands which he had obtained at some labor and by an expense of fifty cents. The judge opened and read it. The paper was a certificate under the great seal of the Court of General Sessions which set forth that a jury duly impanelled in that court in the case of the People against Pelkin had acquitted the said Hyman Pelkin from the charge of arson in the second degree and that the court thereupon had ordered the prisoner discharged.

"So that is what you meant"—began the judge slowly. "Yes, Your Honor"—Hyman broke in eagerly. "I vas a fireman and I got discharged." He was excused.

But there is a serious as well as a comic side to jury dodging. The extent of its practice by business men is such as may be fairly called alarm-

ing. Take New York City for example. When men who are summoned to appear at court to serve on juries fail to respond to that summons a fine is usually imposed of from fifty to two hundred dollars. During the last jury year the records of the Commissioner of Jurors show that in old New York city (not including Brooklyn) there were such fines imposed against some fifteen hundred individuals amounting to over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars! In the Supreme court alone in that city the fines thus imposed in that year amounted to seven hundred and sixty-six thousand two hundred and seventy-five dollars.

These fines, it should be remembered, are for the most part imposed only against the men who, having no plausible excuse of any kind, simply ignore the jury notice entirely. These figures take no account of the infinitely larger army of jury-dodgers who make up excuses, present them, and get out of jury service without any such penalty being imposed upon them. During the same period in New York City thirty-three thousand five hundred men were required to appear in the courts for service as jurors—and of this number only thirteen thousand six hundred and sixty-nine actually served—nearly twenty-thousand, or sixty per cent. dodged the jury box. Statistics of other large American cities would undoubtedly show similar percentages.

As business life gets more complex, the jury system is year by year being put to severer tests and its efficacy in the purposes of justice is being daily questioned by inconoclasts who would destroy it. For the commercial methods current in our time are not so simple as they were centuries ago, and, when they are involved in disputes between merchants, a higher order of intelligence is required in the jury box. The property interests which must be settled by jury trials are infinitely greater than ever before. If the jury system is not to break down and be discarded, this demand which our time makes for intelligent men in jury work must be met. It will not be met if business men who have been trained to understand such matters shirk and evade that work.

Once in a while the "jury dodger," the man who is unwilling to devote any of his own time to settling disputes between his neighbors in the law courts, finds himself in need of an honest and intelligent jury to pass on the merits of a lawsuit of his own. The writer is able to record at least one such case. The "jury dodger" in question was a large clothier and had been accustomed to elude jury service by the annual donation of an overcoat where it would do the most good, and he made no secret of this scheme by which for perhaps a dozen years he had avoided being "drawn." He was, however, a large real estate owner and one day an old Irish woman fell down stairs in one of his tenement houses and promptly brought suit against him for a fabulous sum which she demanded for her injuries. When the case came to trial it happened that the list of jurors from which his twelve men in the box had to be selected was precisely what he deserved. The jury system in his case was just what he and other jury dodgers of his class had tried to make it! A stupider or more irresponsible looking dozen of men would be hard to get together anywhere. Only one of them evidenced outwardly even the remotest sign of prosperity and he turned out to be a Tenth Avenue saloon keeper. When the case was tried, the weight of evidence was entirely against the old woman, for she had but herself for a witness in her own behalf, against four or five witnesses called by her jury dodging adversary. But the jury, after listening apathetically to the eloquence of the defendant's lawyer, promptly brought in a verdict of nearly four thousand dollars against him. It is to be hoped that the old lady got her money, for so far as the defendant was concerned, the community had furnished him with just the jury to which he was fairly entitled.

The man who is too selfish to devote any of his own precious time to the performance of one of the few direct personal duties which in our country the State demands, surely has no right to expect that when he wants a jury for his own case he will find other business men any more ready than himself to drop their work and spend their equally valuable time in examining his lawsuit and getting justice done for him. So far as he is concerned, they have an equal right to be "busy."

It is a curious, but very significant fact, that the persons who are most severe in condemning the defects of the jury system

are usually those who know least about it. The business men who are most afraid of courts and lawsuits, who are most easily blackmailed by "strike" lawsuits into paying unjust claims made against them and who abandon just claims of their own are, in the vast majority of cases, men who have had no actual contact with the jury service themselves. The best friends of the jury system, on the other hand, are men who have served on a jury themselves, and who, from personal acquaintance with it, know to what extent the plain, ordinary, every-day citizen can be counted on to do what is right in settling the disputes of litigants. There are many high class business men, who yet make a principle of serving on juries when they are called upon to do so and who do it freely, without grumbling and without making any particular virtue of it. It is rarely indeed that one of these men speak pessimistically or despairingly of the jury system itself.

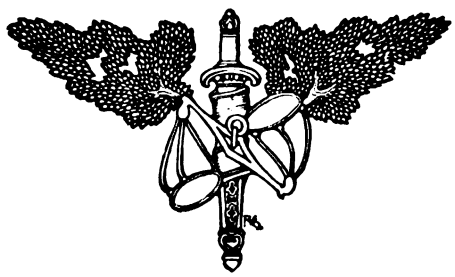
Sitting on the jury ought to be considered very well worth while as a part of a business man's education. Every man in the business world is practically certain some time in his life to have a lawsuit of the kind which a jury will have to settle. It would seem a matter of common sense for him to know something at first hand about the workings of the system by which his own case will have to be decided.

The chances are good that, if he serves once, even if he grumbles and tries to dodge, he will go more willingly the next time. For the public task which jury service imposes is really neither onerous nor unreasonable. On the contrary there are many incidents and much variety. Many an acquaintance made among jurors has moreover proved of advantage afterwards. There is always much to be learned there, including law, business, and, above all, human nature.

Moreover,—a point which the learned writers on the jury system usually have overlooked or ignored,—the justice which it is good for the litigant to receive is good for the juror to give.

The greater part of the ordinary business man's working life is a struggle, largely a selfish struggle, in a highly competitive commercial world, to get the better of his business adversaries. This has a tendency to make him see things from one side, and that his own; to make him consider his interests as paramount, to cause him to overlook, or to regard with indifference what, but for the stress of competition, he might consider the rights of others. The jury system breaks into his business, and, by taking him away from it puts him in a position where, for a considerable period of time, he must cease to consider his personal advantage or the detriment of his competitors and must devote his whole mind and conscience to the high and very difficult task of doing justice.

The jury system is one of the most democratic of our institutions. The man of wealth and education finds himself seated in the same jury box with men whose advantages have been fewer, and whose possessions are less. After they have risen together, and in the simple words of the juror's oath have sworn "well and truly to try the issues joined between plaintiff and defendant, and a true verdict render according to the evidence," each in his turn learns that the love of justice does not belong solely to any one class, but is common to all. And that when the bias of personal interest has been removed,—and jury service is usually free from such influences,—the vast majority of men believe in fair play, and will do their best to help it along.



ON THE EVIDENCE

The Story of a Jury Room

By F. D. Holman

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. PECK

CLOSE upon midnight the jury was ready to take its first ballot in the notorious Stratton case.

The twelve men had been locked into a stuffy room, going over the evidence, since supper. It was a recapitulation that consumed time, for the charge was murder, the evidence was circumstantial, village gossip had complicated it bewilderingly, and the crime had been particularly atrocious, so far as appearances went.

Upon the long table the numbered exhibits of the case were grouped—an ash spoke from a wagon wheel, one end of which was discolored with dark stains; a woman's cheap straw hat battered pathetically; charred fragments of clothing—all hideously familiar after many days of handling in the court room. Beside the table stood a blue-print map of premises, framed.

The foreman of the jury leaned back in his arm-chair and thoughtfully raked a lead pencil through his grizzled beard. One juror had picked up the stained spoke and was squinting at it as though he hoped to find some new evidence to brace his resolve to convict.

"We seem to have covered the ground pretty well, so far as talk goes," he observed.

A few grunted assent.

"It seems to me," the foreman went on, "that we'd better make this ballot strictly secret, so that talk can't be passed around outside this room. There are numerous relatives on both sides, and many are friends of ours—of some of us—and—"

"That is, you mean to say it would be well in case of a disagreement?" suggested a juror who tipped forward in his chair, his elbows on the table. "Of course, if we're all one way—"

Several jurors had snorted as though expressing doubt of a disagreement. The foreman hastened to say:—

"That's what I had in mind! In case of a disagreement!"

"This case has cost the county more than four thousand dollars to try, and if we don't find a verdict one way or another we shall be pretty poor tools," put in another with much decision. "I should hate to go out of this room and face taxpayers. I'm going to be frank with you. A flush-out is bound to hurt my canvass for county commissioner."

The foreman glared at the candid politician. "Hawkins," he said, "such language in a jury room in disgraceful. Personal considerations, yes and cost to a county are shut out by that door there. Here is what we have to do with, and this alone," he added vibrating his finger at the papers and exhibits on the long table. "We are locked in here with the evidence and with a man's life in our hands and with our—our consciences." His bulging neck and his cheeks reddened as though with choler.

Hawkins grunted, folded his arms and sat back in his chair.

"I take it you find the secret ballot agreeable," suggested the foreman standing up. As one of the county's influential men he dominated them. They murmured assent.

"'Yes' means conviction, 'No' acquittal," he went on. He drew a big jack-knife from his pocket, pulled toward him a block of paper with sheets bound at the

end with red wax and sliced a strip the long way off the block, driving his knife to the pasteboard backing. Then he junked the strip into twelve little cubes, sliding each cube to a man as he cut. The end cube remained for him.

The jurors prepared their votes with various methods of concealment. A youngish man, who puffed a cigar cocked assertively, wrote "Yes" with a flourish and waited for the hat with strip frankly outstretched. A few exhibited as little pains to conceal, but the majority wrote behind the shield of their arms and palmed their slips.

The foreman overturned the hat upon the green tablecloth, tapped to dislodge the slips, and counted, the others crowding about.

"Twelve," he announced. "Nine 'Yes' and three 'No'."

The jurors straightened and gazed at each other without speaking.

"I order another ballot immediately," said the foreman.

The youngish man relighted his cigar before writing, and observed, *sotto voce*, "It ought to be a clear quill next whack."

"Probably will be," mumbled his neighbor. "Hope so. I'm — er-r-r — aouw! sleepy."

"Ten for conviction, two for acquittal," said the foreman. His stubbed fingers pushed the scattered slips into the middle of the table, and the jurors went over them curiously. They noticed that one of the men voting "No" had rudely printed the word, affording no clue to identity by his handwriting. In the next ballot, only this printed "No" appeared. Eleven favored conviction. A half dozen ballots followed rapidly, no one speaking. One "No,"— that printed one,—inexorably blocked agreement.

"We'll wait a bit," suggested the foreman.

The jurymen disposed themselves about the room, and were silent for a time, pondering rather grouchily. Some lighted pipes and cigars. Covert glances were exchanged, as though the men hoped that the unknown dissenter would declare himself.

"Mr. Foreman," said the youngish juror after a time, "it seems to me it's up to some one here to say a word, and let us in if he's got anything up his sleeve. Far's I'm concerned, if I've got ears to hear a charge, the judge put it up to us as clever as a judge can that Asa Dorr killed that woman. He had been engaged to her," he went on, summarizing the familiar evidence, "she went back on him, he's got a cross-grained streak in him anyway, he made threats, he was the man who came running out of her barn that day shouting to the neighbors that he had found her body. And there it was in that horse-stall with the flames licking around it. Motive and opportunity! That's what the judge bore down on. Blast it! We've been over this thing time and again. Now, who is spiking, and what for?"

"There's his hollering to the neighbors when he might have let the barn burn up, and her in it," interposed another juror, with his forehead squizzled in hesitation.

"Rattled, that's all!" said the youngish man crisply. "All murderers stub their toes somewhere, and Asa Dorr isn't what you'd call a professional."

"But he could have covered it if he had waited," persisted the other man.

"Yes, and a half a dozen people might have seen that smoke,—same's he claims he did,—and rushed in there and found it before the fire got well started. And then, who would have been dropped on but Asa Dorr, her next neighbor, and the fellow she jilted? Didn't you ever hear of such a thing as a bluff, Mister?"

"I know how it looks," the juror retorted, "but what I'm trying to fetch out is, that no one has proved that there wasn't some one in that barn ahead of him."

"Well, let's vote again," yawned a juror.

Again the curt "No" blocked the ballot. The jurors looked at each other restlessly, and even angrily. It was certainly irritating not to know just which one was hanging out in this fashion. They sat down and smoked. Most of them hauled their chairs into little groups as the chance friendships of the past week prompted. The foreman sat alone at the table, writing slowly.

Several jurors had withdrawn to the dark places in the big room, and were hunched down in their chairs, snoring with varying resonance. The foreman kept on with his writing. One of a group of four smokers, who were bunched in a hollow square in a corner, peered through the blue haze.

"Guess the foreman must be writing a love-letter to his new wife," he murmured humorously.

"His wife! Why, she's right in the court-room all the time, 'tendin' out on the trial, isn't she?"

The jurymen chuckled.

"Oh, he was married only two weeks before this trial started in, and that makes a difference, you know. We always reckoned that he was a settled old bach," the man went on. "But as A. Ward used to say, 'Love doos bust out amongst us!' He married that rich, good-looking, red-headed Sprague widow, and the story has always been that he courted her years ago, before she married Sprague, and that he got the mitten,—or there was a row,—or something."

"And then he waited for her, eh?"

"Mnm-huh! Seems like it."

"Well, they say patient waiters are no losers," declared another man in the group. "Any one who has seen her looking down from the gallery at him the last week in court would know she was all gone on him. And I'll bet he thought a master sight of that woman to hang on and wait for her as he did."

"Say," another blurted, hooking the cuspidor toward him with his toe, "there's one thing about this case that has disappointed me like the devil."

The others blinked at him, mutely curious.

"They didn't put that young one on the stand."

"What does a four-year-old child amount to as a witness? You and I wouldn't take any stock in that evidence."

"The county attorney would have put him on, though, if the judge hadn't ruled against it. I suppose it's good law all right, a young one not understanding the nature of an oath, and all that, but I tell you, boys, this sitting on a murder case makes you think pretty hard." It was the youngish juror who was speaking. "Half the time it seems to me that Law is trying to trip Justice up. You see I live pretty close to where this happened and I know the people."

Curiosity snapped in the eyes of the other three.

"But about this boy," suggested one.

"You were saying you live near by!"

The youngish juror hesitated a moment and then his gossiping instincts broke out.

"You've all seen the boy—the Widow Stratton's boy. The peaked nose woman, his aunt, has been holding him in her lap most of the time. She's had him since the thing happened. You'll remember that the neighbors found him eating candy under a lilac bush in front of the house on the other side from the barn. This was after the fire had been put out. They all went at him so brash with questions that he got scared—as a little shaver would, you know—and wouldn't say a word. Now it seems—" his voice grew husky with excited interest and the others hunched nearer, "that the aunt has been pumping the boy easy along and has worked out of him that a man stuck his head out of the barn door and called to his mother while she was mopping the kitchen floor. There was the floor half mopped, as you remember the evidence of the neighbors. Boy says mother went to the barn and went in and that the man came out to meet him, the boy, who was hurrying after her and gave him a stick of candy and told him to go around in front of the house and shake the lilac bush and some more would drop off. Well, the folks found him under the bush and the stick of candy that he was sucking was not all gone."

"The child must have seen the face of his mother's murderer," gasped a member of the group.

"How does the boy describe him?"

"Oh, about as you'd expect a young one to. He stands up on tiptoe and says, 'Big! Tall!' And then he pats his chin and says, 'Hair!'"

"Asa Dorr hasn't got any whiskers," mumbled a juror nervously.

"No, but I've heard and I won't say how," returned the youngish juror shrewdly, "that the fine legal point was raised that a four-year-old child couldn't distinguish between real and false whiskers. The man may have been disguised."

"Widow Stratton wouldn't have dropped everything and gone out there to meet a disguised man," objected one of the jurors.

"Let me tell you this," said the youngish man firmly, "whoever it was that called her into the barn, whiskers or no whiskers, she knew him. A woman don't go to meet strangers that way. But as to that

man being the murderer"—the tone of his voice indicated that he had arrived at the dramatic part— "the boy has told his aunt all at once people 'meouwed in the barn,' as he expressed it, and the man pushed him toward the bush and ran into the barn as fast as he could go."

"What does that prove?" asked one.

"It proves," answered a juror who had not yet spoken, "that by keeping at a young one, suggesting and coaxing, you can get him to say almost anything, and finally stick to it. No wonder they wouldn't admit such testimony."

"How long has Percy Stratton been dead?" some one asked.

"Six years," replied the youngish juror; "at least so the inscription on his grave stone says."

"But this boy—" a man gasped.

"Some say there was a secret marriage—others say almost anything. We have enterprising gossips down our way."

"Then, Dorr—"

"You've heard of Johnny Guess-so, brother? Well, Johnny Guess-so has a terrible big business in our town, but Widow Stratton, with her chin up and her eyes straight ahead and her secret in her heart, always walked right past Johnny. She paid the mortgage on her farm, put money in the bank, and *wouldn't* marry Asa Dorr, who made himself nigh crazy in following her. Poor devil! You can't help pitying him."

The men about him leaned back in their chairs and looked at each other blankly.

"Do you mean to say there's a better motive than Dorr—" began one, but the youngish juror checked him promptly. "Hold on! Now you are beginning to imagine things that might have happened. That kind of truck isn't before us in the case. Juries are ordered to investigate evidence, not speculations. I'm not telling you any of this to influence your ballot. We've got to hew to the line. Dorr was jealous, had a motive, was there. If there was any one who had a bigger motive, same as wanting to shut a woman's mouth, it didn't come out in evidence. I'm voting the only way I can, and that's for conviction. But, gentlemen, never again for me, if I can lie out of the panel hereafter! I simply say as I began: I wish they had put the young one on the stand. It might have pulled the only thread that would have unraveled the other line of evidence."

The foreman had finished writing and had sealed his letter. The rapping of his knuckles on the table's edge broke off the monotonous buzz of voices in the corner and awoke the gasping snorers.

"I think we'd better ballot again, gentlemen of the jury," he said briefly. But again the "No" was there—its three lines and circle affording no clue by shade or quirk as to the hand that wrote it.

Once more began the rasp of snores and the husky exhalations of deep yawns. One tired man spread a newspaper on the dusty floor and groaned there in unquiet slumber.

At last a juror rolled up a window shade, pushed at a creaking window and threw open the blinds. A pink flush shot athwart the tobacco haze. Swallows twittered in the elms in noisy chorus.

"It's broad day, gentlemen," said the juror, and the foreman, who had been sitting stiffly beside the table, arose and blew out the smoky lamps. Then other ballots were called fruitlessly.

At half past nine that morning the panel in the Stratton murder case filed into their seats, summoned by the judge who was incensed at their inability to agree. The prisoner stared at them eagerly—a tall farmer, the sunburn peeled from his cheeks, his clothing crumpled and unkempt after weeks of weary waiting in the county jail.

The court room was packed. A woman with thin face sat in the witness enclosure holding a little child on her knees.

The judge arose and glared at the obstinate jury. The jurymen, aching, hungry, disgusted by weary days in uncomfortable chairs, unused to confinement, worn by their useless vigil, and balked by that remorseless "No," glowered sullenly at the judge. He proceeded to read them a stern lecture on their duty. He reminded them of the labor of trying a criminal case; of the expense to the county, and ordered them to return to their room and deliberate anew.

As he finished, the county sheriff tiptoed in from a side door and whispered in the judge's ear. His honor wrinkled his eyebrows and hastily commanded:—

"The panel will remain seated a moment."

Having finished his whispering, the sheriff unclosed his fist and deposited something on the judge's desk. The high

front concealed all from the spectators. After a time, at a word from the judge, the sheriff creaked along to the jury seats and breathed a word in the foreman's ear. The foreman had been gazing with intent and worshipful regard on a stout, handsome woman in the front row of the gallery, who smiled back at him. She had already been pointed at by spectators, usually with an accompanying explanation buzzed behind a shielding palm. "That's the foreman's new wife. Hain't she got pretty hair? I s'pose that's what they call real auburn."

The foreman, detected in this exchange of connubial wireless messages, blushed deeply and followed the sheriff to the judge's desk, displaying considerable embarrassment.

"Mr. Foreman," said the judge, "I have taken the liberty of presuming that you prepared the slips for the jury ballots."

"I did, your honor," admitted the foreman meekly.

"I have taken the further liberty," the judge went on, eying the foreman keenly, "of presuming that you cut the slip as I should have cut it, and therefore retained the waxed end for yourself."

He held up the packet. One edge was slightly reddened.

"Now I want to inquire why you, the foreman of this jury, are the only man who has voted regularly and persistently to acquit the prisoner and force a disagreement?"

The judge blurted the question and the foreman, county magnate though he was, dropped his eyes.

"Are you acquainted with evidence further than what has been put in by the State or the defense?"

"No, your honor," replied the foreman hesitatingly, raking his trembling fingers through his beard.

"Has there been anything in the evidence produced at the trial to convince you beyond possible doubt that this man is innocent?"

"I can hardly say that, your honor," said the foreman gathering his wits and dragging his gaze off the tell-tale slips in the judge's hand. "But there are some things—my idea is that—"

"Mr. Foreman, this is no place or time for a discussion of this case and you and I have no business to do so apart from your fellow jurymen. Now I would be the last to intimidate by word or suggestion an honest man who founded his opinion on law and evidence. But here I note that you take a somewhat—er—peculiar position in standing out against eleven others who have attentively listened to this case. Do you require further instruction?"

"No, your honor, I don't think I do."

"Then let me suggest that you take back to your room a more lucid view of what law and evidence demand from a juror. Mr. Sheriff, conduct the jury." The judge settled down in his high backed chair.

When the foreman turned from the bench the piteous face of Dorr, drawn and haggard, confronted him. The man's eyes devoured him, evidently seeking some encouragement or assurance.

"God! Think of me having to put the rope round his neck," panted the sheriff, his moist lips close to the foreman's ear. "But I reckon it will have to be so."

The foreman, his face gray and his features rigid, looked over the accused man's head and saw his wife smiling at him from the gallery.

The child, showing in its pathetic unkemptness the lack of a mother's scrupulous care, uneasy in this hush of many persons, had wriggled from his inattentive aunt's lap. He was pudging to and fro in the aisle and delightedly sliding his hands along the polished wood of the witness pen's rail. He looked up into the face of the tall foreman as the man came striding toward him, let go the rail and clutched at the coat skirts as they flapped near. At the tug the foreman halted and looked down into the eager face of the child and at the grimy little hand with its fingers wriggling appealingly. And then in the breathless quiet the voice of the boy shrilled:—

"Barn man, dimme some tan'ny!"

The sheriff laughed. The court-room crowd laughed. This funny little hold up seemed amusing at first blush. But the expression on the face of the foreman as he tore from the feeble clutch of the little one and went out of the room at the head of the jurymen froze the laughter. A murmur ran over the crowd. People squeezed together and buzzed despite the deputy's gavel.

"Prepare your ballots, gentlemen," directed the foreman. His voice was hoarse and he avoided their glances. The jurymen did not speak. They stared at each other significantly, each face white under its neglected stubble of beard. Then they wrote and deposited.

"Eleven—" the foreman reached up and tugged at his collar—"eleven for acquittal, one—one for conviction."

There was another long silence.

"Gentlemen," said the youngest juror at last, "there's no use standing here like dummies any longer. I'm going to speak my mind. As I told you last night," here he singled out with his eyes the men with whom he had discussed the unadmitted evidence, "perhaps the law can't put a child of four on the stand as a legal witness. Perhaps a child doesn't understand the nature of an oath, and all that. But by the eternal God, gentlemen," his excitement was growing into a rage that was almost hysterical, aggravated as it was by hunger and sleeplesness, "there's more than one way of introducing evidence, and I know when Justice points out a murderer by—by—I live in the town of Windsor, gentlemen," he yelled. "and I've sniffed certain trails and I'm going to say it! He's been tagged by the hand of that young one!"

But somehow that dramatic climax didn't score as it should have done. The foreman tugged his coat together in front, buttoned it slowly and all the time leveled a calm and steady gaze upon the gasping men bunched in front of him. His nervousness, so recently displayed in the court room, had left him. He was again the resolute, dignified person that all his county knew as its business leader and man of affairs.

"You don't appear to be drunk, Jaquith," he drawled coldly, "but you are certainly crazy!" The juryman was about to speak but the foreman made one stride and caught him by the arm.

"Look here, Jaquith," he gritted, "that's enough! You always *have* been one of those know-it-all fellows, but this time you are yapping at the heels of the wrong man. One more yelp of that sort and I'll kick you so far you can't walk back in a week.

"I can see what's in your minds, gentlemen," he went on, his passion gathering force, "soaked and saturated as you are with this case, harried and worried by doubts until you are ready to jump at a boo! you have gone off your feet. What started you? The chatter of a child who has been coaxed, and teased and even coached, perhaps, and pumped full of all kinds of suggestions for weeks by relatives and lawyers. So now, you put that gabble beside the life I have lived in the face and eyes of the public for all these years, do you?"

As the fever of their sudden excitement wore away, the jurymen's faces expressed shame, confusion and suspicion, all curiously mingled.

"I have voted for acquittal, gentlemen," he cried, his tones growing more stern and assertive, "because I have felt that way, and to vote as one thinks is the right of an intelligent juryman, and one not to be questioned. I changed my vote the last time in a moment of weakness, for which the judge was responsible. Now I—" he scrawled "No" on a slip, and obtrusively displayed it; "I am again voting for acquittal."

Some of them pale, some flushed, some scowling, some arching their eyebrows and all grimly silent, yet all impelled by the one sudden panic of doubt, the jurymen wrote and deposited. All bent their heads over the table, and all nodded in satisfied unison when they straightened. Then their foreman marched stiffly out and away to the court room, his retinue tramping behind.

"What say you, Foreman?" asked the clerk.

"Not guilty!" The foreman announced the verdict calmly, his eye steady, his gaze straight at the judge. And his honor, though he chewed his moustache fiercely, made no comment on that verdict, so contrary to evidence and the charge.

"Enter the verdict," Mr. Clerk, the judge ordered curtly, and added, with a queer scowl, "the jury is discharged." Then he immediately announced a recess, and rustled away in his silk robe, slamming the door of his little room behind him.

The acquitted man, his eyes shining with strange light, his lips quivering, thrust through a congratulating press, following his counsel to the attorneys' chamber.

"Gentlemen!"

The two lawyers of the prosecution broke off their excited murmur, and snapped

their heads around to face the woman who had accosted them. It was the wife of the foreman. She had hastened down from the gallery and up the aisle, and now leaned over the rail of the enclosure. The two men surveyed with respectful admiration her mature and solid charms, and sniffed a subtle and agreeable perfume wafted from her fashionable attire.

"This must seem a most presumptuous step for me to take, gentlemen," she said, "but it is useless for us to ignore the fact that a little while ago the idle chatter of a child provoked a ridiculous scene that some people here seem determined to construe into,—into,—well, tell me, gentlemen, isn't it too absurd to attract the least official notice?"

Both attorneys stammered a duet of disavowal, yet they were awkward in their protestations, and her keen woman's eye noted their mental reservations. She went on calmly.

"Thank you, gentlemen. I was sure you attached no significance to the incident, but for the last fifteen minutes this court room has throbbed with the foolish thing, and therefore I'm sure you will pardon my nervousness."

The eyes of the lawyers followed her gaze across the room to where the foreman stood, sternly and proudly casting back the glowering looks that were bent upon him. The thin-faced woman squeezed through the press toward him, dragging the child. She dared,—this sister of the victim,—to voice the baleful suspicions that were mistily taking form in the minds of the mob.

"Asa Dorr has weaselled through a small hole," she cried shrilly, "but you can't follow him. The truth of all this is comin' out as sure as there's a God in Heaven, and my sister Fannie shan't haunt her relatives, cryin' out for justice on her murderer."

The taunt rang through the court room, and the two lawyers shifted uneasy gaze from the thin woman to the opulent beauty who faced them.

"I am glad to know your views, Mr. Attorney," she went on mildly. "But in case there should be any ill-considered public pressure,—you know how the hungry mob clamors for a victim, no matter who,—I thought that you ought to know that my husband,—this was before our marriage,—was with me all that day when this dreadful affair happened, and, if it becomes necessary, this can be proved. I'll be glad to have you look the matter up. I suppose that is what the lawyers call an alibi, isn't it?"

"That certainly should be a very effective one," responded the State's attorney gallantly.

"I thought I would speak of it to you," she said with a smile, "for I didn't want this,—this fantastic identification to lead to more trouble and useless expense."

She bowed, smiled sweetly again, and went out of the room on her husband's arm, both of them scornfully impervious to the stares and the whisperings.

"Judges, lawyers, sheriffs," clamored the thin woman hysterically, "can't you see the blood on him? Are you going to let him go scot free? She'll haunt you! My sister will haunt you!"

Then, growing bolder and more furious as the foreman and his wife hastened on downstairs, she ran after them and screamed maledictions and threats from the big door of the court house as long as they were in hearing. The frightened child clung to her dress, bawling lustily.

"You know what they all say, Squire! Murder will out!" quavered a prying old man, addressing the State's prosecutor who was busily stuffing his papers into his green bag.

"But not out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," retorted the State's attorney with some anger. "And," he added, for he did not want scandal and gossip barking at his heels as he left the town, "If this county wants us to chase a ghost, advised and led by a four-year-old child, and has four thousand dollars more for the expenses of another trial, just have the taxpayers send us word."

"I guess that will hold 'em for a time," he mumbled in the ear of the county attorney, as they left the room.

That night, in a closely curtained room in the shire's tavern, sat the foreman, his wife and the discharged prisoner. Their faces were hard and pallid. And after a long, murmuring, cautiously hushed colloquy, the woman put her elbows on her knees, set her fingers into her hair, and, propping her shapely head on her strong arms, gazed at the floor and said, with that in her voice that was almost a whine :—

"And so she had his honor, his good

"You put that gabble beside the life I have lived for all these years."

name, his fortune, his peace of mind, my pride and all our future in her hands after we had waited so long; and she played with me as a cat with a mouse,—just as she played with your heart, Dorr. You understand. You *have* understood. You have suffered through it along with us, and have kept your word."

"We have all kept our words," mumbled the foreman. He blinked stupidly, for he was heavy after his vigil, and weak with relaxing nervous tension. "Yes, we have all three done as we agreed. It was right."

"God knows whether it *has* been right," blurted Dorr. "I guess it can never seem right for me again in this world. This being acquitted—"

"I promised you should be acquitted, Asa. I have put it through, and you know what it has cost me. There are more fingers pointed my way now, than yours. But it isn't for whining that we're here. I suppose you went to-day and got the—those articles?"

"I found 'em where I buried 'em," said the man dully, and he fumbled at the straps of a long wallet. The foreman at this movement also began unstrapping a wallet. Dorr paused and peered at him questioningly, and the other met his gaze.

"Asa," said the foreman, apology in his tones, "you have had the jail, the hard knocks from tongues, the big end of the worry, and the loss of time from your work." He stood up and held a packet of greenbacks toward Dorr. "It is only right," he added, coaxingly.

"I ain't runnin' a bargain counter," growled Dorr, red creeping into his cheeks. "If I haven't given them to you before it wasn't so that I could sell them to you now. I believed then that you'd have me acquitted, as you agreed, and I wasn't suspicious of you, but I simply hung onto 'em to make sure. It's a good debtor that pays when goods are delivered. You settled for these to-day when that jury reported. No, damn your money. Keep it! I'm not that kind."

They stood facing each other, each tendering his little parcel, each expostulating. The woman looked on the objects in Dorr's hands and her lips "chuffered" softly, she trembled so violently. At that tense instant a window giving upon the piazza roof was shivered with startling crash and a man leaped into the center of the room, kicking glass and torn shade curtains from his path. It was the high sheriff of the county and he was alone.

"Gents," he cried bluffly, "I've been peeking through that shade for half an

hour and I reckoned this was about the time to come in. What are you trading, you the man that was first to find a murdered woman, and you, the foreman of the jury that acquitted him?"

He stretched a broad hand imperiously before each of the men, standing between them.

"Squire," he went on, addressing the foreman, "you and I have been friends and have trained together politically. Now from what has happened to-day about those slips of paper that I brought from the jury room, and other matters, I don't want you to think I'm trying to browbeat or bulldoze you. But I'm sheriff of this county and when the sister of the murdered woman comes to me, as she did an hour ago, and says, 'Sheriff, it's your duty to find out what business Asa Dorr has with the foreman of the jury, and to look into that room where I've trailed 'em,' then by the eternal, gents, I did consider it *was* my duty, and I'm here. Now if you've got anything that belongs in this case and that hasn't been put in, deliver it over."

He clacked the fingers on both hands with irritable insistence, palms upspread before them. But both men clutched their wallets to their breasts.

"Sheriff," the foreman asked at last, "is there anyone on that piazza to overhear us?"

"No, sir."

"Then listen a moment, Arad, forgetting you are sheriff of this county." He began plaintively but immediately grew impetuous. "My God, I've been through too much to fight this thing any longer, Arad. A man has got only about so much grit and hold-on in him, and the last twenty-four hours has cleaned my stock out of me. There's no need of my going into history, Arad. You and I and my wife, here, and Fannie Stratton went to the seminary together, and you know how in those early days that girl manœuvered to break up every poor little romance she saw going on. It was her curse—and the curse of all who stirred her jealousy—that disposition! If there is such a thing as a moral obsession, driving people to make trouble in the world, by God, Arad, Fannie Stratton had it, and you know it as well as I."

"The truth of all this is coming out."

The sheriff's jaw muscles tautened grimly and he frowned.

"She busted the only real—but go on!" he quavered.

"There is just one woman I have loved all my life," said the foreman brokenly, "and here she is." He put his hand on his wife's shoulder. "A lie separated us half a dozen different times in school—a bigger lie took her away from me and gave her to Sprague, old enough to be her father, before she realized the plot—and you know what life has been to us both, Arad, during all these years of waiting. And that wasn't enough—she—"

"So you killed her," the sheriff gasped.

"Law isn't always justice."

"When two people are getting ready to face the future as husband and wife after the mistakes of the past," the foreman went on resolutely, "there are some kinds of lies that must be cleared up and the liar confounded. We went together, she and I, that day and called Fannie Stratton into her barn where we could be alone. Before God, Arad, we only intended to make her confess—to clear up the lies so that the shadows wouldn't chase us any longer!"

"But you killed her! The law—it don't make allowances," stuttered the sheriff.

Still the foreman proceeded with grim determination, unheeding the interruption. "Instead of repentance we met only more abuse, more lies, threats, demands for money as the price of silence on charges damnably untrue, every one. While I was gone out to send away the child she struck—well, here!" He parted his wife's heavy hair and disclosed a livid scar. "The blood on that wagon spoke came from here! So much for your circumstantial evidence!"

The sheriff scruffed his palm behind his ear and gulped wordlessly.

"Why, Arad, I found her kneeling on this poor woman's breast and beating her cruelly because Elizabeth had dared to defy her and tell her what she was!"

Dorr had unstrapped his wallet. Now he stepped forward and laid in the sheriff's hand a lock of auburn hair, closely tangled about a hair pin with enamelled head and the officer's keen eye noted that the ornament bore a monogram. Dorr's thumb pointed to this significantly. "It shows how savage she could be," he mumbled in the sheriff's ear. "I got it out of her hand before the fire touched it—and it told me the story, Mr. Sheriff, mighty quick."

The officer fumbled the clinging curl, and knitted his brows.

"I never laid violent hands on a woman before, Arad," said the foreman, "but when I saw that, I took her by the shoulders and flung her—I didn't see where,—I didn't care where. But it was upon the heels of her horse. He was crazy at the noise behind him. He launched her back a corpse. That's God's truth, Sheriff. But, could I take that story and a good woman's reputation, and my life and her's before a jury in this county? I couldn't face it, Arad,—we couldn't face it." His palm was fondling his wife's hair; her hands were clutched across her face.

Dorr was mumbling again in the sheriff's ear. "I've got to own up that I've lied about one thing in this case. She wasn't on fire when I came into the barn that day to do some work. No, sheriff, she wasn't burning, but I found her, and, sticking out of a tear in her dress, where the hoofs had ripped it, there was a paper, and it was a certificate, showing that she had been married secretly all along to some man I'd never heard of,—and all the time me working my hands off on her farm, and mortgaging my farm, to give her money! I just lighted that certificate and torched up the straw in that stall, and I never would have come out, never, if I hadn't heard folks on their way there." His face was white and rigid at memory of his bitter resolve. "When I found out—" he tapped the object in the sheriff's hand, "I saw what my duty was, and I followed it. We've all been through hell-fire, more or less, but I reckon our skins are tougher'n hers," said he, looking at the sobbing woman. "I stood between her and a jury, and I'd do it again, for I'm that way towards women. But as for the other—" he drew his forearm across his forehead, dripping with perspiration, "I reckon the world is better with one less of that kind in it."

The foreman fumbled at his beard with trembling fingers.

"I know what law and evidence is, Arad," he faltered, "but law isn't always justice, and we three miserable folks"—but he choked and paused.

The sheriff walked to the window, peered cautiously outside, and came back.

"Call me in and make it four," he blurted, "for"—he pushed the hair and the pin into the air-tight stove and clapped the door shut, "I'm destroying evidence, even if I am sheriff of the county. That puts me in the same boat and gives me the laboring oar, doing that, eh?" He waggled his fingers at the stove. "I may be right, I may be wrong, but I don't want to see a Winthrop county jury wrassling any more with a case like that. It's going up on appeal to the supreme court."

The three stared at him in alarm.

"I mean the Great and Only Court that can subpœna Fannie Stratton, the chief witness," he added, with grim emphasis. "Now I'm going down stairs to advise the relatives to go home and mind their own business."

"I dusted out on my own hook."

MAN'S ESTATE

A Tale of Red Saunders' Boyhood

By Henry Wallace Phillips

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

DID I ever tell you about how I first stepped into full growth?" asked Red Saunders. "No? Well, thank your luck for the past, and put your faith in me for the future. We've got lots of time, nothing better to do, and I feel just like relatin' history. When a man tells about the days of his youth, or that dog he once had, said man ain't aimin' at gettin' rid of it quick. Nay, fair friend, he wants to roll it under his tongue; to let her ripple forth in sections, between smokes, because, for one thing, he's got to manufacture it. But of course, what I tell is strictly true—you have my word for it. Like Bud Simpson and the bank cashier.

"'I want one thousand dollars,' says Bud. The cashier, he laughs the 'ha-ha!' of the man that knows and says 'on what?'

"'On my word,' says Bud.

"'What's your word?' scoffs that sneerin' cashier.

"'My word is that this gun goes off if I don't get it,' says Bud.

"'A soft answer turneth away wrath,' says the cashier, 'taka da mon,' so what I say is true, because I'm larger than you are. Bud paid back the money, and may be there's a streak of facts in my little game of talk.

"Well, it started with two ladies—everything starts with one or more ladies. In the little, white painted New England town that's going to proudly claim the honor of being my birthplace some day, there lived Miss Mehitabel Demilt and Miss Mary Ann McCracken, besides some other folks. Miss Mehitabel was the quietest, kindest little old maid mouse of a woman you ever did see, but Miss Mary Ann was a roarer, a full-rigged pirate ship with a dark cloud of trouble in the offing. She had a bass voice and a hand like a hired man.

"Miss Mehitabel taught Sunday-school, and put lots of faith in man, in spite of the neglect that was obvious in her title. Miss McCracken, she drove a milk wagon because she had no faith in man whatsoever and she was a scoffer from Scoffersburgh.

"Miss Mehitabel was 'Hitty' to the village, but I never heard of anybody calling Miss McCracken anything but Mary Ann,—if you'd seen her glarin' out of them iron specks of hers, her gray hair standin' straight up, and her mouth drawed across her face like a fence wire, you'd realize Mary Ann wasn't playful in her habits. More'n that, she was the only human being I ever met who did just exactly what she sweetly pleased, without regard to age, sex, place or reason.

"Once a misguided man broke into her house, because it was rumored around that the old lady was a miser with a stocking full of wealth. And she got him. When the mournful hired man arrived, there was two hundred pounds of Mary Ann sitting on the thief's back with one gentle hand lovingly coiled in his hair. 'You Pete!' says Mary Ann, 'git me a bed slat.'

"'That feller'll kill you, if I don't help,' says the mournful man.

"'Want me to let go of him and take holt of you?' says she. 'Git a bed slat!' So the mournful man cantered out and brought a bed slat.

"'Now,' says Mary Ann, 'you will come a bustin' into people's houses will you? Well "whack," I'll "whack" teach you "whack" that that "whack, whack, whack," ain't manners.' Then came a sound like a pack of fire crackers.

"'Now,' says the old lady, 'you travel.' And that thief wasn't a man that had to be asked twice.

"'You sh'd 'a' had 'im arrested,' says the mournful man, but Mary Ann raised the slat, and the discussion was closed.

"Miss Hitty dressed to represent about sixteen. She had ribbons and streamers floatin' free, but a kinder, nor better woman never lived. Them young clothes stood for all she dreamt of. Give the dreams the go-by and the race was over for Miss Hitty. Feathers flyin' and ribbons streamin'. She made herself believe she was still in the running—without 'em. She knew only too well what it was to be a homely, long-nosed, forsaken old maid. I don't blame her a particle. Her finery stood to her like whiskey to a busted man. A trifle gay for the folks in father's church was Miss Hitty, yet they didn't dast to say a word. She belonged to one of our best families, and her brother-in-law, who could be the ungodliest man under provocation you ever guessed at, held a mortgage on the church. He thought a heap of Miss Hitty and he'd have dumped the whole church outfit into the snows of winter without carin' once about it, if they hadn't used her right. So they overlooked things and gave her the Bible class to run. Mighty nice to us boys she was—she certainly was. I scarcely remember anyone with pleasanter feelings. No nonsense at all to the boys—a curious mix of a harmless little critter—part child, and part good horse-sense woman. The woman carried her place all right, but the child couldn't stand the pain of it. Miss Hitty took us boys along a gentle path, full of faith and kindliness.

"Now Miss Mary Ann McCracken used to roar aloud at the very mention of father's church. One person she really loved, and that was my mother. As for my father,—well, he was a huge, stark, big-boned man, honest and sensible in most ways, but his firm belief was, that, to be pleased with anything was the first step on the downward path. Lord! One look into his eyes would take all the spring out of a grasshopper. He whaled me for the sins of the entire world, I reckon, and he must have weighed on mother's heart—like the truth of some awful dream. She bein' fond of flowers, dogs, cats, horses,

music, people, sunlight, human kindness and laughter. Laughter! Well, I'll never forget one Sunday when the sermon was about a Mrs. Jael. She took in one of the enemy, fed him fine, and, while he was asleep, grabbed a hammer and a railroad

"'Sssh!' says she, 'what is it, Will?'

"'You never could have done that,' I says.

"She squeezed my hand and whispered back, 'You're right, Will,' with an approving smile.

"You git married and shuck them clothes."

spike and nailed him to the floor by his head. Whilst I was revolving in my mind how, and on what person, I could best apply these teachings, another thought occurred to me.

"'Mother!' I whispers, pulling her sleeve.

"'No,' says I, still full of my discovery, 'You'd have pounded your thumb.'

"Her face went ten different ways, and then she snorted right out. It was a scandal. It took her so by surprise she couldn't get the best of it, so we two had to leave the church. When we got outside, she sat

"You fight that boy fair."

down and laughed for five minutes.

"I think my father was melancholy mad. Lord! Lord! What a mate for my mother! That tall, proud, beautiful woman, who stepped as if she owned the world, and loved it! God, boy, all the tragedies ain't played with a gun. Well, let's cut the old sore-spots. Anyhow, Miss Mary Ann used to wave all four limbs, and holler every time she thought of father.

"One day she stopped her milk wagon and come into the yard, one finger pointed at father like a musket, her jaws set and her old eyebrows drawn down over her old eyes till nothin' but a black fire showed.

"'Adèle De La Tour!' says she, 'what made you marry that man,—what made you marry him, heh, heh? Don't you answer me! I knew your mother before you. You listen. What made you marry him? He ain't got blood in his veins at all; he turns decent vittels into vinegar. Hah. His mother's milk cruddled in his stummick.'

"She humped up her back and shook both fists. 'He orter married *me!*' She says: 'I'd 'a' fixed him! He'd orter married *me!*' She b'iled over entirely and galloped for the gate. 'I'd wring his cussed neck if I stayed a minute longer,' she hollers. When she got in the wagon she snorted, and mumbled, and growled, 'Orter married *me!*' she whoops, shakin' her whip: '*I'd* give him all the hell he needed! Pah! Pish! Yah!—Git out 'o' this Jacky hoss, before you take to singin' hymns!' Now that was Miss McCracken, given to speakin' her mind fully and frankly, as you see.

"Howsomever, I was walkin' home with Miss Hitty one Sunday, her carryin' her gay parasol and truck, as was my custom, for mother always told me to be nice to Miss Hitty. I was cheering her up the best I could, when lo and behold! who should we see bearin' down the street, all sails set and every gun loaded, but Miss Mary Ann McCracken! The first blast she give us was:—

"'Ha, Mehitabel! Gallivantin' around with the boys, now that the men 's give out, hey?'

"Poor little Miss Hitty was flummexed fool-hardy. She stuttered out some kind of answer, instead of breakin' for home.

"'Oh, my! my! my!' says Mary Ann, not paying the least attention to Miss Hitty's remarks. 'My!' says she, 'you'd ought to shuck them clothes. What you wastin' your time on boys fur? You was always hombly, Hitty; yes, but you're clean—I'll say that for you—you're clean. You stand some chance yet. You git married and shuck them clothes—*but shuck them clothes anyhow!*'

"You could have heard her to Willet's Mountain. And away she flew.

"Miss Hitty cried all the way home. I did my best to comfort her, but Mary Ann jabbed deep. She was child entirely when we reached her front door, and she turned to me just like a child.

"'*Must* I wear different clothes, Will?' she says.

"'Not a darn bit,' says I. 'Not for all the jealous, pop-eyed old Jezebels in ten townships.'

"She stood a moment, relieved, but still doubtful. 'I don't know but what I *should*,' she said. Then I got in the argument that went every time, on every question, in those parts. 'Why, Miss Hitty!' I says, 'how you talk! Think of the cost of it!'

"That poor woman was so grateful she threw both arms and her parasol around my neck and kissed me then and there. 'I won't!' she says, stamping her foot, 'I won't! I won't!' and she swept into the house real spirited, like a high-strung mouse.

"So it come I was Miss Hitty's champion.

"Some little son-of-a-gun happened to see Miss Hitty kiss me, and, of course, I heard from it. All the gay wags in town took a fly out of me. Even old Eli, the tin peddler, led me mysteriously to one side and whispered he believed in helping young fellers, so when I was getting my outfit—and he winked—why, he'd make a big reduction in tinware. I stood most of the gaffing pretty well, although I couldn't stop at any place without adding to the collection of rural jokes, but at last one man stepped over the line that separates a red-head from war.

"There was always a crowd of hungry loafers around the tavern. A city loafer ain't like a country loafer. The city loafer is a blackguard that ain't got a point in his favor, except that he's different from the country loafer.

"One day I had to go by the tavern and I see Mick Murphy sitting tilted back in his chair, his hat over his eyes, thumbs in suspenders, big neck busting his shirt open, his big legs busting through the pant's legs, his big feet busting through the ends of his curved-up shoes, and a week's growth of pig-bristles busting out of his red face. Mick was the bold bully of the rougher crowd—fellers from twenty to twenty-five. He worked till he got money enough to buy whiskey, then he got drunk and licked somebody.

"The course of such lads is pretty regular. Mick was at that time about a year from robbing hen roosts. Next to hen roosts comes holding up the lone farmer. Then the gang gets brash entirely, two or three are killed, and the rest land in the pen. It's too bad. This Mick wasn't a bad soul at all. His bunch spoiled him. You wouldn't believe hardly what kiddish minds these ignorant, hulking brutes have sometimes, nor how, sometimes, they come to the front, big, bigger than life size. If I was a painter I shouldn't waste a minute putting down Mick Murphy as a thing of beauty. Little bits of eyes, near hid with whiskey bloat, big puffy lips, stained with tobacco juice till they looked like the blood was coming through; dirty handed, dirty clothed and dirty mouthed—yah! Let me spit. And still——Well, when I remember how that bull-dozing lummox went up a burning flight of stairs, tore a burning door off its hinges with them big dirty hands, and brought a little girl down through a wallow of flames, taking the coat off his back to wrap around her, whilst he was scorched from head to heel; and how the pride of the man come out when the mother stumbled towards him, calling on God to reward him, and he straightened under the pain and said, 'Ah, that's all right, ledy! 'f your 'ol man 'll stand a drink an' a new shirt we'll call it square.' The son-of-a-gun never left his bed for six weeks—why, he was broiled all down one side—why, when I remember that, I can't call up such a disgust for old Mick, and I'm darned glad I reformed him. Yes——I was the party who reformed him, without ever

meaning to, or knowing the first thing about it. I reformed Mick with both hands, applied as hard and frequent as possible.

"Nothing could be further from the thoughts of either party than reform, while the process was in operation. As I said, I see Mick Murphy leaning back in his chair at the tavern. Of course, he had a word to say about me and Miss Hitty. Now, the bare sight of Mick used to make the hair stand up on the back of my neck and growls boil inside of me. I just naturally disliked that man. So I sassed him plenty. He got mad and threatened to slap my face. I passed him some sweet thought or other, and he *did* slap my face. I caught him on his rum-bouquet and sent him plumb off his feet—not bad for a sixteen year old, when you consider the other party was an accomplished rough-houser. Yes, sir, he went right down, clean, more from the quickness than the stuff behind the blow, as I hadn't anywheres near grew into my strength yet. The tavern crowd set up a roar, and then jumped to interfere, for Mick, he roared too, and made to pull me apart. The onlookers wouldn't stand for it. They weren't such high-toned gents, but a contest between a leggy kid and a powerful man looked too far off the level.

"'You run,' says one fellow to me. 'We'll hold him,' but hanged if I was going to run. My thoughts was a mix, as usual in such cases—most of it hardly thinking at all, and the rest, a kind of white hot yearning to damage something, and a desire to hustle away from there before I got hurt. Then too, it had reached the limit about Miss Hitty—I sure wasn't going to stand hearing her name mishandled by tavern loafers. Yet the principal cause for my staying, was my anxiety to leave. That great, big, bellowing Irishman, dragging a half-dozen men around to get at me, the blood streaming down his face, and his expression far from agreeable, put a crimp in my soul, and don't you forget it. But I seemed to understand that this was my first man's size proposition, and that, if I didn't take my licking like a man, I never could properly respect myself afterwards. So whilst my legs were pleading, 'come Willie, let's trot and see mother—it will be pleasanter,' I raked my system for sand and stood pat. I knew a trick or two about assaulting your fellow man as well as Mick, when you come to that. Fighting is really as good an education for fighting as practising boxing is, and perhaps a little better. It ain't so much a question of how you make your props and parries, as how much damage you inflict upon the party of the second part.

"'Let him come!' I says, 'what you holding him for, 's if he was a ragin' lion or something? Let go of him!'

"'You skip, you darn fool,' says my first friend. 'He'll eat you raw.'

"'Well, it will be my funeral,' I says. 'If you will see he don't put me down and gouge my eye out, I'll take him as he comes.'

"Gouging was a great trick with that gang,—I feared it more than death itself.

"Just at that minute old Eli drove up. 'What in tarnation's this?' says he. When he found out, he tried to make me go home, but all this advice I didn't want had made me more determined. I got crying mad, 'Gol-ding it all to thunder!' says I, hopping up and down. 'You see me fair play and turn him loose, Eli. I want one more swat at him,—just let me hit him once more, and I'll go home.'

"Eli was a tall, round-shouldered man, who looked like a cross between a prosperous minister and a busted lawyer. He had a consumptive cough, and an easy, smoothing way with his hands, always sort of apologizing. Several men had been led astray by these appearances, and picked a quarrel with Eli. Two weeks in bed was the average for making that mistake.

"He looked at me with his head sideways, pulling his chin whisker. 'Billy,' says he, 'I hev experienced them sentiments myself. It shell be as you say.' He went to his wagon, and drew out a muzzle-loading pistol from under the seat. The pistol was loaded with buck-shot, and four fingers of powder to push it, as every one around knew. He walked up to Mick and put the touch of a cold, gray, Yankee eye on him. 'Young man,' he says, 'I ain't for your clawin', chawin', kickin' style of conductin' a row, so I tell you this; you fight that boy fair, or I'll mix buck-shot with your whiskey.—Turn your bullock loose!'

"The men let go of him, and here he come . . . . . Fortunately, I remember every detail of that scrap, clear as crystal.

I led with my left, and Mick countered with his chin. A thunder-storm hit me in the left ear. Ker-bang, ker-swot. Scurry-scurry, biff-biff-biff. Somebody hit somewhere. Somebody with a pain in the neck. No time to find out who it is. Zip, smash, rip; more pains; streaks of fire on the horizon; must have run aground. Roar-roar-bump,—ah, bully for you, Billy! Slam him, Mick! Hit him again, sonny! You got him! Now you got him! Aaaay-hooray! The switch is open; here we go, bumping over the ties.—Gee! How it jars; Right over the edge of the trestle,—bing! C'm off'n him, you big black whelp, aggh! le'go! Twist his thumb! Kick the brute! Get up, boy! Roooor swishz.—Where in thunder did the big black bird come from? And what's he doing here? Never mind. No time to stop. Lovely Peter! How she rolls! Who is it that's sick at his stomach?—Mick, probably. Lightning struck, that time . . Again . . . Mmmmmmearrrrr . . . dark . . . dark.

"Holy Smoke! Raining ice-water! He's all right! Give him a little air! Somebody crying 'I did the best I could by the big brute, Eli; g-gu-gug-gel-darn him!' More light. Daybreak, and here I am again, on the ground, wet to the hide, the bucket they emptied on me alongside, and Eli holding my head up. And what's the battered thing opposite, with one eye swelled shut, mouth the size of a breakfast-roll, and red, white and black patches over all?—Why, it's Mick!

"'Did he lick me, Eli?' says I.

"Eli laughed kind of nervous. 'Neither you, nor him, nor me, will ever know,' says he. 'He's willing to call it a draw.'

"I staggered to my feet and wabbled to my partner in the dance, holding out my hand. 'Much obliged to you, Mick,' says I.

"He leaned back and laughed, till I joined, as well as I could, for crying. He grabbed my hand and shook it. 'Yer all right,' says he. 'Sorry I am I said a word to ye. An' yer th' h— of a red-headed bye to fight. I've enough.'

"Whilst I was a simple lad, I wasn't a fool; and whilst the violet and some other things held over me in modesty, yet I didn't believe in the impossible, neither. And for me to hold that two-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound rough-and-tumble fighter, even, was impossible. I see he was ashamed of the whole thing. As soon as his ugly temper had had the edge knocked off of it, he took that generous way of closing the deal. No bad man at all, old Mick.

"You just say that to save my feelings,' I said.

"'What's that?' says he, rough and hard. 'Off with ye!' He wouldn't admit being decent for a farm. He swung away.

"So that's the way I was induced to take upon myself the duties of an American citizen,—long may she wave!—because my father got hold of a tale that I was drunk, and fighting at the tavern, and he simply skinned me alive.—It was beyond all enduring.—Mother was with me, that the time had come for me to quit. I packed my little bag, and dusted out on my own hook.

"There's one pleasant spot in the muss. The day I left, Mick went to the tavern and called for a glass of whiskey. He poured out a snorter, and balanced it on the flat of his thumb. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' says he, 'both bein' absent, I call ye to look upon the kind frind that led Mick Murphy,—Mick, the T'umper, that's licked the county,—to bang a bit of a bye, after misnamin' a decent woman.' Smash! goes the glass on the floor. 'Tra-la-loo to you!' says Mick, flinging the bar-keep a dollar. 'Keep the change,' says he. 'It's the last cint I have, and the last cint you'll ever have from me.'

"That's just what happened, too. He's located about twenty mile over yonder, with a factory, and somewheres in the neighborhood of ninety and nine thousand Murphys claimin' him as their start. And one of the best friends I have, after coming back from the West, is old Mick."

Mr. Phillips' first novel, which under the title of "Plain Mary Smith" tells of Red Saunders' adventures on the Isthmus of Panama, will begin in the June number.

"Say, you gimme de show."

MATTHEW

The Story of a Boy Who "Made Good"

By E. F. Stearns

WITH DRAWINGS BY F. R. GRUGER

HIS name was Matthew. He was armed with his Board of Health certificate. He was strong in the brazen, necessary assertion that, appearances notwithstanding, he *was* "over fourteen." He was hampered by no lack of sophistication, and looking for a job had wrought within his bosom no new emotions. Yet, for all that, drawn thither by the magnetic "Boy Wanted," his initial entrance to the shipping office was timid and apologetic.

He encountered the head office-boy, some few minutes returned from his daily pilgrimage to the New York office—an important person of parts, who, from the dignity of tall, white collar and glaring red necktie, grinned contemptuously at him. He himself grinned back utter deprecation, and spoke in a queer, shrill, little voice. The head office-boy snickered in a superior way and jerked a thumb toward the assistant shipping-clerk.

Following this dignitary, Matthew entered the superintendent's office, and the assistant stepped aside to reveal him, with: "Boy looking for the job, sir," and waited for anything facetious which Hanford might care to say.

Hanford cared to say nothing facetious, as it appeared rather astonishingly after some thirty seconds. Indeed, he neglected even to smile, which was rather disconcerting.

What was his name? Matty Schweitz

—yessir, Matthew. How old? Fourteen last June. *Fourteen?* Yessir, fourteen last June—seventh o' June.

Why wasn't he in school? Matty took this as a bright little jest, and grinned appreciatively as he made reply. Gotter eat! Ever worked before? Sure—yessir. A year in a china factory, an' six mont's with a grocer, carrying out orders. And he was only fourteen *now?* Well—yessir. Were his parents alive? Yessir. Working? Yessir. Ma took in washing. Father? Stepfather, sir. Well—what did he do? Drank. That last statement of occupation, Matty appeared to think, explained the whole conventional situation—and for Hanford it did. He rubbed slowly on his glasses and mentally revolved Matty.

The boy he needed should have been bigger and older and stronger; but he looked again at this one, asking work because he had to eat, noted the well soaped hair, the clean, thin cheeks, the roughened hands with the red knuckles, the threadbare suit, the fairly presentable shirt, the pipe-stem legs in the darned stockings, the grotesquely immense shoes. Hanford possessed a heart and a conscience, which are at times inconvenient things; and when he was done with the inspection he snapped his glasses into the case with a certain air of finality.

"What wages have you been getting?"

"Two'n a quarter at the chiny factory."

"And at the—other place?"

"Platz's—de grocery? Dollar'n a haf."

"One dollar and a half a week?"

"Yessir. Well—" Matty grinned dubiously. "I guess the grub was s'posed t' count fer somethin'."

"Oh, you lived with them?"

"Nossir, on'y t' eat meals. They wasn't much," he supplemented. "Mostly melted grease an' cabbage an' them gluey dumplin's—Dutch stuff like that."

"Um. Would you like to come here at three dollars a week?"

"Would I? Say, you gimme de show—" He pulled up sharply. "Yessir."

Hanford turned back to his work and picked up his pen. Very well, they would try him. George could give him a time-card and put him to work.

Thus, athrill with something as near to childlike joy as was possible to his prematurely aged self, Matty was led out of the presence and installed as junior general-utility boy of the Burnside Chemical Works.

Perhaps by contrast with the days of the china factory and the grocery, Matthew seemed to regard his lot as happy rather than otherwise. He realized, too, that a large concession had been made in engaging him—he realized it fully after certain days of sweeping and bottle lugging that would have set the muscles of a larger boy to aching. He appreciated that Hanford had employed him mainly because he had to work to eat; and as he informed the superintendent rather irrelevantly one day, while passing through the nitric acid shop, he intended to "make good."

Hanford had fully intended to keep track of the boy, but there were other matters innumerable to absorb him, and some two months had passed before chance came for the briefest study. That opportunity was not altogether a happy one, for as Matty stood waiting to take a note to the manager in another building, Hanford, staring at him thoughtfully, suddenly forgot his meditations for a more concrete proposition.

"Have you been fighting?"

Matthew started.

"Nossir."

"Where did you get that lump over your eye?"

Matthew grinned, shifted, and looked at the floor.

"Pa."

Hanford's brow contracted in a scowl.

"Do you mean to say that your stepfather struck you hard enough to make that swelling?"

"Well——no, sir. He didn't soak me,—anyway, it wasn't me he wanted to soak. Yeh see," Matty looked up suddenly, with an animated smile, "yeh see, ma's always callin' him down when he gets full, an' he always gets red hot then, an' says he's goin' t' kill himself if she don't shut up. An'—well, las' night he was out all night, an' when he come home this mornin' they got t' scrappin', an' he said he was goin' t' kill himself, an' ma said f'r Gawd's sake go an' do it quick. Well, then he got hotter'n ever, an' began t' cuss like h—! Hully gee! Didn't he swear! An' then he picked up a chair an'

went t' soak ma, an' I got in the way. Then they stopped, an' pa went off somewhere. Say, but ma was cryin' when I come t' work! Oh, it don't hurt much," he concluded, with a consoling grin.

Hanford sighed. Ten years ago he would have taken the child, found an officer and investigated the case forthwith; at thirty-three he was beginning to understand that he could not reform the world, and that his hands were full, as it was. He finished his note, sent the boy away, and lighted his grimy factory pipe.

As a matter of fact, his hands were very full indeed.

They had put him there, the Burnsides, for more than one reason. As a chemist, he was young and modern; his hand was strong, and his judgment wonderfully accurate, and for him, latitude did not signify danger. Furthermore, he had won his spurs as an able executive in the old Fannet works in southern Jersey, where, for some reason, only the roughest and most intractable labor element seemed obtainable.

And that was a qualification here, for they had set Hanford a nasty task,—the cutting of expenses, which means the cutting of wages. It was inevitable, as business conditions stood; he went about it firmly, and the result was clear-cut.

One or two of the Irishmen left on the spot. They were not indispensable, and their places were filled readily. But when the Hibernian element began to drop away in lots of ten or a dozen, a new consideration arose. The replacements seemed inevitably to be German, and Hanford was far from pleased. The Irish crowd would take its scoldings with explosive interruptions, and go back to work,—or quit. With the new men, it was otherwise. They accepted direction silently; they remained silent when he was about; did they object to this or that, it was in a rumbling, under-the-breath manner. Gradually the feeling grew upon Hanford that all was not as well as might have been.

Indeed, he took to speculating so constantly on the state of affairs, that it was rather considerate of Matty to present a diversion in the shape of his injured head.

For three long days, the junior general-utility boy, had been manipulating ammonia with an old brass measure of jagged edges. His hands were raw and blistered, and torn here and there. One of them took to swelling, and his mother applied such remedial agents as tradition and immeasurable ignorance suggested. The hand swelled on, and another day or two later was discerned by Hanford from his window. He sent for the boy, and looked at the puffed palm. He saw an abscess that would have sent a finer-grained young person to bed. He found the hospital card rather hurriedly and dispatched Matthew to St. Stephens.

In the course of two or three hours, the boy returned, white and weak, and wincing, and related that a youthful medico of the free dispensary,—creditably firm in the knowledge that carbolic acid is excellent for pyogenic conditions,—had applied it strong, and sent him forth to await a cure. There were angry white blisters now, and the pain was bringing tears to eyes which usually admitted their utter futility.

Hanford shut his teeth, telephoned his own physician that a patient was coming, and sent Matthew scurrying up town.

It was a sad call, for the doctor did things that hurt, and said things that almost frightened. In the gentlest way he told the boy that the hand would have to be poulticed hourly all night; that if it were not, the whole arm might have to go; that he must impress particularly upon his mother to give the work most minute attention.

Matty's mother was house-cleaning for a lady; she wouldn't be at home until tomorrow night. Relatives? So far as he knew, he had none. But he guessed he could do the poulticing himself all right. The doctor guessed not, and rubbed his bearded chin as he groped for a solution. Failing finally, he called up Hanford, and asked what he had to suggest.

And lo! at the other end of the wire, a Material Angel was waiting, to save Matty's arm.

The Material Angel was going to marry Hanford. She was young and good, and beautiful as only an angel can be. She lived in a big house; she owned a wealthy papa; she drove about in a shiny carriage. On rare occasions she dropped in at the factory; this was one of them.

She had listened with real sympathy to the tale of Matthew's misfortune; the telephone call from the doctor came as a sequel, and Hanford told her over his shoulder of the situation.

The Material Angel rose characteristically.

"Wait, Dick! Don't ring off."

Hanford paused; the Material Angel picked up her furs.

"Why?"

"Because I'm going up to get the poor little chap and take him home with me. Tell the doctor to keep him there."

At the first of the week Matty returned, healed, clean, freshly clad, and in a mental haze.

For six days he had been waited upon by a lady in a black dress and a white apron and cap; for six days he had reclined on a couch in a wonderful little rose-and-cream room, taking his meals from a funny, smiling, noiseless Chinee—who hailed, by the way, from Japan. Vaguely, he had come to understand that some people have even more than three rooms to live in, that some people eat things of which the ordinary mortal may not even dream.

The Material Angel capped it by bringing him back in the shiny carriage. When she was gone, Matthew stood for many minutes in wide-eyed contemplation of his superintendent.

"I got a lot more t' make good for now."

"Say——I guess I got a lot more t' make good for now."

"Eh? Oh, I guess not," Hanford responded.

Matty took a deep breath.

"Say, boss, you're *white*. But she's—she's—she's——"

"She is, every bit of it," the superintendent laughed. "Trot along to work."

After lunch hour the boy appeared again, bearing a brown package of many and mysterious transparent stains. He deposited it solemnly on Hanford's desk and stood away. The paper fell back with theatrical slowness and revealed one of these huge, sinister apple dumplings Hanford had so often noted in the window of the bakery two block above.

The superintendent turned an almost frightened gaze of interrogation. The boy, with a shyness that sat queerly on his wise little features, faced him and then looked away.

"Say, it—it ain't much," he said, "but—well—"

Hanford moistened his lips and braced himself.

"Why, thank you, Matty," he replied cordially. "Do you know, if there's one thing I do enjoy, it is apple dumpling."

Matthew's face radiated.

"Honest?"

"Honest!" said Hanford.

And he ate it! Yes, he ate it like a man, although Graham, the assistant manager sat in the very next office and might at any second have appeared in the doorway. And when it was done, when the last awful, greasy mouthful had disappeared, then and only then did Matthew relieve himself of a satisfied sigh and walk silently back to his duties.

The rolling months were bringing trouble to Hanford. The men, almost a solid phalanx of German brawn now, were growing more sullen—and lazy! That was a phase beyond consideration for a disciplinarian such as Hanford.

He read one day of a so-called "socialist meeting," in one of the halls on the

water front, stampeded by the police, who narrowly missed capturing the orator in chief, one Bergman. Hanford wondered absently if it could be his own Bergman—Herman Bergman, lumbering and hairy, who tended the sulphuric stills? He laughed at himself and cast aside the notion as imaginative. Then he recalled the groups which broke up on his approach, the mutterings, the scowls that were directed at him just as he passed.

He sat at his desk in the last light of a late May evening, some four months later, rather gloomily turning over the situation. The office force had departed and he was quite alone in the upper part of the building. Out in the factory proper they were rushing, at a couple of hours' overtime, and it being pay day, Hanford had waited to pass out the envelopes himself. Before him lay the cash box, bristling with its rows of yellow envelopes.

He found his chin on his breast and jerked it up impatiently. He was growing morose these days, for more than factory troubles contributed to his darker moods. The Material Angel—well, he had resolved to forget her. Let that end it. He shook his head and reached over for his pipe.

Then his ear was caught sharply by a quick step on the rickety stair without. His head came erect and he listened with some astonishment.

Slap, slap, slap, slap! A soft bounce told of the oncomer's landing outside the office. The door flew open unceremoniously and Matthew burst in. His cheeks were flaming, his eyes glittered wide with excitement, his breath was labored.

"Hey, boss!"

"Eh?" Hanford stared. "What's wrong, Matty?"

"Them fellers! Gee!—ain't it good I stayed!"

"What fellows?"

"Why, Bergman an' Henckel an' Schmidt an' the little Dutchman!" Matty panted.

"Well!"

"Say, they're goin' t' burn the joint!"

"What's that?" asked Hanford, wonderingly.

"That's right! I heard 'em! Straight goods, I did!"

"You heard—!"

"An' that ain't all! They're goin' t' cop the pay roll, them four!"

The superintendent stared at the small figure in mild amazement. Unquestionably, he was very much in earnest. Unquestionably, also, excitement was rendering him incoherent and probably very incorrect. Hanford sat him down in a chair beside his desk and resumed his own seat. The boy quivered and shifted and balked and champed.

"If you have heard something, tell me precisely what it was."

"Lemme git th' coppers first?"

"Nonsense. Repeat what you have heard."

Matty half sighed, half groaned, moistened his lips, took sharp breath and rattled off in frantic haste:—

"It ain't no con game—honest, it ain't! I was down there washin' bottles—nossir, Joe didn't get 'em done. I guess he went home early, yessir. Anyway, I wanted t' git 'em ready f'r mornin' an' I stayed. Well, I got 'em done a couple o' minutes ago, an' I went out t' find a sack f'r a towel t' dry me hands, an' that's when I heard 'em. Nossir, they didn't see me. An' that's what they was sayin', sure! Bergman was tellin' 'em—yessir, Herm Bergman. He was sayin' it was wicked f'r youse people t' be rich an' them starvin' an' earnin' yer money, or somethin'. An' he said the time was comin' when they could all start in an' fix things, an' the pay roll was their own money an' more, too, an' they oughter have it. An' Henckel said somethin' 'bout burnin' the place, an' Bergman said it'd be another lesson f'r capital, and he laughed so's it'd make yer blood run cold. Anyway, they're comin'. Will I git the coppers? There ain't much time."

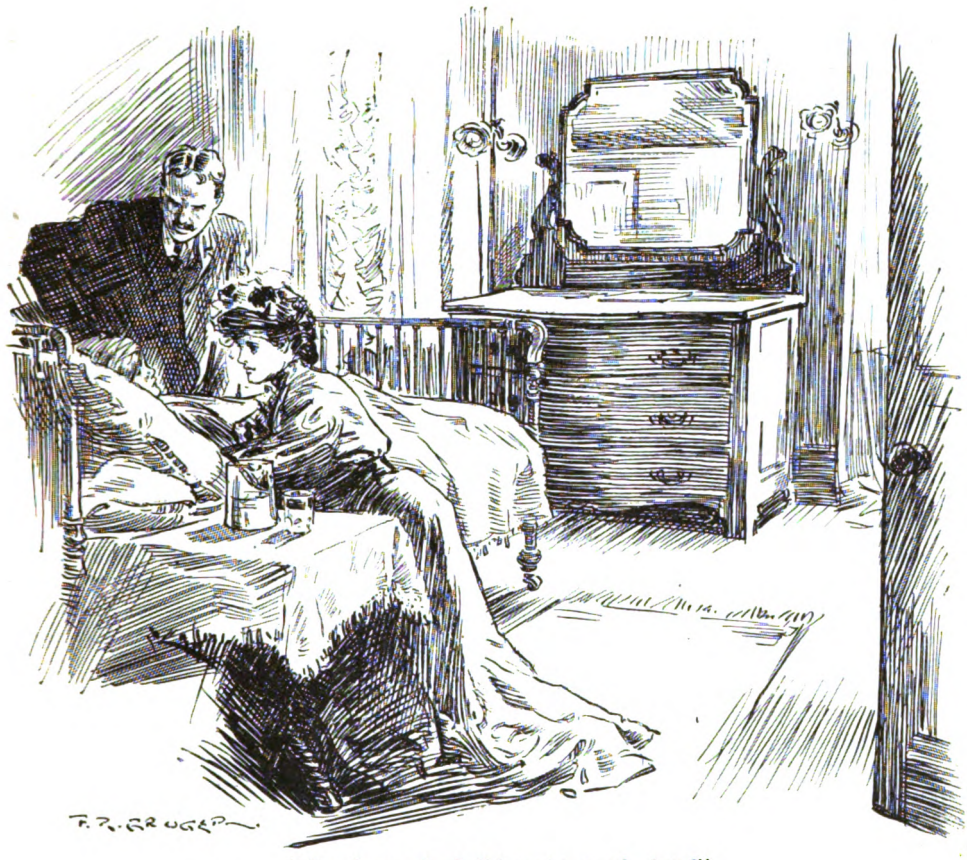
"No, we don't want any coppers," said Hanford quietly. "Haven't you imagined a good deal of this?"

"*Wot?*" The relation of employer and employee had melted away; they were man to man. "'Magined it! I guess not! Didn' I hear 'em? Wasn' I there when they was sayin' it? Ain't me mother Dutch? Couldn' I understan' 'em? What?"

"Yes, yes, yes, but—"

"Now, I'm goin' t' get them coppers!" police

"You are not going to bring any "Sit in here," said Hanford, severely- When down in that chair again, Matty. you are quieter—"



"Say boss—I—I did make good—hey?"

"Aw—quieter!" Matty was out of his chair and half across the room. His eyes snapped and his thin hands, outstretched toward the other, trembled violently. "You look-a here! You're up against it, an' y' ain't wise! See? But y' are just the same! What'll you do when them fellers come in here an' start t' mix it up? Hey? If the's on'y them four, it's four t' one, and any one of 'em's bigger'n you —only maybe the little Dutchman! What's goin' t' happen when them crazy lobsters start t' rough house it? Why, they'll hand you a couple o' good bats an' ye'll croak!" he cried wildly. "They don' care—they'd just as soon! An' what's that goil o' yourn goin' t' say when they find ye—stiff an' wit yer nut cracked? Hey? What's she goin' t' say? Hey? *I'm goin' fer them coppers!*"

Like a flash of light, he had disappeared through the door. Hanford, recovering from the colloquial torrent, started to his feet and called after him. There was no pause in the quick, slapping footsteps. They reached the floor below; the rapid patter crossed the scale platform and reached the pavement—and died away.

Somewhere below, Bergman's voice called :—

"Hi, kid! Vere de deffel you goin' so qvick?"

Then there was silence, and Hanford returned to his desk.

"That goil!" Peculiarly, the Material Angel rose first in his mind. Would she care if the whole place fell in on him? He smiled cynically. In the depths of his consciousness he was perfectly well aware that she would care very much; but it pleased him to smile cynically and believe that she would not.

But his thoughts shunted quickly from the Material Angel. Was this absurd affair the product of a child brain somehow excited, or an actual fact? For a time he could not admit the latter. Were it true, it meant that he had been blind—that in-

stead of the rigid discipline so long his pride, he had been fostering within the Burnside works a perfect garden spot of anarchy.

Not many seconds later he pulled open one of the small drawers and extracted the revolver, hypothetical protector of the safe. In the year of his incumbency he had never even handled the weapon before. He looked it over and opened the chamber. It was quite empty and rusty to a degree. He glanced again into the drawer for cartridges; they were not there.

But if—not that he conceded the possibility, but *if*—the lunatics were meditating something— He laid the imposingly useless pistol at his side.

Out on the high roof of the works the whistle was blowing for seven. In a very few minutes the crowd would come filing up for their money. Hanford closed the door and opened the little pay-window in the upper panel. He laid the cash-box on the shelf below and the gun beside it, and waited with nerves more tense than he would have cared to admit.

Steps shuffled on the stairs. He bent and watched through the small aperture.

Henckel! His lowered head appeared above the floor. Bergman! Schmidt! Then Kreitz, "the little Dutchman," followed—and no more. These four were ahead of the main body, at any rate.

It was Henckel who advanced first upon the window, his face blank and heavy. Hanford picked out his envelope. The man halted and he extended the little yellow package with steady hand.

In a twinkling his arm was seized and dragged through! He tried to wrench it free and could not. He reached for the revolver and thrust it through the opening and into Henckel's face. The man cried out and dodged, and his grip relaxed.

Hanford slammed the window, snatched the cash-box and darted across for the safe.

The office door was bending and creaking—the upper part turned inward. He heard a volley of gruff German. The lock buckled, the door flew open and crashed back against the wall, and the men were on him!

He straightened up and put his back to the safe; he had no time to twirl the combination. The pistol pointed full at them, and his sharp voice yelled:—

"Stand back there! The first man gets it that—"

Bergman rushed him. His arm flew up—the weapon shot away and rattled into the corner. A murderous fist just missed his head as he ducked. Then great arms seized him and hurled him violently to the floor; iron fingers clutched his throat. He was dazed by the fall, half stunned and choking, but he tried to shout for help.

It was utterly useless. Schmidt held his legs; Bergman was fast squeezing the life out of him. Henckel bent over the safe. He had the box of money now, and was standing with it in his arms, stupid and confused.

Hanford's senses were leaving rapidly. He seemed to have an impression of tramping below, a glimpse of blue smoke curling above the stair-head. Things turned black and whirled crazily. He was going—going—going— And he might as well go, for his status as a superintendent was done for eternally. And "the goil—"

A screaming treble brought him back suddenly:—

"Come on! Come—on! For Gawd's sake, come on!"

The running of heavy feet set the place atremble again. Somewhere without the clanging and whistling of a fire-engine seemed to haunt Hanford. From closing eyes he saw a blue helmet and a blue uniform in the doorway, and a second and a third. He saw the fleeting vision of a swinging nightstick, heard the crack as it met Henckel's head and the crash of his body as he fell; heard, too, the clattering and clinking of money when the cash-box struck the floor and broke open.

Then Bergman was jerked away from him and Hanford sat up slowly and rubbed his neck and swallowed and tried to get breath, and sniffed listlessly at the haze of smoke.

In a matter of fifteen minutes the excitement was entirely passed.

Bergman and Henckel and Schmidt had been subdued. Hanford saw that, when things became clearer. The little Dutchman was gone.

And in going he had done a bad thing; for, after the first commotion was over, an officer found Matty in a dark corner, huddled and hunched and prostrated, breathing in heavy gasps, bleeding copiously from a wicked wound in the back of his head.

They shook him and bathed him, while they waited for an ambulance, and after a while he opened his eyes for an instant.

"Aw—Kreitz—th' mean little—son of a gun!" he murmured and swooned away.

The Material Angel read all about it in the morning papers, and especially how a little boy named Matthew Schweitz had saved the day and was now lying in a private room at St. Stephen's.

The Material Angel was at St. Stephen's an hour after breakfast, and there she met Hanford and sniffed while he told her the story. At the end, his arm was about her and they were telling in whispers how very, very thankful they should be that they were as they were and that they had each other.

At interminable intervals word came from the operating-room. The specialist was through his work; the child had every chance for recovery.

They tiptoed in for a glance at the sick boy, and they saw him stretched and bandaged upon the bed. His eyes were closed, but with the soft sounds of motion near at hand, he opened them and they fell upon the Material Angel.

"Oh—*you!*" said Matthew faintly, and glowed with an adoration beyond words.

They came a little closer. His glance, lingering, shifted reluctantly to Hanford, and the white lips moved again.

"Say, boss—I—I did make good—hey?"

The Material Angel had not really cried all that trying day. Now, quite unexpectedly to all concerned, she dropped on her knees beside the bed and sobbed softly.

"You poor little lamb!" Matthew heard ecstatically. "Indeed you did make good!"

THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE

By Anna Katharine Green

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE," "THE AMETHYST BOX," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED

I WAS not the only one to tremble now. This man of infinite experience and daily contact with crime had turned as pale as even I had done myself in face of a threatening calamity.

"I will see about this," he muttered, crumpling the paper in his hand. "But this is a very terrible business you are plunging me into. I sincerely hope that you are not heedlessly misleading me."

"I am correct in my facts, if that is what you mean," said I. "The stiletto is an English heirloom, and bears on its blade, among other devices, that of Mr. Grey's family on the female side. But that is not all I want to say. If the blow was struck to obtain the diamond, the shock of not finding it on his victim must have been terrible. Now Mr. Grey's heart, if my whole theory is not utterly false, was set upon obtaining this stone. Your eye was not on him, as mine was, when you made your appearance in the hall with the recovered jewel. He showed astonishment, eagerness and a determination which finally led him forward, as you know, with the request to take the diamond in his hand. Why did he want to take it in his hand? And why, having taken it, did he drop it—a diamond supposed to be worth an ordinary man's fortune? Because he was startled by a cry he chose to consider the traditional one of his family proclaiming death? Is it likely, sir? Is it conceivable even that any such cry as we heard could in this day and generation, ring through such an assemblage, unless it came with a ventriloquist's power from his own lips? You observed that he turned his back; that his face was hidden from us.

Discreet and reticent as we have all been, and careful in our criticisms of so bizarre an event, there still must be many to question the reality of such superstitious fears, and some to ask if such a sound could be without human agency, and a very guilty agency too. Inspector, I am but a child, in your estimation, and I feel my position in this matter, much more keenly than yourself, but I would not be true to the man whom I have unwittingly helped to place in his present unenviable position if I did not tell you that, in my judgment, this cry was a spurious one, employed by the gentleman himself as an excuse for dropping the stone."

"And why should he wish to drop the stone?"

"Because of the fraud he meditated. Because it offered him an opportunity for substituting a false stone for the real. Did you not notice a change in the aspect of this jewel dating from this very moment? Did it shine with as much brilliancy in your hand when you received it back as when you passed it over?"

"Nonsense! I do not know; it is all too absurd for argument." Yet, he did stop to argue, saying, in the next breath, "you forget that the stone has a setting. Would you claim that this gentleman of family, place and political distinction, had planned this hideous crime with sufficient premeditation to have provided himself with the exact counterpart of a brooch, which it is highly improbable he ever saw? You would make him out a Cagliostro or something worse. Miss Van Arsdale, I fear your theory will topple over of its own weight."

He was very patient with me, he did not show me the door.

"Yet such a substitution took place, and took place that evening," I insisted. "The bit of paste shown us at the inquest was never the gem she wore on entering the alcove. Besides, where all is sensation, why cavil at one more improbability? Mr. Grey may have come to America for no other reason. He is known as a collector, and when a man has a passion for diamond-getting—"

"He is known as a collector?"

"In his own country."

"I was not told that."

"Nor I. But I found it out."

"How, my dear child, how?"

"By a cablegram or so."

"*You,—cabled,—his name,—to England?*"

"No, Inspector; Uncle has a code, and I made use of it, to ask a friend in London for a list of the most noted diamond fanciers in the country. Mr. Grey's name was third on the list."

He gave me a look in which admiration was strangely blended with doubt and apprehension.

"You are making a brave struggle," said he, "but it is a hopeless one."

"I have one more confidence to repose in you. The nurse who has charge of Miss Grey was in my class in the hospiial. We love each other, and to her I dared appeal on one point. Inspector—" Here my voice unconsciously fell as he unconsciously drew nearer—"a note was sent from that sick chamber on the night of the ball,—a note surreptitiously written by Miss Grey, while the nurse was in an adjoining room. The messenger was Mr. Grey's valet, and its destination the house in which her father was enjoying his position as chief guest. She says that it was meant for him, but I have dared to think that the valet would tell a different story. My friend did not see what her patient wrote, but she acknowledged that if her patient wrote more than two words, the result must have been an unintelligible scrawl, since she was too weak to hold a pencil firmly, and so nearly blind that she would have had to feel her way over the paper."

The Inspector started, and, rising hastily, went to his desk, from which he presently brought the scrap of paper which had already figured in the inquest as the mysterious communication taken from Mrs. Fairbrother's hand by the coroner. Pressing it out flat, he took another look at it, then glanced up in visible discomposure.

"It has always looked to us as if written in the dark, by an agitated hand; but—"

I said nothing, the broken and unfinished scrawl was sufficiently eloquent.

"Did your friend declare Miss Grey to have written with a pencil and on a small piece of unruled paper?"

"Yes, the pencil was at her bedside; the paper was torn from a book which lay there. She did not put the note when written in an envelope, but gave it to the valet just as it was. He is an old man and had come to her room for some final orders."

"The nurse saw all this? She has that book, I suppose?"

"No, it went out next morning, with the scraps. It was some pamphlet I believe."

The Inspector turned the morsel of paper he here took up, over and over in his hand.

"What is this nurse's name?"

"Henrietta Pierson."

"How much does she know of your doubts?"

"I cannot say."

"You have seen her often?'

"No, only the once."

"Is she discreet?"

"Very. On this subject she will be like the grave unless forced by you to speak."

"And Miss Grey?"

"She is still ill, too ill to be disturbed by questions, especially on so delicate a topic. But she is getting well fast. Her father's fears as we heard them expressed on one memorable occasion were ill-founded, sir."

Slowly the Inspector inserted this scrap of paper between the folds of his pocket-book. He did not give me another look, though I stood trembling before him. Was he in any way convinced or was he simply seeking for the most considerate way in which to dismiss me and my abominable theory? I could not gather his intentions from his expression and was feeling very faint and heart sick when he suddenly turned upon me with the remark :—

"A girl as ill as you say Miss Grey was must have had some very pressing matter on her mind to attempt to write and send a message under such difficulties. According to your idea she had some notion of her father's designs and wished to warn Mrs. Fairbrother against them. But don't you see that such conduct as this would be preposterous, nay, unparalleled in persons of their distinction? You must find some other explanation for Miss Grey's seemingly mysterious action and I another agent of crime than one of England's most reputable statesmen."

"So that Mr. Durand receives a like benefit of the doubt, I am content," said I. "It is the truth and the truth only I desire. I am willing to trust my cause with you."

He looked none too grateful for this confidence. Indeed, now that I look back upon this scene I do not wonder that he shrunk from the responsibility thus foisted upon him.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Prove something. Prove that I am altogether wrong or altogether right. Or if proof is not possible, pray allow me the privilege of doing what I can myself to clear up the matter."

"You?" There was apprehension, disapprobation, almost menace in his tone. I bore it with as steady and modest a glance as possible, saying, when I thought he was about to speak again:—

"I will do nothing without your sanction. I realize the dangers of this inquiry and the disgrace that would follow if our attempt was suspected before proof reached a point sufficient to justify it. It is not an open attack; I meditate but one—"

Here I whispered in his ear for several minutes. When I had finished he gave me a prolonged stare, then he laid his hand on my head.

"You are a little wonder," he declared. "But your ideas are very quixotic, very. However," he added, suddenly growing grave, "something may be excused a young girl who finds herself forced to choose between the guilt of her lover and that of a man esteemed great by the world but altogether removed from her and her natural sympathies."

"You acknowledge, then, that it lies between these two?"

"I see no third," said he.

I drew a breath of relief.

"Don't deceive yourself, Miss Van Arsdale; it is not among the possibilities that Mr. Grey has had any connection with this crime. He is an eccentric man, that's all."

"But—but—"

"I will do my duty. I will satisfy you and myself on certain points, and if—"

I hardly breathed.

"There is the least doubt I will see you again and—"

The change he saw in me frightened away the end of his sentence. Turning upon me with some severity, he declared: "There are nine hundred and ninety-nine chances in a thousand that my next word to you will be to prepare yourself for Mr. Durand's arraignment and trial. But an

infinitesimal chance remains to the contrary. If you choose to trust to it I can only admire your pluck and the great confidence you show in your unfortunate lover."

And with this half-hearted encouragement I was forced to be content, not only for that day but for many days, when—

VII

INSPECTOR DALZELL

BUT before I proceed to relate what happened at the end of those two weeks, I must say a word or two in regard to what happened during them.

Nothing happened to improve Mr. Durand's position, and nothing openly to compromise Mr. Grey's. Mr. Fairbrother, from whose testimony many of us hoped something would be gleaned calculated to give a turn to the suspicion now centered on one man, continued ill in New Mexico; and all that could be learned from him of any importance was contained in a short letter dictated from his bed, in which he affirmed that the diamond, when it left him, was in an unique setting procured by himself in France; that he knew of no other jewel similarly mounted, and that if the false gem was set according to his own description, the probabilities were that the imitation stone had been put in place of the real one under his wife's direction and in some workshop in New York, as she was not the woman to take the trouble to send abroad for anything she could get done in this country. The description followed. It coincided with the one we all knew.

This was something of a blow to me. Public opinion would naturally reflect that of the husband, and it would require very strong evidence indeed to combat a logical supposition of this kind with one so forced and seemingly extravagant as that upon which my own theory was based. Yet truth often transcends imagination, and having confidence in the Inspector's integrity, I subdued my impatience for a week, almost for two, when my suspense and rapidly culminating dread of some action being taken against Mr. Durand were suddenly cut short by a message from the Inspector, followed by his speedy presence in my uncle's house.

We have a little room on our parlor floor, very snug and very secluded, and in this room I received him. Seldom have I dreaded a meeting more and seldom have I been met with greater kindness and consideration. He was so kind that I feared he had only disappointing news to communicate, but his first words reassured me. He said:—

"I have come to place a great confidence in you. We have found enough truth in the suppositions you advanced at our last interview to warrant us in the attempt you yourself proposed for the elucidation of this mystery. That this is the most risky and altogether the most unpleasant duty which I have encountered during my several years of service, I am willing to acknowledge to one so sensible and at the same time of so much modesty as yourself. This English gentleman has a reputation which lifts him far above any unworthy suspicion, and were it not for the favorable impression made upon us by Mr. Durand in a long talk we had with him last night, I would sooner resign my place than pursue this matter against him. Success would create a horror on both sides of the water unprecedented during my career, while failure would bring down ridicule upon us which would destroy the prestige of the whole force. Do you see my difficulty, little woman? We cannot even approach this haughty and highly reputable Englishman with questions without calling down upon us the wrath of the whole English nation. We must be sure before we make a move, and for us to be sure where the evidence is all circumstantial, I know of no better plan than the one you were pleased to suggest and which at the time I was pleased to call quixotic."

Drawing a long breath, I surveyed him timidly. Never had I so realized my presumption or experienced such a thrill of joy in my frightened yet elated heart. They believed in Anson's innocence and they trusted me. Insignificant as I was, it was to my exertions this great result was due. As I realized this, I felt my heart swell and my throat close. In despair of speaking, I held out my hands. He took them kindly and seemed to be quite satisfied.

"Such a trembling, tear-filled Amazon!" he cried. "Will you have courage to undertake the task before you? If not—"

"Oh, but I have," said I. "It is your goodness and the surprise of it all which unnerves me. I can go through what we have planned if you think the secret of my personality and interest in Mr. Durand can be kept from the people I go among."

"It can if you will follow our advice implicitly. You say that you know the doctor and that he stands ready to recommend you in case Miss Pierson withdraws her services."

"Yes, he is eager to give me a chance. He was a college mate of my father's."

"How will you explain to him your wish to enter upon your duties under another name?"

"Very simply. I have already told him that the publicity given my name in the late proceedings has made me very uncomfortable. That my first case of nursing would require all my self-possession and that if he did not think it wrong I should like to go to it under my mother's name. He made no dissent and I think I can persuade him that I would do much better work as Miss Ayers than as the too well-known Miss Van Arsdale."

"You have great powers of persuasion. But may you not meet people at the hotel who know you?"

"I shall try and avoid people; and, if my identity *is* discovered, its effect or non effect upon one we find it difficult to mention will give us our clue. If he has no guilty interest in the crime, my connection with it as a witness will not disturb him. Besides, two days of unsuspicious acceptance of me as Miss Grey's nurse are all I want. I shall take immediate opportunity, I assure you, to make the test I mentioned. But how much confidence you will have to repose in me! I comprehend all the importance of my undertaking, and will work as if my honor, as well as yours, were at stake."

"I am sure you will." Then for the first time in my life I was glad that I was small and plain rather than tall and fascinating like so many of my friends, for he said: "If you had been a triumphant beauty, depending on your charms as a woman to win people to your will, we should never have listened to your proposition or risked our reputation in your hands. It is your wit, your earnestness and your quiet determination which have impressed us. You see I speak plainly. I do so because I respect you. And now to business."

Details followed. After these were well understood between us, I ventured to say: "Do you object—would it be asking too much—if I requested some enlightenment as to what facts you have discovered in connection with Mr. Grey which goes to substantiate my theory? I might work more intelligently."

"No, little woman, you would not work more intelligently, and you know it. But you have the natural curiosity of one whose very heart is bound up in this business. I could deny you what you ask but I won't, for I want you to work with quiet confidence, which you would not do if your mind was taken up with doubts and questions. Miss Van Arsdale, one surmise of yours was correct. That night a man was sent to the Ramsdell house with a note from Miss Grey. We know this because he boasted of it to one of the bell boys before he went out, saying that he was going to have a glimpse of one of the finest parties of the season. It is also true that this man was Mr. Grey's valet, an old servant who came over with him from England. But what adds weight to all this and makes us regard the whole affair with suspicion, is the additional fact that this man received his dismissal the following morning and has not been seen since by any one we could reach. This looks bad to begin with, like the suppression of evidence, you know. Then Mr. Grey has not been the same man since that night. He is full of care and this care is not entirely in connection with his daughter who is doing very well and bids fair to be up in a few days. But all this would be nothing if we had not received advices from England which prove that Mr. Grey's visit here has some elements of mystery in it. There was every reason for his remaining in his own country, where a political crisis is approaching, yet he crossed the water, bringing his sickly daughter with him. The explanation as volunteered by one who knew him well was this: That only his desire to see or acquire some jewel of importance could have taken him across the ocean at this time; nothing else rivalling his interest in governmental affairs. Still this would be nothing if a stiletto similar to the one employed in this crime had not once formed part of a

collection of curios belonging to a cousin of his whom he often visited. This stiletto has been missing for some time, stolen as the owner declared, by some unknown person. All this looks bad enough, but when I tell you that a week before the fatal ball at Mr. Ramsdell's, Mr. Grey made a tour of the great jeweller shops on Broadway and, with the pretext of buying a diamond for his daughter, entered into a talk about famous stones, ending always with some question about the Fairbrother gem, you will see that his interest in that stone is established and that it only remains for us to discover if that interest is a guilty one. I cannot believe this possible, but you have our leave to make your experiment and see. Only do not count too much upon his superstition. If he is the deep-dyed criminal you imagine, the cry which startled us all at a certain critical instant was raised by himself and for the purpose you suggested. None of the sensitiveness often shown by a man who has been surprised into crime, will be his. Relying on his reputation and the prestige of his great fame, he will, if he thinks himself under fire, face every shock unmoved."

"I see. I understand; he must believe himself all alone. Then, the natural man may appear. I thank you, Inspector. That idea is of inestimable value to me, and I will act on it. And now, advise me how to circumvent my uncle and aunt, who must never know to what an undertaking I have committed myself."

Inspector Dalzell spared me another fifteen minutes, and this last detail of my scheme was arranged. Then he rose to go. As he turned from me he said:—

"To-morrow?"

And I answered with a full heart, but a voice clear as my purpose:—

"To-morrow."

VIII

GRIZEL! GRIZEL!

THIS is your patient. Your new nurse, my dear. What did you say your name was? Miss Ayers?"

"Yes, Mr. Grey, Alice Ayers."

"O, what a sweet name!"

This expressive greeting, and from the patient herself, was the first heart-sting I received, a sting which brought a flush into my cheek I would fain have kept down.

"Since a change of nurses was necessary, I am glad they sent me one like you," the feeble, but musical voice went on, and I saw a wasted but eager hand stretched out.

In a whirl of strong feeling I advanced to take it. I had not counted on such a reception. I had not expected any bond of congeniality to spring up between this high-feeling English girl and myself to make my purpose hateful to me. Yet, as I stood there looking down at her bright if wasted face, I felt that it would be very easy to love so gentle and cordial a being, and dreaded raising my eyes to the gentleman at my side lest I should see something in him too to hamper me, and make this attempt which I had undertaken in such loyalty of spirit, a misery to myself and ineffectual to the man I had hoped to save by it. When I did look up and catch the first beams of Mr. Grey's keen blue eye fixed inquiringly on me, I neither knew what to think or how to act. He was so tall and firmly knit, and had such an intellectual aspect altogether. I was conscious of regarding him with a decided feeling of awe, and found myself forgetting why I had come there, and what my suspicions were, —suspicions which had carried hope with them,—hope for myself and hope for my lover, who would never escape the opprobrium, even if he did the punishment, of this great crime, were this, the only other person who could possibly be associated with it, found to be the fine, clear-souled man he appeared to be in this, my first interview with him.

Perceiving very soon that his apprehensions in my regard were limited to a fear lest I should not feel at ease in my new home under the restraint of a presence more accustomed to intimidate than attract strangers, I threw aside all doubts of myself and met the advances of both father and daughter with that quiet confidence which my position there demanded.

The result was such as both gratified and grieved me. As a nurse entering upon her first case I was happy, as a woman with an ulterior object in view verging upon the audacious and unspeakable, I was wretched and regretful, and just a little shaken in the conviction which had hitherto upheld me.

But, when later in the day I came upon

this gentleman at his desk in the sitting-room, where he spent most of his time, I felt my doubts revive in view of the absorbing melancholy which darkened all his features as he sat in revery over his papers which he seemed not to have touched for hours. He looked like a man bowed down, not so much by grief as fear, and when, at some movement I made, he started up and met my eye, I could swear that his cheek was pale, and the firm carriage of his body shaken, and the whole man a victim to some strong and secret dread he vainly sought to hide. When I ventured to tell him what I wanted, he made an effort and pulled himself together, but I had seen him with his mask off, and his usually calm visage and self-possessed mien could never again deceive me.

It was on this same night, and before I could formulate my plans, that he surprised us with a decision very disturbing to myself, if not to his daughter. He was going away for a short time,—he did not say where. Would his daughter spend her time in getting better and I mine in seeing that she did so?

What could we do? What could I do? It was all too sudden for any action on my part, and I was forced to see him leave, unaccompanied and without police surveillance.

Would he come back? I asked myself this more than once. He had kissed his daughter with more than usual feeling, and when the door closed on him it was to leave a vision in my mind of one who had glanced back at the one object of his affections with the passion of a longer farewell than was expressed in his cheery and encouraging words. I was startled, and found it hard to play the comforter to the gentle-hearted creature who loved him. But I had nerved myself to great self-repression, and after acquainting the Inspector with what had happened, I got through that night and the next day with some degree of patience. But the two days following were a trial, and I was gradually succumbing to a nervous attack, when Mr. Grey re-appeared amongst us, saying nothing about his journey, but overjoyed to all appearance to find roses on his daughter's cheek instead of the lilies he had left there. Where had he been? To dispose of or secrete the real diamond? Impossible for me to tell; but I resolved that not another day should pass without my making the daring attempt upon the outcome of which so many interests hung.

But it was not till the day following that the proper opportunity offered. Meanwhile, I had received private instructions to go ahead and fear nothing. This had greatly encouraged me. Nevertheless, I felt very weak and helpless when the hour came, and I found myself on the brink of what must bring me great pain and life-long regret whichever way it fell out.

The scene is vividly before me. The day was a gloomy one, rain falling on snow, and, though the rooms had a pleasant outlook, the atmosphere was so oppressive, and the whole apartment so dark, that at four o'clock I turned on the electric light over Mr. Grey's desk in the sitting-room. On this desk I had already laid in full sight the stiletto entrusted to me by the Inspector. Mr. Grey was expected in at any moment, and it was his custom,—on entering,—as I had long before noticed, to go immediately to his desk with the letters he invariably brought up with him from the office. There was every reason to believe he would do the same to-day, and I had arranged an errand which would bring me on the scene at the moment his eyes first fell upon the weapon I had laid there. If he quailed,—and how could he help doing so if guilty,—a great doubt would be removed from my own breast, and a great impediment from police action. But, Oh! the responsibility—and Oh! the torture of those few minutes of waiting, during which I lingered on the other side of the communicating door, with a tray of dishes in my hand and my ear strained to catch the sound of his foot-steps crossing the room! Ah! there he is at the hall door!—now he is in;—now he is at his desk, and now,—

Softly I pushed the door. Softly it swung open, and I caught the look on his face.

He was bending over the stiletto, and an exclamation was on his lips, but it was the simple one of surprise. I could even catch the words he let fall.

Here they are:—

"This is singular. The very one! or enough like it to make a man stare. But why *here!* I must fathom this mystery." And he turned in the most natural way to ring the bell.

My disappointment was so great, my

humiliation so unbounded that, forgetting everything in my dismay, I staggered where I stood and let the tray with all its contents slip from my hands. The crash that followed stopped Mr. Grey in his action. But it did something more. It awoke a cry from the further doorway which I shall never forget; and while we both started and turned to see from whom this grievous sound had sprang, a man came stumbling in with his hands before his eyes and this name wild on his lips:—

"Grizel! Grizel!"

Mrs. Fairbrother's name! and the man—

IX

ANOTHER NET CLOSES

THE man was Abner Fairbrother, the victim's husband. This fact was borne in upon us by the passion of his cry:—

"Grizel! Grizel!"

But why here? and why such fury in Mr. Grey's face as he recognized him?

The latter's words, as he leaped forward and collared the man, soon enlightened me.

"Fairbrother! you villain! Why do you call upon your wife? Are you murderer as well as thief?" And dropping his hand from the other's throat as suddenly as he had seized it, he caught up the stiletto, crying: "Do you recognize this?"

Ah, then I saw guilt!

In a silence worse than any cry, this so-called husband of the murdered woman, the man upon whom no suspicion had fallen, the man whom all had thought a thousand miles away at the time of the deed, stared at the weapon thrust under his eyes, while over his face passed all those expressions of fear, abhorrence and detested guilt which, fool that I was, I had expected to see reflected in response to the same test in Mr. Grey's equable countenance.

The surprise and wonder of it held me chained to the spot. I was in a state of stupefaction, so that I scarcely noted the broken fragments at my feet. But the intruder noticed them. Wrenching his gaze from the stiletto which Mr. Grey continued to hold out, he pointed at the broken cup and saucer, muttering:—

"That is what startled me into this betrayal—the noise of breaking china. I cannot bear it since—"

He stopped, bit his lip and looked around him with an air of sudden bravado.

"Since you dropped the cups at your wife's feet in Mr. Ramsdell's alcove," finished Mr. Grey with admirable self-possession.

"I see that explanations from myself are not in order," was the grim retort, launched with the bitterest sarcasm. Then as the full weight of his position crushed in upon him, his face assumed an aspect startling to my unaccustomed eyes, and thrusting his hand into his pocket he drew forth a small box which he placed in Mr. Grey's hands.

"The Great Mogul," he declared simply.

It was the first time I had heard this diamond so named.

Without a word that gentleman opened the box, took one look at the contents, assumed a satisfied air, and carefully deposited the recovered gem in his own pocket. As his eyes returned to the man before him, all the passion of the latter burst forth.

"It was not for that I killed her!" cried he. "It was because she defied me and flaunted her disobedience in my face. I would do it again, yet—"

Here his voice broke and it was in a different tone and with a total change of manner he added: "You stand appalled at my depravity. You have not lived my life." Then quickly and with a touch of sullenness. "You suspected me because of the stiletto. It was a mistake, using that stiletto. Otherwise, the plan was good. I doubt if you know now how I found my way into the alcove, possibly under your very eyes; certainly, under the eyes of many who knew me."

"I do not. It is enough that you entered it; that you confess your guilt."

Here Mr. Grey stretched his hand towards the electric button.

"No, it is not enough." The tone was fierce, authoritative. "Do not ring the bell, not yet. I have a fancy to tell you how I managed that little affair."

Glancing about, he caught up from a table near by a small brass tray. Emptying it of its contents, he turned upon us with drawn down features and an obsequious air so opposed to his natural manner that it was as if another man stood before us.

"Pardon my black tie," he muttered holding out the tray towards Mr. Grey.

A waiter! He had entered the Ramsdell house as a waiter! There was no mistaking the attitude or the sleek appearance he had assumed.

Mr. Grey uttered an exclamation. Instantly the tray was thrown aside and the man resumed his ordinary aspect.

"I see you understand me," he cried. "I who have played host at many a ball, passed myself off that night as one of the waiters. I came and went and no one noticed me. It is such a natural sight to see a waiter passing ices that my going in and out of the alcove did not attract the least attention. I never look at waiters when I attend balls. I never look higher than their trays. No one looked at me higher than my tray. I held the stiletto under the tray and when I struck her she threw up her hands and they hit the tray and the cups fell. I have never been able to bear the sound of breaking china since. I loved her—"

A gasp and he recovered himself.

"That is neither here nor there," he muttered. "You summoned me under threat to present myself at your door today. I have done so. I meant to restore you your diamond, simply. It has become worthless to me. But fate exacted more. Surprise forced my secret from me. That young lady with her damnable awkwardness has put my head in a noose. But do not think to hold it there. I did not risk this interview without precautions and when I leave this hotel it will be as a free man."

With one of his rapid changes, wonderful and inexplicable to me at the moment, he turned towards me with a bow, saying courteously enough :—

"We will excuse the young lady."

Next moment the barrel of a pistol gleamed in his hand.

The moment was critical. Mr. Grey stood directly in the line of fire, and the audacious man who thus held him at his mercy was scarcely a foot from the door. Marking the desperation of his look and the steadiness of his finger on the trigger, I expected to see Mr. Grey recoil and the man escape. But Mr. Grey held his own, though he made no move, and did not venture to speak. Nerved by his courage, I summoned up all my own. This man must not escape, nor must Mr. Grey suffer. The pistol directed against him must be diverted to myself. Such amends were due one whose good name I had so deeply if secretly insulted. Remembering the sick girl, I did not scream, but, throwing myself towards the bell, I cried out that I would raise the house if he moved, and laid my finger on the button.

The pistol swerved my way. The face above it smiled. I watched that smile. Before it broadened to its full extent, I pressed the button.

Fairbrother stared, dropped his pistol, and burst forth with these two words :—

"Brave girl ! "

The tone I can never convey.

Then he made for the door.

As he passed through it he called back :—

"I have been in worse straits than this."

But he never had. When, after some words of gratitude and surprised commendation from Mr. Grey, which I chiefly remember from the immense effort it cost me not to betray my own sense of shame at the part I had really played in this matter, I ventured to peer into the hall ; it was to see Mr. Fairbrother standing silent and downcast between two men, one of whom held the pistol he had recently flourished. One of these men was my little detective, the other,—the Inspector himself.

They had not left me then entirely to my own devices. Hidden in the embrasure of a near by recess, they had seen and heard,—what?

Glancing back at Mr. Grey, who had followed me to the door, I ventured a timid suggestion :—

"It looks as if you were wanted there," I said. Then I went back to my patient.

(*To be concluded.*)

DOGGY KITSON

The Story of a Hunger

By Frederick Walworth

WITH DRAWINGS BY WILL CRAWFORD

"I TELL you," said Sergeant Hook, "a man don't ever know what he'll do in a tight hole till the hole begins to squeeze him. Then it's ten thousand dollars to a dead cat, he'll surprise himself."

"Sure," said Jarvey. "And them that does a power of thinkin' beforehand are usually a little bit behindhand when things bust loose. And vicy versy the fellow whose head's all bone sometimes 'll manage to *act* to surprise you. Remember Doggy Kitson—him that took it through the lungs down by the lake and was invalided home? Had a face like the side of a house without any windows."

"Sure I remember him an' his face," said the corporal. "Didn't I bust up all my knuckles on it? He joined along with me."

"So he did," assented Jarvey. "I'd forgot it. Chislett come to me and he says, says 'e, 'Jarvey,' says 'e, 'them two, Toplatch and Kitson, look like the scum o' creation. If they ever get so we can use 'em even for mess orderlies, you'll have to learn 'em. See what you can do with 'em,' he says."

"You're a born liar, careful bred, Jarvey," said the corporal. "You was nothin' but a buck private in them days."

"Well," said Jarvey, easily, "I don't remember just his identical words, but it was something like that. Anyhow, if you remember Kitson, you know what kind of a half-baked hop-toad he was. He had about as much live git-up-an'-git-ness as a tub o' lard. He didn't know the pit of his stomach from the back of his neck. He'd come on parade with his right shoe on his left foot, and then cross his legs to get 'em straight when the sergeant pointed 'em out. He was the eternal limit, certain."

"Well, what about him?" demanded Eleazar.

"Well, you plug up your gas-pipe, and I'll tell you. It was while you was in hospital after that little fellow down Samar way got to you with a bolo. Kitson had got so he knew enough to bend his legs when he wanted to sit down, but he showed about as much average, every day, horse sense as a cast-iron stove-lid.

"More'n all that, he'd made up his mind that he hadn't ought to be a soldier, that he was too scary. I remember once we was sittin' together one evening by the fire, and there came a kind of funny double barrelled cry like, off in the jungle a ways. Kitson jerked up like he was stung.

"'Hear that, Jarvey?' he says. 'Hear that? That ain't no wild beast,' he says. 'That's one o' them little devil niggers,'—that's what he always called 'em, 'little devil niggers.'

"'I'm skairt of 'em, Jarvey,' he says. 'I 'low they're goin' to git me one o' these days.'

"I didn't know as much then as I do now, and I kind o' laughed at him. 'What you goin' to do when they git you, Kitson?' I says.

"'Who, me?' he says. 'I reckon I'll 'bout lay down an' die, Jarvey. But I'll run like h—l before I'll let 'em git me.'

"Well, it wasn't a great while after that 'fore we come up with that little bunch o' Pujalanes and give 'em a good hot dose o' the real goods. You remember it for that's where you got that swipe in the ribs."

"You bet your future mother-in-law, I remember it," said the corporal, "how

we got 'em cooped up in that blind alley, an' they come at us like wildcats, tooth an' toe-nail. I never let on, Jarvey, but I tell *you* now, I was as near bein' skairt paralyzed that time as I've ever been. Them *little* scoundrels looked to me like the devil's own breed."

"Well, we dished 'em up proper," went on Jarvey. "There wasn't more'n a dozen of 'em got away, and most o' them had the U. S. brand on 'em, one place or another. Chislett was crazy, though, because we let any of 'em git through us. Kitson missed that scrap, bein' off with a detachment bringin' up supplies.

"They used to detail him for that because the only time he'd work like a horse was when it come to bringin' in victuals. Remember how he used to eat? Never got enough. Always hungry. Ate like four men and a boy, and within an hour was cinchin' up his belt, and claimin' he was weak with starvation."

"Well, Chislett was madder'n a scalped Injun to think we hadn't rounded up that whole bunch, and he was only waitin' till the detachment joined, to start off red hot after that dozen or so that sliced their way through us. It was a case o' cleanin' up the province if we got that outfit, and Chislett promised us all kinds o' meanness if we let 'em run over us again.

"You know Chislett. He didn't rant around any. He just stalked over us, sort o' hard-eyed and ca'm, diggin' in his heels and lookin' like he was sorry for us. That meant business with bells on, and we knew it.

"We didn't think we'd done so bad. Several of the boys had got cut up and we'd finished off the bulk o' the gang; but Kola, the chief, and that cut-throat dozen had give us the slip, and Chislett was a long way from satisfied. It was up to us, and he let us understand he'd keep us on the jump over those God-forsaken hills till we got 'em.

"That was gorgeous country, certain. It was built on a perpendicular bias. You crawled on your belly up one side of the landscape and wore out the seat of your trousers slidin' down the other. About the time we got to the place we aimed at the guides changed their minds and we backtracked, cussin', to the place we started from.

"Them guides was the worst in creation. A deaf and dumb man with sore eyes could 'a' beaten 'em to a froth. When they got tied up in a knot, and didn't know where them heathen was any more'n we did, they'd get together and cook up a nice little lie, all hot and sizzlin', and off we'd go again cavortin' over the hilltops, aimin' at no place in particular, but all-fired anxious to git there. You missed that, Eleazar, and you'd ought to be thankful.

"One thing got to be pretty middlin' certain. If the boys ever come up with that gang, they'd wear 'em out in about five minutes. The lieutenants was kept busy that trip suppressin' profanity in the ranks whilst we sashayed round the district on the trail them guides cut out for us. Kitson was the only man not eager to find the heathen. He went where he went because he had to, but he felt relieved every time we missed connections.

"Well, it come along one night in the dark o' the moon. We'd fell over and gone to sleep soon as we'd had our pipes, for we were about done. Didn't seem to me I'd slept a minute when a sergeant woke me up by shakin' me, and told me not to make any noise. We got up and grabbed our krags in a hurry, for we weren't anxious to be rushed by them Indians while we were asleep.

"It turned out to be nothin' but the guides again, though, and in fifteen minutes we were stringin' off up the trail single file through black dark. Couldn't see the man in front of you, and we had orders to go quiet as we could.

"Well, Kitson fell in down toward the tail end of the file. I got him to tell me all about it afterward. He said he was skairt so he could hardly walk. I don't blame him much. We hadn't any faith in our guides, and we didn't know when we might bump full tilt into them little devils with their bolos.

"Somehow or other Kitson didn't keep up very close to his file man, and directly he came to a place where the trail forked. He didn't know it, though, and hurryin' ahead to catch up, he took the wrong branch without ever suspicionin' there was another, in the dark. Directly he begun to think it was funny he didn't hear the men in front. He stopped and still he couldn't hear 'em. Then he lost his head and started running back down the trail

to meet the balance of the company.

"He didn't dare yell. I guess he was skairt almost to death. He kept on running till he stumbled over a root or something and pitched on his face. He made so much noise goin' down that he just lay right still where he fell, afraid to move for fear he'd bring the 'little devil niggers' down on him.

"Meantime the rest o' the company had gone on up the right fork o' the trail, and by noon the next day them guides had snaked us twenty miles across country without raisin' a sign of an insurrecto. 'Course we missed Kitson when mornin' came, and some of us that knew how he felt about it, more'n half suspicioned he'd just naturally backed out o' the ruction. He'd talked about it till he'd made us believe he was skairt.

"Well, you know Kitson always was a fool about eatin'. I guess he lay there on the ground and did nothin' but eat all night. Anyway he'd et up all the rations he had on him when mornin' come, an' he went hungry that day. He was city raised, Kitson was, and out o' the gutter at that, and when daylight come and he got a look around, he was lost as complete as a fly in a barrel o' molasses.

"He didn't have natural gumption enough to figger out that east was where the sun come up, and he put in that whole day wanderin' aimless like up and down them heathen hills. If he'd chose a course east or west and stuck to it steady, a day and a night would have brought him out on the coast at either Catbalogan or Borongan; 'stead o' which, he ambled around all directions at once and didn't get anywhere.

"Along in the evenin' of the first day he found some berries and ate 'em by the handful for about two minutes. Then he was took sick, violent and sudden, and when he got over it he was too weak to go further, so he spent the night in the brush near the trail.

"When mornin' come he was crazy with hunger. He had sense enough to leave the berries alone, but he started out with just one idea, and that was somethin' to eat. He wasn't starvin' yet—couldn't 'a' been, after eatin' two days' rations the day before—but he had such a never-quittin' appetite it seemed to him he was dyin'. He'd got over his weak feelin', and that shows he wasn't starved.

"Anyway he went off down that trail like a wild man, huntin' for eatables with his mouth open, and he hadn't gone more'n half a mile 'fore he smelled roast pork. That brought him up all standin' like he'd been smote in the face, as the poet fellow says. He didn't waste a minute. It came driftin' up to the trail from a hollow down amongst the hills, and he followed up that scent like a hound dog after a rabbit.

"He couldn't wait to get his teeth into that pork. He was more'n half loony by that time from wanderin' round alone, and he went as careful as though he was on eggs for fear that roast pig would hear him comin' and sneak off 'fore he got to it. He wasn't far wrong about that either.

"The last part of the trip he went on his belly through the grass, stalkin' that pig like it was alive and kickin'. The smell of it as he come closer drove him wild, and when he got within sight of it nothin' could 'a' held him. If he'd been in his right mind he'd 'a' backed off into the brush and made long, healthy tracks in the other direction, but by that time, with the hollow in his stomach and the long crawl through the grass, and the smell of the roast pig, he was plumb nutty and didn't care.

"Down there in the hollow was a little fire, and over it hung the little pig all brown and crisp and sizzly, with the juice runnin' out and spittin' in the flames, and around it, waitin' for it to get good and done, sat five little devil niggers on their ham bones.

"I don't believe Kitson saw a livin' thing but the pig. Anyhow he jerked a cartridge into his krag, meanin' to shoot the animal if he made any break to get away, an' givin' one scandalous yell, he come out o' them bushes like a full-blood buck on the warpath. He had his krag on his hip, and that side-of-a-house face o' his was all tore open with hunger and eagerness, and I'm willin' to bet he was some furious lookin'.

"If they'd left him the pig, all five o' them little brown boys might 'a' slipped into the jungle and he'd never bothered 'em. But he had the drop on 'em clean, and they didn't take any chances. They just huddled together in a bunch, surprised clean off their feet.

'That seems to be about the first time Kitson took any notice of 'em at all. Bunched together, they sort o' made an impression on him, and he got a sudden idea they was aimin' to euchre him out o' that pig.

"I bet his language that mornin' would 'a' burnt holes in a hemlock board. It's a wonder he didn't pump them insurrectos full o' lead. He had 'em good and plenty skairt, him wavin' the muzzle of his krag

Lost as complete as a fly in a barrel o' molasses.

'Say, then there was commotions. Kitson was a mighty quiet, peaceable sort of a man if you kept him fed full o' victuals, but you let him get good and empty, and then set anybody to hook his food, and there was fireworks instanter.

round under their chins, whilst his fingers worked careless like about the trigger guard. They was pleadin' pitiful for mercy, and he was bullyraggin' 'em outrageous, both in languages the other didn't understand. And whilst he kept 'em

Between mouthfuls he reviled 'em for tryin' to steal his breakfast.

covered with the gun in his right hand, he was a-hookin' the pig off the fire with his left.

"It had a stick run through it lengthwise, and he jammed one end o' that in the ground and dropped down cross-legged contiguous to the pig.

"'Sit down!' he yells to them poor little devil niggers, motionin' with his rifle, and they squatted down, blue-gilled and obedient, in front of him. Then he digs out his clasp knife and sails into the pig. Between mouthfuls he reviled 'em for tryin' to steal his breakfast, and when he finished

a bone he chucked it to 'em, and they gnawed away on it, fearful to displease him.

"Well, it happened that the company was a-hikin' back that mornin', still followin' them fool guides. We'd come ten miles since midnight, and was humpin' along the trail, half asleep and swearin', when we got the order to halt, and quit talkin', and keep quiet. We didn't know what was doin' for a minute, and then from down the hill on our left come up a horrible streak o' blue vitriol language. It seemed to come from a hollow a ways below us, but the jungle was too thick to see anything, so we waited, kind o' speculatin' in our minds, while Chislett and a couple o' guides slipped down to investigate.

"Directly the cataract o' cuss words sort o' died out in bubbles, and everything was quiet. Then it begun again, but seemed a little bit dammed in its flow. You remember Stut Wilson? Well, he leaned over towards me and whispered in my ear:—

"'Sounds like a darky preacher tryin' to eat a watermelon and say a prayer all to wunst,' he says, and I all but choked to death.

"Then we got an order to deploy and circle round to come in on that hollow. At last it looked like there was somethin' doin' besides hikin' the soles off our feet, and it wasn't five minutes 'fore we had that place surrounded, and were movin' in, expectin' a rush. We thought some o' them insurrectos had caught a white man and was havin' some fun with him.

"Didn't any rush come though, and directly we broke through from all sides and then pulled up, and just stood starin'. There in the center sat Kitson, with his case knife in his hand, a-slicin' off sections of his pig, and jammin' 'em into his mouth. He had his krag on his knees all ready for business, and opposite him sat five little devil niggers, skairt to move an eyelid till he give 'em the word.

"Soon as he got a mouthful o' pig chewed down so he could talk, he'd begin revilin' them five. He had 'em cowed to a standstill. They sure thought he was their king. Just as I come through into the clearin', he chucked at 'em a handful o' ribs he'd picked clean.

"'Eat them,' he roared at 'em, and the way they scrambled to get their teeth into his leavin's was somethin' to look at.

"About then we rushed in and spoiled the show, and, you can believe it or not, but them little heathen who'd sat there and let Kitson browbeat 'em to a finish, fought like wildcats when it come to bein' tied up by the rest of us.

"Kitson was clean off his head. He didn't even know us at first, and wanted to fight the crowd to save his pig. He kept yellin' to us that it was *his* pig, and for us to leave it alone, that he wasn't done with it.

"Well, now, he'd et everything but the head. That much was still on the stick, and somehow or other the ears of it looked kind o' peculiar to me. So I walked up and twisted it round, and I'm a pigeon-toed highbinder if it wasn't the head of a nice, little, fat, yellow *dog*.

"Yell! We didn't do a thing but yell for about five minutes, and Kitson come to and set us off again by sayin' he didn't care if it was dog, it tasted good anyhow. That fellow was certainly a wonder. He'd et all o' ten pounds o' that roast, and he never turned a hair when he found out what it was. Chislett choked us off after a bit, but Kitson never heard the last o' that pig, and he never will.

"The laugh was on us too, only he didn't have brains enough to see it. One o' those five that he captured was Kola, the chief, and the others were all there was left of that bunch of a dozen that we'd been racin' over the skyline after for two weeks. And if it hadn't been for Kitson and his appetite, we'd 'a' worn our feet off half way to our knees 'fore we'd ever come up with 'em.

"But it shows what I was tellin' you, that a man don't ever know what he'll do in a tight hole, till the hole begins to pinch him. And it's a good bet he won't do what he's figured out he would."

HER SON

By Caroline Abbot Stanley

WITH DRAWINGS BY HERMAN C. WALL

A TRAIN of three coaches, drawn by two engines, toiled up the steep Rocky Mountain pass. Below, a shining track showed whence it had come; above, another—far up the mountain—foretold where it would go. How it was to get there, no man could tell.

Mrs. Etheridge sat drinking in the glory of it all. Her unstinted enthusiasm touched the pride of the local passengers.

The train glided over a trestle, and a vista opened on the other side. Mrs. Etheridge was on her feet instantly. The Colorado woman opposite leaned toward her.

"Your first trip over the pass?"

"Yes. Isn't it magnificent!"

The woman took her traps and moved back of the other.

"I'll give you my seat too," she said, in the kindly Western fashion. "The view's on both sides." It was easy afterwards to fall into conversation.

"Going far?" asked the Colorado woman. "Oh, into the mining district."

"Yes, to visit my son."

"Aha! Is he married?"

"No. I sometimes wish he were."

"I don't know," said the woman, thoughtfully. "It will be an awful trial to you when have to give him up. I know. My eldest son was married last year. It nearly killed me. And I've got my husband and two children left, too."

"And I should have nothing," said Mrs. Etheridge, softly. "My husband is dead."

The woman shook her head. "I hope he won't marry. He'll never be the same to you." Her eyes were full. "I—I feel as if I've lost mine."

It is strange how we sometimes drop into heart talks with strangers. Possibly the very fact that they are strangers makes us freer to lay bare our inner life. They know nothing about us, not even our names, perhaps; our paths will not cross again; for once we may say just what we think.

"You ought not to feel that way," said Mrs. Etheridge. "Try to feel, instead, that you have gained a daughter." It was one of those sweet platitudes with which people who have never had a scar try to mollify gaping wounds.

"I haven't gained a daughter. I've lost a son." The emollient had proved an irritant. "You'll feel just as I do some day."

"I hope not." Mrs. Etheridge spoke earnestly. "I've been schooling myself all these years to meet this thing. I want my son to marry,—when the right woman comes."

"The right woman, yes! But suppose your son should marry a woman that you didn't like, and couldn't—"

"My son would never love anybody that I would not take to my heart as a daughter," said Mrs. Etheridge. And she confidently believed it.

Her companion looked at her with kindling eyes.

"You're a good woman," she said. "You deserve a good daughter-in-law. But I hope he won't marry, just the same!"

The climb through the mountains was a glorious one. Mrs. Etheridge felt lifted up spiritually. "With Robert and these mountains," she thought, "I can give up the rest."

She had not seen him for four years. After he graduated in mining engineering, he had an offer in Silver Crag. The separation wrung her heart, but she made no sign. "I will never be an obstacle in the way of Robert's success," she had said. She did not know it, but "Robert's success" was dearer to her almost than her hope of heaven. It had become the ruling thought of her life.

He had said to her at parting, "I'll send for you, mother, when I get a start. We'll have a home together yet." She had lived on that thought for four years. But the message had not come.

A month ago, the High School in which she taught was burned. Mrs. Etheridge did some figuring that night. She had been teaching twenty-three years. It was a long time! She could see now the black-robed figure going to school that first morning, holding tightly by the hand the little five-year-old who looked up to her as such a tower of strength,—she who was in reality so faint-hearted. He never knew! He always thought she was strong.

Her thoughts sped on through the grammar-school days, when she was still the leader; to the High School when she began to study to keep up with him. They were companions through it all.

And then—why, then he went away from her—went as far as the great ocean on the east. Only that? Nay. She might have followed him there. But he went sailing into the unknown waters of higher mathematics and physical science, and her little bark must keep close to shore. She might not go further with him. Well, if only Rob should make a success, an abundant success of life, she would be content.

Those years had been so long, so long! Somehow, the student of technology seemed farther away from her than the little lad who filled her stocking. She closed the book at last.

"I'm going to Robert. I'll give myself one year of rest." In her heart she was saying, "I will never leave him again. I will make a home for him."

Robert Etheridge met his mother at the train. He was a handsome young fellow. No wonder she was proud of him.

They walked up to his boarding place. It was but a step and she wanted to see the town. Such a queer-looking place! It lay in a canyon, the walls of which were the sloping sides of the mountains. The canyon stream ran through the town and the main street was beside it. Other streets were dug out from the mountain side, and the houses ranged in tiers one above the other.

"How I shall enjoy all this!" Mrs. Etheridge exclaimed, stopping to survey the town.

"How did you happen to give up your place, mother?" her son asked as they started on.

"I couldn't stay away from you any longer, laddie! But I did not give it up permanently—I could go back next year if I wanted to. Do you disapprove of it?"

"Oh, no. Only the times are so hard out here that we feel when one has a good place he'd better stick to it. But you can go back next year, you say?"

"Yes. I can go back—next year."

She did not herself notice the change of tense. They walked on a little distance and then Mrs. Etheridge stopped.

"How different the effect upon one of being right in the mountains," she said. "At a distance they are so inspiring. But here—they seem to shut one in. Do you notice it, Robert?"

"It's the altitude. You are a little short of breath."

"I think that must be it," she said slowly. "Yes—I'm sure that is it."

At the door of his boarding house Robert Etheridge stopped.

"You mustn't expect to find things here as they are back home, mother," he said uneasily. "Mrs. Skidmore is a plain woman, but they have been kind to me."

"If they have been kind to you, laddie, that is enough!" And Robert hopefully ushered her in.

Mrs. Skidmore was sitting in a red and gold plush rocker, in agitated consideration of a blue album of the same material. She ran to plush. Her red hands were just from the dish water, and her conscious manner belied the studied leisure of her attitude.

Robert Etheridge presented his mother.

"Pleased to know you," observed Mrs. Skidmore with some stiffness.

Mrs. Etheridge shook hands cordially. "My son has told me of your kindness to him, Mrs. Skidmore, and I feel that I know you already."

She could not help seeing in one comprehensive glance the tawdry furnishings, the staring family photographs (enlarged) in cheap white frames, and the inappropriateness of Mrs. Skidmore's dress,—but gratitude is like charity—it covers a multitude of inharmonious colors, and kindness to one's son in a strange land is more to be desired than immaculate taste.

Mrs. Skidmore looked more at ease.

"Thanks," she said. "We've tried to make him feel to home, and I guess we've succeeded pretty middlin' well, hain't we, Rob?"

Mrs. Etheridge drew within herself as swiftly and silently as a turtle whose outstretched head discovers, within uncomfortable distance, an alien to his kind. She felt convicted of over-effusiveness. He had probably paid his board! "Rob," indeed!

In her room she took herself to task. What did she expect? Robert had told her they were plain. In her heart she was protesting, "She is not just plain. Plainness can be forgiven. She is vulgar and—familiar."

At supper she met the daughter, who came in after they were seated. She wore a sweeping tea gown trimmed with cheap lace. Mrs. Etheridge had seldom seen a more radiantly beautiful face.

"Miss Skidmore, Mis' Etheridge," pronounced the mother, and Miss Skidmore responded in the family formula, "Pleased to know you," adding succinctly in an aside to Robert, who greeted the smart gown with a low whistle, "oh, shut up!"

Mrs. Etheridge's spirits dropped to zero during that meal. Was *this* the atmosphere that Robert had been in for four years!

"What do you think of the girl?" he asked when they were up stairs.

"She is beautiful!" his mother exclaimed enthusiastically. "The most perfect features and coloring I ever saw!"

His face glowed.

"But Robert, her manners are atrocious! Why, she talked in an undertone to you half the time."

"Of course she hasn't had many advantages," he said apologetically.

"I should think not!" Then she proceeded to unpack.

"I've brought some of the new books with me, Rob. I'm looking forward to our reading together this winter."

"It will be nice," he said. But *he did* not ask what the books were.

"And here are the chess men. Do you enjoy chess as much as ever?"

"Haven't had a game since I've been here."

"You haven't? Well, we'll have one to-night!"

He looked uneasy. "I'm afraid I can't to-night. I promised to go to a party before I knew you were coming. I'm awfully sorry. I really couldn't get out of it."

"Why that's all right," she said. "I shan't be lonesome. Do you take a young lady?"—with interest. His friends were always hers.

"Yes." He tried to look indifferent, but he was watching her closely. "Miss Skidmore."

"Oh-h!"

She was hanging up a dress skirt. She pinned the band together, carefully matching loops, then undid it and pinned it again, smoothing out the folds after it was on the hook. "Do you take her out often?"

Her tone was very even and quiet.

"No, not very. I don't go to parties much."

"Is she received in the best society here?" Her voice seemed to cut the air.

"I don't know. Yes—I guess so—if there is any best. This party is at the hall."

"Oh-h!"

When they went off, Mrs. Etheridge stood at the window and watched them. The moonlight flooded the valley. It brought out the mountains in bold relief against the blue Colorado sky. She looked at them a long time. Then she drew a labored breath. "Strange," she murmured, "how these mountains settle down on one!"

The days that followed were an hourly crucifixion to her. She had not been in

the house twenty-four hours before she knew there was something between Idella Skidmore and her son. What it was she could only conjecture, but when conjecture is turned loose in a jealous woman's soul it is a ravening wolf, rending at every turn. She had little to base it on. She had seen them one day in the hall as she stood on the landing above. He was holding her hands and talking in a low tone. They had not seen her. She went into her room and sat down weakly.

Robert! *Robert!*

As the days passed she was torn by conflicting emotions. One hour she would say, "It is only my foolish imagination!" —the next, she would wring her hands and whisper, "O God!"

Does this seem melodramatic? Remember—he was her only child, the light of her eyes, the hope of years. She knew that whatever this thing between them was it meant the blighting of his life or the undoing of the girl's.

She came upon them one morning on the street—an hour after he had gone to his work pleading hurry. They started when they saw her. She made some casual remark and passed on, the several devils of jealousy tearing her soul. She would end this to-night! She would know the truth!

When they were alone that evening she unfolded a plan for housekeeping. She had thought out every detail. A woman of no mean executive ability was Mrs. Etheridge, and the stakes were high.

He listened in silence. Then he said: "Mother, it wouldn't pay to go to housekeeping for the little time you will be here."

It hurt her cruelly. There was no reason why she should not be here always if he wanted her. Then she laid pride too, on the altar.

"I don't want to teach again, Rob. I'd rather have the 'little housekeeping' we've planned so long." She laid her head on his shoulder—all woman now. She had been father and mother both so long!

"I don't see how we can manage it, mother," he said, weakly. "I'm afraid we'll have to give up the 'little housekeeping'." Her sacrifice had been rejected.

"I'm a good deal troubled about my business," he continued. "The mine shuts down soon—so it's rumored."

Mrs. Etheridge sat up and thought rapidly. This calamity might prove a door of escape.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "let's go away."

"I've had an offer here," he began tentatively.

"With another company?"

"No. To go into business."

"What business?"

"The grocery business."

There was silence in the room for the space of a minute—silence that might be felt. Then Mrs. Etheridge spoke with incisive distinctness.

"Do you mean to tell me that you think, for one moment of giving up your profession,—a profession that cost you four years of your life" (she did not mention her own sacrifices)—"for one reverse and—a grocery store?"

"Oh, well," he said sulkily (he felt that he had been called names—coward, dolt, poltroon)—"a man's got to live. And with silver down to—"

"Who made you this offer?"

"John Skidmore, Mrs. Skidmore's son."

"Robert," she said suddenly and without relevance, "do you care for this girl?"

"What girl?"

"Idella Skidmore."

"I think a good deal of her,—yes."

"Would you marry her?"

There was no escaping her searching directness. It was the same tone she used to take years ago when she would hold him by the hand and say, "Now tell me the exact truth," and he would feel that he had to do it. He felt so now.

"A man might do worse," he answered defiantly.

"Where?"

"Oh, well, mother," he said angrily, "you've never done these people justice. Because they are not up to your standard of grammar you think they are wholly bad."

"No, I don't think that. But, Rob!" she cried passionately, "they are not our kind of people."

"They are my kind of people," he retorted, and she felt that he was choosing between them.

"I am afraid they are getting to be," she said sadly.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," and she looked him straight in the face, "that the change wrought in you in four years, if continued, will bring you eventually to the Skidmore level."

"What change has there been in me?" He was defiantly curious.

"A little letting down all along the line," she said. "In the midst of such surroundings one must consciously hold himself up—or drop. You are careless in your dress; you are growing rougher in your talk and your manners. And you don't read anything. You told me so. How can a man grow on the husks of gossip? And your spiritual life—ah, laddie, laddie!" and her eyes filled—"it is shriveling up!"

He tapped impatiently with his heel.

"And oh, Rob!" she burst out vehemently, "it has taken your ambition away. To think of your wanting to give up your profession!"

He was stung to the quick by her plain talk. She had held up the glass faithfully.

"If I am as bad as all that," he said roughly, "you'd better let me go to the devil and be done with it."

"You would not have said that to me four years ago!"

The more they talked the more she saw, to her dismay, that he was in earnest. "You married for love. Why shouldn't I?" he asked doggedly.

"Oh, love!" she cried impatiently. "This is not love! Love must have some foundation. You are infatuated, that's all—infatuated with her beauty. When that is gone what will be left? She is hopelessly your inferior. She will be a clog to you always. And think of the folly of it, Rob. You happen to be here at a time of life when young men think of marriage. You are thrown accidentally with this girl. Because you have the stirrings of passion within you, you think you are in love. Conquer it, Robert! It would mean misery to you both."

"I've promised to marry her, mother. Would you have me break my promise?"

Her very lips whitened. But she would not give it up.

"Yes," she said resolutely, "I would. Better a broken promise than two broken lives. This marriage would wreck both. She could not hold your love. You would make her wretched. Tell her plainly that it was a mistake. And then—"

"Mother," he said, rising, "we may as well end this. I have been engaged to this girl for a year. We are to be married at Christmas. If the mine shuts down I'll *have* to go in with John Skidmore. I have cast in my lot with these people."

She sat perfectly still. She felt almost as if he had struck her. His choice was made. It was for this she had spent her life.

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love,—and then to lose!"

The words came to her suddenly and kept saying themselves over and over.

"To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love,—"

and at that word she felt the touch of clinging arms about her neck, and a soft cheek pressed against hers. She heard again a sweet, little voice saying, "I lo'es you deely, deely, *deely*, mamma!"

"—and then to lose!"

"I should have told you before, mother, but—"

"Yes, dear," she said gently, "I know. We won't talk about it any more now. Good-night."

When he was gone she locked the door and went to her trunk, tossing things about with nervous haste, and bringing from the depths a box of old pictures,—the faded kind that are nearest our hearts. She turned them over eagerly, almost frantically, until she came to a tintype with a pinkish mat around it. A sweet child face with curly hair and great solemn eyes looked at her.

She threw herself on her knees and sobbed over it,—the bitter sobs of middle age that rend the soul. She kissed the lips with passionate tears; she touched the curls and patted the baby cheek as if it were a living thing,—and knew.

"This is the one I worked for," she whispered, brokenly. "This is the one that loved me. He's dead now! My little lad! My little lad!"

Weeping endured for a night; with the morning came, not joy, but joy's best substitute—a settled purpose.

Through that vigil Mrs. Etheridge faced the thing that loomed before her, turning it often, and viewing it from every side. As the belated dawn struggled over the mountains, one conviction cleared itself before her spiritual vision. This infatuation was a madness of the blood. He had fallen under the spell, not of a wicked woman (even in her anguish she was just), but of a weak and beautiful one. He would wake from it some day, bewildered, but in his right mind. If the awakening could only come before it was too late!

In her despair of the night before she had determined weakly to give it up, to go home and leave him to work out his own destruction. Now, she shut her lips together, and spoke sternly to that cowardly self: "*No!* I have stood by him in every emergency of his life, and he needs me now as he has never needed me before. *I'll save him in spite of himself!*"

When she appeared at breakfast, she was her own well-poised self, as Robert saw with unspeakable relief. Admiration rose within him to see how she held herself in hand, with what dignity she accepted defeat. And with admiration came a surging back of his old boyish love. It *had* been hard for her, harder than Idella or her mother could ever understand, and he glanced from one to the other with swift, invidious comparison.

When they spoke about it again, she said only: "She is not the woman I would have chosen for you, my son, but if she satisfies you, and you are sure it is an everlasting love, I will receive her as a daughter, and do my best."

And Robert kissed her, feeling somehow less jubilant in this acquiescence than one would suppose.

The next morning she followed him to the door.

"Robert, would you object to my asking Helen Marsh to visit me while I am here? I half asked her when I thought we might go to housekeeping. It is rather lonely for me,—no, do not misunderstand—I expect you to spend your time with Idella, but it throws me back on myself more than is good for me. If I could have Helen for a month or so, it would help me out."

He hesitated. "No-o, I don't object,—only well, mother," and the old defiant expression came back, "you may as well understand that I am not going to spend any time on Helen Marsh."

"Certainly not. I expect you to spend your time with Idella. It is right that you should. I will explain the situation to Helen when I write."

"That is hardly necessary," he said, wincing as he thought of Helen Marsh's ringing laugh, "she'll soon find it out, I suppose."

In his heart he did not want her to come, but he had been eliminated from the case so neatly that he could hardly object.

"Certainly. And she will feel just as I do about your allegiance."

He frowned. Like most men he did not like essays on allegiance.

That very day Mrs. Etheridge began her preparations. "I will fit up one room in this house that shall be a constant reminder of his old life," she thought, as she sought Mrs. Skidmore.

"Of course I let her do it," said that lady to her daughter. "That room hain't been papered sence your pa died. Besides, she offered to pay for it if I'd let her select it. Yes, you bet I did!"

When that room was ready for the coming guest, it presented a striking contrast to the plush-clad family photograph gallery below. Mrs. Etheridge had brought some dainty furnishings to Colorado, with the unspoken hope of the "little housekeeping." They found a place and a work to do, of which she had not dreamed. As Robert Etheridge stood on the threshold, he found old memories tugging at his heart.

The faded carpet of yesterday had been consigned to some domestic limbo, and rugs covered the stained floor. Soft folds of Madras replaced the cheapest of Nottingham lace; familiar pictures—good ones—hung on the harmoniously colored walls, books (not of the blue plush variety) were everywhere abundant, and new music was on the open piano. Mrs. Skidmore had remarked that for her part, with one instrument in the house—referring to the wheezy cabinet organ—she couldn't see no use for another,—further observing: "But let 'er go it, Idelly! All them things will be yours some day," and Idella, stimulated by the preparations upstairs, had gone into the manufacture of paper flowers for their own parlor.

"Do you like it, Rob?"

His mother turned brightly from the mass of wild columbine she was arranging. He had just come from the paper roses below.

"Like it? Why, it looks so like home, it actually makes me homesick."

And her heart gave a great throb.

As he sank into the big, leather-covered chair that had been bought as his special trap, Idella appeared with a blue plush rocker in tow.

"We can spare you this. Your things look kinder dingy and this will brighten 'em up. Don't you want some paper flowers?"

"Heavens! No!" cried Robert. "Can't you see—"

"Robert!"

When Idella, with head up, had withdrawn, his mother remonstrated. "They meant it kindly. You will have to be very careful about such things, my son."

Into the cultured surroundings of this room Helen Marsh fitted like a hand in a glove. Robert could not help seeing this when, after a constrained, awkward hour, Idella left them and they felt the relief. He had opposed her being brought in, but his mother had said firmly: "She is your betrothed wife, Robert. I want to show her every courtesy that I would if—if she were different. I shall not begin by shutting her out from anything."

So Idella had come in wearing her tea-gown, the newest thing she had, looking a very Venus for beauty and a Sphinx for dumbness. And yet Mrs. Etheridge tried hard to introduce her into the conversation.

"That Marsh girl ain't very pretty," Idella said deprecatingly to Robert when he came down to her, and he replied half angrily: "Idella, why don't you *try* to talk?"

"She don't know any of the people here to talk about," said Idella.

Helen Marsh was an accomplished musician, and Robert Etheridge hungry for music. He got out his violin and they played duets,—in the midst of which Idella, at the organ below, would execute "The Sweet By and By," sometimes with the loud pedal on.

"I can't, in common decency, neglect my mother's guest," he said impatiently when she reproached him with leaving her for Helen. "Don't be silly!" Then his conscience smote him, and he sat down in the plush parlor and tried to make up with Idella, who sulked, as Venuses sometimes do.

You know how it went.

If only Helen had not been so bright and full of the joy of living it might have been different. If only Idella had been less exacting and fretful under it it might have been different. If his mother had been less conscientious it might have been far different, but she goaded him to madness by her jealous championing of his future wife.

"It isn't right, Robert," she would say. "Your time belongs to Idella. I think we ought to tell Helen."

"Oh, hang it all, mother!" he said at last. "Let Idella take care of herself. She is abundantly able to do it."

But he always had his moody turns after such advice, and would sit beside his betrothed listening to Helen's music above and finding fewer and fewer subjects of conversation.

One day there was a change in Idella's tactics. No more sulking, no more reproaches, but a mysterious air that piqued Robert's curiosity. She sat no more in the plush parlor nor played "The Sweet By and By."

Robert Etheridge walked home one night with a letter in his pocket and a lump of lead in his breast. The letter offered him a position in a neighboring mine. It was one that he coveted because it was a distinct rise in the line of his profession. In his grasp to-day it turned to Dead Sea fruit. It made his marriage possible, but his awakening had come.

"I'll take the offer and go," he said to himself doggedly at last. "At Christmas I will come back for her as I promised. I've been a fool, but I'll not be a scoundrel."

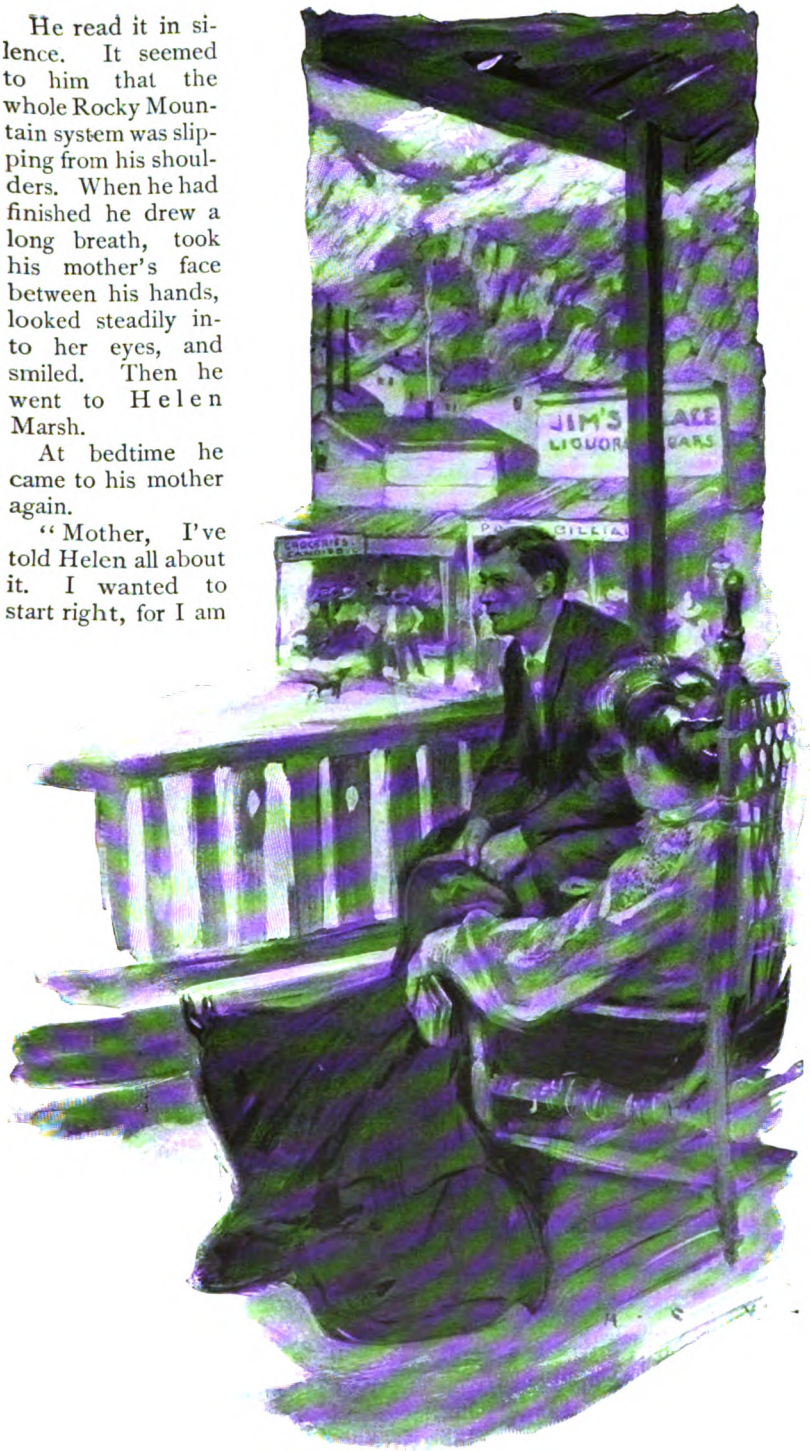
When he got home Helen Marsh sat on the porch with a book. She did not look up, though he was sure she saw him. In the hall Mrs. Skidmore put her head out of a door and then quickly withdrew it. He could see that she had been crying.

His mother met him at her door. "My son, I have bad news. Idella is gone. She has run off with the man that keeps the faro bank. She left this note for you."

He read it in silence. It seemed to him that the whole Rocky Mountain system was slipping from his shoulders. When he had finished he drew a long breath, took his mother's face between his hands, looked steadily into her eyes, and smiled. Then he went to Helen Marsh.

At bedtime he came to his mother again.

"Mother, I've told Helen all about it. I wanted to start right, for I am



It seemed to him that the whole Rocky Mountain system was slipping from his shoulders.

sure *this* is the everlasting kind. I—I think I must have been possessed!"

"You were!" she answered, her eyes shining, "by the devil of propinquity!"

When he was gone she laughed softly.

"Some problems," she said, lapsing into school talk, "are worked out by comparison; some by elimination and substitution. In life the two may be combined."

THE SAINTS OF SHILOH

The Story of Evangelist Sandford Who, Starting with Three Cents and a Wheelbarrow, Has Created a Most Remarkable Community

By Holman F. Day

ONE day a Quaker from Durham, Maine,—and as wrathful a Quaker as that calm faith would sanction—came hunting for me. And said he:—

"We want a newspaper reporter to come down to our place and show up the man who has broken up the Durham Quaker meeting."

He sputtered on and on:—

"Oh, no; it was not a rowdy. It was a 'Saint,' or at least a man who called himself one. They would have known what to do with a rowdy, the Friends of Durham would, but this man—well, there was no one in the Durham Quaker meeting who could cope with this man." My worthy visitor wiped the forehead whose squizzles showed the perturbation of his spirit. Why, this man, after wandering for three years in the remote, rural sections of Bowdoinham, Litchfield, Topsham and Lisbon had at last appeared in Durham and asked permission to pitch a tent and hold evangelistic meetings in the yard of the Quaker meeting house. And, certainly, the Friends had given permission! And what had he done? He had converted to his faith more than two-thirds of the members of the Friends' church, including Elder Cartland himself, and if he wasn't promptly shown up as a disturber he would have the rest of the Quakers corralled in less than two weeks.

And more than that—my informant grew dolefully earnest—this stranger had gathered from the countryside a band of young men whom he called his "disciples," had already made hundreds of converts in the remote districts of Sagadahoc and Androscoggin counties and was stating that he had received direct orders from God to go forth and evangelize the whole world. Yes, and now the informant's nephew was so much taken up with this new prophet that he had made over the old home farm, house, land and all to this saint who had come to town without place to lay his head. This and more from the one who still stuck staunchly to his Quaker faith!

So I went down into the troubled land of Durham and thereby got the first news story of "The Saints of Shiloh."

The highest hill in the town of Durham rises almost sheer from the Androscoggin river, wooded at the base, its poll a great, sandy waste that has sifted, shifted and drifted until it has covered entirely an

From a snapshot taken at the time by H. F. Day.

Evangelist Sandford recommencing his work alone after his first set back.

orchard and a respectable forest of small pines.

At the foot of this sand knob I found a gray and rainwashed old farm house on whose gable was a large sign bearing in gilt letters the words, "The Upper Room." Beside the door was an invitation also in gilt letters, "Come in, Father Loves You." So I went in. I found an erect, clear-eyed, tense and enthusiastic young man whose face beamed cheery smiles under his close blond beard. A man who radiated personal magnetism and optimism—a man full of life and spirits and hopefulness, and as he talked I remembered where I had seen him a dozen years before.

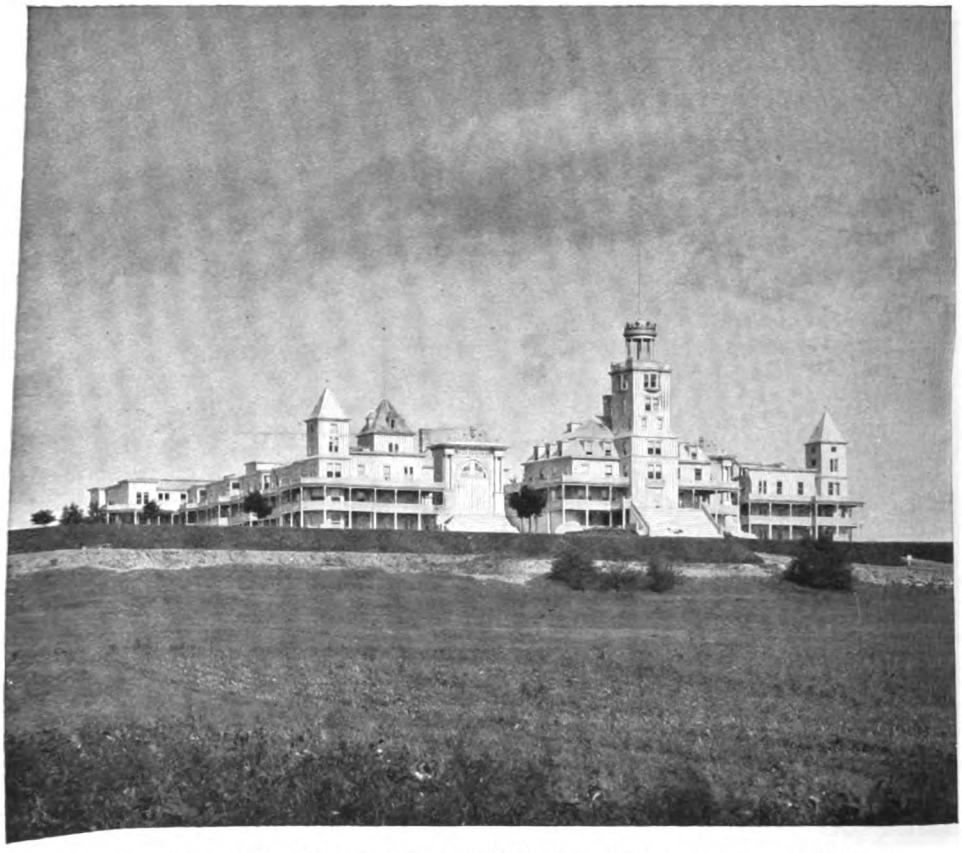
Playing baseball—that was it! He was captain of a professional baseball team and was chosen to that position because he had been considered the best college ball player in Maine during his four years course.

"At the conclusion of that season with the professional team," he told me, "I bade good-by forever to worldly sport, entered a theological school and devoted myself to the ministry. From boyhood I was hungry to study law. It fascinated me even as sport did. But I said to myself, 'Now, young man, you are going to spend eternity either in heaven or in hell. If you devote yourself to law with all its temptations to worldliness the chances are well nigh certain that you will lose your soul. You had better surrender the idol of your life than suffer forever the wrath of God.'"

I can merely summarize the story that he told me. In his first pastorate in Topsham he made several hundreds of converts and his work attracted so much attention that he was called to a New Hampshire church at a liberal salary. There he was even more successful as a pastor. But divisions in sects and disputes over creeds troubled him. It didn't seem the proper way for God's family to get along. There were four ministers in his town. They began to hold union meetings at his prompting. The four met each morning at nine for prayer and mutual encouragement. Such an ideal relationship locally would have satisfied most ministers of the gospel. It merely suggested things to the Rev. Frank W. Sandford.

He said it used to irritate him to hear ministers talk about holiness. But at last he put away his ministerial pride, went to a camp meeting, knelt in the straw, asked for sanctification and believed that he received it.

First, he gave up his church and went around the world. He satisfied himself that there were at least two hundred millions more heathen now than when the Christian religion was given to the world.



"Gates of Praise," the huge temple built by Sandford at an expense of $250,000.

He decided that the modern missionary plan was all wrong. He declared that God had whispered "Armageddon" to him, a dread word that meant that there was approaching the great day of the battle of God Almighty and that the human race was to be separated into two mighty divisions, one under the leadership of the Christ and the other under the command of the anti-Christ. He came home and God then whispered "Go," to him. He gave away everything that he owned, his wife acting in full sympathy with him, and arrived in the town of Bowdoinham, Maine, one day without a cent of money but throbbing with courage for his great experiment. Bowdoinham was his birthplace. He proposed to start afresh in that town.

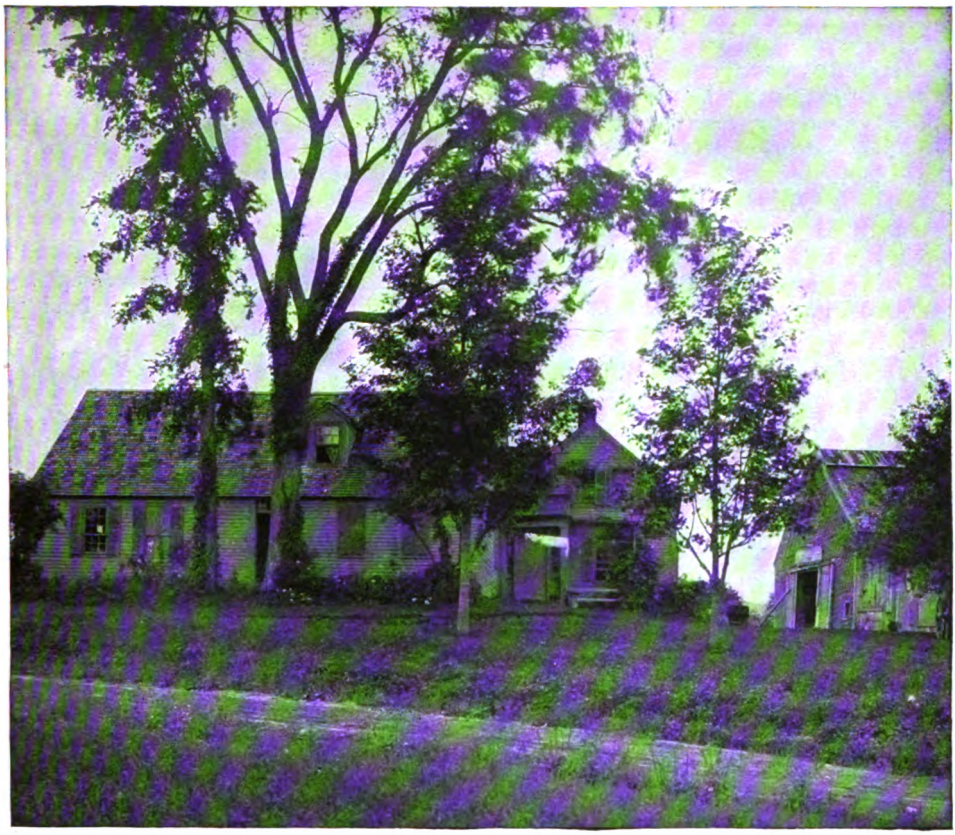
"I simply took God at his word," he explained. "God speaks to a great many people who haven't the courage to act."

There was a little old school house in Bowdoinham that was not in use. He displayed there an actual banner and asked the people to rally under it. It was a blue pennon with "The Truth" upon it in letters of white. The new prophet announced for his mission "the evangelization of the world on apostolic principles." He never asked for money, took no collections, received no salary.

The people took care that he did not lack for anything. He told all who wanted to come with him that they must leave behind them all church relationship, pay their debts, and take the pledge never to doubt God under any circumstances of persecution and want. He went from school house to school house, and then some one gave him a tent. Many persons gave up all their possessions, and followed him as disciples. He made hundreds of converts. But the cities heard nothing of the work for three years,—not until the "seed Quakers" of Durham revolted.

Such was the sort of man I found in the tumble-down farm-house.

He pointed through the window to an



The first temple. The old house at the foot of the sand hill.

old blue wheelbarrow that was tilted in the yard. Then he turned his pockets wrong side out. He produced three cents.

"All the earthly capital I have in the world to-day," said he, "you are looking at. A wheelbarrow and three cents. Now come out doors with me. Look up there." He pointed to the bare, sandy poll of the great hill. "I am going to start to-morrow morning," he went on, "to build a mighty temple up there, to the glory of God. I know just how it is going to look. God has showed it to me in a dream. Here, I have drawn it out on this piece of paper."

He had drawn it in colors, and it truly did seem a marvelous structure. I looked on it, then on the desolate hill top, and then around on the fields and pastures of the commonplace little farming town.

"You are like all doubters of the world," said the evangelist. "You believe neither God nor his prophet. But I will now and here constitute you the chronicler of the progress of this temple. Come to me from time to time, and see what God will do for those who put absolute reliance in his word. I shall not beg nor borrow from any man."

The next morning the evangelist and two of his disciples went up on the sandy waste. They trundled the wheelbarrow. They shoveled dirt. After two days several farmers, toiling in their fields at the foot of the hill, came up to investigate this activity on the sand wastes. They knew that John Henry Douglass had given his home farm to some sort of a revivalist, but all their scrutiny from their fields under their toil-cracked palms could not determine what was going on up on the hill top.

"Why, we're starting to build a temple to the glory of God," explained the evangelist, stroking the perspiration from his forehead. The farmers gazed on the wheelbarrow and on the toilers.

"How long do you cal'late the job's

goin' to take?" asked one of the visitors, in a mystified way.

"Oh, that isn't a matter for us to talk about," promptly returned the prophet. "God is managing it all. He will send the money, the lumber and the rest, as it suits His convenience."

The next day several farmers came around with horses and dump carts and offered to "spell" the little band of toilers. And on succeeding days more came.

the prophet, in order to reply to the assertion that he was heaping up treasures for himself, deeded all the lands and all upon them to "Lord God Almighty," and had the transaction duly recorded on the Androscoggin registry of deeds.

The first building finished was the main temple facing the west and flanked by the towering "Gates of Praise" that admit to the inner courtyard. The colony kept increasing. Nearly every day a fresh pil-

The saints as they were about to start out into the world, two by two, with staff and scrip. Sandford in right foreground.

As the news of this curious project on the sand hill went abroad, the Sandford followers all through the region offered their services. In a week or so the foundations were ready for the laying of the marble corner-stone, with a Bible in its niche. I remember that in the throng that sat about on the sand that day, and listened to the words of the evangelist, were about two score persons, men and women, who rose and testified on their honor that they had been healed of disease by Sandford, naming the complaint and calling on neighbors present to corroborate their statements.

As the work of construction went on, grim arrived. The news of this singular project went winging rapidly. Some of the new arrivals were tramps sent by jokers, for Sandford had declared that all who came to him in the name of God should be received without money and without price. The tramps were not turned away. They went of their own free will, either because even a tramp has some appreciation of sincerity, or because the religious observances of the temple were a bit too strenuous.

But most of those who flocked to the place brought substantial gifts. Many sold farms and came with their families. Such persons turned all their possessions into

the common fund. Some came driving cattle and leading their children by the hand, going up to the temple in truly patriarchal fashion. One man brought a drove of swine, but the evangelist declared that these animals were unclean, and they were driven down into the woods and slain and buried.

A Lowell horse trader, named McGregor, was so taken with the new faith, that he gave four white horses and a white chariot in which the saints of Shiloh made apostolic tours of the country-side.

A printer came and brought his entire printing plant as a gift. The outfit included a cylinder press and the paper "Tongues of Fire" was started with a free subscription list.

Every month or so there were great gatherings of converts at the hill-top for a week of worship. At these times the unvarying policy of the temple was observed, —food free for everyone, barrels and baskets of bread and cold meats.

The first apartment finished in the temple was a little room away up in the tower with round windows like a yacht's. Here a "saint" was set at prayer eight years ago with his face toward Jerusalem, and since that time prayer has never ceased in that room, night or day. One person relieves another after a two hours stretch of supplication. To be exact, there has been one lapse, and this for ten minutes. A woman came all the way from New York to join in this constant prayer. She explained to the evangelist that she wanted to reclaim her husband, and thought she might be able to reach the ear of God in this fashion. He yielded to her solicitations, and she took her place alone in the tower. She had been traveling most of a day and night, and the calm peace of the Durham countryside soothed her tremendously. She put her head on the locker that surrounds the little room, and went to sleep.

Pretty soon, after the first temple was completed, the colony of Saints numbered over two hundred. These were residents. They were studying the Bible and fitting themselves to spread this new gospel of apostolic faith redivivus.

The evangelist declared that a temple bill must not be owed over night, because that would be putting God in a false position. The method of securing funds at Shiloh is to pray. Mr. Sandford declares that never yet has God failed to give them money for the things that He tells them to do.

This, by the way, is the cardinal point of faith at the temple. The evangelist claims that through his sanctification, due to his absolute obedience to God, God in return talks directly to him. Sandford looks skeptic or disciple squarely in the eye; and says with all the fervor of his spirit, "God tells me!" And when he believes that God has spoken, there's no gainsaying the fact that he does act and promptly, too. For instance, on one occasion when he was addressing the saints in the main temple, he suddenly paused and declared:—

"God has just told me to start for Jerusalem. I shall go to-night!"

Now this happened to be just the time when work was progressing on Bethesda, as it is called, a four-story brick hospital building. The funds were at low ebb and no one knew where any more money was coming from. In the local parlance, "Sandford is the whole thing at Shiloh." His saints were tremendously worried. He simply ordered them to keep on praying and working, and promised that God would attend to everything. Then he took Disciple Gleason and away he went, headed for Jerusalem. They had just eleven dollars and fourteen cents between them.

I saw Mr. Sandford at Shiloh the day he returned from that trip. It was some three months later, and on that very day they were dedicating the completed Bethesda, the cost of which was twenty-five thousand dollars.

"I never lacked for money all the time I was away," he said. "I was never obliged to postpone any part of the journey. An hour before the time to start away from a place I might not have a cent, but I went right along and made my plans, and God had the cash in my hand when it was needed. How? Well, here is a sample instance:—

"I was at Joppa. Wanted to leave for England that afternoon. I had to leave. I had made arrangements for a grand meeting at the branch I had established in Liverpool, and I had just time to get back. No money. I went into a room to ask God about it, and while I was praying I was told that a man wanted to see me. I went out and the man threw his arms

Evangelist Sandford and his "fidus Achates," C. E. Holland, and their families. The Flag of David behind him has taken its stars from Mrs. Sandford's wedding dress.

around my neck and embraced me. Who was he? Why, he was the Turkish gentleman who had rescued me a dozen years before when my party was wrecked on that coast. Some one had told him that a man answering my description was at the inn, and he came to hunt me up. When he left he said that he had become a Christian since I first saw him, and that he wanted to help the cause. When he had gone I found a sum of money on the table sufficient to take us to England—not only myself alone but my party."

It is worth relating that when Mr. Sandford returned to Shiloh he brought a dozen people with him, traveling first-class, and during his stay abroad had established branches of his work in England, Egypt and Palestine. In Liverpool a country mansion worth fifteen thousand dollars had been presented to him.

The evangelist understands the full effect of the dramatic, even in such sanctified undertakings as he is engaged on. When the chill of autumn came on and a boiler was needed to heat the temple, he assembled the shivering saints before the altar and they prayed for six hours, seeking a boiler. At the end of that time the object came up the hill behind a dozen toiling oxen. The chances are that Mr. Sandford knew the boiler was coming, but his desire to give his followers a practical example of faith and works was perhaps excusable.

The favorite song at Shiloh in times of financial stringency is:—

"'And when you draw a little sum,
He asks, 'Why don't you oftener come?'
For there's a plenty,
Yes, a plenty
In Father's Bank Above."

I happened to go into the temple one Sunday when an unusual depth of gloom was apparent on all faces. It should be said that the normal, mental and spiritual condition at Shiloh is distinct gaiety. The saints skip along the corridors and sing and gaze at each other with beaming faces and shout "Hallelujah!" in most jovial fashion. But this day there was melancholy everywhere. Women were huddled on the floor, close to the walls, rocking to and fro on their heels. I have known women to remain this way at Shiloh for twenty hours at a stretch. They seemed wrapped in

what may be called religious ecstacy. By the way, there have been fasts at the temple that continued seventy-five hours, men, women and children participating. On the occasion of which I speak it was explained to me by the evangelist that for some reason—for discipline undoubtedly—God had suddenly withheld cash. Even the money-bearing letters asking the prayers of healing, amounting to several hundreds a week usually, had ceased. At this time the great range of buildings enclosing the courtyard was nearing completion. The day of dedication had been set and was less than a month away. It had been given out that the immense structure would be complete in its five hundred rooms on that appointed day. Small wonder that the saints were gloomy. But the evangelist was unperturbed.

"It is only a test of our faith, my people," he said. "At sunrise to-morrow arise, take staff and scrip and go ye forth into the world, two and two, and preach the gospel to whomsoever you may meet. Take the bread that may be offered to you, for there is no food here. I will remain and talk alone with God. I will start again with my own hands."

The next morning I found the temple deserted. In the great courtyard the leader was at work with that same blue wheelbarrow. He wore a red fez and a happy smile, and had tackled a pile of earth an acre in extent that must be cleared out before the yard would be level. A saint named Higgins had stayed with him as one fully qualified to participate in this solemn task. For Higgins had recently been tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail by the people of Levant, Maine. Higgins had shown the meek spirit of a true martyr by refusing to go before the grand jury and testify against his persecutors, greatly to the disgust of the county attorney.

"Discouraged!" repeated the evangelist. "Why, of course not. This is God's building. This is His ground. Do you think He's going to abandon it! He is simply trying our faith. Things have been moving too smoothly. We were developing unholy pride." And he and Higgins went at their task like ants toiling at a mountain.

In three days one hundred people were back at work with plenty of food in the lockers. In a week there were three hundred laborers with hammer and saw and paint brushes. The women did most of the painting. Every little while all dropped their tools and hastened into the temple for a season of prayer and song, and then back and at it again!

At night big bonfires flared in the courtyard and the toilers kept on. The farmers of Durham and Lisbon looked up at the glare against the skies and commented wonderingly and—well, unbelievers do say hateful things sometimes. But on the great day the dedication occurred as arranged, and with the structure practically completed. The accounts showed that twenty-five thousand dollars would be needed that day before nightfall to pay all bills. At sunset a woman came hurrying into the throng through one of the mighty "Gates of Praise." She was breathless, almost, for she had walked three miles from the railroad station in order to save the fifty cents that the carriage man would have charged. She put into the evangelist's hands the sum of one thousand five hundred dollars that she had received from the sale of all her property and the contribution completed the necessary amount.

Immediately a bugler was sent upon the tower under the great golden crown and as he played the doxology all the multitude below sang the words. It was just as the sun was sinking and those who were present will hardly forget that scene.

It is estimated that two hundred thousand dollars would not replace the buildings that are now looming on that Durham sand hill. Besides those I have already mentioned there is the children's or "Hosanna" building of white stone.

The saints of Shiloh are not strong on the higher criticism nor do they waste much time in splitting theological hairs. They do what they call "Live the Bible." In case one thing seems to contradict another they keep on just the same with the comfortable suggestion that God isn't calling on mankind to construe his meanings for Him.

At times when matters go especially wrong they decide that the devil has come upon the hill in person to make trouble. So they go to "the tower of David," as it is called, or the armory. Here on the walls are hung bucklers and shields and weapons. They gird them-

selves in their armor and, each with a Bible in hand, sally forth with cries of defiance to drive Old Nick off the hill top. They don't see him go, of course, but a sense of comfort and satisfaction comes to them after a time and they know he has fled. Then they adjourn to the temple and have a season of thanksgiving. This sort of practical and tactical christianity is declared to be immensely consolatory.

Then, too, they cast out demons at Shiloh. I have seen persons writhing and foaming before the altar in fits resembling epileptic attacks. This is believed to be the demon struggling to remain. Mr. Sandford assures me that he has known as many as half a dozen demons to inhabit one person.

That Olive Mills was raised from the dead in Bethesda building is asserted by the saints without reservation. Miss Mills herself gave me a detailed account of this happening, describing all her remarkable sensations and even describing heaven as she saw its glories in a fleeting glimpse. I regret that the limitations of this article prevent the recital of the story.

I have in my possession about two hundred manuscripts written by the saints at Shiloh in which each person relates personal biography and religious history. These show that nearly every State in the Union is represented by the congress on the sand hill. There are also many from foreign countries.

The grafting of this bizarre colony upon the staid community of Durham has not been effected without considerable opposition. Owing to the fact that so many "Shilohites," as the Durham farmers term them, have given their all into the colony coffers, they have become legal residents of the town. Now if anything should happen to drag stately Shiloh's towers to the dust, Durham with its three hundred legitimate polls, might find itself saddled with two or three hundred paupers, or one pauper for every tax paying citizen. It is easy to understand that the hard working farmers look up to the temple crowned heights with something else than meek adoration in their expressions.

On its own part, Shiloh holds aloof from Durham in the pride of its sanctity. The United States government has established a postoffice at the temple and calls it "Shiloh." The colony has its own beasts of burden. Among its residents nearly all trades are represented. The saints are therefore enabled to be self-reliant. They expect to raise ten thousand bushels of potatoes this year.

The question that is oftenest asked about Shiloh is, "What do the saints do?" Well, they spend most of the time reading and studying the Bible. That is the only text-book. When Mr. Sandford isn't in the temple-room expounding principles and giving instruction, some one of his half dozen elders is there on the rostrum. There is a fast every Thursday. All the inmates of the temple assemble in the main room and remain for the day on their knees or crouched on the floor. The letters asking for prayers of faith or healing are piled on the altar.

The methods of housekeeping are co-operative and not much time is needed for this work, because there are so many helpers.

Nominally the association at Shiloh is on the co-operative plan, but every one understands that sole authority is vested in the chief evangelist, the Rev. Frank Sandford. He gives the laws, expounds the tenets, makes all the plans for the growth of the undertaking and directs the disposition of the funds that come in. He has even picked out wives for some of his elders and the latter have obediently wedded according to his advice. The last time he came back from the Holy Land he announced to Shiloh that he had received new light on the matter of baptism and that though his people had been baptized once it would be necessary for them to be immersed again according to the new ritual. Therefore several hundred saints obediently followed him down to the river and were put under once more.

The acknowledged fact that Mr. Sandford's word is supreme at Shiloh has been making a lot of trouble for him. After a long series of mutterings and threats his enemies came out against him. They secured his indictment by the Androscoggin grand jury on two counts; cruel and abusive treatment of children and manslaughter. He was first tried for obliging his own son, a child of seven years, to undertake a fast continuing nearly seventy hours. The jury found him guilty and his case was appealed to the law court where it awaits action. It was claimed that another child died at

Shiloh during the fast that was ordered and from this fact arose the manslaughter charge. It was found that the prejudice against Sandford in his own county was so great that he could not secure fair trial and the court ordered change of venue. Sandford faced the charges cheerfully, saying that thus of old did they persecute the apostles.

At the first trial of the manslaughter charge, heard in his own county of Androscoggin, the jury disagreed, after remaining out many hours. It was currently stated that eight of the jurors were for conviction, and three held out for acquittal.

The second hearing of the case, in Farmington, in Franklin county, attracted great crowds from all sections of Maine. The jury found that Sandford was responsible for the boy's death in that he did not order proper care for the little sufferer. Accordingly, they returned a verdict of guilty. The case then went up to the supreme court on exceptions filed for the counsel for the defense, appealing from the verdict of guilty.

It is thought that the new trial will occur in May.

A dozen of the Maine Boards of Trade, including all the larger ones, and the citizens of two score of towns, have bombarded the Maine legislature with petitions, praying for legislative investigation of the condition of affairs at Shiloh.

Mr. Sandford is anxiously hoping that his enemies will exhaust their ammunition pretty soon, for he tells me that he wants to start and put his girdle of Holy Ghost stations around the world. He affirms that God has stated that an ocean liner shall be added to the Shiloh fleet that now consists of a steam launch and a schooner. And he is also projecting an electric railroad from the railroad station at Lisbon Falls, straight up to the gates of the temple. Lately he has bought several hundred acres more land in Durham, and some folks are asserting that he proposes to establish some sort of industrial enterprise, though Mr. Sandford has always maintained that he will never mix religion and commerce. He doesn't believe in any Dowie ideas.

His sincerity?

Absolute. Any man who gets to know Sandford well, is convinced of that. In fact, he is too sincere for his own good. A little more diplomacy would smooth his way. But he prefers blunt honesty. Sandford has no private purse. The immediate investment for his cause of every dollar that comes into his hands forms his chief delight. In this way he likes to show the world of doubters that the work is progressing. In affairs he is energetic, beyond the usual measure of men. If he had chosen the profession of business, he would have made a distinguished success. He is a brilliant and magnetic speaker, with none of Dowie's cheap sensationalism. Occasionally, however, he denounces sinners after a fashion to make the blood of listeners run cold.

The future of Shiloh?

Those who understand best its inner workings, and the nature of the influence exerted by its founder, predict disintegration when he quits. And the usual comment of those looking up from the valley at the turrets and stately walls is —

"What a summer resort that will make some day!"

THE LIONS AT PLEASUREVILLE

By Maria Lindsey

WITH DRAWINGS BY T. H. MILLS

WHEN Estella Plumley was elected Chairman of the Department of Music in the Woman's Club of Pleasureville, she protested against the honor; but Marcia Belknap asked sternly: "Haven't you been abroad?"

"Y-e-s," admitted Estella, "but—"

"Then you have the advantage of the rest of us," said Marcia conclusively.

"And we look to you," said Myra Galt, "to pronounce the names of all the Russian and Norwegian composers."

"And I will help you make out your programs," said Mrs. Bowser.

So it was settled; and Estella, in a flutter of pride and timidity, became chairman.

The apprehension that she felt was not only on account of the unknown duties that lay in her new sphere of activity, but because she dreaded the disapproval of Uncle Plumley. This awe-inspiring-in-law was a single gentleman, and not only that, but a single gentleman of the old school. He had a manner that was at once fierce and gallant. Estella had often been told by her husband that Uncle Plumley's bark was worse than his bite, yet she trembled at the first symptom of barking.

He never looked so gentle as when riding his great-nephew astride his shoe on a Sunday afternoon, and Estella chose this time to announce her election to the Chair of Music in the Woman's Club of Pleasureville.

Little Plumley came to the floor with a thud that jerked a howl of wrath from his plump young body.

"Woman's Club," snarled Uncle Plumley. "I've no patience with such gadabouts. You ought to be at home darning socks."

Estella was comforting the baby with a lump of sugar, but she answered gently: "Jack's socks are always darned, Uncle, and I only go to the Club once a week."

Uncle Plumley mumbled something inarticulate and reached for his hat and cane.

"Hold on, Uncle," cried Jack to the rescue, "we haven't had our julep."

The old gentleman wavered. Estella knew her cue and flew to the pantry to pound ice with more than her usual vigor. When she entered the room, smiling, and bearing two frosty amber glasses with fragrant green sprigs of mint peeping therefrom, the expression on Uncle Plumley's face softened and he said: "I don't like club women, my dear; they act like men dressed in petticoats. You—er—smoke, don't you?" and he offered her a cigar.

"Not yet," said Estella, and she added saucily, as she bore away the empty glasses, "nor drink, either."

"A fine spirited girl!" said Uncle Plumley as he dug Jack in the ribs; but to Estella, at the front door, he growled: "Keep out of that mess of women, or you'll get into a peck of trouble."

This cheerful prophecy passed lightly over Estella's head. Trouble? Why? Had not Mrs. Bowser promised to help her? Mrs. Bowser, the latest acquisition to the Club, Mrs. Bowser, fresh from Cultureville.

And Mrs. Bowser helped her. She stretched the Pleasureville musicians upon the rack of old Cultureville programs until they writhed in agony. Mrs. Bowser herself, in a voice like a Kentucky River steamboat, warbled arias from Mozart and Glück, and the Club listened in respectful silence; but it was one thing to hear Mrs. Bowser do it, and it was another thing to do it yourself.

The Department of Music was not the only recipient of Mrs. Bowser's vivifying influence, for with genial impartiality she worked in art, current events and literature. The Club had once been dominated

by Marcia Belknap; but soon, as Miss Green forcibly expressed it, "Marcia took a back seat when Mrs. Bowser took the floor." This was often.

"What is this Club doing in the way of altruistic work?" was the question Mrs. Bowser hurled at the women of Pleasureville one memorable Monday afternoon.

"How many lecturers have you brought to your town?" she asked.

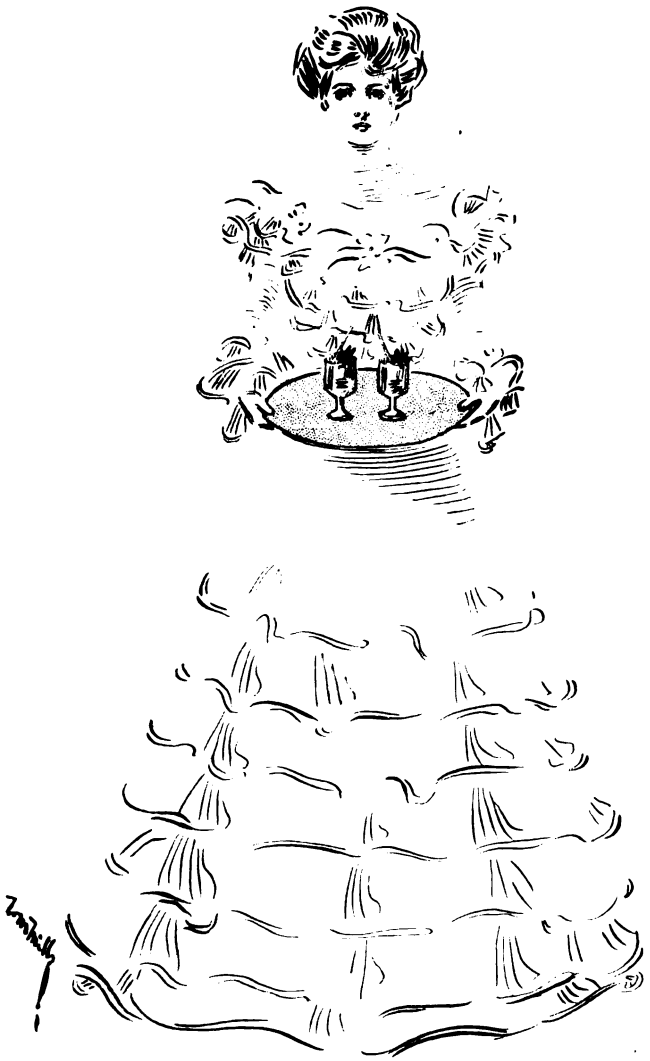
"Lecturers!" groaned Myra Galt.

"Lecturers!" echoed many voices in minor keys.

"Ten minutes for informal discussion," announced the president tactfully. The dammed-up current of speech flowed free. Such drift could be caught as, "Don't you remember that awful Mr. Bean?—the Y. M. C. A.—A lady told me.—And that poky, old Miss Styles, with her false teeth and physical culture?—A lady told me. And that darling Dr. Biggs, with his sweet lectures on the 'Inferno,' but he wouldn't. —A lady to-o-old me."

"What?" shrieked Myra.

"That Dr. Biggs was the cause of Maud



Bearing two frosty, amber glasses with fragrant green sprigs of mint peeping therefrom.

Grant's breaking her engagement with Charlie Campbell."

Every eye and ear turned to Miss Smith. She smacked her lips. "Well, you know Maud brought Dr. Biggs to Newtown for the benefit of the King's Daughters—they are trying to raise money for their hospital—and she thought the men would come in crowds; but Charlie was the only man there besides the preachers. And the next day when Joe Speed and Charlie happened to step into the drug store at the same time, Joe asked him why he attended the Biggs' Female Academy, and Charlie said, 'I'm perfectly innocent, my boy. Miss Maud chloroformed me.' And just then Miss Maud rose up from behind the counter, where she had gone to tie her shoe."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed gentle, little Miss Virginia Talbot, "what did she do!"

"She gave him the mitten, then and there," concluded Miss Smith triumphantly.

"And served him right," said Marcia Belknap sternly.

"Nevertheless, I don't think it is wise," said Mrs. Brown mildly, "to *antagonize* the young men."

"No indeed," cried Myra Galt and the young members eagerly.

"Men like music," said Mrs. Bowser, thoughtfully, "you might import some musical Lions and give a recital. Would it be possible in Pleasureville?"

Then up sprang Estella Plumley, Chairman of the Department of Music, with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes.

"What Cultureville has done, Pleasureville can do!" she proclaimed.

The Club thrilled and applauded.

Soon this imposing notice appeared in the weekly newspaper of Pleasureville:

"Under the auspices of the Musical Department of the Woman's Club, Miss Susanne Lemoine and Mr. Frederick Watt will give a recital, Thursday, March 7th, at 8 p. m., in the Baptist chapel. Admission, fifty cents. Tickets on sale at Grimshaw's book store."

Estella's heart swelled with pride. If one could not be an artist, there yet remained the honor of being a patroness of Art.

And the program,—how classic! how generous!—Selections from the works of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann and Wagner. Estella read it aloud to the Department of Music, and everybody thought it perfect. Myra whispered something about the popularity of rag-time, but no one heeded such profanity.

"Now everything is settled," said Estella; "our expenses will not exceed sixty dollars. Fifty dollars will go to the Lions, and ten dollars will cover printing and incidental expenditures. There will be no hotel bills to pay, as Mrs. Bowser has invited Miss Lemoine to stay with her, and Jack and I are going to entertain Mr. Watt. We were old friends in Berlin." (This last with a poorly concealed inflection of pride.) "If every Club-woman brings an escort, we will clear expenses, and of course the whole town will come, and we ought to make a handsome surplus for our treasury."

So sanguine was Estella about the handsome surplus, that when she received a charming diplomatic letter from Mr. Frederick Watt, requesting a grand piano for the recital (a grand piano in Pleasureville!), she called up Cultureville, by long distance telephone, and engaged from Smith and Wallace a grand piano to be shipped for the recital, Thursday, March the seventh.

"Everybody will be so surprised and delighted," she said to tall Miss Crab, the music teacher, whom she met as she was returning from the telephone office.

Tied to the bed post for safe keeping.

Uncle Plumley's bark was worse than his bite.

"How much will it cost?" asked Miss Crab anxiously.

"About eighteen dollars."

Miss Crab's eyes stuck out, but she worshipped Estella, and admired her nerve. "Can we get it on the platform?" she asked.

Estella looked blank. "I never thought of that," she confessed.

They hurried around to the Baptist Chapel and measured the carpeted parallelogram that lifted the preacher above the people. Ten by fourteen feet.

"There will not be room for the piano *and* the performers," said Miss Crab.

"We might get the Court House," suggested Estella feverishly.

"Closed for repairs," said Miss Crab. "I'm afraid you will have to countermand the order for the piano."

"And let Fred Watt play on that tin pan," declaimed Estella, pointing a tragic forefinger to a weather-beaten, upright piano, that stood in the choir room to the left of the Chapel, "Never!! I will engage the Opera House."

"Oh, Estella," gasped Miss Crab, "*Twenty Dollars* a night!"

"What of that!" retorted Estella, in the calm tone of a successful speculator.

After the Opera House was secured, she spent the afternoon at her telephone. She failed to connect with Miss White, but she saw her passing along the street, and ran out to her front gate and interviewed her in the bleak winter twilight. Miss White's long, legal face became longer than usual before Estella finished setting forth her excellent reasons for incurring further financial risks, and she asked gravely: "Has this matter been put to the vote in the Club?"

"Every member agreed with me over the telephone," said Estella.

Miss White rubbed her long blue nose ruminatingly. "Each member might agree with you individually," she said, "but unless the Club, as a Club, agrees with you collectively, this extra financial risk is not binding."

"The risk is mine," said Estella proudly, "the Club may have the surplus, and there'll be money to burn."

It was stirring business, this importation of Lions. Jack's socks were accumulating undarned, and little Plumley was given over entirely to the care of Aunt Jerushy. The local committees demanded long telephonic communications; and letters from Lions, printers, piano men, caterers and florists, required prompt attention. Estella began to lie awake by night, and to look wild-eyed by day, and she avoided meeting Uncle Plumley on the street. Jack was observant, and in an amused, half-hearted way, tendered his assistance, which was summarily declined. "At least you will let me answer the telephone," he said, one night, as it jingled for the seventh time since supper.

"I'm not tired," answered Estella shortly, as she put the receiver to her ear. "Oh, yes, is that you, Mrs. Bowser!" and she smiled drearily, then a look of dismay crossed her face. "Can't somebody else—" Jack glanced up furtively over his newspaper. Strange expressions succeeded each other on Estella's speaking countenance. "Of course, Mrs. Bowser," she said in a queer voice, "of course I'll do it. I'll write to her to-morrow."

"I'm afraid you won't like it, Jack," she said, "but I had to do it. Mrs. Bowser said that Mr. Bowser was laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, and she could not entertain Miss Lemoine, and she asked me to do it."

"The more the merrier," said Jack lightly, "if you want to shoulder all these unnecessary burdens, it is your own affair." And he buried himself in the columns of the daily press. Estella surreptitiously wiped a tear from the sheet of paper on which she had been writing to one Nold, caterer in Cultureville, for Mrs. Bowser had said that it was cus-

There was never any question about Mother Plumley.

tomary to give an informal reception to the Lions after the recital, "with simple refreshments, my dear, and ice or frappé with small cakes. You can get them at reasonable prices from Nold, as you have no professional caterer in Pleasureville."

In the budget of mail that reached Estella Wednesday, March sixth, at noon, were three letters, of more than passing interest:—

MRS. PLUMLEY, Dear Madam: Miss Lemoine and Mr. Watt will go from Pleasureville to Newtown for a recital to be given under the management of Miss Maud Grant. Instead of returning the Steinway Grand to us, please ship it promptly to Newton, Friday morning.

Yours truly,
SMITH & WALLACE.

MY DEAR MRS. PLUMLEY: Your kind invitation has been received, and I hasten to accept it. On account of the delicacy of my throat, I must avoid fatigue as much as possible, and you may, therefore, expect us this afternoon (Wednesday), instead of to-morrow morning. A good night's rest will put me in my best voice for Thursday evening. Trusting that you may not be inconvenienced by this change of plan, I am

Yours truly,
SUSANNE LEMOINE.

DEAR ESTELLA: I'm on my way to Sally's, and will stop over in Pleasureville to stay two nights with you and Jack. Meet me at the station Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock, and be sure to have the sheets well aired and my room well ventilated. Love to Jack and the boy.

Your affectionate mother-in-law,
JANE PLUMLEY.

Estella glanced at the clock. One p. m. Two short hours to do it all. There was no question about Mother Plumley. There never was any question about Mother Plumley. She always had the front room with the open grate, the room so daintily prepared for Miss Lemoine, with curtains and bed-draperies, both of which Mother Plumley abominated as being exclusive of fresh air. Miss Lemoine would have to be put in the back bedroom, heated by a small stove. The curtains could be moved. And Fred Watt? Well, there was Jack's upstairs den,—a lounge could be brought down from the attic,—a table covered with muslin would do for a dresser. Yes. It was possible. Milly, the cook, Aunt Jerushy, and Uncle Peter, an old colored man who was the best emergency worker in Pleasureville, were pressed into service; and during the next two hours the domestic machinery of the small house revolved at high pressure. Little Plumley, being at the crawling age, was tied to the bed-post for safe keeping, and his mournful howls at this inhuman treatment added to the general up-roar.

Estella was right. It was possible, and therefore it was done. At three o'clock she was at the station, a trifle tremulous, but triumphant.

Her heart rejoiced in the comely appearance of the Lions as they stepped from the train, for Pleasureville was critical concerning beauty. Miss Lemoine, from her blonde pompadour to her shapely patent leather shoes, was a pretty fashion plate. Mr. Watt had the proper artistic foreign air necessary to a popular pianist, and he looked exceedingly handsome as he bared his luxuriant dark brown mane, and bowed low over the hand of Myra Galt, who headed the reception committee. Estella was in the embrace of sharp-eyed, prim, little, old Mother Plumley, who at once asked, in an audible whisper: "Who are those queer-looking theatrical people?"

Estella's duties as hostess were strenuous, but they faded into insignificance by the side of her experiences as business manager of the recital.

On the following day, one by one, the members of the Room Committee sent plausible excuse for remaining at home, and Estella alone faced the difficulty of securing the key to the Opera House from the manager, who was sleeping off the effects of a too convivial night, alone contended with the Transport Company, who slowly and indifferently put up the piano at eleven instead of nine o'clock, alone struggled with the disrespectful scene-shifters, who would fain have set a street scene, instead of a drawing-room. When Miss Crab brought the Lions to the Opera House for the rehearsal, two hours later than Estella had planned, these theatrical people walked the stage, sniffed the stale air with professional relish, and proceeded at once to business. Estella, cross and tired, sat close to Miss Crab in the cavernous parquet, and whispered her woes with indignant emphasis. Not even the charming Bach Suite could soothe her savage

wrath as she told how Mrs. Bowser had thrown up her window and called to her: "Well, Estella, how are you coming on with *your* recital?"

"But it is going to be grand, Estella," said Miss Crab soothingly, "just listen!"

Miss Lemoine's clear, thrilling, soprano began Elsa's Dream. "Oh, ah," breathed Estella, and closed her eyes in rapture, to be aroused abruptly by a strange cry that proceeded from a trembling black figure that appeared at the rear of the stage.

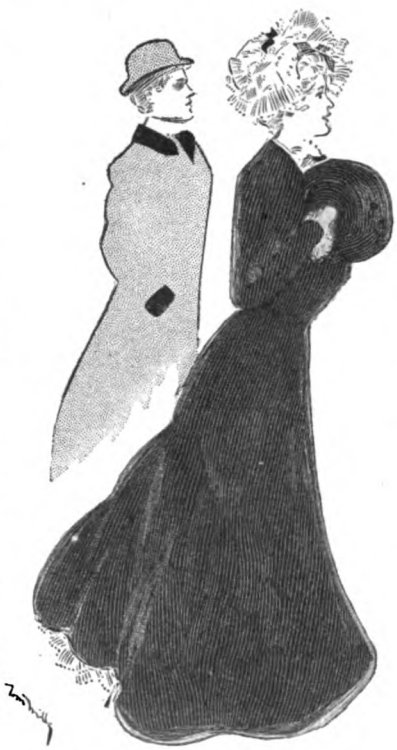
"Aunt Jerushy!" exclaimed Estella.

The music ceased, and Aunt Jerushy advanced and became leading lady.

"Oh, Miss 'Stella," she cried, as she trod the boards and wrung her hands, "fur Gawd's sake come quick. De baby done swallowed a moff ball!"

To step on the orchestra rail and take a flying leap to the stage was the work of an instant. The Lions laughed. Estella, as she ran, heard them, and never forgave them.

"Jump in!" she said to Aunt Jerushy, pushing her into the dray that had brought the piano, and, getting up beside her, she took the reins and lashed the bony horse.



Her heart rejoiced in the comely appearance of the Lions.

Uncle Plumley, starched and elegant, was stepping into his buggy at the livery stable opposite the obscure alley-way back of the Opera House, when Estella and her dray issued therefrom. Her hat was awry and her dirty face wore an agonized maternal expression. She drew rein for one instant. "Uncle Plumley," she said in a tone of tragic calmness, "go for Jack and the Doctor. The baby has swallowed a moth ball." And she drove on.

It was an anxious group that gathered around little Plumley as he sat crowing on fat old Dr. Eiy's knee.

"My precious baby," cried Estella, as she fell on the floor and kissed the fat little feet that wriggled in ecstacy at so much attention. "Oh, Doctor, can't you do something for him?"

"Fol-de-rol! Hey diddle diddle!" sang the Doctor cheerily, as he danced little Plumley up and down, observing him carefully all the while; then, turning to Aunt Jerushy, who was sobbing violently, he said: "Are you sure this child swallowed a moth ball?"

"Ya-as, sir. He shorely did. Dey was fo' moff balls in de box, an' I seed him grabbin' fur 'em, an' I'd a run to him then, but I was a-squeezin' lemons fur de flappay, an' I hollered to him to let 'em alone, an' when I nex' look around dey want but free moff balls in de box."

"What's this?" inquired Uncle Plumley, as he suddenly bent down, and, with the crook of his cane, drew forth from under a bookcase, a small, round, white object.

Estella could not join in the shout of laughter. She caught up her baby and ran up stairs, still trembling from the shock of anxiety. But what right have business managers to indulge in emotion?

The rattling of a wagon at the garden gate reminded Estella that she must superintend the decoration of her parlor.

The division of the decorations and the double work involved were accomplished by almost superhuman exertion; and at four o'clock Estella had seen Miss Lemoine tucked in bed for a recuperative nap, had provided Mr. Watt with a novel, had helped Mother Plumley to turn down a hem that would keep the old lady occupied indefinitely, and she threw herself across her couch, every muscle aching.

"Miss 'Stella! Miss 'Stella!"

"Shut up, Milly! Now what do you want?"

"I'se mighty sorry to disturb you, Miss Stella, 'cause you shore do need rest; but Peter say them cakes ain't never come on the train."

Estella clasped her throbbing brow, arose, went to her desk, and there lay the letter to Nold, neatly addressed, properly stamped.

"Oh, Milly," she cried, "what will we do?"

"Do without," suggested Mother Plumley, who had entered the room in time to hear the news.

"Oh, no," said Estella, "in Cultureville they always serve cakes or reception-flakes, or something with the frappé."

And they had something in Pleasureville too, with the frappé, delicious cocoanut drop cakes, egg-kisses, and jumbles made in fevered haste by Estella and Milly, assisted by Uncle Peter, who beat the eggs with an ardor worthy of a better cause.

Nil desperandum! Woman triumphant! At eight o'clock Estella, Miss Crab, and the Lions, all keyed up to a high pitch of excitement, arrived at the Opera House, and, through convenient peep-holes in the drop curtain, scanned the audience.

Every Club woman was there, and all who had husbands brought them. A few sweethearts were there, too, but the young men,—and the people,—the great American public for whom this Altruistic enterprise had been projected,—oh, where were they?

The recital proceeded, and the select audience applauded. Estella, through a crack in the drawing-room door, could see dear faithful Jack, splitting his gloves, and her throat tightened.

"What's the matter?" whispered Miss Crab.

"The music is so beautiful," said Estella, hastily wiping her eyes.

"Let's go down into the house to hear the Erl King," suggested Miss Crab.

The program was running smoothly without a flaw, and with many an encore.

As the first thrilling notes of the Erl King sounded, Estella and Miss Crab groped their way to seats in darkness; for, by suggestion of Mrs. Bowser, the lights in the house had been turned off to enhance the weird effect of the song. When Estella's eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she realized that she had lost Miss Crab, and found Uncle Plumley. He was sitting in front of her, and, as Miss Lemoine struck her high note with anguished shriek of terror, he turned to his crony, old Mr. Grimshaw, and whispered audibly: "What's the d—— thing about?"

"Blamed if I know!" was the mournful reply.

"Mein Vater, mein Vater!" shrieked Miss Lemoine.

"Lord!" cried Uncle Plumley, "there she goes again!"

"It's a sixty dollar house," remarked Mr. Grimshaw.

"What are their expenses?" inquired Uncle Plumley.

"Not less than ninety dollars."

"Das Kind war todt," wailed Miss Lemoine.

"I'm sorry for Jack's wife," said Uncle Plumley, "this will teach her a lesson. She's a nice little girl but full of fool foreign notions." Was there a sigh or a sob back of him? Uncle Plumley turned and in the sudden glare of the electric light looked squarely into a pair of hurt, indignant eyes.

"Why — Estella — child"— he stammered. "I didn't know — I didn't mean—"

She gave him no time for explanation, but swept into the aisle. It was time for the intermission and people were passing to and fro. Naturally the Chairman of the Department of Music was the center of interest. She stood her ground, bravely smiling, as she received congratulations on the success of the recital. Uncle Plumley, deeply dejected, hovered near and heard her whisper loudly to Mrs. Bowser, "so many bought tickets and were kept at home by the threatening weather. Oh, yes, we will come out even."

"It's a pity we selected the night that the Elks meet," purred Mrs. Bowser.

Uncle Plumley groaned. Then suddenly he grasped his cane firmly, jammed his hat on his head, and made for the door. Estella breathed freer when he was gone. His absence made her rôle as Patroness of Art easier to sustain during the long intermission.

At last Mr. Frederick Watt spread his coat tails and ran his fingers over the keys. With a rustle and a whisper, the house settled back in place for the last half of the

concert, when all at once there was the deep rumble of masculine voices in the entrance hall of the Opera House. Tramp—tramp—they came—in a body—the Elks, sixty strong—they filled the vacant seats in the parquet and overflowed into the boxes and gallery.

The pianist stared, then smiled and dashed into a Chopin waltz with new zest. He was loudly applauded.

An appreciative murmur from the Elks greeted pretty Miss Lemoine. Schubert's "Ungeduld" passed harmlessly over their heads but the gallant applause they gave the singer was blood-stirring. Advancing to respond to the encore, Miss Lemoine knew the vulnerable spot in the heart of her audience and she sang "My Old Kentucky Home." The Elks wept.

After that the Lions had it all their own way. Enthusiasm waxed higher and higher and at the close of the recital the air was rent with cries of Bravo! Encore! and Hurrah!

Then came the informal reception. Estella's head swam as the mass of people poured in and out of her small home. "It's a great day for Pleasureville," said the President as she grasped Estella's hand. "Miss Lemoine says we've outshone Cultureville. I think I'll tell Mrs. Bowser."

"Please do," said Estella fervently.

It was Friday afternoon and all was over. Estella and little Plumley were asleep on the parlor sofa so curled up together that to Uncle Plumley, standing in the doorway, it seemed as if the tired mother clung to her baby. The old gentleman's heart melted within him and he sighed so profoundly that Estella was awakened. Laying her finger on her lip, she led the way into Jack's den.

"I've come to apologize," said Uncle Plumley. "You must forgive a crusty old bachelor who hasn't any one to teach him any better."

"Uncle Plumley," said Estella, "look me in the eye."

A fatuous expression of innocence spread itself over the old gentleman's countenance.

"Now," pursued Estella, "tell me who brought the Elks to the recital."

"Jack," suggested Uncle Plumley brightly.

"Jack," repeated Estella in withering tones. "Uncle Plumley, I'll never be afraid of you again. You couldn't tell a lie to save—"

"A telegram, Miss 'Stella," announced Milly, suddenly.

"Men are so safe."

Estella turned pale. Telegrams in the Plumley household meant sickness or death. She tore open the fateful yellow envelope, gave one glance at the sheet of paper, then cast herself upon the broad shirt front of Uncle Plumley.

"Too late! too late!" she cried.

"I 'spect it's her ma," said Milly as she picked up the telegram and handed it to Uncle Plumley.

He read it, stared at it, and finally read or rather roared it aloud. "*Where are the legs?*" Why—why," he spluttered, "what the devil does it mean? What—whose—"

"The piano-o-'s," wailed Estella, "I shipped the large box with the body of the piano in it, and I forgo-o-t all about the small box that held the legs. Oh, oh, Maud and Fred Watt will never forgive me."

"Hold on!" exclaimed Uncle Plumley hopefully, "Jack gave me a note to give to you."

Estella ran her eyes over it hastily, then pressing it to her lips, cried, "dear boy—in a wagon—this cold day twelve miles! Oh, Uncle Plumley!" still clinging to him and shedding tears on his sacred white linen, "Men are so *safe*."

WHO IS INSANE?

By Dr. Stephen Smith
LATE COMMISSIONER IN LUNACY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

How is it That People Go Insane. What is the Line Between Queerness and Insanity? How to Cure Insanity and How to Prevent It

"THE popular judgment of the insane is largely based on unjust prejudices," said an eminent alienist. It is true, whatever may be the explanation, that we have an instinctive dread of the insane, and shrink from contact or association with them. The sudden discovery that our companion, with whom we may have had an agreeable and profitable conversation, has an illusion, delusion or hallucination, however harmless, gives us at once an undefinable sense of discomfort, or, perhaps, of insecurity. We wish to escape his presence. His sane and sensible opinions, on all current topics, weigh nothing in our estimation. Failing in one particular mental function, we cannot believe that his judgment is reliable on any subject. While this feeling on our part is apparently instinctive, because so universal, yet with many it has been intensified in childhood by that terror of the neighborhood, a crazy man or woman, whom the friends persist in retaining at home, confined in a garret or other out-of-the-way place. "Run, boys, old Jerusha is coming," was the frequent signal of alarm in our boyhood days when one of our number saw the truly frightful figure of a woman, roaming in the fields, her outer dress thrown over her head, and a butcher's knife thrust under a belt about her waist. She proved to be a "terror by night" to all of the children of that vicinity, during their lives, for she appeared ever after in all their disturbed dreams. Many have their fear and dread of the insane intensified by the occasional horrible crimes which they commit. Without reason we are disposed to accept this one act of a single person as characteristic of the reliability of ten thousand of that class.

When, however, we are brought into more familiar contact with the insane, we become interested in their special peculiarities of thought and action. A strange fascination may take the place of fear, giving rise to an intense desire to analyze and interpret their mental operations. Even "Old Jerusha" ceased to be a terror when we became more familiar with her history. Personally, I came to be greatly interested in her visits to our home, though these visits were often made at midnight. She was very fond of my mother, and her tap on the door with the handle of her knife awakened me to a sense of security, rather than fear. Mother always cheerfully responded to her knock, invited her to come in, prepared a cup of tea, and, together, they discussed current neighborhood events. It was only when the course of their conversation brought to her thoughts her betrayer that Jerusha showed any considerable mental disturbance. At the thought of him, she would seize her knife, and, brandishing it over her head, excitedly exclaim: "If ever I meet him I'll bathe this blade in his heart's blood!" A touch of my mother's finger upon her arm, and a deprecating glance at the bedroom of the children, brought a humble

apology and an immediate return of the knife to her belt.

When, instead of observing the life of a single insane person, our duties lead us to study them isolated in a community, as they are found in asylums, a new and altogether different impression is made upon us, which not only supplants all fear or dread of contact with them, but gives every phase of their lives an interest of marvelous intensity. We seem to be among a people so like ourselves in many respects and so unlike in others, that at first we experience a degree of mental confusion quite disturbing. If the visitor to an asylum is an official, who is required to converse with every one who desires to speak with him, apart from officers and attendants, the impression that is made upon his mind becomes so pronounced that he cannot possibly escape the conviction that there are no hard and fast lines drawn between the sane and insane. He discovers that he is in a community of people quite as full of mental activities as the one he left in the outside world. Here he finds the same passions, emotions, conceptions and themes of conversation that occupy the people of the town. One is loitering along the hall like a man of leisure, another walks rapidly with knitted brow as if intent on business, a third is reserved, or even morose, as if laboring under a disappointment, a fourth is talkative and mirthful, and laughs at every unusual event. Evidently each one has a special subject of interest to him or her alone, which occupies the thoughts to the exclusion of everything else. On this one topic the individual speaks freely and earnestly, and, whether correctly or incorrectly, certainly with entire candor.

My first impressions of the insane in asylums were, therefore, that they form a community not very unlike the ordinary village. There are in each the quiet, sober, thoughtful; the active, restless, excitable; the queer, peculiar, nondescript.

"Is there any sure test by which to tell the sane from the insane?"

inquired a student of the famous French alienist Esquirol. "Please dine with me to-morrow at six o'clock," was the answer of the savant. The student complied. Two other guests were present, one of whom was elegantly dressed and apparently highly educated, while the other was rather uncouth, noisy and extremely conceited. After dinner the pupil rose to take leave, and as he shook hands with his teacher he remarked: "The problem is very simple after all; the quiet, well dressed gentleman is certainly distinguished in some line, but the other is as certainly a lunatic and ought at once to be locked up." "You are wrong, my friend," replied Esquirol with a smile. "That quiet, well dressed man who talks so rationally has for years labored under the delusion that he is God, the Father; whereas the other man, whose exuberance and self-conceit have surprised you, is M. Honoré de Balzac, the greatest French writer of the day."

The effect of a visit to an asylum and free conversation with the inmates, for two or three days, upon the visitor is peculiar. For my own part I could not divest myself of the impression that every one I met in the outside world was insane. Whether walking along the public street, or entering a passing car, or stopping at a hotel, I could not escape the conviction that I was still among the insane. Involuntarily, I endeavored to determine from what form of insanity everyone with whom I conversed was suffering. The more rational they appeared to be the more closely I questioned them, in the constant expectation of discovering the carefully concealed clue to their mental delinquencies. As never before, though quite unconsciously at the moment, I studied the peculiarities of each stranger and strove to detect in his or her features, dress, manners or acts, the latent evidences of an unsound mind. And, it is true, that I met with many persons in the outside world, active in its affairs, who, on careful scrutiny, exhibited mental aberrations quite as distinct as did many of the inmates of the asylum. Especially was this true of perversions of the senses, as of seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, touching. While in large numbers of cases the evidences of mental disturbance were readily recognized, in other cases the most careful and painstaking inquiry elicited no positive proof of an unsound mind.

A superintendent requested me to examine a patient and inform him as to his mental condition. I spent an hour or more

in conversation with him and we discussed a great variety of subjects. He was very intelligent, humorous and inquisitive and I could discover no sign of mental confusion or disturbance. On reporting the fact to the superintendent he suggested that while conversing with him I should incidentally say, "Telephone." On the following day, while passing through the hall in which this patient was confined, he came to me and we again entered into conversation, the topic which most interested him being current political events. In an interval I spoke the word, "Telephone," at which he flew into a violent passion and denounced me as one of the conspirators to ruin him. On inquiry I learned that he was a very reliable worker on the whole and never showed any signs of mental disturbance except when that word was spoken in his hearing.

On visiting a county asylum, on a hot summer day, I found a very intelligent man in charge. The patients were all in the field and he was alone. The little isolated asylum building for the insane was in excellent condition in every part and I spent some time with the attendant conversing on matters relating to inmates and the management of the almshouse. On finishing my inspection he invited me to his room and, entering, he locked the door and put the key in his pocket. To my inquiry as to his training for his present position, which he seemed to fill so acceptably, he replied, with marked emphasis, that God was his only instructor; that he was in immediate communication with Him and never took any advice from man or woman, but always followed His instructions. I asked if God should instruct him to punish one of the inmates would he do so without consulting the superintendent. "Certainly," he replied, and raising the cover of his desk he showed me a whip, a sharp pointed knife and a *pistol*. Looking at my watch, I arose, expressed my surprise that it was so near train-time and moved towards the door, complimenting him meantime effusively on his devotion to his duties and his reliance on God. I was immensely relieved when he took the key from his pocket, opened the door and gave me free access to the outer world. For years this man continued to do excellent work as an attendant, and it was only when allusion was made to this one matter of his source of instruction that he showed the slightest lapse in his mental state.

Lord Erskine, Lord High Chancellor of England, who had supervision of the insane, received several letters from an inmate of an asylum, alleging false commitment. The letters were so well written that the chancellor requested the superintendent of the asylum to bring this patient to him for his examination. The patient proved to be a very gentlemanly person, and in conversation on a great variety of subjects showed unusual intelligence. Turning to the superintendent, the chancellor expressed his surprise at the detention of a gentleman whose mind was so well balanced and so free from delusions. The superintendent requested the chancellor to ask his visitor, "Who is the King of England?" On putting this question, the conduct and attitude of the man suddenly changed, and, rising and assuming a proud air, he placed his hand over his heart, saying: "I am the King of England, and you are my Lord Chancellor."

These instances can be multiplied by the thousands, both in and out of asylums. Do they not suggest the propriety of reforming our methods of treating this class by giving them proper occupation rather than condemning them to lives of inactivity in asylums?

"Who is insane, you or I?"

was the startling question put to me as I walked along the Hall, pencil and paper in hand. I was intently studying the peculiarities of others to determine the special features of their mental aberrations, but it had not occurred to me that, from the viewpoint of the inmates of an asylum, I was myself a "suspect." I was not surprised at the first part of the question, "Who is insane?" for that was constantly uppermost in my own mind. It was the entirely unexpected application of the inquiry to myself that created momentary mental confusion.

My querist was a young lady who had been a prominent teacher in a seminary for young ladies. Her mobile features, quick movements, excited manner and rapid speech, indicated a highly organized nervous system. The mincing manner of her approach, the sarcastic smile and the

attitude of expectancy which she assumed, her head being poised on the tip of her finger resting on her cheek, showed that she anticipated the embarrassment which her question might create. Other patients, who heard the question, quickly gathered about us, all evidently intent on hearing my answer. At a loss for an explanation which would not offend so sensitive an audience, I hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Why you, of course, are insane." She slowly and thoughtfully repeated my words, and added in the same strain, "You, of course! Why, 'of course?' Do you see insanity in my features?" Taking a small mirror from a stand, she moved it before her face, saying: "Will you be so kind as to teach me how to examine a person's face and discover what may be his mental condition?" She placed herself in different attitudes, holding the mirror in different positions, and making ludicrous grimaces, greatly to the amusement of the by-standers. She continued: "If you will teach me your occult art, I should be delighted to be able to say to any one I meet: 'Why, of course, you are insane.' If I became as expert as you think you are, and had your assurance, I might even say to you, 'Why, you, of course, are insane.'"

The interview was becoming decidedly personal, and the patients gathered around us were excited by the shrewd turn of her remarks, and boisterously applauded the points which she made against me. I attempted to bring the colloquy to a close, but she spoke so rapidly that I could not interrupt her, until I turned away, when she apologized for what she said I might regard as rudeness, but which she felt was the proper improvement of a rare opportunity to express her opinions.

"You altogether mistook the meaning of my reply to your question" I said, with as much composure as I could command. "I did not, and could not, decide as to your sanity or insanity by any peculiarity of your features, nor from anything noticeable in your personal appearance, for, in these respects, I see no difference between you and many whom I meet in the streets. It occurred to me, at the moment, that I should make no mistake in my answer if I said 'You, of course, are insane,' for this reason, the law provides that only insane persons shall be confined in asylums for the insane, while the sane are rigidly excluded. Now, as between you and me, you are legally confined in this asylum, and I am legally excluded; therefore, when you called upon me for a decision as to 'Who is insane, you or I,' I could promptly and truthfully say, 'Why you, of course, are insane.'"

"Ah, I see how you work the problem," she said. "In an asylum, insane; out of an asylum, sane; it's the same old story of the ins and the outs, with this difference, that the ins are anxious to get out and the outs are anxious not to get in."

Assuming a defiant attitude, she sneeringly said: "This whole business of locking people in these prisons for life, because some fool of a doctor says they are insane, is a contemptible and transparent fraud. You admit that if you had met me in the street, or in the cars, or in a hotel, you would have delared me sane, but happening to meet me in this asylum you can as promptly and truthfully pronounce me insane. On what a slender thread hangs our destiny!"

With a graceful wave of her hand and a low bow she withdrew to her room, leaving me to my reflections.

She had propounded one of the most profound questions known to science and had made a declaration of immense social significance. "Who is insane, you or I?" is a question which confronts us whenever we look into the eyes of our fellows. And, truly, on what a slender thread hangs our destiny, when we may be committed to an asylum for a lifetime because we differ in thought, word or action from another, whose mental integrity has never been gauged by any absolutely correct standard!

"Please define the term, insanity?"

said the lawyer, in an insinuating tone, to an expert witness in a court where the question at issue was the insanity of a deceased millionaire. The learned counsel had been very suave and courteous in his manners, had asked very simple questions, and had complimented the witness on his ready and correct answers. Suddenly his entire attitude towards the witness changed. Straightening himself to his full height and thrusting

his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, he assumed a most aggressive appearance as he put this question, meantime casting an inquisitive glance at the jury.

Simple and proper as the question appeared to be, it was evident from his pose and grimaces that the astute attorney knew well the endless possibilities of the field of inquiry upon which he now entered. He had traversed it many times before with learned experts, and had amused court and jury with the tangled mesh which he wove about his victims in the form of quotations from eminent authorities entirely contradictory of the answer of the witness. He appeared to have no thought or concern about the definition which might be given. And the sequel proved that he really did not care what reply he elicited. Like the spider in the center of his web, he could attack his game on whatever line he might alight. All the advantage which he asked was that the witness *attempt* a definition. When this was obtained, the learned casuist immediately proceeded to confront the witness with a variety of definitions of authorities quite unlike that which he had given. The result of these quibblings of the attorney, in the case mentioned, was disastrous to the reputation of the alienist witness for expert knowledge of the nature of insanity.

In view of the unsettled opinions of alienists in regard to the definition of insanity, it has been proposed by a high authority that an expert witness should decline to attempt to define the term. And this seems to be, at present, the true position to take in courts of law. Admittedly the term has no precise clinical nor practical significance among physicians. Its original meaning is "not-sound," "not-in-health," a term applicable to any sick person, but defining nothing, and hence of no technical value. Though the word "insanity" has been limited to disturbance of the mind, or, more correctly, to the morbid conditions of the brain, it has no more importance to the modern student than have the old terms "lung disease" and "liver disease." It defines nothing and cannot be defined; it can only be explained like other ancient scientific terms which, in the development of the sciences, have entirely lost their former or original value.

The failure of experts to define the word insanity or fix any definite value to the term is very suggestive. Is not the public justified in doubting whether the commitment of persons as insane is always scientifically correct when even our highest authorities are unable to define the term? Incredible, is it not, that at this period of advance of the medical sciences, when precision in details is so exact, that a definition of insanity cannot be formulated of universal acceptance? Does not this fact authorize the conclusion that insanity as at present taught has not a scientific basis? Are not authorities still seeking a solution of the phenomena of the mind in the hazy realm of pure metaphysics rather than in an accurate knowledge of the structure and functions of the brain, the center and source of all mental activities?

Do not these facts suggest that the terms "insanity," "lunacy," "lunatic," "mental disease" and allied words, are based on false opinions and are now really obsolete? Should they not, therefore, be abolished and an entirely new nomenclature be substituted in harmony with the present advanced state of our knowledge of the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the brain?

These terms are very disturbing to the insane and excite the same resentment when applied to them as when applied to the sane. They take pleasantly to the words "nervousness," "nervous prostration," and especially to the new and popular term "neurasthenia," which is believed to be a disease of the wealthy. The public also attach a meaning to the word insanity altogether out of proportion to its significance even when properly employed. "Once insane always insane," is a superstition so deeply and firmly fixed in the popular mind that the mere fact of having been adjudged insane is utterly destructive of the future character, not only of the individual, himself or herself, but of their children and children's children to the remotest generations.

The failure of alienists to formulate an acceptable definition of insanity for the profession and for the courts, suggests that, after all these years of progress, Shakespeare, with marvelous intuition, included and concluded the whole matter in two lines:—

"To define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad."

What is insanity?

has been the unanswered question of the ages. The ancients referred it to the mysteries of demonism and sought by their methods of treatment to exorcise the evil spirit. Harsh and cruel measures were resorted to with the result that the victim of insanity became an outcast for life. The moderns have sought an answer in the realm of metaphysics and have mistaken the shadow for the substance, the symptom for the disease. Consequently, treatment has been empirical and without scientific precision. Ministering to the vagaries of that unknown quantity, the mind, effected few recoveries. The result has been most disastrous to the insane, for custody and not cure of the insane has long been the chief concern of both physicians and managers of asylums. This is seen in the rapidly increasing number of citizens, for the most part able-bodied, living in idleness in palatial structures, built and maintained at enormous cost by the people. If the present rate of increase of the insane in public care continues, and no more successful methods of treatment are discovered, the burden upon the public for their custody and support will ere long prove a crushing weight.

But there is, in these latter days, a more hopeful outlook for the insane. Rational methods of research are supplanting those of the past. Instead of merely observing a few ill-defined symptoms and attributing them to some condition of that unknown quantity, the mind, thus reaching a vague and indefinite conclusion, skilled and expert anatomists and physiologists, inspired by the scientific spirit of the age, are gradually unveiling the mysteries of the nervous system, which has hitherto remained a sealed book. These constructive students are thus laying the foundations of a true science of psychology in the immutable facts of the structure and functions of the brain, the center and source of all mental activities. Though the mechanism to be analyzed and synthesized is constituted of the most subtile and elusive elements of the body, and their arrangement for the co-ordination of function is the most complex known to science, such progress has been made in determining the nature of these units of the nervous system that it is now possible to understand the architectural structure of the nervous system and to localize a large and still larger number of functional centers.

The story of the brain, as scientists have gradually unfolded its peculiar construction, is of marvelous interest. This pulpy and, apparently, homogeneous mass is revealed to us as the most highly specialized and vitalized organ in the human body. It consists of hundreds of millions of separate and independent organisms, once known as nerve-cells, but now called "neurones." These units of the brain are independent bodies, and consist of a cell-body, its axis and its branches. The cell-body contains within its covering membrane elements which generate the nerve force or energy; the axis is the nerve or medium which conveys that force; and the branches are the means of communication of the neurones with each other and with the organs and tissues to which the nerve is distributed. The life-history of these microscopical bodies is the same as the cells of other organs and tissues. They are implanted before birth, and may remain dormant for a lifetime if unused; if stimulated to activity they enlarge through more abundant nutrition, but waste and atrophy when the stimulant is removed; they are undergoing constant changes through the process of nutrition, and from the innumerable impressions made upon them by objects within and without the body.

The arrangement of these bodies in the nervous system is such as to secure a perfect harmony and correlation of their various functions when in health. Some are so placed as to give to the brain every variety of impression from the external world through the special senses, as seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and touching; others convey these impressions to a higher class of cells of the brain in which all the phenomena of the mind are elaborated. Thus the functions of the neurones are extremely complex. They comprise the physical and mental processes of the living individual. Every thought, word and act has its origin and expression in one or many of these entities or units of the nervous system. Their combined physiological functions, in health, constitute the normal individuality of the person, mentally and physically.

If now we consider the extreme susceptibility of these bodies to an innumerable

variety of impressions to which they are exposed, internal and external to the body, we can form some conception of how unstable is their constitution and how liable are their functions to be disturbed. Their own structure is constantly undergoing change in the act of nutrition. Their integrity thus depends upon the absorption and removal of dead tissue and its replacement with suitable nourishment. If the dead matter is not promptly removed, or if the food of the individual is not suitable, the neurone is no longer in health and must perform its function less perfectly. The saying is quite true, "A man is what he puts in his stomach." They are also affected by the air we breathe, the fluids we drink, and by whatever we hear, see, smell, taste or touch. They are equally susceptible to every variety of disease which attacks the body, as is apparent in acute affections, like the fevers and inflammations attended by delirium.

In a word, any change in the constitution or structure of the cell or neurone must be attended by a derangement of its function which would find expression in the mental acts of the individual. If a group of cells should, from any cause, cease to act, the mental attributes which they manifest when acting normally must cease. Equally, if the same cells are over-stimulated, their functional activity is correspondingly increased. Or, again, if the innate properties of the cells are changed, as by alcoholic intoxication, or by any other toxic agent which finds access to the brain and for which any cells have an affinity, the mental functional expression would be changed to the extent, and, in the particular feature, that the affected bodies contribute to the mentality and personality of the individual. Thus, if certain intoxicants are administered, the change effected in the constitution of the bodies devoted to the function of seeing are such that external objects assume new forms, technically causing an illusion, or delusion, or hallucination of sight.

The experimental physiologist can at will, with certain toxins, change the action of groups of cells so that the individual will exhibit certain mental traits entirely foreign to his usual habit of thought and expression. In various forms of sickness the temper and conduct of the patient undergo marked changes, often becoming delirious, due to the changed conditions of nutrition caused by toxins in the blood, derived from the disease. Dr. Johnson declared, in his emphatic manner, that every sick man is a rascal. Even in perfect health the individual exhibits ever varying "moods of mind," owing to the constant changes in cell-structures or neurones, due to nutrition and the infinite number and kind of impressions acting upon them from within and from without the body. We are not the same in every respect this year that we were last year, this month that we were last month, this evening that we were this morning.

The wise Diotima said to Socrates: (The Symposium of Plato) "In the same individual there is succession and not absolute unity; a man is called the same; but yet, in the short interval which elapses between youth and age, ... he is undergoing a perpetual process of loss and reparation. . . . And this is true not only of the body, but also of the soul, whose habits, tempers, opinions, desires, pleasures, pains, fears, never remain the same in any one of us, but are always coming and going."

In the ultimate elements of the brain structure, then, science is seeking the true explanation of the mental phenomena which characterize the various phases of insanity. A learned authority has thus tersely stated the conclusions of modern research, "as his neurones are, so the man is."

Who then is insane?

No one, or, every one, accordingly as we ask the question. No one in an asylum will admit that he or she is insane. Each in turn would resent such an insinuation. Certainly, no one out of an asylum will assent to the charge of being insane. And yet, both parties readily recognize the insanity of others. An intelligent old lady, once the head of a Ladies' Seminary, wished me to discharge her from an asylum, alleging that all the patients on the Hall believed her sane. Seven women were privately asked their opinions as to her sanity, and all declared she was very insane, while asserting their own sanity. When informed of the result of the test, the old lady accurately described the special peculiarities of each of her accusers. So, in every com-

munity, the private gossip is much concerned about those who are called "strange," "peculiar," "deranged," "unbalanced," "light-headed," "a-little-off," "out-of-gear," "wrong-in-the-upper-story," "cranks." Few, if any, escape for a life-time one or the other of these epithets. Without, as within the asylum, no one recognizes his or her own mental deviations, but readily detects the mental aberrations of others.

In the world at large, every advanced thinker, enthusiastic reformer, and popular teacher is almost certain to be classed with the insane. The friends of the Master said: "He is beside himself"; St. Paul was declared "mad" by the highest judicial tribunal; Luther was charged with hallucinations; Napoleon had his guiding star; Byron was "erratic"; Wilberforce and Garrison were "fanatics." "Genius is a neurosis," says a French authority, and Dryden wrote, "Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

But let us inquire as to the lessons which science is teaching, in its explanations of the nature of brain-structure and neurone-function, in regard to the perplexing problems which our question raises wherever and whenever it is seriously asked.

In the first place, it throws a flood of light on the mysteries of heredity. The nerve-cells, being the joint product of two entirely different individuals, must have imparted to them the physical constitution of both, but in variable degrees. Though the child is an independent personality, its neurones naturally tend to develop the same essential peculiarities as the parents. It follows, also, that the child must be a composite of two affiliated lines of parentage extending backwards to the remotest periods. Its physical integrity and mental endowments should, therefore, be sought along ancestral lines. An eminent neuro-physiologist made the declaration that, given certain mental traits of ancestors, the mental peculiarity of the child can be foretold.

In the second place, science teaches that the neurones are highly susceptible of culture; they may remain in a rudimentary state for a life-time, or be stimulated to functional activity at any time during the life of the individual. In these now demonstrated facts we recognize the infinite possibilities of the improvement of every individual, whatever may be the hereditary tendencies or the environments. Let us illustrate.

"Can these driveling idiots, who notice nothing and eat only when food is placed in their mouths, be improved by any method of teaching?" I inquired of Dr. Harvey Wilbur, founder of the School for Idiots, at Syracuse, New York. "Did you see a gang of young men making hay on the lawn?" he replied. I answered in the affirmative. "They were once driveling idiots like these you see sitting on the floor," he said, "but by training they are now useful workmen, not only capable of caring for themselves, but of earning their own living." Though entirely ignorant of the minute anatomy of the brain, as now known, he explained and illustrated his method of instruction along the lines of modern physiology. "These children," he continued, "have brains like ourselves, though perhaps not of as fine fiber, owing to heredity, but their nervous systems have never been stimulated to action, and, consequently, their brains are in a rudimentary, undeveloped state, as ours would have been if they had been deprived of all excitement. My efforts are all designed to arouse the brain through the senses, and, by increasing the flow of blood, improve its nutrition and stimulate its growth." He then arranged several idiots of the same grade on the floor, and, commencing with a newcomer, he gave the child its first lesson by placing its hand on a dumb-bell and striking the bell with another. The child started and involuntarily removed his hand from the bell. The exercise was repeated several times, and this was the first lesson, and was regarded as very satisfactory. The second child had been under instruction for six months, and he noticed the descent of the bell in the Doctor's hand, and withdrew his hand from the bell before it was struck. The third child had been under instruction nine months, and when the blow was falling he withdrew his hand, and also the bell, and there was a faint smile on his face. The fourth child had been in the school two years, and showed his advancement by imitating the awkwardness of the other boys during the exercises. When the Doctor approached him, he seized his bell and struck the Doctor's with a loud laugh. Thus the rudimentary and dormant nerve-cells had been aroused to activity;

first the sensory nerve centers of touch were stimulated and began to enlarge; then the closely affiliated centers of sight were excited; still further the process of stimulation proceeded, until the higher groups of nerve-cells were aroused, and the mental process of tracing cause and effect began, and the driveling idiot became a reasoning being.

Again, the nerve-cells, or neurones, may not only remain in the rudimentary state in which they are implanted before birth, and at any subsequent period be stimulated to functional activity, but at our will, or through the efforts of a teacher, they may be made to enlarge by proper stimulation, or to waste and atrophy by withdrawing the stimulant. The neurones of all of the other special senses remaining undeveloped, those of the single nerve center of the special sense of touch, may be so educated as to excite to functional activity the entire group of cerebral, or "higher-brain" neurones, and give as a result that prodigy of learning, Helen Keller. "How can a vicious lad be reformed?" inquired an Athenian philanthropist of Socrates. "Remove him from all incitements to vice and occupy all his senses with objects which stimulate his mind to the contemplation of the beauties, usefulness and greatness of a virtuous life," was the philosophical and physiological reply of the sage. "The most confirmed drunkard will in time come to dislike alcoholic beverages if he ceases to see, taste, smell and touch them," said Gough.

The tenacity with which neurones maintain their grasp of an impression is an important feature of their normal functions. An army officer who stammered was giving an order to "Fire," in the height of a battle, when a spent ball struck his head and glanced. He fell unconscious and, after recovery from the shock, remained dull and stupid. For a year or more he was regarded and treated at the hospital as a confirmed dement. At length he came under the care of a more skilled and thoughtful surgeon, who examined the patient's head and found a depression of the bone at the point where the ball struck. The surgeon applied the trephine at this point, and on raising the button of bone, which the instrument cut out, and thus removing the pressure which had so long interrupted the function of the brain-cells, the patient screamed: "Fi—fi—fi—fire, d—n it, why don't you fire?" From that moment he recovered his full mental powers, though he had lost a year.

Not less important and interesting is the extreme sensitiveness of nerve cells to impressions made through the special senses. The entire current of thought and even life-purposes may thus be instantly changed. "A voice" converted a Saul into a St. Paul; a life-size picture of Christ forgiving the Magdalene transformed a convict woman into a saint; the odor of a rose so impressed a schoolboy that he became a famous horticulturist; a kiss made the prodigal a living son; wine counts its victims by the millions.

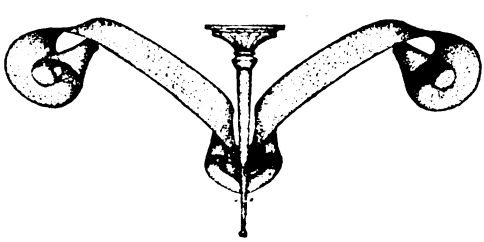
These most interesting facts in neurophysiology could be indefinitely multiplied, but let us consider some phases of their practical application. First, they prove that we cannot justly longer classify the mental peculiarities of the members of any community by arbitrary standards. There is no standard brain by which every one may be gauged. Each person must be individualized and studied as a separate and independent living being. Second, in that study the three most potent factors in determining the special form of functional expression of nerve-cells will be found to be heredity, education and subjective and objective influences. The highest type of brain is found where heredity gives the most perfect material to the neurones, where the education has developed every neurone in proper proportion as life advanced, and where the environments have tended to maintain the normal and healthful action of each. From that standard deviations must occur in every conceivable degree of functional expression. The attempt to standardize or classify the acts of the hundreds of millions of microscopical living elements of the brain, each intensely sensitive to impressions from every conceivable source within and without the body, must as yet entirely fail of scientific precision. Third, we must regard the brain functions of large numbers of that nondescript class in every community, called cranks, and from which our asylums are recruited, as normal under the conditions of parentage, culture and environment which have fallen to their lot. Their mental manifestations are the outcome of nerve-cells whose quality of fiber is de-

termined by generations of vicious living, whose training has been in the schools of depravity and whose stimulants to activity are the constant indulgence of every evil propensity. Removed from every influence that tends to stimulate evil passions, desires and emotions, and placed under conditions that promote vigorous health and incite to virtuous thoughts, desires and emotions, vast numbers of this class may be made honest, self-supporting citizens. "Put yourself in his place," before pronouncing judgment, is a golden rule. "But for the grace of God there goes John Bunyan," said the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," when he saw a drunkard reeling along the streets of Bedford.

"Who then is insane?" The simple answer of science is, "As his neurones are, so the man is." To obtain that knowledge science requires that the man be exhaustively studied under favorable conditions by a scientific expert in brain anatomy, physiology and pathology. The first question to determine is the hereditary quality of the stamp placed on the ultimate elements of the brain; second, the effect of the education which these sensitive bodies have received must be accurately estimated; third, the damage which these neurones have received from the remote or immediate cause of their deranged function must be decided; fourth, the anatomical and functional relations of the affected neurones must be accurately traced; fifth, the physical health of every organ and of the entire body must be learned by the most approved tests. The result of this study will be the discovery of one of two conditions, viz.: either the peculiar mental acts of the person are due to causes acting upon neurones rendered especially susceptible to the influence of such causes by heredity and early education, the integrity of the neurones being preserved, or their impaired functions, expressed in unusual mental acts, are due to degenerative changes in the tissue of the neurones, which tend to their final destruction. Here science indicates that the line may be drawn between the sane and insane, if this antiquated term must still be used. To the former class belong the acute nervous disturbances,—the deliriums, hysterias, epilepsias,—and the larger number of the "strange," "peculiar," "unbalanced" people who constantly recruit our insane asylums and hospitals; to the latter class are assigned the few,—the demented, paretic, syphilitic,—whose brain lesions are rarely recoverable.

What thousands of idiots and feeble-minded, living like the lowest order of brutes, in almshouses and the homes of the poor, are only awaiting the skilled hand, sympathetic heart and patient temper of a Wilbur to be made reasoning, self-supporting citizens? What other tens of thousands of citizens languish in asylums for the insane, suffering from mild and curable forms of neuroses, who have never been critically examined by scientific experts, and, consequently, have never received adequate treatment. Might not the recoveries be raised from thirty to forty per cent. to eighty to ninety per cent., if all the resources of science and humanity were brought into requisition in each case? Would it not be more economical if the State would devote its energies and its money to the creation, equipment and management of curative rather than custodial institutions?

These are pressing, vital questions, which demand the best thought of scienists, philanthropists and statesmen.



A SONG FOR SUMMER

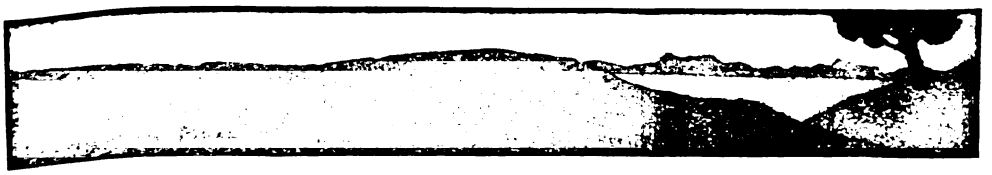
By Ralph E. Gibbs

THE meadow-lark ripples out o'er the fresh stubble
A bugle note merry to herald the Sun,—
Come wander, O, wander! A truce to all trouble.
Sing Hey, nonny nonny,—the Summer's begun!

SING Hey, nonny nonny! The scent of the haying,—
The dew of the morning,—the sweet of the year.
The hearts of us now are too blithe for the saying
Of aught but "Hey-ei-o! The Summer is here."

A-PERCH on the fence-post the squirrel sits sentry;
The rabbit runs skipping;—the creek sparkles by;
Small folk of the hill,—the shy woodland gentry,—
Sing, each in his way, "O, the Summer and I!"

SING, Hey, for the dawning. The meadow a-quiver
With dew-brushed green where the quail trooped past;—
The haze on the mountain,—the glint on the river,—
Sing Hey-o, the Summer!—it's Summer at last!



THE CASE FOR THE PEOPLE

The Land of Disasters

By Ellery Sedgwick

"THE public be damned!" said Commodore Vanderbilt, and ever since the railroads have profited by the wise old railway president's advice.

The situation is unparalleled. In our vast population, one American in every thousand is annually killed or wounded by American railroads. From a matter of common knowledge and report, it is fast coming to be a matter of personal experience or first-hand information. Who ever heard a party of drummers chatting in a smoker without listening to the personal story of a wreck? Few indeed there are who, among their acquaintances, cannot number more than one placed in deadly peril by the railroads. Everywhere people are talking about it. Everywhere newspapers are discussing it. There is only one place in the United States where the subject is ignored. That is in the halls of Congress. The situation is intolerable.

Month by month this Magazine has added its mite to the discussion. In no other instance have we ever harped on a single strain. If we are tiresome, forgive us. If we are doing right, help us. What little we can do we do from the profound conviction that under God's providence there is only one way to end this reign of bloodshed and murder, and that is by installing the Block System over every mile of track in the United States.

Railway accidents make a big subject, and in the bigness of it railroads take refuge. For where there is much trouble there are many explanations, and the man who has not a remedy for every evil under the sun is not an American by right of birth. A thousand explanations are given, a thousand cures suggested. Public opinion is divided. Talk goes on. Talk and the killing of people.

Now most of these cures have their good points. In each there is an element of truth. Take for example one frequent criticism. It is only too true that trainmen are often overworked. In the overwhelming majority of cases on American railroads to-day there are no hard and fast rules to regulate the hours of work to which trainmen are subjected, but the matter is left to the discretion of the men themselves, or at best to the subordinate officer immediately in charge. Last year an accident occurred on a train in the State of Pennsylvania. A brakeman was sent back to flag the following express. The express was late. The man had been on duty for nineteen consecutive hours. He was utterly weary, sat down on the track to rest himself and dropped asleep. He stopped the express, but only when it had run over his mangled body. That's but one instance. We could multiply it at will, and the briefest investigation will show the infinite variety of forms by which the evil is made manifest. Only the other day the chief executive of a great railway organization said in personal conversation: "Do you know that the drink habit is increasing among locomotive engineers, and that this is directly due to the excessive hours of labor to which the men are subjected?" The evil of overwork permeates the service and of the iniquity of it there can be no question, but to many people that iniquity looms so large that they find here the center of responsibility for railroad wrecks. They argue, and their argument is true, that the great officials of a railroad do not want their men worked into absolute exhaustion, but since each department head has it well drilled into him that his depart-

ment must make a good showing for economy, for getting the most work out of the men under him, the result follows easily and naturally. True, absolutely true, but don't you see, my friends, that to remedy this is to remedy human nature. With overwork or lack of discipline, it is the personal equation that counts in every instance. So it is with the plea for the enforcement of absolute discipline. So it is with all the other panaceas for accident reform based upon men and the management of men. The supreme advantage of the Block System rests on this. It does not deal with the personal equation. In the place of an elastic system based on the human element, it offers a rigid system based on an invariable and mechanical principle.

I have spoken much, too much, many readers will think, about the Block System, but when talk is earnest it isn't fair to call it garrulous, and what this Magazine has said on the subject, it has said piecemeal. So bear with me while I piece the argument together. Here as I see it is the brief for the people against the railroads.

For fifty years the railroad accidents in this country have been mounting like compound interest. Year by year the ratio of construction and traffic has been outstripped. Only once has there been a setback to the awful record. That was in 1893, when Congress forced the adoption of safety appliances. The shameful story culminated in 1904, when the increase in deaths from railroad accidents over the previous year reached the incredible figure of 64.5%. For 1905 the death roll is unwritten, but no human event is more certain than that before the year is ended the list of killed and wounded will pass the eighty thousand mark. That's the situation. Now for the remedy.

There is only one remedy which is proved. That is the Block System. England uses it. Germany uses it. France uses it. Compare their casuality lists with ours. They spell a reason without an answer. The most advanced railroads of America use it, and are extending it year by year. It's no time for experimenting with lives. That's the argument of experience.

We know the Block System will serve the purpose, because we have tried it. Yet if it were untried, we should believe in it, simply because it is the perfection of simplicity. It is, as the Interstate Commerce Commission reports, simply the embodiment of the theory that no train should ever be started from any point on a main track until it is known that the track is clear of all other trains up to a certain point beyond. The rule is inflexible. The distance must be observed. There is no dependence placed on time which a thousand unforseen accidents may affect. There is no uncertainty, no reliance on watches, no discretion of employees, no miscalculations of speed, no overworked and over-tired flagmen, no multiplicity of signals or train orders hastily read by a flickering light. Responsibility no longer runs through an endless chain of officials. Orders are permanent and undeviating, and delivered to a single person,—to the engineer. No train can pass a certain point unless the space interval for miles ahead is absolutely clear.

The particulars are all known. The excellent bill framed by the Interstate Commerce Commission two years ago has been discussed intelligently by the public press. Railroad men have read it. The people know about it, and in all this time no voice has been raised against it.

And the cost? Precious little. Nothing, if you compare it with the price we are paying now for its absence on the railroads. The question is continually befogged with suggestions for automatic signals and other elaborate devices for safety. These will come. These must come as public opinion marches on from right to right, and they will pay for themselves by decreasing accidents. But what we are fighting for now is, the recognition of a principle. For Heaven's sake remember that. Once recognize the Block System as a necessity, and the rest follows.

MARGINALIA

A CORNER IN HAIR

By Bissel Brice

WITH DRAWINGS BY HENRY S. WATSON

EDWARD MORSE had a very heavy head of hair and a light pocketbook. Thomas Kellog had an active brain and a comatose conscience. The habitués of the Lingard Inn had a superfluity of money and a scarcity of judgment; hence this story.

Mr. Morse had been endeavoring for some weeks to devise a plan for retaining the cash and good will of a number of creditors who were wasting a lot of good stamps and bad language, when his friend Kellog had appeared from a mysterious Somewhere, as he always did, with a brand new scheme. Kellog's schemes were usually brick-shaped and gilded, but this time it was hair restorer.

"Eddie," he said, tapping his friend on the top button of his vest, as they sat in the latter's room, "I've a fresh laundried idea, a new laid scheme, and it's a world beater. I have a friend who will furnish the finances, but we want another partner, so I looked you up. Do you want to wallow in coin?"

"Do you want to wallow in coin?"

Edward evinced wallowing tendencies, and inquired, "What's the game?"

"Hair restorer," was the disappointing response.

"Will it restore?" inquired Morse, with a suspicious grin.

"You bet it will. It will restore prosperity to you and me to the extent of about ten thousand apiece inside of a month."

"That sounds good," said Morse, "but what do you make it of; what is the formula?"

"Formula?" Mr. Kellog's train of thought had evidently been interrupted. "Why,—'er,—I haven't thought of that; water, bay rum, anything will do."

Mr. Kellog crossed his legs, and, closing one eye, continued:—

"Ever been to Surfside?"

Mr. Morse confessed that he had not.

"Well, sir; there is a hotel there called the Lingard Inn, that is full of kings of fortune and legal pirates about this time of year. It is a health resort for broken down, high priced nerves. Most of them are Wall Street men, who have the speculative habit so bad that they can't see a fly buzzing over the table without betting on where it will light."

"What do you want me to do?" inquired Morse.

"I want you to help sprinkle a little hair restorer salt on the tail of some of that money. Live at the Inn for a month at our expense; have a good time; be a good fellow."

"That sounds nice," said Morse, "but what am I to do?"

"Do?" Mr. Kellog looked furtively about; leaned forward; tapped his companion on the knee with his long forefinger, and, in a low voice, unfolded a plan which caused his listener to frown, smile and chuckle in rapid succession.

"And now, Edward," concluded the man

The hairless one proved to be diverting.

of hair extract and mystery, as he laid a crisp new bill on the desk, "here is a hundred, for a starter. Buy yourself a twentieth century outfit of clothes. Invest in a safety razor; get busy with it, and then go down to the Lingard Inn and glue yourself to some of those subtreasuries until I come down and soak you off with the hair vigor. Maybe some of the coin will come off with you."

A number of the guests of the Lingard Inn were lolling about the veranda trying to remember to forget business, when a cab stopped at the door. A man alighted and ascended the steps. As he did so, he removed his hat and wiped the interior with his handkerchief, for it was a sultry day.

Some of those on the veranda could scarcely repress a smile, for the head which he exposed to the blazing sun was wholly innocent of the slightest suggestion of hair, and it gleamed in the sunlight with a peculiar luster.

The newcomer registered as Mr. F. A. Kerr, of Denver. He smoked good cigars; wore good clothes; was a judge of whiskey; could tell a good story; was an expert at billiards, and could make a bluff on a pair of trays. In fact, the hairless one proved to be diverting; a real "good fellow," and within a week had made himself quite popular.

A week after Mr. Kerr had inserted himself into the good graces of the neurotic fugitives from business cares, two men were sitting on the veranda blowing odorous Havana scented clouds into the summer air. One of them, a Mr. Montour, smiled languidly, while the other, an arrival of the day before, Cleve by name, talked enthusiastically.

"One might think you really meant that," said Mr. Montour.

"Mean it," exclaimed Cleve, "of course I mean it. By the use of Walburn's Electrozonic Hair Restorer I can grow hair on the baldest head you ever saw inside of two weeks. I am no patent medicine fakir. I will stake my honor and reputation on what I say."

The man spoke loudly and enthusiastically, so that a couple of honest citizens, Fence and Sharp, by name, who made their money not by "gambling," but by a business-like foresight into the fluctuations of the value of stocks, could not but hear.

"Your honor and reputation," said Mr. Montour with a cynical smile, "you will stake your honor and reputation. Well, here is a plugged nickel. I will put it up against it. I am giving you dreadful odds, I suppose; but it is the smallest change I have."

Mr. Cleve, he of the magic hair instigator, assumed an expression of one whose corns or finer feelings had been trodden upon.

"You are inclined to be facetious, but, since the things I mention seem to be of little consequence to you, I will make an offer that you may understand better. I will bet you ten thousand dollars that within two weeks I can show you hair growing on the head of any man in this hotel."

Mr. Montour smiled.

"Will you stand by your bet on that head?" he asked, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to where Mr. Kerr sat like an animated letter V, with his feet on the rail, a cigar in his mouth, and his hat in his lap.

Mr. Cleve gazed wonderingly. "By Jove!" he ejaculated, "that does look like a tough proposition, but—ah, but I will stand by my bluff as you call it. Will you take my bet? There is a draft for ten thousand I was taking down to the city. You can see that it is all right," and he passed over a strip of pink paper.

"Crazy," thought Mr. Montour, as he looked at the draft; "some sharper has taken him in and sold him a fake formula. It is a good thing I ran across him. Some confidence man might have got hold of that ten thousand."

"I will take your bet," he said, as he passed back the draft, "if Mr. Kerr will let you try on him, we will put the money up with the clerk."

Mr. Kerr was incredulous. He didn't propose having some fool (he mentioned the particular brand), rubbing axle grease and tetanus into his brain. He had heard of hair restorers before. He had tried them. He had found them to be mostly varnish or furniture polish, that made him feel gummy and look foolish. He wasn't going to allow anyone to dye him up and make his head look like an animated Easter egg.

When he was informed that this was no common thing, but an aristocratic hair producer, backed up with a ten thousand dollar certificate of character, why,—then,—of course, that was different; especially when Mr. Montour offered him two thousand dollars of his winnings in case the promised hair failed to appear.

The two repaired to the office where Mr. Cleve deposited his ten thousand. Mr. Montour put up one thousand and wired his bankers to send the clerk the other nine.

Mr. Cleve drew up a paper reading thus:—"Mr. Cleve bets Mr. Montour that, within two weeks from date, a vigorous crop of hair will be growing on the head of Mr. Kerr."

Three copies were made and signed by the parties, who each kept one, leaving the other with the clerk.

Since the mention of the ten thousand dollars, Messrs. Sharp and Fence had developed an interest in this intruder into their exclusive domain that offset their recent aversion and made them yearn for his acquaintance.

"To think of the luck of that man Montour," said Fence, as they walked away from the desk after the transaction had been closed. "Why, it is just like finding money."

Sharp's stubby fingers clutched at the air; but he said nothing.

Everyone cast hungry eyes after Cleve. He was like a cookey jar in an orphan asylum.

Messrs. Sharp and Fence followed him.

"I say," said Sharp, approaching with spiderly interest, "you don't want to put up another ten thousand on that, do you?"

Mr. Cleve didn't care if he did; but, he would have to wire for more money.

All right, Mr. Sharp would wire also.

Mr. Fence guessed he would just send a little telegram himself, if Mr. Cleve was agreeable. Mr. Cleve was very agreeable, and if there were any other gentlemen in the company who felt in a pressing hurry for cash, it would be well for them to get in touch with their bankers before three, for the polls would close at that time, and the magic hair vigor begin business that evening.

After the evening meal, Mr. Cleve repaired to the room of Mr. Kerr to administer the first application of hair inspirer. He bore a brown paper parcel containing a bottle. His newmade acquaintances smiled broadly, and winked knowingly as they saw him go.

The shades of evening had already fallen, so had those on the windows of Mr. Kerr's room. As Mr. Cleve entered he closed and latched the door behind him. He unwrapped the bottle; drew it from a jacket of straw, and set it on the table. It bore a gilt cap, and on the label appeared the mystic word "Mumm."

Having done this, he turned upon Mr. Kerr with a smile so broad that his face could not contain it, and it spread off a foot or so into space.

"Well, Edward," said he, "how do you feel?"

The erstwhile Mr. Kerr passed his hand over his scalp with the air of one sorely afflicted.

"Feel," he muttered, as he hurled a safety razor into a corner, "I feel like a plucked goose. There is no joy in running that galvanized hand plow over your roof every day. It is like ripping off shingles with a spade. It's a nickel plated agony; a tonsorial thumb screw. Confound you! I thought you would never come. My scalp has got so tender that when a fly walks over it I can feel its toenails."

"I fear you have not enjoyed yourself," said Mr. Kellog. "Don't you like it here?"

Mr. Kerr's phrenological knoll continued barren.

"It will do for a little while, but the society and food are too rich. They make me bilious."

Mr. "Cleve" picked up the razor and restored it to Mr. "Kerr."

"You will have to keep it up a little longer, Edward," he said. "It's worth it. I have forty thousand up and ten of it will be yours. They will be onto our game if we let the hair grow too soon. I must treat you for a few days before we let it appear. Here, it is my treat now," and he drew the cork from the bottle of Mumm's "hair restorer" and passed a glass to his friend.

"I use internal applications to stimulate the roots," he said with a grin.

The solicitude and anxiety to know how Mr. Kerr felt, which exhibited themselves in certain quarters during the next week, were truly touching. For the first four or five days Mr. Kerr joined in the raillery and baiting of Mr. Cleve. Everybody in the hotel knew of the wager. The hair restoring gentleman was considered the easiest thing in history, and Mr. Kerr's bald head assumed the prominence of a light house. Men jabbed each other in the ribs and inquired, "Have you used Walburn's hair restorer?" They perused the stock market reports and said they were looking for quotations on hair. As the days passed, and Mr. Kerr's phrenological knoll continued barren, Mr. Cleve was advised to try sodding.

It was a morning in the forepart of the second week Mr. Fence approached Mr. Kerr, who was out on the veranda enjoying his morning cigar, and inquired, with a knowing wink and nod: "Well, how is the hair business this morning; any sensations of upheavals, or are the crop reports disappointing again?"

In view of the fact that Mr. Kerr was to receive a fifth of Mr. Fence's winnings, it was but natural that the face of the former should wear a worried look as he replied: "It is strange, Mr. Fence, very strange, but for the past two days there has been a peculiar pricking sensation in my scalp, and—well, of course, it is all imagination; but—but I imagine I can feel a sort of stubble." He took off his hat and passed his hand over his head. "You feel," he said.

Mr. Fence felt, and a sickly expression came over his countenance. The sudden illness may have been due to undigested lobster—or hair. He opened his mouth as if to say something, gasped twice, and then closed it in silence. He cast a reproachful glance at the man who presumed to grow hair at his expense and then hastened in search of Mr. Sharp. He found him in the reading-room behind a morning paper. "Sharp," he said hurriedly, "I have just received word that I have to raise ten thousand right off. That money I put up here was all the loose cash I have. I hate like the dickens to give up such a good thing—good as won—but when a man gets a call to make good on his margins he has to do it, you know. Now I thought you might like to take my bet with Cleve. You and I have been good friends, and I wanted to give you the first chance at it. It is as good as giving you twenty for ten."

Mr. Sharp lowered his paper and looked long at his friend. This sudden outburst of brotherly love was overwhelming. To his keen senses it smelled like chloroform and looked like a sand bag. A great light flooded his benighted soul.

"Thanks," he said, "you are very kind; but I haven't any more loose cash myself."

Mr. Fence turned two shades paler, for he loved his nice money, then he went out into the fresh air to exercise his brain.

Mr. Sharp sought Mr. Kerr to verify his suspicions.

"It is wonderful, wonderful," said Kerr. "I never knew hair restorer to act this way before."

Neither had Mr. Sharp.

The speculative gentlemen were sore, very sore. Black suspicion darkened their innocent souls. They imagined that in some way the hair market had been juggled. They would protest. They could not believe that any hair restorer ever would or ever was expected to restore; it was preposterous. On looking up their memoranda of the bets, they were surprised to find that they contained no mention of hair restorer, but simply hair.

"They are sharks," said Mr. Fence.

"We are easy," said Mr. Sharp.

"Not so bad for ten days' shaving," said Morse, Kellog & Co., as they boarded a train with a satchel upholstered like a trust company's vault.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOR

By Seumas MacManus

The first part of these stories of Ireland and Irishmen appeared in the March number of this magazine.

AN Irishman's enthusiasm for his country, oftentimes, pardonably enough, runs away with his discretion. Once at an American political meeting, a patriotic Irishman would persist in calling out at untimely times, "Hurrah for Ireland!" A grumpy Yankee, at length, sprang up in the audience, and looked witheringly at Patrick, and, with intention to annihilate him utterly, hurled at him, "Hurrah for Hell!" "That's right, that's right," Patrick good-humoredly retorted, "every man for his own country." Talking of the nether regions, reminds me of still another repartee. An Irish cabman was driving a remarkably weighty and pretty helpless old gentleman through the Strand, in London. At a spot where the street was most inconveniently narrowed, owing to repairs that were proceeding, he met with and jammed up a choleric major of militia, who was driving a four-in-hand. "Back up, back up, you scoundrel you," said the major, showing a fiery red about the gills. "Back up, and take that ton of beef and bones you are driving out of this." "Where will I take him to?" the poor cabman pleaded, as he looked before him and behind him in despair. "Take him out of my road, somewhere, anywhere,—to Hell, if you like." "Ah, sir," the cabman said, "I'm afeered I'd only be getting more in your road there." It is recorded that a gentleman in Yorkshire, proceeding along a road, overtook a poor Irishman who was trudging along looking for work. The Englishman fell into chat with the poor Irishman, and talked much of crime in Ireland, and told Pat that he supposed even he was not quite innocent of taking some landlord's life before he quitted his home. They came by a gallows, and, as they passed it, the Englishman, still amusing himself at his poor companion's expense, said: "Where would you be, Pat, if that gallows got its own?" "I suppose I would be walking alone, sir," said the poor Irishman.

I walked to mass with Lanty Meehan, an esteemed country wit, one day. As we sauntered along, Mary MacNeely, a pretty *caitlin*, tripped past us. "Isn't she handsomely stepped out?" Lanty admiringly remarked. Mary, who was unfortunately a bitter-tongued girl, and who had, or fancied, a grudge against Lanty, overheard him, and, turning her head, very ungraciously snapped out: "I am sorry I cannot say the same of you." "Oh, yes, you could," Lanty promptly replied, "and tell a lie, same as I did." He once asked Michael Lenihan, who was assiduously cultivating a remarkably sparse moustache, if he, Michael, would lend him his moustache, to go courting with. "He'd be afeerd, Lanty, that you would not bring it all back to him," one of the boys replied. "Faith, I will," said Lanty, "sure he can count it."

As in England, so in Ireland, the parish fool is an institution. Lachie MacMullen was one of these parish fools who tramped about east and west, north and south; who bedded and boarded where he chose at the expense, of course, of those whom he honored with his presence. "The innocent one" (the kindly term that our people apply to a fool), and the beggar, are ever free to all houses in the parish. They come where they please, stop while they choose, and go when they like.

"Where would you be if the gallows got its own?"

"Sure he can count it."

That they have a right, as God's children, to a share of everything, is recognized by everyone. This is one of many touching traits in our people's character. There is in every parish, though, a class of mischievous youths who delight in teasing the fool. Because Lachie, from persistent practice, was a magnificent stone-thrower, the very bad boys of the notorious townland of Kilbreen used to pursue him with stones. Lachie, single-handed, faced all the Kilbreen boys, hopping stones among them like hail, and dispersing and driving them before him, sometimes for miles. They were the plague of his life. Once Lachie was in company where they were discussing Heaven, and where each was giving his idea of Paradise, and Lachie was called upon to describe the Paradise that he expected. Now, it happened that Lachie was still hot from the persecution of the Kilbreen boys that afternoon, and he said, bitterly, "The grandest Heaven I want in the next world is a hole in the wall, a heap of stones beside me, and the devils driving the Kilbreen boys up and down before me."

As they were making hay on a farm at which Lachie arrived one evening, they invited him to help. Lachie, ever laziest of lazy men, and ever hungriest of hungry ones, gave an excuse and a hint at once by saying: "An empty sack cannot stand." When he had been provided with a plentiful meal, they said: "Now, Lachie, come along to the hay." Lachie lay back in his seat, crossed his legs, shook his head, and said: "Boys, a full bag cannot bend." Father Dan stopped Lachie on the road and severely reprimanded him for not attending mass. "Father Dan," said Lachie, "the devil a foot I will ever go to hear a clergyman more, for yous have one and all disgusted me." "How is that, Lachie?" Father Dan asked. "I was listening to you preaching for years, Father Dan, and the sorra a thing did I ever hear you do only scouldin' the divil. I went to hear Minister Montgomery preaching, when I found it was scouldin' the divil with him, too! I went to the Prosbyterrin Church in Donegal for a change, and there it was scouldin' the divil again; and I tried the Methodist preacher after that, but it was the very self-same tune with him and the rest of yous. Now the divil may be bad, and bad enough, and I'd be sorry to stand up for him, but with all the abuse that you clergymen give him, wet Sunday and dry Sunday, snowy Sunday and blowy Sunday, from June to January, he could not take it off your hands and be anything else but a divil, if he had the spirit of a dog."

On another occasion a kind Methodist preacher remonstrated with Lachie regarding his irreligious ways, and he said: "You know you must lead a good, religious life, and attend to your duties, if you want to go to Heaven when you die." "Tell me, Mr. Minniece," Lachie said, "where will Billy Harran go when he dies?" This Billy Harran was a rollicking, devil-may-care fellow, who attended all dances and sprees, markets and fairs, and was Lachie's idol. Mr. Minniece said to Lachie that it was not for him to judge any person. "But," he added significantly, "persons who lead a life of idleness and of revelry, attend dance-houses and ale-houses, and brawl at the fairs and die unrepentant, will go to Hell." "And do you know where Micky Mullaney will go?" said Lachie. "I told you," said Mr. Minniece, "I dare not and cannot judge any man, but the brawlers and the bawlers, and the irreligious," said Mr. Minniece, "will be shut out from Heaven." "Then, Misther," said Lachie, "if it is the long-faced ones only that is going up to Heaven, and that every boy with a crack and a joke and plenty of good company in

"Now the divil may be bad and I'd be sorry to stand up for him."

him will be directed down, it is my opinion that all the fun is going to be below."

It is related that at another time the preacher, Mr. Minniece, riding into town, discovered Lachie luridly cursing the Kilbreen boys, who had been stoning him. Mr. Minniece drew up his horse and asked Lachie what was the matter, and on hearing it gave him a good advice, and told him that instead of cursing his persecutors he should heap coals of fire upon their heads by praying for them. Half an hour afterwards, on riding back, Mr. Minniece discovered Lachie kneeling under a bush near the spot where he had left him, and, praying with an earnestness which almost seemed ferocious. "Lachie, my good man," he said, "I did not mean that you might kneel down by the way-side, and pray for them. Besides, I think you have prayed long enough now; you may get up." "The divil a foot I'll put under me, your reverance, and the divil a-stop praying I'll do, till I have burned the Kilbreen boys to a stump!"

An Irishman has oftentimes such particular regard for the feelings of a stranger, that, rather than contradict him, he will appear to acquiesce in many things that he could not be expected to believe. I said, he will appear to acquiesce. A tourist who was sailing upon Loche Erne once wished to test the alleged character of Irishmen for politeness. Now there was a regular squall on, and at a moment when the old boatman was engrossed and had all his energies bent to keep the little craft before the wind, the inquisitive one, leaning over to the old boatman, shouted in his ear, "Very little wind to-day." "Very little, indeed," was the reply,—"but what there is of it, is mighty strong!" Not quite so polite, however, was old Jeremy Boyle, the court crier in Donegal Court-house. At an Assize there, a certain King's counsel, who had a peculiar habit of always turning away from the witness whom he was cross-examining, and appearing to address his question to anyone in the court except the man whom he had in hand, was once engaged upon a serious case, during the course of which Jeremy, who sat below the counsel, had fallen asleep, for he was of a somnolent disposition. In consequence of an unexpected denial, which the witness had just given to one of this counsel's questions, the counsel, raising his voice and speaking sharply and hotly, said:—"And do you mean to swear, sir, that there is not a word of truth in my suggestion?" He was unfortunately looking straight and hard at the slumbering crier, whom he startled out of his sleep. Jeremy just heard the question; and, finding the counsel's eye hard upon him, he hastened to reply, "The divil a word, sir!"

In the same court-house once, Cormac Carney, a rather boisterous young man, was being arraigned in an assault case, and the jury was being sworn. "If you think any of these gentlemen who are being sworn, have a prejudice against you, you will challenge them," his counsel said to Cormac. "Well, I am thinking none of them have," Carney replied, as he surveyed their faces. "But," said he, casting an eye up at the Judge upon the bench, "I am afeered, as he has sentenced me three times afore, the lad above on the bench might be getting a prejudice again' me; and, if you don't mind, I'd like you'd challenge him."

Some of our people have a certain pride that will not permit them to acknowledge ignorance upon any point. "Did he strike you with impunity?" the examining counsel asked an old man who was plaintiff in a case of battery. "Well," was the reply, "I believe, being as I am, on my oath, I could hardly say that he did. He struck me more often with his fists." And an even more ingenious reply was that perhaps given by Terence Fitz Gerald to the priest on the occasion of making out his marriage certificate. Poor Terence was illiterate, but he had spirit enough to be heartily ashamed of the fact,—and to hide it,—even from his clergyman. The priest paused, when writing the certificate, and, looking for enlightenment, said: "Terence, do you spell the Gerald part of your name with a big G, or a small G?" For a moment poor Terence quailed, thinking

"Very little wind—but what there is is mighty strong."

that, at last, the murder was out. But ready wit came to his aid. He replied: "Your Reverence, I usually prefer a middle-sized G myself." The priest very artfully preserved a long face, so that Terence went home happy.

It is the same instinct that makes an Irishman despise being cornered. Manis Haughie had given out to his friends that he was going to marry Bridie Malone,—a girl in the next barony,—at Christmas. His friends were heartily glad of Manis's good fortune, for they knew that Bridie was not merely the pick of the girls in their parish, but the best dowered, also. Christmas came and Christmas went, and Manis did not get married. His friends, somewhat surprised, came to him, and they said: "Manis, you have not got married?" "Oh, no," Manis said, "I have not." "Did you change your mind?" they asked. "No, then, I did not change my mind," said Manis. "And what then?" "Well," he said, "Bridie and her people were again' the match."

But Irish wit and Irish humor are inexhaustible, and if I were to continue the illustrative argument from cock-crow to candlelight on the longest day in June, at the end of my day I should only have begun the subject. One of our old proverbs says: "There's no tale so sweet as a tale that is half told." By that proverb I shall profit.

BOOKS OF THE HOUR

"THE SMOKE EATERS," by Harvey J. O'Higgins.

A virile and exciting story of the New York Fire Department. Our readers will not find elsewhere a picture more accurate in feeling or detail of the men whose business is heroism and who are not given to talking shop. (The Century Co.)

"THE CLANSMAN," by Thomas Dixon, Jr.

A story of the agony of the South during reconstruction. Mr. Dixon turns history into melodrama and intertwines his two love stories with the most repulsive aspect of the negro problem. It is a flashy but effective novel. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"THE BETRAYAL," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

There is an ever fresh charm about a secret that you cannot guess until the last page of your novel, and there has rarely been a better secret in a story than that in "The Betrayal." The mystery will hold the most sophisticated reader and atone to him for the weakness of the book in many other ways. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

"ZELDA DAMERON," by Meredith Nicholson.

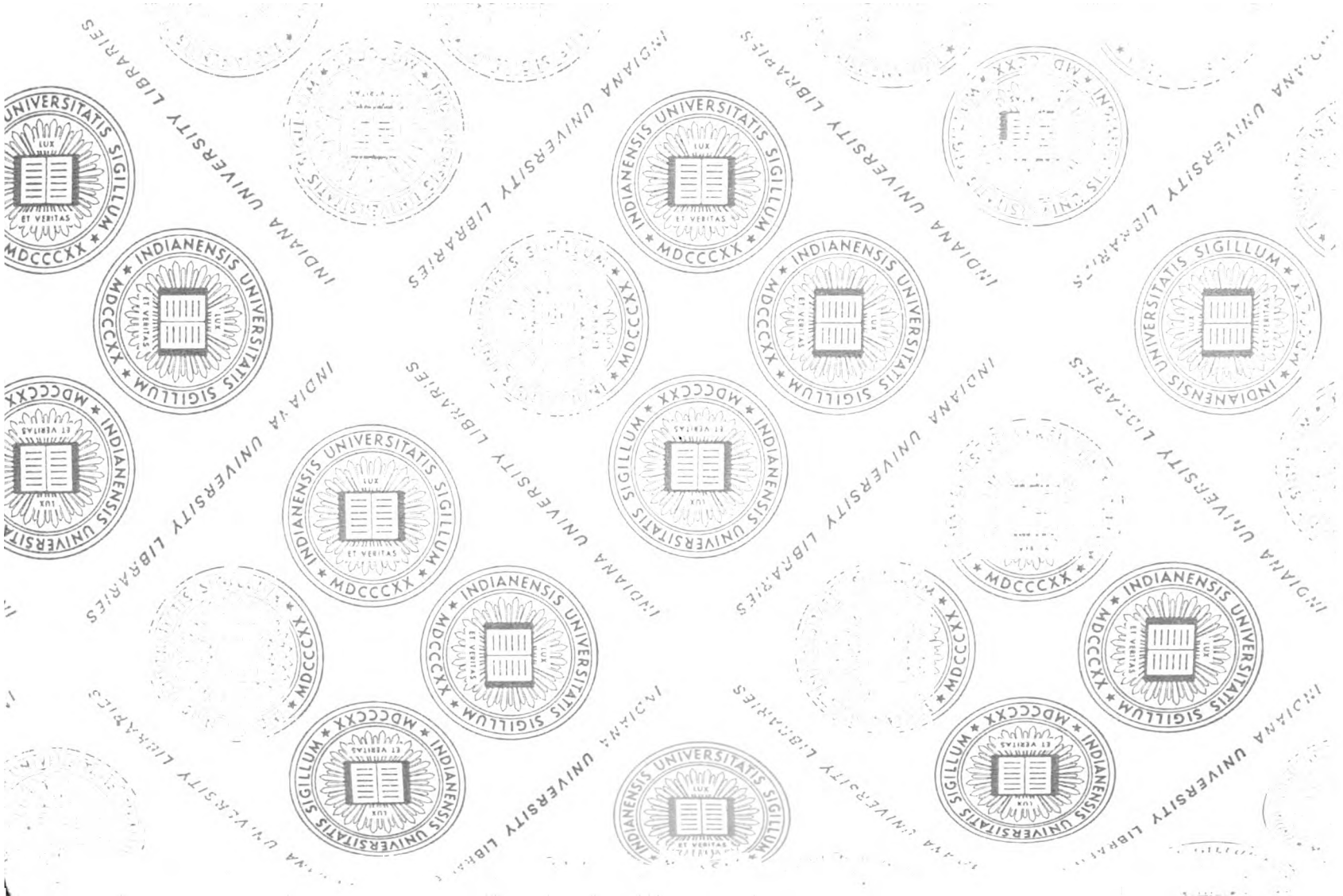
A diffuse, conventional and moderately interesting story of a small Western town. The reader will get some pleasurable sensations and no undue excitement from the hours he gives to this story. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"THE COMMON LOT," by Robert Herrick.

Among the many novels dealing with business ethics of to-day, few show a grasp of realities or a clearness of vision equal to this. The story is probable and interesting, and has a satisfying conclusion. The people are lifelike, but not lovable. It is by all odds the best of Mr. Herrick's novels. (The Macmillan Co.)

"THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH," by Charles D. Stewart.

This is not properly a novel, but an extended short story with interludes of characterization and humor. The characters are railroad yardmen and tramps of the lower Mississippi and they are interesting and wholesome. The book has a refreshing quality that makes it a good evening's entertainment. (The Century Co.)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